



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

**SEVEN DAYS'
BOOK.**

P189.1



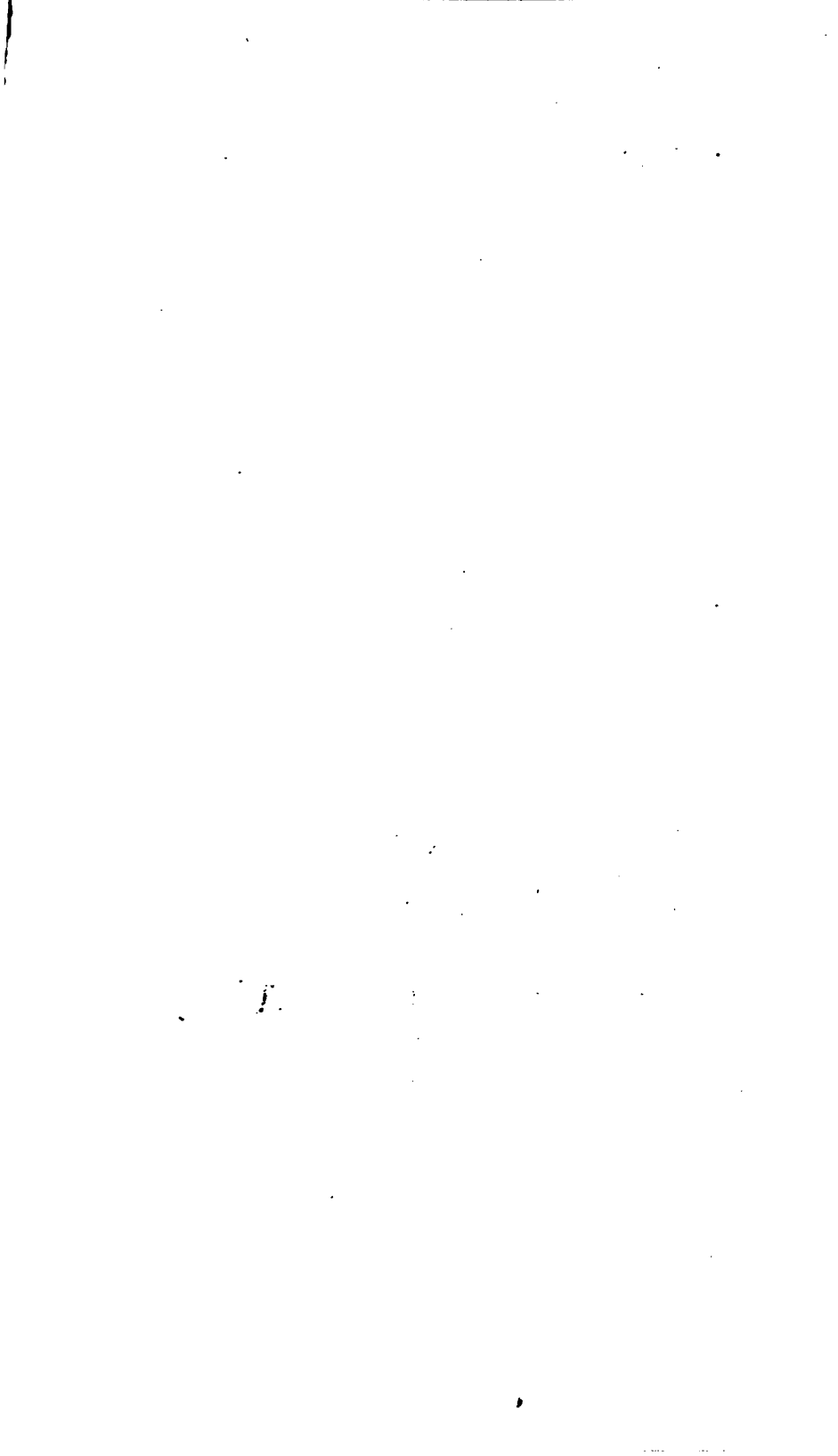
Harvard College Library

FROM

Sever fund +

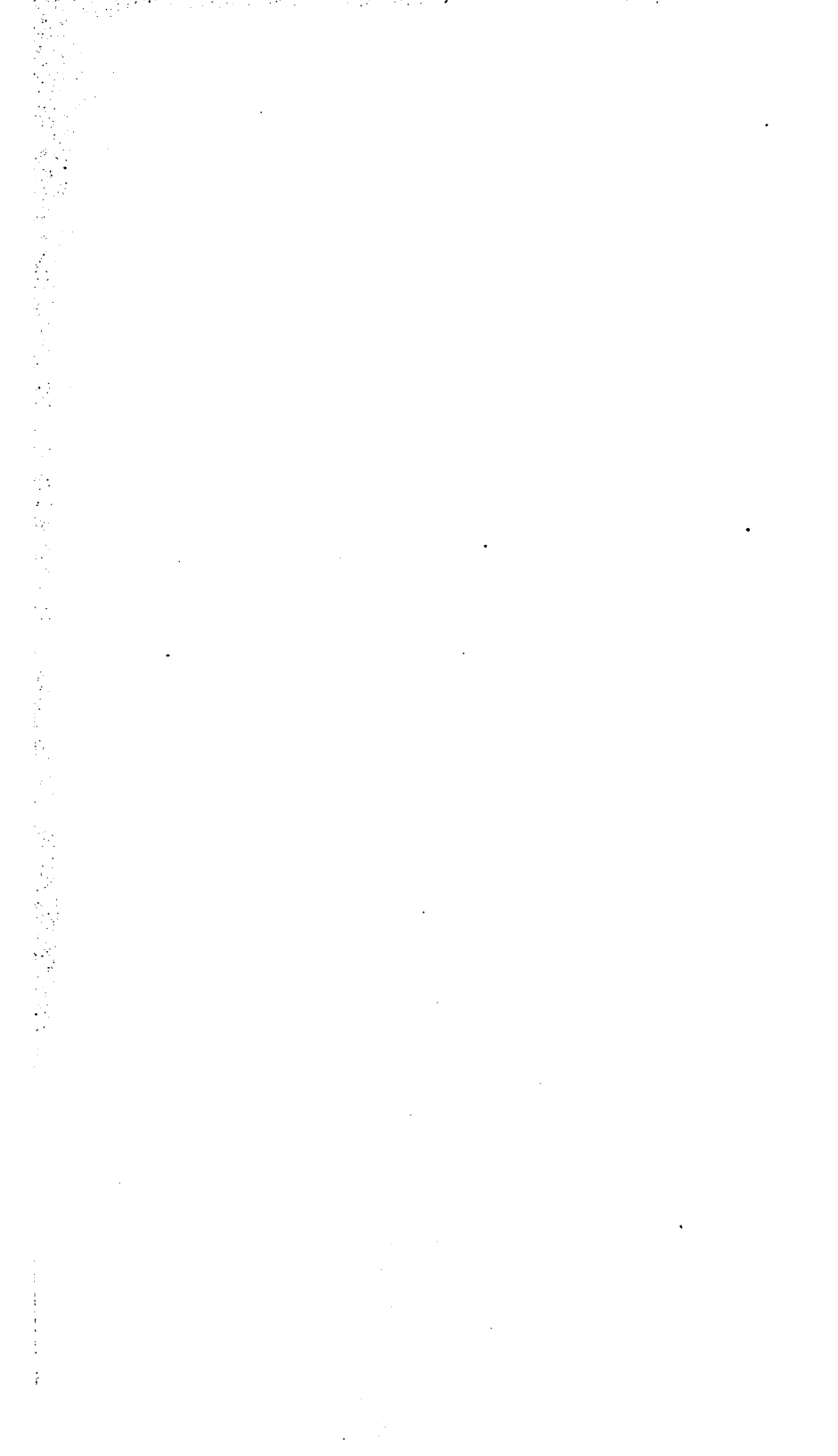
Piercer fund

26 Dec 1883 - 30 Dec 1899









FRASER'S
M A G A Z I N E

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1866.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1866.



^
LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

P189.1

1883, Dec. 26.

Sever fund.

1899, Dec. 30.

Pierce fund.

(No. 423.)

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

JANUARY 1866.

No. CCCCXXXIII.

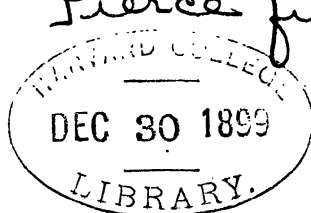
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POLICY AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT	1
CHURCH TEMPORALITIES IN IRELAND	16
GILBERT RUGGE.—A TALE (CONCLUDED). BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FIRST FRIENDSHIP'	
CHAPTER LXV.—A MEDIATOR	27
CHAPTER LXVI.—HYMENEAL	32
CHAPTER LXVII.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE	34
CHAPTER LXVIII.—LAST CHANGES	37
THE QUEEN OF THE WEST	42
THE PRIEST IN THE WORLD	69
FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO	78
THE CHOLERA IN MALTA	93
THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC.	
CHAPTER VII.—A REAL WOMAN	104
CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE	110
CHAPTER IX.—A PIC-NIC	115
HOW WE RETOOK DEWANGIRI	120
THE SKETCHER IN THE EIFEL	129

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866



FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER 1865

CONTAINS

POLITICS AND PROSPECTS OF SPAIN.

THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE,
AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V.—MADAME ROSENFELS.

CHAPTER VI.—FRANK BECOMES A MAN.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN INDIA.

CONCERNING ROADSIDE STATIONS; WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON
THE *TERMINUS AD QUEM*. BY A. K. H. B.

DAYS OF DERRY.

THE GAINS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN 1865.

FICTION AND ITS USES.

GILBERT RUGGE.—A TALE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.'

CHAPTER LXI.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

CHAPTER LXII.—THE CLOUDS DESCEND.

CHAPTER LXIII.—GABRIELLE'S FLIGHT.

CHAPTER LXIV.—IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

MR. CARLYLE.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be
addressed direct to the Editor.*

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

FEBRUARY 1866.

No. CCCCXXXIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE INDIGENT CLASS—THEIR SCHOOLS AND DWELLINGS. By FRANCES POWER COBBE	143
JAMAICA, AND THE RECENT INSURRECTION THERE. By A LATE RESIDENT IN THE ISLAND	161
PRESBYTERIAN SERMONS FROM ARCHIEPISCOPAL CHURCHES. By A. K. H. B.	180
ELEMENTS OF THE MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE	192
THE DAWK BUNGALOW; OR, 'IS HIS APPOINTMENT PUCKA?' By G. O. TREVELYAN.....	215
REPORT OF THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT COMMISSION. By J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN	232
AN ALPINE STORM	257
SUNDAYS, ANCIENT AND MODERN	264

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

CONTAINS

POLICY AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

CHURCH TEMPORALITIES IN IRELAND.

GILBERT RUGGE.—A TALE (CONCLUDED). BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.'

CHAPTER LXV.—A MEDIATOR.

CHAPTER LXVI.—HYMENÆAL.

CHAPTER LXVII.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—LAST CHANGES.

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

THE PRIEST IN THE WORLD.

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE CHOLERA IN MALTA.

THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON. — A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—A REAL WOMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

CHAPTER IX.—A PIC-NIC.

HOW WE RETOOK DEWANGIRL.

THE SKETCHER IN THE EIFEL.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

MARCH 1866.

No. CCCCXXXV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE JAMAICA PROBLEM	277
THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS, SPECIALLY IN SCOTLAND. By A. K. H. B.	306
THE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS	322
CLUBS	342
THE DOMESDAY OF HAMPSHIRE	368
THE DAWK BUNGALOW. By G. O. TREVELYAN	382
ADMIRAL SMYTH	392
BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH. By SIR EDMUND HEAD.....	399
BRITISH CONCHOLOGY.....	402

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

CONTAINS

THE INDIGENT CLASS—THEIR SCHOOLS AND DWELLINGS. BY
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

JAMAICA, AND THE RECENT INSURRECTION THERE. BY A LATE
RESIDENT IN THE ISLAND.

PRESBYTERIAN SERMONS FROM ARCHIEPISCOPAL CHURCHES.
BY A. K. H. B.

ELEMENTS OF THE MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE.

THE DAWK BUNGALOW; OR, 'IS HIS APPOINTMENT PUCKA?'
BY G. O. TREVELYAN.

REPORT OF THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT COMMISSION. BY J.
FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

AN ALPINE STORM.

SUNDAYS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must
addressed direct to the Editor.*

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

APRIL 1866.

No. CCCCXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GROTE'S PLATO. BY THE LATE DR. WHEWELL	411
THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST	424
THOREAU	447
THE NATIVE ARMY IN INDIA	466
THE REFORM BILL AND THE GOVERNMENT	477
FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO. LETTERS TO A FRIEND. BY CAPTAIN BURTON	496
THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC.	
CHAPTER X.—THE BOAT.....	511
CHAPTER XI.—JUST JOINED	516
CHAPTER XII.—A TRANSPLANTATION.....	519
CHAPTER XIII.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL	524
CHAPTER XIV.—A LITTLE SOCIETY AT BRIGHTON	527
THE NATIVE TRIBES ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER	531

LONDON: }

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

CONTAINS

THE JAMAICA PEDESTAL

**THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS SPECIALLY IN SCOTLAND. BY
A. K. R. B.**

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AND JESS.

CLUBS.

THE DOMESDAY OF HAMPSHIRE.

THE DARK BUNGALOW. BY G. O. TOWNHALL.

ADMIRAL SMYTH.

BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH. BY SIR EDWARD HALL.

BRITISH CONCHOLOGY.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

MAY 1866.

No. CCCCXXXVII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ON PRAYER IN CONNECTION WITH CERTAIN PUBLIC CALAMITIES	549
THE ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE EAST	558
A CHAPTER ON CLERICAL SONG-WRITERS OF THE NORTH ...	569
THE PRIEST IN THE SCHOOL	584
HOW ARE EUROPEAN ARMIES OFFICERED?	592
SALONS	610
THE DEATH OF OLD KING GORM.—A BALLAD. BY SIR EDMUND HEAD	630
FOREST LIFE	632
OUR COMMONS AND OPEN SPACES.....	652
THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. CHAPTERS XV. TO XVII.....	667

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

CONTAINS

GRÖTE'S PLATO. BY THE LATE DR. WERWELL.

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THOREAU.

THE NATIVE ARMY IN INDIA.

THE REFORM BILL AND THE GOVERNMENT.

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO. LETTERS TO A FRIEND. BY
CAPTAIN BURTON.

THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE,
AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC.

CHAPTER X.—THE BOAT.

CHAPTER XI.—JUST JOINED.

CHAPTER XII.—A TRANSPLANTATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

CHAPTER XIV.—A LITTLE SOCIETY AT BRIGHTON.

THE NATIVE TRIBES ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must be
addressed direct to the Editor.*

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. LXXIII.

JUNE 1866.

No. CCCCXXXVIII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE GOVERNMENT	683
SUPERSTITION.—A LECTURE. BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.....	705
ANOMALIES OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION. BY AN AMERICAN.	717
LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER	735
ECCE HOMO. FIRST NOTICE	746
A MOTHER	766
CHURCH POLITICS IN SCOTLAND	767
THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. CHAPTERS XVIII. TO XX.....	781
BELGIUM	795

LONDON: .

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1866.

INDEX

CONTENTS

**THE PLAYERS IN THE CONTEST WITH CERTAIN FRENCH
LITERATURE.**

THE ENGLISH TRUTH IN THE EAST.

A CHAPTER ON CLERICAL SING-WEITERS OF THE NORTH.

THE PRIEST IN THE SCHOOL.

HOW ARE EUROPEAN ARMIES OFFICERED?

SALOME.

THE DEATH OF OLD KING GORM.—A BALLAD. BY SIR EDMUND HILL.

WORKING LIFE.

OUR COMMONS AND OPEN SPACES.

**THE BEAUCHAMPEL, FATHER AND SON.—A NOVEL. BY CHARLES CLARE
AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' &
CHAPTERS XV. TO XVII.**

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are desired to observe, that all Communications must
addressed direct to the Editor.

Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1866.

POLICY AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE first and most important question raised by the formation of a Government under a new Prime Minister, is that of its durability; and the best-accredited political prophets have confidently announced that Lord Russell's Government will not survive Easter. This prediction must be based either on its internal weakness, on the strength of the opposing forces, or on the peculiarity of the situation,—including the risk of striking on an easily discernible rock ahead. Let us calmly weigh, singly and together, these alleged causes or elements of caducity.

Three years since, at a country-house near London, five Cabinet Ministers being present, there arose a discussion as to what would happen on the sudden death, or resignation from illness, of Lord Palmerston. It was agreed, *nem. con.*, that Lord Russell would, as a matter of course, succeed to the premiership, and Mr. Gladstone to the lead of the House of Commons. The late Sir George Lewis, laying his own personal claims aside, was foremost and strongest in urging the superior qualifications of Mr. Gladstone; and on this occasion he made a remark which, as it has been more than once misunderstood and misquoted, we repeat—'Never mind about the prime minister; I could supply you with three or four very

tolerable ones from the House of Lords at any time: whenever you are speculating on fresh combinations, begin by naming your House of Commons leader.' It would be unfair, however, to represent Lord Russell as succeeding by seniority or descent. He would have been set aside without scruple (as he had been two or three times already) if he had merely relied on precedence in the Whig hierarchy, on historic name, or long services. His varied knowledge, his vast experience, his cultivation, his enlightened (if not quite unqualified) liberality of opinion, his familiarity with every department of public business, his very self-confidence and pluck, marked him out, despite of advancing years, as the head of the new ministry,—more than half made up of gentlemen whom nothing but the instinct of self-preservation would induce to accept a Peelite in that capacity.

Voice, manner, and delivery—all that Demosthenes meant by what is translated *action*—apart, Lord Russell is quite as good a debater as Lord Derby: his general replies, in his prime, were rarely surpassed in argument and point; and he is still the most effective speaker that the Upper House can oppose to the political Rupert. Curious that these two statesmen, who won their spurs fighting side by side, should now be seen confronting each other in this

fashion. As Lord Russell quietly pocketed his dignity when the exigencies of the period required him to serve under Lord Granville, there seems no reason why Lord Granville should not do the same when their positions are reversed; and so long as Lord Ellenborough holds aloof, the President of the Council, with his conciliatory address, tact, knowledge, and readiness, may safely be matched against any secondary champion the Tory benches can supply.

If Lord Kingsdown were to rouse himself and enter the arena as an active combatant, Lord Cranworth would have a hard time of it. But the Lord Chancellor has little to fear from the desultory attacks of a partisan like Lord Chelmsford; and if Lord Westbury (as his friends earnestly wish and hope) should resolve on establishing new and lasting claims to public esteem, his great talents will be exerted in support of the ex-colleagues who stood by him to the last. Valuable aid may be confidently anticipated from the high character, sound judgment, and large experience of Lord Romilly, the real author of that excellent measure, the Irish Incumbered Estates Act. The Dukes of Somerset and Argyle, the Lords Clarendon, De Grey, and Stanley of Alderley, can surely hold their own against the Lords Malmesbury, Salisbury, Hardwicke, Carnarvon, and other Conservative assailants; so that, if the Russell-Gladstone ministry is destined to go down in the coming *mêlée*, it must fall before the lances of some *preux chevaliers* of the Lower House. But here again a comparison of the antagonistic forces will prove rather reassuring to their well-wishers than the contrary.

We do no more than adopt the universal estimate when we say that Mr. Gladstone is unapproached and unapproachable in most of the essential qualifications for his post.

His vast and varied information which he can increase at will on any given subject with almost unparalleled facility, is rendered available at a moment's notice, on any conceivable emergency, by dint of his wonderful gift of words. Critically speaking, they are too redundant; but this very verbosity may be frequently an advantage to the spokesman of a Government when he wishes to gain time, or to appear to be saying something when he is really saying nothing. Mr. Gladstone is equally at home in detail or principles—in foreign or domestic policy. He can rise to great occasions, or descend to everyday occurrences; take a comprehensive view of the relations of empire or discuss a question of order. He is a perfect master of parliamentary fence, and his boldness borders on aggressiveness. Although open to the reproach brought against a distinguished French contemporary, Montalembert, *qu'il change trop souvent d'idée fixe*, Mr. Gladstone's faith is as firm in his temporary creed as if it were a revelation from on High, and his earnestness, being genuine, is quite as impressive as if he were known and recognised as a model of consistency.

The grand drawback is his want of judgment—a certain tortuous quality of mind which is perpetually luring him off the broad and beaten track of reason and common sense. Under its influence he is fully capable of arriving at conclusions which, to an ordinary understanding, are tantamount to maintaining that two and two make five. Then there is positive no holding him to any proposition whatever, if he wishes to get loose from it; witness the state of uncertainty in which we are left touching his doctrine of the *principe* title to a vote. During Gambaldi's visit to England, more than one widow of quality was reported as about to marry him, when

was objected that he had a wife. 'Put up Gladstone to explain her away,' was the reply; and if Gladstone had once set about it, the unhappy wife would speedily have found herself in the position of Swift's victim, Partridge, who died of vexation because he could not convince people that he was alive.

No high order of eloquence can be attained without excitability; and Mr. Gladstone, although by no means what is commonly called an ill-tempered (i.e. ill-natured) man, cannot always command his temper: he is excitable, nay irritable, to excess. It has sometimes rebounded to his honour that he proved so; as when, pale with passion, he rose to reply to Mr. Disraeli's going-out speech on a memorable night of December 1852. He spoke with tenfold vigour and effect from being completely hurried away by scorn and indignation. But he must now learn self-restraint, or his physical strength will fail, be his moral courage what it may,—and we believe it to be inexhaustible. If he suffers every insignificant member of the Opposition to get a rise out of him, he will be teased and worried, like the bull by the *pica-dores* and *banderilleros*, till he is sufficiently exhausted for Mr. Disraeli to attempt the part of *matador*. For this reason, if for no other, it becomes important to consider what assistance he is likely to receive from the Treasury benches; and ample support would be constantly at hand if his colleagues in the Cabinet could be roused to exertion, or if they would consent to modify the rule that colleagues not in the Cabinet are to remain mute except when their own departments are discussed. Mr. Charles Villiers is an admirable debater when he chooses, and his polished sarcasm will be the very weapon in request in the anticipated emergency. Mr. Milner Gibson is one of the most pleasing and

popular speakers in the House. It is absurd to undervalue the proved ability, whether for administration or discussion, of Sir George Grey. He must always command attention; as must Mr. Cardwell, so long as fairness and clearness of statement, combined with honesty of purpose, accurate knowledge, and the unexceptionable discharge of the most momentous official duties, carry weight. Sir Charles Wood is another valuable member of the ministerial phalanx, whom it has been the fashion to depreciate.

Mr. Layard, whose chief is in the House of Lords, has fortunately had full scope; and if he sometimes fails in catching the tone of the most fastidious assembly in the world, there is no denying his readiness and manliness, his comprehensiveness and liberality of view, his mastery of the varied and complicated affairs of his department, and the ease with which he beats off the captious assailants of its policy. The Board of Education, also, will be in little danger from attack whilst it remains under the sagacious direction of Mr. H. A. Bruce.

For some time past the Liberal side had been thought deficient in lawyers of mark, and the Conservatives continue to pride themselves on an assumed superiority in that respect. Yet Sir Roundell Palmer, besides being an excellent law officer, has occasionally proved eminently useful in debate; and the Solicitor-General is an advocate of more than average reputation and ability. The new professional member of most promise, Mr. Coleridge, is a Liberal.

Sir Robert Peel may prove a serious loss, even if he should not enact *Coriolanus* and carry over the prestige of his name and his undoubted talents to the enemy. It is a mistake to suppose that he was displaced because he had not done well either in or out of parliament. The high estimate of his

services was shown by the offer of (first) a peerage, and (secondly) of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, from a becoming sense of self-respect, he declined. The truth is, his continuance in the Irish Secretaryship was palpably incompatible with the modified line of Irish policy, which, whether right or wrong, the Government have determined to pursue. He had powerfully denounced the bigotry of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain; he had fearlessly encountered and discomfited one of the most turbulent and aggressive dignitaries of that Church in Ireland; and he was suspected of coquetting with Derbyism. Now, Lord Russell, to whom the Irish Liberal members of all shades, creeds, or complexions were indispensable, far from being able to make them tolerate or cooperate with Sir Robert Peel, had as much as he could do to get over their much more reasonable objection to himself as the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. He therefore judiciously selected the representative of an Irish constituency principally composed of Roman Catholics, who had voted against the obnoxious bill, who had uniformly acted as an enlightened Liberal in the best sense of the term, who thoroughly understood Ireland, who was clear from the semblance of a class prejudice, who would lend a favourable ear to the complaints of every denomination of his countrymen, and who from character, social relations, habits of business, cultivation, clearness of head, and strength of understanding, was able to compel the attention of the British Legislature to any well-considered measures of redress or relief.

The first appointment of a Secretary for Ireland to a seat in the Cabinet, whatever his individual claims, was a grave error, if not intended as the commencement of a practice to be regularly followed; for every successor not similarly

honoured lies under an obvious disadvantage. Considering the paramount importance attached to the nomination of Mr. Fortescue, with the large expectations founded on it—considering also his long official experience, and the high estimate generally formed of his judgment, information, and ability, we think that it is hardly fair to diminish his influence by keeping him in a position of comparative inferiority to any (not excepting the best) of his predecessors.

The reiterated call on Lord Russell to strengthen the Treasury bench in the House of Commons from the materials at his disposal was like telling him to make bricks without straw. He was, and is nothing loth, although, we hope not quite so ready as his prompter in the press to get rid of administrators like the Duke of Somerset and Lord de Grey, simply because they have the misfortune to be peers. But the want of qualified candidate may be inferred from the fact that the Chancellorship of the Duchy has been so long hung up, like the bow of Ulysses which no suitor was strong enough to bend. He might have had Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman by forswearing Reform altogether or pledging himself to milk-and-water measure; or he might have engaged Mr. Bright at the risk of frightening half the Whig aristocracy from their propriety. Lord Stanley, it seems clear, was not to be had at any price; and it would have been strange indeed if, with a fair and not far-off prospect of the premiership, he had suddenly abandoned his father and his party at what is probably a transition period. If he were really anxious to get out of uncongenial company and false position, he would naturally wait for the general break-up and fresh cast of parts which is anticipated.

Lord Russell, having no tast

for either extreme, had, nothing for it but to fall back on Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster, thereby virtually proclaiming that he had elected for a bold and honest measure of Reform—not necessarily a democratic or revolutionary one, capable of taking a respectable Whig's breath away, as Lord Grey's Bill took away Mr. Smith's breath in 1831. The value and quality of these two acquisitions were so finely analysed and carefully calculated by a candid and thoughtful writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that we are tempted to reproduce the more graphic portions of his sketches.

High praise is bestowed on Mr. Goschen's essay on the 'Theory of Foreign Exchanges,' as a model of lucid exposition. He is complimented on the possession of a clear, reasonable, unsectarian intellect. 'His mind is in no sense starched by party creed;' 'he has the suppleness requisite for administrative success;' and two or three of his speeches are mentioned as particularly good. The summary stands thus:—

As a speaker, Mr. Goschen will probably be less distinguished than as a thinker and administrator. We have said that he has the invaluable power of lucid exposition; and we may add that he can lay down a great principle with strength and dignity, and with that accurate fit between language and thought which has an eloquence of its own. But he wants *play* of mind for the highest success. He has none of that art of fetching an allusion from afar without any effort,—of indicating that his mind is ranging at ease among the topics most familiar to his audience, which rests the mind of a miscellaneous assembly without relaxing the speaker's control over it. Mr. Goschen's thought cuts a deep and narrow logical channel through his subject, instead of sparkling over it and around it with the grace of a playful imagination, or even striking sparks out of it by the shock of a strong imagination. He is nothing if not logical. But then his experience has as yet been small, and oratory of this higher kind requires a confidence which Mr. Goschen could hardly yet have obtained. At present we can speak only of his promise, and Mr. Goschen promises to be a lucid thinker, a judicious and diligent administrator, a

shrewd councillor, and a keen and convincing speaker, but scarcely, we should say, a parliamentary orator of any high order. To that character belongs a mind either versatile or intense to a degree of which Mr. Goschen has as yet shown no symptom. But ministers rise every day to the highest eminence without it, and the calibre of Mr. Goschen's speaking is much above the average of the House of Commons. Moreover, Mr. Goschen clearly has *vis* and an active ambition. Should he continue to combine the wiry fibre of resolute principle with that suppleness of intellect which office tends too much to increase rather than to counteract, we may well hope that he has this week (November 23rd) begun a ministerial career which will steadily grow in honour as it lengthens.

If Mr. Goschen is worthy of so elaborate an analysis and merits such a character, we may well regret that he has not begun his ministerial career in a post better fitted for the development of his gifts; and the same remark applies, under the same qualification, to Mr. Forster, who has also (November 27th) an entire leading article to himself:—

The new Under-Secretary for the Colonies is the best representative in the House of Commons of what we may call the *rugged* type of Liberalism—a type in many respects very different both from the smoothly logical and earnest intellectual Liberalism of such men as Mr. Stuart Mill or Mr. Goschen, and from the fiery democracy of Mr. Bright. . . . Both Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster are rugged politicians, and occasionally give formidable growls at their opponents. But the growl is a very different thing in the two men. With the former, it is scorn, warning you off; with the latter, the protest under cover of which you know that your view has gained its lodgment, and will be fairly considered. From Mr. Bright's growl, as the expression of his whole mind, you recoil. From Mr. Forster's you gain courage, as you do when a mastic's voice sinks into a rumble of dissatisfaction, and you know at once that he sees cause, though reluctantly, to reconsider judgment. . . .

Of course, in thus comparing the two men, we do not mean to imply that we rank Mr. Forster in importance at all near to Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright is perhaps the only speaker of this day whose speeches will be read for their mere greatness as speeches for generations yet to come; whilst Mr. Forster is only one of

the more promising among the score or so of able men who make the House listen and reflect, but never excite it. Yet on that very account it is worth noting, that of these two men who seem to be pillars among the small party of northern Radicals, the brilliant man is a man of sympathies and negative politics, while the other is a man of sympathies and positive politics: the truth probably being that Quakerism took a strong hold enough of Mr. Bright to inspire him with a belief that all the rest of the world is going wrong, without quite convincing him that his own principles are right; while in its effect on the mind of the younger politician it was always combined with certain social antidotes of larger culture and more catholic sympathies, which prevented him from borrowing more than a few of its nobler principles, and from being driven by it into reaction against the world.

It would be idle to say that the call for new blood has been satisfied by these two appointments; and before the end of the coming session it is to be hoped that claims will be established which even the exclusive spirit of Whiggery will not venture to pass over. The framers of Cabinets should take a hint from the popular constituencies, which look out for representatives like Mr. Stuart Mill, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. T. Hughes.

With no wish to depreciate the occupants of the front Opposition benches, we must say that they do not present so very appalling an array after all; and the conscious inferiority of their chief, despite of his genius and energy, is obvious to the most superficial observer. He systematically avoids speaking before Mr. Gladstone, and when forced into a passage of arms with him, suggests the image of a rat compelled to face about and encounter a ferret. Assuming that the Conservatives may reckon on occasional aid from Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman, it should be remembered, on the other hand, that Mr. Bright may rush to the rescue like the Black Knight in *Ivanhoe*, and lay them prostrate in the lists like Front de Boeuf and Athelstane.

But the times we live in are not those which give the palm to oratory. Most questions of importance are thoroughly sifted and talked out before they come before the House; and it is a curious fact in our parliamentary history that the ministries which have lasted longest, or stood firmest, have been those which had the greatest amount of wit, eloquence, and debating power opposed to them. Walpole's, Lord North's, Pitt's, Lord Liverpool's, are examples; and Lord Palmerston fell in the Conspiracy Bill debate, not because he was simultaneously assailed by all the best speakers, but because he was emphatically wrong. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone will fall—if they fall—by misapprehending the feeling of the country, by miscalculating the exigencies of the situation, by the premature introduction of the Reform question, or by not hitting on the precise measure that will pass. The dilemma is one of the most embarrassing that ever was submitted to a statesman; and we own we do not see how Lord Russell, in particular, is to evade it without loss of place or character, without being guilty of imprudence or forfeiting a pledge.

The main difficulty results from the game of pretence and make-believe that has been so persistently kept up on this subject; affording the best possible illustration of Mr. Carlyle's theory of Shams. A re-elected member, a consistent Reformer from the outset of his career, was leaving the hustings after making the conventional declaration of his principles, when he was addressed by a prominent supporter: 'Well, sir, I am glad to see you sticking to your colours; but most of us hope there will be no Reform Bill, for all that.' And such is almost everywhere the tone, especially in the large manufacturing towns, where the capitalists are beginning to be frightened by trades-

unions and co-operative societies, whilst the *ten-pounders* would just as soon not be associated with the *six*.

The very working-class, for whose alleged benefit the whole machinery of the constitution is to be disturbed, are indifferent as a body; and it stands to reason that the recently-chosen representatives are not beforehand with the constituencies, in *esse* or *posse*, as regards eagerness for change. The probable loss of a hardly-won seat, or the renewal of an expensive contest, may weaken the fixed resolve of patriotism or canker public virtue in the bud. The chances are that, if a Reform Bill is brought forward in 1866, there will be a dissolution before the end of 1867. If carried, the logical consequence, not easy of evasion, is that the existing assembly does not fairly represent the people, and that a fresh election must take place as soon as the next registration shall be complete. If thrown out, although Lord Russell could not decently dissolve his own parliament, the odds are that the new ministry, if anti-Liberal, would; so that the result most apprehended by honourable members would be the same.

Cannot they then be spared the infliction? Must they perforce be immolated? Could not Lord Russell make a virtue of necessity, or a plea of the general indifference (as in 1860), and replace his Bill in its pigeon-hole till there is a real *bonâ fide* call for something of the sort? Mr. Lowe went too far when he argued that, the sole object being good government, the claimants of votes were bound to show that the country would be better governed if they had votes or was ill-governed because they had not. He might as well contend that, unless the shareholders in a joint-stock company could show that their interests are neglected, they have no title to a voice in the composition of the managing body or trustees. At the

same time, there seems no reason why it should be forced upon them; if they feel like most Spanish electors, who gravely urge that they do not see why they should leave their private affairs to take part in what is called self-government, when they are taxed to pay a queen and ministers for governing them.

Much might be said for any other Liberal Premier, not personally pledged to immediate action, who should manfully come forward and declare that he would be no party to a sham. But Lord Russell is irrevocably committed; he has denied that it is a sham; and we should be sorry to see the morality of public men, lamentably low already, sunk still lower by any further backsliding on his part. One good at least will follow from the inevitable agitation: it will freshen the political atmosphere, and incidentally discredit the prevalent doctrine that, in judging statesmen, it is no longer fair to refer to consistency. This doctrine is of recent growth, and will be found on nice investigation to have been first invested with the authority of a dogma for the whitewashing of one man.

Shortly after Sir Francis Burdett's election for Westminster in the Tory interest, he gave a dinner to the Tory leaders, whom he startled by the remark that no man in his time had abandoned his party for the opposite without a fatal loss of reputation and authority. This was true in his day and for some time later. Sir Robert Peel, who twice changed his policy, not his party, betrayed his full consciousness of the sacrifice when he exclaimed—

'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried

By haughty souls to human honour tied!

Oh, sharp conflicting pangs of agonising pride!

In both instances, although his motives were unimpeachable, he set a baneful precedent; but its effects were neutralised by the storm of

obloquy and sarcasm that burst upon him from every quarter of the political horizon, except a small knot of adherents, who made a hesitating unsatisfactory defence. It was reserved for his most conspicuous assailant, Mr. Disraeli, to add a fresh article to the code of public morals. This gentleman had, at the mature age of twenty-nine, gone direct from the ultra-Radical to the Tory camp. It was notorious that he had done so; and it was equally notorious, after the great schism of 1846, that the Tories, or Derbyites, could not get on without him. So, not being able to except him from the recognised law, they altered it, as Charles II. and his courtiers insisted on reading the seventh commandment without the *not*; and the proudest of the English aristocracy went about declaring that political principles were mere matters of expediency. It is one of the penalties of trifling with the moral sense, that it rapidly grows dull or dead; and the Derbyites soon proceeded to regulate their general conduct by the rule they had established for a particular purpose. Nothing more unprincipled is recorded of a party than their support of Lord Palmerston's amendment on Mr. Villiers' motion in 1852, to the effect that the improved condition of the country, 'and especially of the industrious classes,' was mainly owing to free trade; the majority of them having just maintained on the hustings that free trade had added to pauperism and crime. Their entire political and party existence was owing to protection, and their faith in it was unbroken when they thus repudiated it for a brief tenure of office.

Their Reform Bill was another act in flagrant contradiction to their distinctive creed, if they retained one. It was no part of their duty as Conservatives to be bidding for democratic aid; and their project of equalising the town and county

qualification would simply have paved the way for electoral districts. The merit of our representative system consists in its variety and inequality. Reduce all to one common level, and the unfairness of giving a borough of limited dimensions the same share in the representation as a large town or county becomes too glaring to be defensible. Their Bill was also a blunder of the first magnitude, insomuch as it ran counter to the popular current, instead of (as its founders fondly believed) sailing with the tide. They took up the Reform cry just as the bulk of the intellectual and proprietary class were getting sick of it; and they are answerable for that 'organised hypocrisy' by which it has been recently renewed. How can Whigs and Liberals hold back when Conservatives are emulously pushing on?

Lord Palmerston, indeed, might and probably would have refused to stake the fortunes of his administration on a Reform Bill, in a lukewarm House, with a lukewarm public looking on; but Lord Russell cannot do so without belying the convictions and professions of a life. Having moved the rejection of the Derbyite Bill in 1859, on the ground that it did not provide for the sufficient representation of the working classes, he cannot help lowering the qualification most materially—we fear we must add, mischievously. It would be treated as an evasion to stop short of 6*l.*; and the difference between rating and value is no longer worth quarrelling for, since the improved mode of rating has been introduced.

A measure without a Schedule A would be denounced as a mockery and would be the more open to suspicion on account of the number of nomination-boroughs which from accidental circumstances, have changed sides, and now return Liberal members—such as Marlborough, Ripon, and Wilton. Ever

the Bill of 1860 did something towards removing the objection as to inequality, by taking away one member each from twenty-five boroughs that returned two; thereby, of course, throwing at least that number of votes into the scale against the Bill. Let us assume, however, that the re-distribution of seats, which would certainly cast the balance against the Government, will be reserved for an ensuing session, and that the ultra-Liberals, headed by Mr. Bright, assent to this arrangement—what then will be the fate of a Bill having for its distinctive features the reduction of the occupation franchise to 10*l.* in counties and 6*l.* in boroughs; thereby adding, it has been computed, about four hundred thousand electors to the constituencies of England and Wales? *

Let us further assume that it would be rejected, and that thereupon Lord Russell would tender his resignation. Then comes the crisis. Lord Derby, of course, would be requested to form a Government; and, health permitting, he would not be permitted to hold back. Twice already has his high-minded reluctance been heralded and paraded prior to the emergency; and twice already have his self-denying professions vanished into thin air when the opportunity for acting on them arrived. Yet if anything could confirm him in the renewed resolution to refuse, it would be the divided and declining condition of the party which accepts him as its head. They were quite right in maintaining that for some years past there has been a growing tendency towards Conservatism; but they failed to see the difference between the conventional, narrow,

nominal Conservatism of a faction, and the broad, generous, enlightened Conservatism common to the sensible and moderate men of all parties. The very Conservative tendency on which they relied at the last general election consequently proved fatal to them; for it was precisely because people wished for tranquillity and security, at home and abroad, that they protested by their votes against the return to power of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Malmesbury.

Of reaction in the Derbyite sense, there was not a semblance; and no one capable of reading the signs of the times can doubt that the current of educated opinion has set in irresistibly the other way. Lord Derby could not better himself by a dissolution; and the present House of Commons is decidedly more Liberal than the last, his own, which ousted him by a vote of want of confidence. The cries of 'The Constitution in danger!' and 'Beware of Bright!' besides being rather the worse for wear, will come with an extremely ill grace from those who volunteered a democratic Reform Bill and have repeatedly coquetted with the Birmingham Gracchus. It will also be remembered that Mr. Disraeli stands distinctly pledged to make an ample concession to the working-classes; and 'Eight pound for ever,' as against 'Six pound for ever,' would overstep the line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

Mr. Henley, Sir Rainald Knightley, and other Tory members have declared for an ungrudging extension of the franchise. Indeed, almost all sections of politicians are committed to parliamentary reform in some shape, so that

* According to Sir George Lewis's computation, the Bill of 1860 would have added 160,000 to the borough constituency of England and Wales, and 158,000 to the county. According to Mr. Disraeli, the Derby Bill of 1859 (without the Militia clause) would have added 500,000 to the entire constituency. It also deprived fifteen boroughs of one member each.

neither the country nor the House can be divided into two great camps, with distinct lines of circumvallation, as in 1832; and in the contingency of Lord Russell's failure, another Liberal combination may be tried under Lord Clarendon or Lord Granville, who have the advantage—no slight one in a divided state of parties and public opinion—of being personally acceptable to the Queen.

It might serve to tide over the difficulty, like the Addington ministry of 1801-1804, which lasted three years with Pitt and Fox looking on. As already intimated, our habits of self-government enable us to do very well with ministers of moderate abilities who are content to carry out the matured conclusions of the popular mind. We should now hardly know what to do with a statesman—an Alberoni, a Richelieu, or a Chatham—whose greatness consisted in his strength of will, his grandeur of conception, or his originality. In our House of Commons, he would be like Gulliver tied down by a multiplicity of threads. Sheridan used to say that a measure proposed and carried within one generation was quickly carried. The history of inventive genius in science and legislation reverses the fable of the giant and the dwarf. It is the giant who gets the hard knocks, and the dwarf who profits by the partnership.

The more reasonable Derbyites, admitting that the country would not stand another administration like their last, propose to throw over their incurables, and utilise their best men in a coalition or quasi-coalition government. We have seen a sketch of one with Lord Clarendon Premier, Lord Stanley leader of the House of Commons, and the rest of the principal places filled by Mr. Walpole, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, General Peel, Lord John Manners, Sir E. B. Lytton, Lord Cranbourne,

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Sir Hugh Cairns, Lord Elcho, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, Lord Chelmsford, Earl Stanhope, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Carnarvon, &c. Here is no lack of the qualifications in request: the collective names carry weight, and we should be glad to see most of them associated with high office. But the assent of several seems to be somewhat gratuitously assumed. Would Lord Clarendon separate himself for the first time from his old friends and colleagues? and are not the Derbyites reckoning without their host when they confidently calculate on the cooperation of Mr. Lowe? We believe him to be a high-minded thoroughly honest politician; and the same well-founded pride of intellect which inclines him to confine political power to the educated classes, would alone suffice, at any time, to keep him scornfully aloof from Toryism.

Another hitch in the arrangement is the omission of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, neither of whom would be long satisfied with the protectorate, which they are to share with Lord Derby. After Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone will be the leader of the Liberal party, whether the Whigs like it or not; and if the Derbyites cannot do with Mr. Disraeli, they certainly cannot do without him.

With such complications and embarrassments impending, the House of Commons may haply come to the conclusion that it is best to pass the Government Bill, assuming it to be a passable one. When Mr. Bright sets the example of moderation and concession, there is little good to be obtained or honour won by pushing matters to extremity.

It has been calculated that thirty-seven of the Scotch members are opposed to any Reform Bill that shall include Scotland; but as the great majority are Liberal, the Government might calculate on their votes for a measure, not affect-

ing them, on which its existence should be staked. Twenty-two Liberal Irish Members have had a meeting, and resolved to impose conditions, some of which are hopelessly inadmissible. They have a well-founded grievance, however, in the exclusion of the members of the Roman Catholic colleges from degrees; and the anomaly of an Established Church for the minority of a nation appears to have made a strong impression on the susceptible and impulsive mind of the most eloquent defender of Establishments, Mr. Gladstone. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Pusey, and other members of the High Church party, are also beginning to find out that the English branch of the concern would act wisely to take the first opportunity of separating from the Irish branch, instead of (as hitherto) electing to stand or fall with it. Probably the project of a State endowment for the Roman Catholic clergy will be renewed; and as regards the education question, some compromise may be hit upon which shall compose, instead of aggravating, the denominational quarrel, and counteract the unceasing efforts of the priesthood to isolate their flocks.

The Government will be safe from aggression till the Reform question is set at rest or laid aside by common consent; and there is no other cloud impending that we know of, if they can agree among themselves. From the commencement of his last administration, Lord Palmerston had obviously made up his mind not to shorten it by running counter to the disposers of ministerial destinies, the House of Commons and the press; and Lord Russell has shown more than once that he can be as pliant as Lord Palmerston. Both of them, for example, simultaneously gave up church-rates, on being told that the concession was indispensable. Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies arise

from totally different causes—from internal rather than external influences. They are subjective, not objective. He argues himself into and out of an opinion by a mental process which, although no guarantee for soundness, is an assurance of earnestness and good faith. Once convinced himself, he is confident he can convince others, and no persuasions can turn, no warnings intimidate him.

When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Aberdeen, there was a loud and sustained call for the graduation of the Income Tax: so loud and so sustained as to be very generally deemed irresistible. Mr. Gladstone refused to give way, and many of his colleagues thought that their ministerial days were numbered. But he carried all before him by one masterly speech. Something of the same sort occurred when, in pursuance of the French Treaty, he proposed the repeal of the Paper Duty; and should he think the time opportune for his favourite scheme of reduction, he will stick to it, at the risk of driving out a colleague or breaking up the Cabinet. It is rumoured that the Duke of Somerset made his continuance at the Admiralty conditional on there being no diminution in the Navy Estimates for the year; and the First Lord is not likely to give way.

The sudden subsidence of the military spirit in the United States is a strong argument on Mr. Gladstone's side; but the simultaneous reduction in the French army is more apparent than real, and the state of our foreign relations is not such as to admit of retrenchment either in our army or our fleet. The civilised world has rarely been in a more unsettled state. Taking up the map and beginning from the extreme north, we see Russia just emerging from serfdom, with its armed heel on Poland; Germany,

quarrelling over the plunder of Denmark and blind to the social revolutions which insensate ambition and misguided patriotism are preparing for her; Turkey, rotten to the core, prolonging a rickety existence and oppressing Christian provinces by the aid of loans which she has no intention to repay; Greece, putting to shame all who trusted in the glorious promise of her history; Belgium, in mourning for the sovereign with whom her prosperity and independence originated and were bound up; Italy, vainly struggling to become united, to free her beautiful Venice from the detested foreigner, her fairest provinces from the brigand, and her traditional capital from the priest; Spain, bankrupt, bigoted, and a prey to faction; France, with all her sacrifices and sufferings since 1789 worse than wasted, prostrate before the most degrading and corrupt of modern despotisms. To a contemplative mind there is something positively depressing in the amusements at Compiègne, in the absurd vanity of the flattered, the slavish adulation and bad taste of the flatterers—precursors of a terrible reaction.

If we turn to Asia or Africa, we find little or nothing of which civilisation can feel proud; and when we cross the Atlantic to arrive at another hemisphere, the first objects that strike us are the smoking embers of civil war, the internecine hatred of races on the widest possible scale, and an absence of self-restraint in the masses, which no thoughtful politician can regard without misgiving or dismay. Looking at the South American republics, the sad conclusion is forced upon us that, whatever Cortez and Pizarro may have done for Spanish glory, universal philanthropy owes nothing to them.

The insufficiency of our new non-intervention doctrine, as at present accepted and understood, to keep us out of difficulty, was well illustrated

by the affair of Chili at the outset. The quarrel was no affair of ours; we were not called in to decide or arbitrate; and we had no more right to tell Spain to yield the point at issue, than Spain had to tell us to pay the American bill for damage done by the Alabama. The probable injury to our commerce from the blockade was not worth talking about in comparison with that resulting from the blockade of the Confederate coasts and the cotton famine, to which we complacently submitted. Yet simply because the English fleet is stronger than the Spanish, the mercantile interest, hitherto so eager for non-intervention, took the lead in pressing for an instant and positive departure from their principles.

'To show,' says Hume in his History of the Stuarts, 'how little account was made of James's negotiations abroad, there is a pleasantry which is mentioned by all historians. In a farce acted at Brussels, a courier was introduced carrying the doleful news that the Palatinate would soon be wrested from the House of Austria—so powerful were the succours which, from all quarters, were hastening to the relief of the spoiled Elector. The King of Denmark had agreed to contribute to his assistance a hundred thousand pickled herrings, the Dutch a hundred thousand butter boxes, and the King of England a hundred thousand ambassadors. On other occasions, he was painted with a scabbard but without a sword, or with a sword which nobody could draw, though several were pulling at it.' Lord Russell might have been painted similarly accoutred: only his contributions to the assistance of Denmark and the Poles consisted of despatches instead of ambassadors: despatches of remonstrance, censure, or advice, calculated to produce the greatest possible amount of disappointment and irritation. Let us hope that Lord

Clarendon will not err in this direction: that the conduct of Great Britain under his auspices will not be diametrically opposed to the proud maxim of ancient Rome:

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

The decline of ecclesiastical authority, its separation from civil, and the elimination of the theological element in political questions, are amongst Mr. Lecky's leading tests of the progress of what he calls rationalism, i.e. of reason and knowledge. Right divine is at a discount; the papal power is tottering, and the fetters of bigotry are fast dropping off in many countries. But religion, misused religion, is still the main obstacle in the way of statesmen and legislators, and might be addressed in nearly the identical words of Madame Roland's *Appeal to Liberty*: 'What crimes, what follies, are committed in thy name!'^{*} Holy zeal in diffusing the blessings of Christianity is quite as likely to involve us in hostilities as the praiseworthy desire to sell calico, and must be equally taken into account by foreign and colonial ministers when they are consulted on the Budget. The best-intentioned missionary may turn out a firebrand instead of an olive branch, and will expect to be supported when he gets into trouble by smuggling Bibles into Spain, setting up a shop for treatises against Mohammedanism in Constantinople, risking our Indian empire by outraging the feelings of the Hindoos, or quarrelling with an African savage who asks for powder and brandy and receives a tract. The sectarian spirit has helped to aggravate the war of races in Jamaica; and Sir John Lawrence had better be on his guard against the evangelical influences which he is accused of fostering in India.

When an unexpected outbreak in a West India island is found to re-

quire nine or ten men-of-war, all the troops that can be spared from the neighbouring islands, and the presence of a military governor extraordinary, it follows that we must keep up our full quota of land and sea forces, unless our colonial empire is to be sensibly contracted or given up. Even now they hardly suffice for the calls made upon them from every quarter of the globe.

In most cases of colonial complication, the best way is to leave the colonists to settle their affairs in their own way, and repel native aggression in their own rough and ready manner. But we cannot abandon our North American colonies without a blow struck for them, if they call for aid; and having assumed the full responsibility of abolishing slavery, we cannot look on calmly whilst the coloured men are exterminating the whites, or the whites are flogging and hanging the coloured men by the hundred on the strength of a (perhaps) imaginary rebellion. We have no doubt at all that there was abundance of the insurrectionary spirit on the one side, and an abundance of excited apprehension on the other. The coloured population, like many other discontented communities, may have wanted only arms, combination, and leaders to attempt a simultaneous rising; and, knowing or fearing this, the privileged minority took it for granted that they had risen, and proceeded to deal with them accordingly.

The rapidity with which the contagion of false alarm spreads is a familiar phenomenon. The Popish Plot was the utterly baseless invention of a known scoundrel; yet, so long as the belief in it lasted, no reasonable man's life was safe. 'To deny the reality of the plot,' says Hume, 'was to be an accomplice; to hesitate was criminal: Royalist, Republican, Churchman,

^{*} According to the most authentic version, her last words were, *O Liberté! comme on t'a jouée!*

sectary, courtier, patriot—all parties concurred in the illusion. The city prepared for defence as if the enemy was at its gates; the chains and posts were put up; and it was a noted saying at that time of Sir Thomas Player, the chamberlain, that, were it not for these precautions, the whole citizens might rise the next morning with their throats cut.' Both Houses, after hearing Oates' evidence, voted, 'That the Lords and Commons are of opinion that there hath been, and still is, a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants, for murdering the King, for subverting the Government, and for rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion.' Macaulay, speaking of the same period, says, 'The capital and the whole nation were mad with hatred and fear.'

A Jamaica Assembly is at least as likely to be carried away by a popular phrenzy as an English Parliament. Its votes therefore are of small account in the argument, and may prove neither more nor less than the strength and extent of the panic. All possible allowance should be made for the Governor, who has the character of a humane man and doubtless acted for the best; but public confidence in his judgment was rudely shaken by his first Report, in which he attributed the outbreak to the publication of a temperate letter, not intended for publication, which he himself had published. No one can doubt that, if Dr. Underhill had been in Jamaica during the outbreak, he would have been hanged, like Gordon. In a later Report the Governor relies for his justification on written and oral information, 'the whole tending to show that sedition and rebellious intention were widespread through the land;' which is equally true of some districts in Ireland. What we want are overt acts; above all, let us have the proofs of that overruling

necessity which compelled the summary trial of Gordon. It is not enough to prove that he was guilty of treason. It must be further shown that the supreme law, the *salus populi*, removed his case from the jurisdiction of the regular tribunals.

Martial law, independently of the Mutiny Acts, is simply the law of necessity, which proverbially has no law. The Duke of Wellington put this plainly enough when he stated that it was the commanding officer's own will and discretion under the circumstances. It is the same kind of law which justifies one private citizen in killing another to prevent a felony, not to punish one; and here is the point to which attention should be recalled. There would have been no need of the Bloody Assize of Jeffery if the required work could have been legally despatched by Kirke. It may turn out that, although there was no rising or resistance after the 13th of October, the measures of suppression remained incomplete, and that the rebellion would have broken out anew if Gordon had not been hanged on the 23rd. But decisive proof to this effect should be forthcoming, or the irregularity of the proceeding will be regarded as something more than a technical error.

From all that has yet reached us, we can hardly conceive a case, or a criminal, less adapted to a drum-head court-martial. When the Attorney-General (Scott) had been speaking nearly nine hours on the prosecution of Hardy for treason in 1794, a sagacious jurymen remarked that if it took so long to prove, there was probably no treason in the case. This remark recurred to us on learning that Colonel Nelson, most conscientiously no doubt, occupied six hours in making up his mind on the preliminary charges against Gordon, and that the trial lasted from 2 P.M.

till long after dark. The evidence on which lieutenants and ensigns are to adjudicate should be short, clear, direct, and positive. Constructive treason is obviously beyond their province.

A great orator protested that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against an entire nation. There would be a similar difficulty in drawing up an indictment against the entire white population of Jamaica. So far as is known, they shared the delusion of the Governor, if it was one. The two assemblies, the council, the magistrates, the law officers, the civil and military authorities, were all of one mind; and he was placed by acclamation, as well as by the local law, in the position of a dictator charged to see that the republic came to no harm. A tremendous weight of responsibility pressed upon him if he differed from all about him; and he could have had small reason to doubt of the legality of his proceedings, when his Attorney-General, a member of the English bar, who accompanied him in the ship that carried the ill-starred Gordon to Morant Bay, thinking that the courts-martial were not getting on fast enough, felt it his duty to lend a hand in the capacity of a captain of volunteers. Whatever the result of the inquiry, therefore, provided the public safety was the sole object, we presume that Her Majesty will not be advised to revoke the most comprehensive Act of Indemnity that may be passed by the local legislature.

The course taken by the Government is the best they could have taken. To resist inquiry, had they been so inclined, would have been out of their power; and no effective inquiry could have been instituted without an overruling authority on the spot, to prevent intimidation and reassure the timid. We shall now see whether entire unanimity does indeed prevail among the

whites as to the necessity of the wholesale shooting, hanging, and flogging that have startled us. 'This negro conspiracy,' says the *Times* of December 16th, 'may not have had the organization of the Fenian Republic: there may have been no duly-appointed chief, no laws, or rules, or passwords: the plan of a campaign may not have been settled; but that there was a vague but general purpose to rise upon the planters, to revenge supposed injuries, and to plunder the estates at the first suitable opportunity, we see no reason to doubt, having regard to the belief of the persons on the spot, who have full means of forming an opinion. The Jamaica negroes have done this before: why should they not do it again?'

Why not, indeed, considering the footing on which they now stand with their former masters. But does the belief in this 'vague but general purpose,' whenever it rises to panic-point, justify a resort to martial law—to martial law executed by triads of lieutenants in the navy and ensigns of volunteers? If there was no chief, no rule or password, no plan, there was nothing but what will probably be discoverable in Jamaica at any time, so long as the mixed character of its population shall remain; so that the future government of the colony is one of the most difficult problems that can be submitted to a statesman. Fresh and unforeseen causes of embarrassment are constantly arising. The promised inquiry cannot take place without an Act of Assembly authorising the examination of witnesses on oath. The local legislature may refuse to pass such an Act, and a conflict with the imperial legislature must ensue. We hope it is not of evil augury that a division on the Jamaica Bill caused the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1839.

CHURCH TEMPORALITIES IN IRELAND.

THE temporalities of the Irish branch of the United Church demand consideration, partly because they are alleged to be a grievance to Irish Roman Catholics, and have been made a criterion of political views in many quarters, partly because they form the chief support of over two thousand clergymen, but chiefly because the spread of true religion seems in danger of being checked amid the strife of contending parties. Irish clergymen are not likely to be made more useful in their ministrations by being threatened with loss of their tithes; and Christianity cannot be advanced by disputes between rival churches about temporal endowments. To suppress altogether the discussion of this question (if it were possible so to do) doubtless seems to many enlightened Roman Catholics, as well as to many Protestants, the course which is most desirable. But if this be impossible (as it now appears to be), the best service which can be rendered to religion and the country is to present the subject in such an aspect as will least excite sectarian animosity.

The worst way in which to treat this question is to make it a religious one. To talk of S. Patrick as a Protestant, and an advocate for regal supremacy—to question the succession of Roman Catholic bishops—to state that the Anglican Church in Ireland is the 'rightful' as well as legal possessor of the tithes—to assert the ecclesiastical unity, before the Union, of two churches whose canons were different, and whose unity, according to one* of those canons, was merely an agreement 'in the possession of the same

Christian religion,' and 'in the confession of the same Christian faith, and the doctrine of the sacraments'—to do this is to introduce matter of religious controversy into a question which requires the rigid exclusion of every such topic.

Perhaps the controversial element will be most effectually avoided if, in the discussion of the subject, that principle be adopted which the English Master of the Rolls very clearly expounded last January, in a suit concerning the religion of a minor.† 'The future salvation of the child,' said Sir John Romilly, 'does not depend, in the judgment of the Court, upon the faith which it entertains being either Roman Catholic or Protestant.' In a similarly impartial spirit the question of the endowments of the Anglican Church in Ireland ought to be decided, apart from any controversial bias for or against the Roman Catholic Church. He who approaches the subject with this truly liberal spirit must, of course, if his own religious convictions be strong, exercise a proportionate degree of self-restraint, but he will be enabled thereby the better to appreciate the historical and statistical merits of the matters under consideration.

The question itself is very generally stated as if it were one affecting the 'Irish Church.' 'Irish Church Reform,' 'Abolition of the endowments of the Irish Church,' and similar phrases, are familiar to everybody. It should be remembered that such are merely phrases, 'vox et præterea nihil.' The Irish Church, correctly speaking, never held the reformed doctrines. Nor was the Anglican Church, which, in pre-Reformation times, the English

* The first of the Irish Canons of 1634.

† *Austin v. Austin*. Judgment pronounced in the Rolls Court, London, on Wednesday, 18, 1865.

maintained within the pale, an 'Irish Church' in the true sense of that term. Irishmen as such, in Roman Catholic times, were at one period expressly declared ineligible to hold benefices or any other office whatever in Ireland. It was actually commanded, in the reign of a Roman Catholic monarch, Edward III., that all his Irish servants or ministers who had benefices or possessions in Ireland, or who were married to Irish women, should be turned out of office, and replaced by Englishmen, or Irishmen possessed of property in England.* The residences of Roman Catholic bishops were but border camps to repel the Irish; and documents are still on record which treat 'de castris Archiepiscopi Dubliniensis reparandis,'† and in which Edward III. threatens to take the archbishop's castles into his own hands if his Grace should delay to fortify them. It was proclaimed by the same king, in 1359, that no archbishop, bishop, abbot, prior, or other person of loyalty should admit a mere Irishman to any Irish canonry or ecclesiastical benefice whatsoever, inter Anglicos situatum.‡ During the reign of Henry V., another Roman Catholic monarch, it was made a matter of complaint against an archbishop of Cashel that he gave all his livings to Irishmen. This feeling of hostility to men of Irish birth extended to Irishmen who went to England for education, as is proved by the statutes § enacted in the first and second years of the reign of King Henry VI., in compliance with a petition from the English House of Commons, praying that Irishmen, excepting they were 'graduates, or had lands or benefices in England, or were mar-

ried to English women, and were of good fame and conversation, or should put in sureties before the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge for their good behaviour while they continued there, should be banished the universities and realm by a certain day, and if they departed not by it, should be apprehended, imprisoned, and proceeded against as rebels.' The name 'Irish Church,' as applied to an Anglican communion in which Irishmen could not hold office even in Roman Catholic days, is therefore clearly a misnomer. And although Henry VIII. and his parliament gave to the reformed Anglican communion the title of 'the whole Irish Church,' of which he himself was 'the only Supreme Head on earth,' yet thereby the Anglican Church in Ireland was no more constituted 'the Irish Church' than the same Henry was constituted King of France by the statute setting forth, in two languages, his style as monarch of that country, and which made it high treason to deprive his Majesty or his successors of that or any other of his or their titles. And just as Henry was titular king of France, so was the Anglican Church in Ireland nothing but the titular Church of Ireland for many years after Henry was gathered to his wives.

The nominal character of the so-called 'Irish Church' in the Reformation times may be traced in the few ecclesiastical records which have been preserved. In 1591—that is, in 33 years after the accession of Elizabeth—the diocese of Kildare was visited by her commissioners, who found, out of a total of fifty benefices,|| that four were vacant, and in the bishop's possession, while twenty-two were

* Rot. Claus. 15 Edw. III. p. 2, m. 28. *Liber Munerum*, vol. i. part iv. page 15.

† *Lib. Mun.* vol. i. part iv. page 14.

‡ *Lib. Mun.* vol. i. part iv. page 21.

§ *Lib. Mun.* vol. i. part iv. (Prynne's Collections), page 4.

|| MS., T.C.D., E. 3, 14.

usurped by laymen. The remaining twenty-four benefices were enjoyed by twenty-two incumbents, of whom one, it was noted, 'comoratin Anglia,' and twelve were pluralists, who held livings in other dioceses. Of the twelve pluralists, one was Richard Meredyth, Bishop of Leighlin, and Dean of S. Patrick's, Dublin; and another was William Pilsworth, afterwards Bishop of Kildare. Twenty-four years later, there appeared in the same diocese * ten pluralists; and among eight lay incumbents of benefices were four youthful dignitaries—namely, Richard Ashpole, who was Prebendary of Ballisonon at 11 years of age; James Aylmer, Prebendary of Donaday, aged 17 or 18; Griffin Tancred, who at 12 years old was Second Canon; and Edward Pilsworth, Third Canon of Kildare, who is noted as 'a boye—y^e byshop's son.'

In 1633, the benefices of Kildare, consisting of sixty-nine parishes, were held by thirty-six incumbents, of whom twelve were absent, two were sick, two were youths in Trinity College, and nine were pluralists.† In 1864, just three hundred and twenty-seven years after the abolition of Papal Supremacy by Henry VIII., these same sixty-nine parishes of Kildare were returned to Parliament‡ as forming forty benefices, under an equal number of incumbents, of whom ten are noted as non-resident. The Cathedral Church of Kildare, described in 1615 as 'nunc admodum ruinoso,' has become a decent parish church, and all traces of the Cathedral Close, the 'domus stramineæ pro singulis dignitariis et prebendariis,' have disappeared. No statistics exist of the population of the respective parishes in ancient times; but according to

the last census there were in Kildare diocese,§ in 1861, 12,490 members of the Established Church 84,590 Roman Catholics, and 1,280 Dissenters. Of the forty benefices of Kildare, twenty, or one-half the entire number, have a church population varying from 7 to 157 for each benefice. Yet these twenty benefices, which are made up of thirty-six parishes, and contain on an average only 74 Anglicans and 5 Dissenters to each benefice, have an average population of 1,254 Roman Catholics. It must be admitted if numbers be any test, that in Kildare the Irish Church, or the Church of Irishmen, is not that branch of the United Church of England and Ireland which is established and endowed.

The diocese of Dublin, however, would probably be chosen by advocates of the Irish Establishment as affording a more favourable view of the progress of the Anglican Church than that which Kildare exhibits. In Dublin, Anglican power was dominant, and there, if anywhere, the Anglican Church, backed up as it was with all the power of the State, ought to have made good use of her endowments. Lancelot Bulkeley, an Oxford man, was six years archdeacon of Dublin before he became archbishop of that diocese; and in 1630, having been eleven years archbishop, he wrote for the use of the Government a document, still in existence, entitled, 'The State of most of the Parishes and Churches in the Diocese of Dublin.' As archdeacon and archbishop he may be presumed to have been favourable to the Establishment, and to have had the best opportunities for acquiring information of the kind supplied in that return.¶ Yet it

* MS., Probate Court, Dublin, *Regal Visitation Book of 1615*.

† MS., T.C.D., E. 3, 14. *Regal Visitation Returns of 1633*.

‡ *Parliamentary Paper*, 1864, No. 267, page 36. *Captain Stacpoole's Returns*.

§ *Census of Ireland for 1861*, part iv. page 30. Dublin: Alexander Thom.

¶ MS., T.C.D., F. 3, 17.

1630, ninety-three years after Henry abolished Papal Supremacy, Archbishop Bulkeley could not find ten parishes in his diocese with a population of 100 Protestants. He mentions 117 benefices, besides many inappropriate or waste parishes. Thirty-one of these benefices contain no Protestant inhabitant, twenty have less than 10, twelve have 10 but not 20 Protestants, ten have between 20 and 40, six have between 40 and 80, and only eight benefices have a Protestant population of 100 or upwards. Of the remaining benefices, ten have the remark appended to them—'Most of the parishioners are recusants;' or, 'Few Protestants in this parish;' and nineteen have no remark whatever, and probably had neither church nor congregation. Some of Archbishop Bulkeley's observations about different parishes are suggestive. Thus at Cloghran, near Swords, 'None come to church save Mr. Maurice Smyth and his family, when they reside there.' The vicar of Donabate is Mr. John Mooney, 'whose wife is (as he himself hath certified under his hand) as rancke and violent a recusant as any in Christendome.' The vicar of Lucan also has a 'recusant' wife. In Killossery, 'all the parishioners, except Mr. Boulton, his Mat^r solicitor, and his family, are recusants;' and in Luske, 'none come to church except the Lord Chief Baron and his family, and a few more.' In Cotlandstown, the parson 'reads prayers unto S^r Thomas Hibbotts' (the impropiator) 'when he is there.' None frequent Dalky church but the 'curate's family, saveinge that in fishing tyme there are many English and Scotts that come to morninge and evening prayers.' In Dromkey and CastlemacAdam 'there comes not any to church there, saveinge the rector's owne family.' In Donomore ô Maly one gentleman seems to have had the singular privi-

lege of no less than three spiritual pastors, for there are two prebendaries and one vicar, while 'all the parishioners except Mr. Charles Ballentine are recusants.' At this time, 1630, the Anglican clergy in Dublin diocese were 55 in number, and the Roman Catholic priests were probably much more numerous, although only 37 are mentioned by name. For it is frequently stated at different parishes that the priest's name is unknown, and that the gentry in other parishes keep a chaplain, or 'Masse Prieste,' in their houses. The regular clergy also were numerous, as the vicar of Bray certifies to having seen 'swarmes of ffriers in those parts.' In 1864, the total number of Anglican clergymen in the diocese of Dublin was 202, while the Roman Catholic clergymen, including regulars, were 275.

Upon comparing the parochial returns of Dublin diocese for the year 1630 with the census returns of 1861, it appears that only four (viz. Monmehonock, Grangenosolvan, Killeigh, and Confie) of the thirty-one parishes named by Archbishop Bulkeley as having no Protestant inhabitant in 1630, are in precisely the same predicament now; while in seven parishes (viz. Garristown and Palmerstown, Baldongan, Newcastle near Lyons, Tasagart, Kilmactalway, Cloghran-hidert, and Bealan) there has been a trifling increase of from 1 to 10 Anglicans per parish. Seventy-one benefices have had a considerable increase of Protestant inhabitants, and six parishes (namely, S. John's, S. Werburgh's, Westpelstown, Finglas, Yago, and Ouske) have decreased. In S. John's, 'most of the parishioners were Protestants' in 1630; whereas in 1861 that parish contained 2,617 Roman Catholics, 20 Dissenters, and but 406 members of the Established Church. S. Werburgh's, the parish in which the Castle of Dublin is situated, is

thus noted by Archbishop Bulkeley:—‘There are 239 howseholders in that p’ishe, all protestants except 28 papist howseholders;’ whereas in 1861 there were 692 Anglicans, 83 Dissenters, and 2,399 Roman Catholics. If each ‘howseholder’ was the head of a family, the diminution of the Protestants has been very great. In all the parishes, however, the Protestants have decreased, relatively to Roman Catholics, very considerably since 1630. In 1861, twenty-eight benefices, containing forty-nine parishes, were found to have an average population for each benefice of 85 Anglicans, 10 Dissenters, and 1,289 Roman Catholics. And the total population of the diocese in 1861 was as follows: Established Church 100,267, Dissenters 16,146, and Roman Catholics 396,916.

But the population of the parishes in Dublin diocese has undergone considerable alteration in another respect since Archbishop Bulkeley’s time. In 1630, very many of the gentry were Roman Catholics, and many country squires of good degree harboured priests and friars. At Swords, for instance, the gentleman were chiefly Roman Catholic, for ‘the church, by the neglect of the gent’ of that p’ishe who are recusants, is latly fallen flat to the ground;’ and in the same place the gentry sent their sons to ‘one Doyle, a Masse Prieste, who keepees schoole in the towne.’ At Howth mass was said in the house of ‘Mr Richard St Lawrence,’ and at Westpelstown in ‘the howse of the Lady Dowager of Howth.’ In Baldoyle ‘Mr Thomas Fitzsymons of the Grange,’ the impropriator, received on Sundays the priests and the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes, in order to celebrate Roman Catholic worship; while in Malahide the house of ‘Mr Talbott of Mallahyde’ was open for the same purpose. Mass was said

in Balrothery in the houses of the gentry, at Finglas in the mansions of ‘St Christopher Pluncket, knight, Robt Barnewall of Dunbroe, esq., Henrie Sedgrave of the little Cabragh, gent,’ and others. In Tipper Kevin, according to Archbishop Bulkeley, ‘St Robt Oglethorpe, Kt, and Alexander Eustace of Dowdistowne are great Abettors and maintainers of Priests.’ At Bray, it is said, ‘every gent’ thereabout hath a prist or a ffrier for theirre domestiecke chaplen;’ and among the maintainers of priests are mentioned ‘Theobald Walsh of Carrickmines, Mr Robt Barnewall of Shankhill, and William Wolverston of Stillorgan, Esq.’ It would thus appear that the higher classes in those days, in much greater proportion than at present, professed the Roman Catholic faith, and were a great hindrance to the spread of the Reformation among the lower class of inhabitants. This inference is supported by the testimony of another prelate, Bishop Ram, of Ferns and Leighlin, who, in 1612, wrote as follows:—‘As for the gentlemen and most of the richer sort, I have alwaies found them very obstinate; wch hath proceeded from the priests resorting unto ther houses and company, and continuall hammering upon ther superstitious anvell.’ The same bishop represents ‘the poorer sort’ as excusing themselves from becoming Protestant by the plea (‘wch I know,’ says his lordship, ‘to be true in some’) ‘that if they shuld be of our religion, no popish marchant wold employ them being sailors;—no popish landlord wold lett them any lands being husbandmen, nor sett them houses in tenantry being artificers, and therefore they must either starve or doe as they doe.’ In 1865, whatever may be said as to merchants and employers of labour, it is indisputable that the majority of Irish land-

* MSS., Court of Probate, Henrietta Street, Dublin.

lords, 'of persons of rank and title, of persons of independent means and of those conventionally known as ladies and gentlemen,'* are members of the Established Church.

The great proportion of Roman Catholics among the gentry as well as the peasantry of Ireland before the year 1641 will surprise no one who considers that of the thirty bishops who occupied Irish sees in 1537 (the year when Henry established regal supremacy) only nine are even asserted to have been favourable to the Reformation. Of these nine it may be said that only five—namely, the bishops of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, Leighlin, and Cork—were at all sincere in their professions. The other four were probably of the same stamp as Devereux, Bishop of Ferns, a great plunderer of church property; or Bodkyn, who, having been consecrated bishop of Kilmacduagh in 1534, at Marseilles, received from Henry in 1537 'the archbishopric of Tuam, and held both sees under Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, without the slightest uneasiness of conscience. It must also be remembered that, in spite of the abolition of Papal Supremacy, no less than twenty-three bishops were nominated by the Pope, and succeeded to Irish sees subsequently to 1537, exclusively of five other prelates appointed by Papal influence in Queen Mary's reign, and without reckoning those bishops of whose appointment nothing is recorded, but who were chiefly Friars. If the year 1537 be taken as the starting-point of the Reformation in Ireland, it will be found that ten dioceses were ruled by Papal bishops for periods varying from forty-six to sixty-nine years from that date, and that nine other dioceses were similarly under the

guidance of Papal bishops for periods of from fourteen to thirty-one years. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that in 1630 so many of the gentry were recusants, and that in the Irish parliament which preceded the wars of 1641 a decided majority† of its members were of the Roman Catholic faith.

It may readily be conceded that the clergymen appointed by prelates whose attitude towards the Reformation was almost always dubious, and in so many instances actually hostile, made small exertions to promote Protestantism. And good Bishop Bedell is no doubt to be believed when he states‡ that the Irish were almost totally neglected by the Anglican ministers, who 'scarce considered them [the Irish] a part of their charge, but left them wholly in the hands of their own priests, without taking any other care of them but the making them pay their tithes.' It may also be true that the laws against recusants were suffered before 1641 to be a dead letter for the most part; for it was not always in the power, and seldom was it the desire, of the Irish Government to execute them strictly. Yet James I. in the earlier part of his reign seems to have made an attempt to stir up the Anglican clergy to active enforcement of penal measures against the Roman Catholics. In 1612, the Bishop (Ram) of Ferns and Leighlin, in his reply§ to certain enquiries directed by the king, asserts that he had previously complied with the advice of 'some in authority,' and carried himself 'in all mild and gentle manner,' referring 'the severity of correction unto the judges of this land in their circuits,' and that he 'never (till of late) proceeded to the excommunication of any for matter of

* *Results of Irish Census of 1861*, by Rev. A. Hume, LL.D. London: Rivingtons, 1864.

† *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, vol. i. page 59.

‡ *Burnet's Life of Bedell*, page 156; English Classics Edition.

§ MSS., Court of Probate, Henrietta Street, Dublin.

religion.' The document from which these quotations are made happens to be defective in that portion where the bishop describes the course he adopted 'since the times that his Mat^r signified his expresse pleasure that the censures of the church should be by us [the bishops] practised against recusants.' But enough remains to show that Bishop Ram, when his 'mild manner' failed to cause recusants 'to repair unto ther parish church on daies' prescribed by law, adopted stronger remedies which required the aid of the sheriff. The culprits in that officer's custody 'I caused,' says the bishop, 'to be brought before me, hoping then that my p'suasion and reasons, together with ther apparent and p'sent danger, would make them relent. Myself p'vailing nothing with them, I entreated ther landlord, S^r Henry Wallop, to try what he cold doe wth them, but all in vaine. This done, I singled them out one by one, and offered each of them this favour, to give them any reasonable time to bethink themselves, upon these conditions:—First, that they wold repair to ther curat's house twist or thrist a week and heare our service privately in his chamber read unto them. Next, that they wold putt me in good security for the delivery of ther bodies unto the sheriff, at the end of the time to be granted, if they conformed not themselves. But they iumped all in one answere as if they had knowen beforehand what offer I wold tender unto them, and had bene catechised by some priest what answere to mak, viz.: that they were resolved to live and dy in that religion, and that they knew that they must be emprisoned at the leugh [*sic*], and therefore (said they) as good now as hereafter.'

Bishop Ram failed to convert the Roman Catholics of Wexford, but succeeded in acquiring a considerable estate in that county, which his

descendants still enjoy. The present representative of the Ram family has recently become a Roman Catholic, and probably would relish, as little as the Wexford men of old, his ancestor's remedies for obstinate Romanism—the sheriff's prison and the curate's service. But the confiscations which followed the troubles of 1641 and 1688, and the penal legislation which contravened the Glamorgan and Limerick treaties, proved more effective than the persuasions and reasonings of bishops and curates. The laws which made it almost an impossibility for a Romanist to retain an acre of property, succeeded in converting, to at least a nominal Protestantism, the landlords of Ireland. The relaxation of those penal laws, their gradual abrogation, and finally the Incumbered Estates Act, have resulted in making them Roman Catholic again to a certain extent. Forty-two per cent. of Irish landed proprietors were returned as Roman Catholic by the Census Commissioners of 1861.

In spite, however, of the penal laws, the Irish people managed to preserve their numerical superiority over the Anglicans, and to maintain their ancient church in close communion with Rome, from whence, as S. Patrick was there consecrated a bishop, it may be said to have been derived. The Reformation, no doubt, deprived them of their ancient endowments, and for some years caused irregularities in the succession of their bishops, who were compelled for a time to receive consecration in Italy or Spain. But the life of a church does not consist in lands or tithes; and as it was no new thing in the Irish Church to admit prelates of foreign consecration, the continuous descent of the Irish hierarchy from S. Patrick was not much affected. Indeed, anciently, Irish bishops were, during a considerable period,

habitually consecrated in England;* and in pre-Reformation times, nineteen archbishops and eleven bishops of the Irish Church, including the first bishops of Dublin, of Leighlin, and of Waterford, were consecrated in Italy. The Irish people did more than support their own Roman Catholic Church, for they supported the Anglican also. Bishop Ram, in 1612, says of 'the poorer sort' of Irishmen, that they 'groaned under the burthen of the many priests in respect of the double tithes and offerings, the one paid by them unto us, and the other unto them.' Archbishop Bulkeley, in 1630, states that in S. Bride's parish, in Dublin city, the 'Masse Prieste' had VIII^s per annum out of every recusant's house, and probably some similar arrangement prevailed in other parishes. No doubt the incomes of the Roman Catholic clergy were small and precarious for many years, but yet they did not, through poverty, abandon their charge. Until the year 1834, the Roman Catholics not only paid tithes directly to the Anglican clergy, but contributed in

great part towards the erection of Anglican churches and the purchase of requisites for Anglican worship. It was not therefore to be expected that before 1834 the Roman Catholic clergy could be rich.

At present the entire † of the ecclesiastical endowments of Ireland are enjoyed by the Anglican population; and although tithes are no longer collected from the peasantry or tenant farmers, yet they are charged upon the land and paid through the medium of proprietors, forty-two per cent. of whom are Roman Catholics. The ascendancy and supremacy of the Anglican clergy is still maintained. Parliament has, it is true, acknowledged Roman Catholic chaplains in asylums, barracks, prisons, poor-houses, and reformatories, but Roman Catholic parish priests have as yet no legal status as parochial clergymen; and while the Anglican deans of such benefices as Kilfenora with 30, Emly ‡ with 31, Elphin with 37, Kilmacduagh with 72, or Ardagh with 149 members of the Established Church, enjoy ecclesiastical rank and rent-charge, Roman Ca-

* 'The custom of the Irish bishops resorting to the Archbishop of Canterbury for consecration' ceased at this period, 1162.—Cotton's *Fæsti Ece. Hiber.* vol. ii. page 10.

† The aggregate amount of the gross revenue of the Established Church in Ireland (including bishoprics, dignities, and livings), whether derived from lands, rent-charge, or any other source, is stated by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to be 586,428*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* yearly. This sum is a little more than 2*s.* per head of the total population of Ireland (which amounts to 5,798,967 persons), but exceeds 17*s.* 3*d.* per head of the Anglican population, which is only 678,473, according to the revised summary of the Census Commissioners. A portion of these revenues is devoted to repairing and building churches, paying clerks and sextons, and purchasing requisites for divine service. Another portion belongs to the bishops, twelve of whom receive a net annual income of 55,110*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, or an average of 4,592*l.* to each prelate, being at the rate of 36*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* for the episcopal supervision of each benefice, or 1*s.* 7*d.* for the episcopal care of each Anglican in Ireland. The remaining portion of these revenues—namely, 506,368*l.*—belongs to the beneficed clergymen, and, if divided among the 1,510 benefices in Ireland, would give to each incumbent 335*l.* a year; or, if divided among the incumbents and curates, would give to each of 2,172 clergymen an average income of more than 230*l.* per annum. It is to be observed that the gross income of 586,428*l.* does not include the value of the bishops' palaces, and glebe-houses, nor the amount of the various stipends paid to the Anglican clergy for ministering to the members of the Established Church in public and charitable institutions, such as asylums, prisons, and workhouses.

‡ The income of Emly deanery is but nominal. The value of Kilfenora deanery is 547*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; of Elphin, 435*l.* 0*s.* 2*d.*; of Kilmacduagh, 452*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*; of Ardagh, 593*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* per annum.

tholic dignitaries of all kinds, no matter what may be their labours, learning, or loyalty, are devoid of every title and every emolument which the Government can withhold. The Irish people are now endeavouring to alter, through parliament, this state of things, and they ask that the Anglican clergy shall be deprived of their ascendancy and titular supremacy in Ireland, and maintained by other funds than the ancient endowments, which they seek to have applied, not to the use of Roman Catholic clergymen, but to educational or other purposes of general, not sectarian, utility. As well as can be discovered from their published statements, they seem to propose that the Imperial Government should pay the clergy of the United Church out of the general revenues of the United Kingdom.

It would be difficult to prove such demands to be, in themselves, contrary to right reason, or to point out any injury which would necessarily befall either religion or the State in consequence of removing the titular ascendancy of the Anglican clergy in Ireland, and re-arranging their remuneration upon a congregational instead of a parochial basis. It is absurdly objected* that the English parochial system is so nearly identical with the Irish, that both must stand or fall together, and the number of benefices in England and Wales, with an average population less than 200, is, with ridiculous effrontery, alleged to parallel the case of the Irish benefices which have an Anglican population of a similarly small number, but which have, besides—what is dishonestly ignored in the

comparison—a Roman Catholic population of more than 1,000 in each benefice. It is also insinuated that a revolution will follow upon any further change; as if, forsooth, it would make any real difference to the country that a Roman Catholic bishop, rector, or dean should have in Ireland a legal right to the title of his office, and that landlords should remit tithe rent-charge to Her Majesty's collectors instead of to clerical incumbents. Again, 'it is essential' (so it is gravely argued†) 'to the maintenance of the Church in Ireland that the parochial system should be preserved in all its integrity.' It is notorious, however, that 'the parochial system in all its integrity' has long ago departed from Ireland. What parochial system can exist, for instance, in those 199 Irish parishes‡ where there is not a single inhabitant professing Anglicanism; or in those 575 parishes where Roman Catholics are numerous enough, but where the Church population, including parsons, parish clerks, sextons, and their families, varies from one to twenty Anglicans? 'The parochial system in all its integrity' ceased in such parishes when the churches were abandoned by the inhabitants, and when the tithes were appropriated by the State to the use of the Anglican Church§ in other localities. But Lord Primate Beresford, who, 'in a social point of view,' § values highly 'the importance of having a large body of educated gentlemen, such as the clergy of the Established Church, spread over the face of a country so divested as Ireland is of a resident gentry,' maintains that if any diminution were made in

* *Facts* [?] *respecting the Present State of the Church in Ireland.* London: Rivingtons: 1865.

† *Facts respecting the Present State, &c.*, page 13.

‡ *The Census of Ireland for 1861*, part iv. page 36.

§ *A Charge addressed to the Clergy, &c.*, in 1864, by the Archbishop of Armagh, page 10. Dublin: Hodges & Smith. 1865.

the incomes of these clerical squires, the Church itself would be extinguished. He concedes that, as a missionary church, the Anglican ministry has no place in Ireland, because 'the number of clergymen is not more than sufficient for the pastoral care and instruction of the members of the Established Church,' and adds, 'their incomes have been pared down to the lowest sum compatible with the existence of the Church in this country.' His Grace is perhaps of more expensive habits than some of his ecclesiastical ancestors, 'the Irish bishops in former time,* who had but three milch kine allowed them, and when one was dry the parish did change her for another.' But even if the Irish Protestants, who form the richer portion of the population, were so deficient in their duty as not to maintain their own pastors, it is unlikely that Government would suffer the Anglican clergy to subside into poverty. Roman Catholics themselves would object to such a calamity as that. For it would be truly a calamity to Roman Catholics if the present Anglican ministers, educated gentlemen as they are, were replaced by a pauper clergy, of little education, dependent upon fanaticism for their support, and upon the Irish Church Missions, or some equally ultra-Protestant society, for promotion. Roman Catholics do not desire the introduction of Exeter Hall bishops into Ireland, and therefore do not want to overthrow the Anglican Church or pauperise its ministers, but merely to remove Anglican clerical ascendancy, and alter the temporal arrangements on which that ascendancy is based.

For the sake of true religion, as well as good government, the removal of what are called Irish Church Temporalities is much de-

sired by earnest men who would fain see the United Church of England and Ireland more efficient and less odious to the Irish people. It seems unjust and destructive of the true vitality of that Church in Ireland, that a system should any longer continue, under which, in many dioceses one-half, in others two-thirds, of all the Anglican benefices have an average population of only 70 or 80 Protestants, and over 2,000 Roman Catholics per benefice. The diocese of Lismore, for instance, contains 44 benefices altogether, of which 29 are composed of 49 parishes, and are inhabited by 1,435 Anglicans, 123 Dissenters, and 69,743 Roman Catholics. In other words, each of these benefices has, on an average, 49 Anglican, 4 Dissenting, and 2,404 Roman Catholic inhabitants. The average endowment of each of those livings is 25*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* per annum. Cloyne diocese has, in all, 80 benefices, of which 64 are made up of 87 parishes, and each of these benefices has an average population of 56 Anglicans, 3 Dissenters, and 1,915 Roman Catholics. The average annual value of each of these Cloyne livings is 41*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* Livings of this description are not confined to the south of Ireland; for even in Armagh diocese there are 22 benefices, made up of 41 parishes, containing on an average 74 Anglicans, 10 Dissenters, and 1,611 Roman Catholics, and having an average endowment of 335*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* per annum per benefice. Not to multiply details of separate dioceses, there are in the 22 dioceses presided over by the Archbishop of Dublin and the six Bishops of Meath, Tuam, Ossory, Cork, Limerick, and Killaloe, no less than 951 parishes, forming 531 benefices, in which benefices the average Church popu-

* *A Geographical Description of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c.*, 'by a Well-willer to the Peace of both Kingdoms,' page 29. London: 1642.

lation is only 73, and the Dissenting 5, while the Roman Catholic is 2,257. The average annual endowment of each of these 531 benefices is 303*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* As the number of all Anglican benefices in Ireland is 1,510, it follows that in more than one-third of them the amount of the endowment is out of all proportion* to the work. The reconstruction in Ireland of the

United Church, upon an equitable basis which would remove such glaring anomalies, would be received as a boon by all those who value the machinery of the Church, not as a means for securing hierarchical rank and ascendancy, but as a means for advancing the spiritual welfare of the people and the salvation of souls.

* The inequalities of the present system in this respect will appear from the subjoined table, which shows the average work and average pay of the clergy in each of the thirty-two Irish dioceses:—

DIOCESE	Number of Incumbents in each Diocese	The average Number of Anglicans to each Incumbent in the several Dioceses	The average Gross Yearly Value of each Incumbency in the several Dioceses, exclusive of Residence, &c.
			£
Dromore	30	1482	351
Connor	68	1178	241
Clogher	68	958	355
Armagh	102	839	422
Dublin	125	802	266
Derry	69	633	509
Kilmore	50	632	407
Down	47	614	277
Raphoe	40	555	352
Cork	63	424	385
Ardagh	30	368	401
Killala	14	337	335
Waterford	9	327	303
Kildare	40	312	252
Achohry	11	282	327
Elphin	38	276	216
Ferns	61	235	331
Leighlin	56	232	288
Killaloe	63	202	266
Tuam	47	192	301
Clonfert	14	180	283
Limerick	49	177	308
Ross	27	175	262
Meath	105	155	202
Ossory	54	152	389
Ardfert and Aghadoc	44	146	282
Cloyne	80	146	383
Cashel	37	127	443
Lismore	44	108	264
Kilmacduagh	4	108	490
Emly	17	83	383
Kilfenora	4	62	415

Thus the average number of Anglicans to each incumbent seems to diminish gradually from 1,482 in Dromore, where the average is highest, to 62 in Kilfenora, where the average is lowest. But the average remuneration of incumbents varies without the least regard to the number of Anglicans. A Derry incumbent has but half the work, but much more than the pay, of his brother in Dromore. And in many dioceses where the average work does not amount to a tenth part of what it is in Dromore, the average income is larger.

GILBERT RUGGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.'

CHAPTER LXV.

A MEDIATOR.

IT is the garden at Humbersmouth Grange, and nearly two years further on in our history. An August sun now shines upon that prospect of flat fields and broad dykes which last we beheld under the November moon.

It is noon—hot summer's noon—and a drowsy mid-day silence broods over farm-yard and garden.

Under the great apple tree that stands in the centre of the lawn sits Gabrielle Hurst, listening to the bees humming round the tall hollyhocks and sunflowers, with a calm, happy expression on her face. Upon her knee lies a letter, which she has just been reading.

'I think it can be done,' murmurs Gabrielle to herself, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the hollyhocks; 'and then—and then my happiness would be complete!'

'Oh, indeed! A nice confession for a lady to make a week before her marriage!' says a voice in her ear; and somebody, who has stolen quietly over the grass, puts his arm round her waist; and adds, 'So you are not completely happy, Miss Hurst—eh?'

'You know I am not, Martin. (How could you make me start so?) You know that I never shall be, even if I have the best and dearest of husbands, as long as things remain as they are. I have told you so before; only you get so hard and selfish with prosperity that you forget everybody else's troubles in your own happiness.'

'Do I, my love? I used to think rather soft-hearted; but I'm 'm degenerating. You see ad influence does!'

a little further banter be-

tween them, Gabrielle dismisses her lover (about in a few days to become her husband), telling him she wants to speak to the Sergeant alone, when he comes up from the marshes, yonder.'

He comes up a few minutes later, along with Mr. Holdfast. Gabrielle can hear the old man's hearty laugh a couple of fields off.

'Ha, ha, ha! We've done it at last, Miss Hurst,' cries the stout old farmer, as soon as they are in sight. 'I always said I'd have a crop o' wheat off them marshes afore four years was over—prime wheat, too, worth the top price of the market—and here it is. Did you ever see finer heads, my dear?' He placed two magnificent ears of corn in Gabrielle's hand. Mr. Holdfast's self-congratulatory tone was pardonable. Many a time the neighbours had laughed at the Australian speculator who was sinking all his money in the mud of their marshes; but they were beginning to perceive their mistake. Those 'acres of sea-swamp and marsh mud,' of which Mr. Smith, of Gray's Inn, had spoken so disparagingly, are becoming a very valuable property. Already sheep are feeding and crops growing on land where only the sea-gulls screamed and coarse samphire grew a few years back.

'It's ready to cut any time,' said Mr. Holdfast, as he rubbed out some of the grain in the palm of his hand; and the old man strode off to the house with an exultant face.

The Sergeant was about to follow him, when Gabrielle called him back.

'Can you spare me a few minutes?' said she. 'I want to have a little

talk with you ;' and she made room for him on the seat under the apple tree.

The Sergeant was always ready to give up his time to Miss Hurst. He returned, and sat down on the bench. He was not much altered within the last two years — a trifle greyer, perhaps ; but, if anything, his face wore a less troubled expression than formerly. Gabrielle's coming to the Grange had been the greatest possible comfort to him. She understood his sorrows, and sympathised with them as perhaps no one else could. She had given him strength and consolation in a hundred ways. But for her, he would probably have sunk further into that state of listlessness and dejection in which she had found him. The schools had been a powerful help to her here. Gabrielle had often got the Sergeant to lend a helping hand at teaching in an amateur sort of way. Many an hour had he spent down at the schools, hearing the boys and girls read, or telling them stories about India and its wonders, until his own brown face glowed with animation, and his hearers sat open-mouthed with wonder. He was, of course, the most popular of instructors, and his entrance into the school-room roused a temporary enthusiasm for learning in the most sluggish of scholars. The schools had turned out a complete success. Holdfast's charity was now founded upon a firm basis. If Gabrielle is about to desert her post, and her authority to pass into other hands, she has the satisfaction of knowing that the institution is in excellent working order. The 'desertion' aforesaid has not been decided upon until somebody interested therein has declared that 'he'll wait no longer, but go back to India and marry a mulatto, if she doesn't have him this time.' For Mr. Sherlock is in a position to bluster and browbeat now-a-days, being com-

mander of an East Indiaman that sails next month for Bombay, and takes out first-class cabin passengers, and has pianos, and ladies, and books, and babies on board, and all other adjuncts of civilised life. So Gabrielle has given in before that threat, and next week she is to become Mrs. Sherlock, and the week after to go out to Calcutta as 'the skipper's bride.' Of course she is to be married from the Grange, and of course Mr. Holdfast is to provide the wedding feast. Under these prosperous circumstances, Gabrielle may well say 'her happiness is *almost* complete.' But there is one thing wanting thereto, as she is just explaining to the Sergeant, as they sit there under the apple tree.

'It is so necessary to it, however — this one thing,' says Gabrielle, earnestly, 'that without it I shall be almost miserable. Now, it is in the power of a friend of mine, who I think cares a little for me, and would not willingly let a cloud overcast my wedding-day — it is in his power to make me thoroughly and completely happy. Will he do it, I wonder?'

Gabrielle looked up wistfully at the Sergeant as she spoke. He was staring down at the grass at his feet.

'I think Miss Hurst knows that if I am the friend it's done already.'

But he said it in a dubious, uneasy way, nevertheless. Gabrielle resumed —

'I will tell him, then, what it is that is wanting to my happiness, and ask him, as the greatest favour he can do me, to grant the request I am about to make. He must hear me patiently through for a few minutes — must, my friend — and bear in mind that I have faithfully respected his wishes all this time, and kept the hard secret he imposed upon me.'

The Sergeant knew what was coming now, and his hand went up

quickly and uneasily to his face. There was a momentary pause, and then Gabrielle continued—

‘Next Thursday will be my wedding-day. I shall have many dear friends about me on that day, but one who is most dear to me will be absent. He has been to me as a brother all his life. How can I be happy if he be away at such a time? Tell me you will give me your consent to his coming?’

‘Consent, Miss Hurst!’ repeated the Sergeant, slowly; ‘it isn’t for me to give or withhold consent in this matter. It’s natural and right what you say. I had foreseen it for some time, and planned according. Of course, you’ll ask him to your marriage, and of course he’ll come—God bless him! For me, I’ll just take myself off for a week or two, and come back to my old friend here when it’s all over.’

‘No, no,’ said Gabrielle, firmly; ‘you will be more kind and reasonable than that. You will stay here and meet your son. You will let me see your hand in his before I go away, and the first wish of his heart fulfilled; and then—’

‘Hush, hush! Miss Hurst.’ A look of pain disturbed the Sergeant’s face. He seemed unable to bear her words. Without looking at her, he went on—‘Miss Hurst, I’m living down a great trouble day by day, thank God! but your words bring it all to life again. When last I spoke on this matter, I told you it couldn’t be; and is it likelier I’d consent now, when my son’s just rising again in the world—when he’s making the first steps back to that place from which I dragged him? It would be a poor love I bear him, if I wouldn’t rather a thousand times know him happy away from me, than see him ill at ease beside me. Don’t ask it—don’t ask it. It only troubles me sorely, and can do no good.’

He got up with a face more troubled, indeed, than it had been

for many a day, and stood looking out from under the apple boughs, on the sunny fields beyond the garden, with a dark face.

‘But if I can show you that it is for his happiness as well as yours,’ said Gabrielle, gently—‘if I can show you that he is longing to meet you once more, that your absence is a grief and trouble to him, and that he is making and has long been making efforts to find you, then—’

‘No, no,’ interrupted the Sergeant, to whom these words sounded all unreal, and like some terrible temptation that it was dangerous to listen to. ‘No, no; your own kind heart misleads you, Miss Hurst. Say no more. Please to say no more.’

He spoke harshly, and turned away and would have left her. But she rose, and laid her hand upon his arm to stop him, and said—

‘Ah, it is all true that I tell you, and yet it is but a little part of the truth. For his sake I entreat you to stay. Listen to what he wrote to me a few days ago, and judge him for yourself.’

He stood with averted face there in the sun, whilst she opened her letter and read:—

‘And so, Gabrielle, with all this recent prosperity (which I don’t want to underrate), and with the prospect before me of further successes—perhaps fame one day, who knows?—I have a great and gnawing anxiety, which never leaves me long together. You know what it is. Looking down at this moment on these fictitious sorrows I am weaving on paper, I feel a sudden contempt for myself and my occupation when I think of a certain real sorrow that I once witnessed day by day, and never showed sympathy with, or understood. Here I sit redressing imaginary wrongs, whilst a great wrong in my own life remains unredressed—a great injustice unrighted.’ (Here the Sergeant averted his face still further

from Gabrielle, and made a sudden gesture of dissent with his hand.) 'But whatever pain and distress I caused him, Gabrielle, it has all been measured back to me again. Aye, I shall never know peace of mind until I have found out my father, clasped his hand in mine, and told him that at last I know him, and am proud to be his son.'

A sudden heave shook the strong figure before her as Gabrielle read. She knew he had turned round in the sun, and was looking at her; but she did not raise her head.

'Does he—does he say that?' asked the Sergeant, in a thick unsteady voice.

'Ah! you cannot refuse me now. You will stay and meet him?'

'I will do what you wish me. God knows whether it's for the best!'

He said it after a few moments' silence, and said no more. But he took Gabrielle's hand in his, pressed it, and walked back silently to the house. He could not speak just then.

And so Gabrielle had her way.

Gilbert came down to Humbermouth Grange to be present at her wedding. She went over to Grimsby in the morning to meet him at the coach (he had travelled by the night mail), and went alone. She would not even permit Mr. Sherlock to accompany her. For Gilbert did not yet know that under Mr. Holdfast's roof his father had found a home, and Gabrielle wished to break this to him herself.

She scarcely knew her cousin for the moment when he alighted from the coach—he looked 'so grave and middle-aged,' she told him, when they were alone together in the chaise.

'And you are not one bit altered, my dear girl. Time has dealt unfairly with us,' said Gilbert, who was heartily rejoiced to see his cousin again.

'But Time hasn't made me a

famous person, who writes books and reviews, and all sorts of clever things, you see,' said Gabrielle, with a laugh. 'It has just left me the insignificant little nobody I always was.'

'It couldn't have done better than leave you what you were,' said Gilbert, fondly.

It had made considerable changes in him since they last met, both in face and in fortune. He was now in his eight-and-twentieth year—a grave-looking man, thoughtful, and somewhat sad of face; but, in all senses, a stronger man than of yore. He had worked hard, lived carefully, and had met with fair success. Though not 'famous' as Gabrielle made him out to be, he had already won a name in the world of letters. He was still living in his old quarters at Meggett's Gardens, for he could not bring himself to turn his back on the humble friends who had helped him in his need, as soon as the sun began to shine upon his fortunes once more. But he was contemplating a change ere long.

'I am sure it is time we got you into the country,' said Gabrielle, 'if only to iron away those dreadful creases on your forehead. Mr. Holdfast will find you a horse, and you must get a good scamper on the marshes.'

'What is Mr. Holdfast like? Sketch him to me.'

Gabrielle drew the pleasantest portrait of the kindly old man and his household: and what with her enthusiasm on this topic, and her digressions into others (and fifty subjects cropped up between them within the first hour), they were nearly at their journey's end before Gabrielle had imparted the news she was longing to impart.

But she found a moment at length to tell her cousin the happy secret that was to crown her wedding-day with perfect happiness. They sat in silence for some time

after. Gabrielle looked out of the window near her. Gilbert leaned back in the chaise, with his hat pulled forward over his eyes.

'Gabrielle, I thank God for this!' was all that he could say when he did speak.

They had reached Welstone, when Gabrielle drew his attention to a building that fronted on the village green.

'The schools, I suppose?' said Gilbert.

'Yes; you remember our old plans at Skegsthorne, and the noble pile of buildings you once projected on paper? Not quite so imposing are they, but not very ugly, I think.'

'Ugly!' repeated Gilbert. 'Why there are roses, and woodbine, and lattice windows, with white pigeons cooing on the roof! Pure poetry, I declare.'

'Suppose we stop and take a peep inside? Perhaps the poetry is all external. It is close upon twelve o'clock; we shall be just in time to catch the troop before they disperse.'

They stopped the chaise and alighted in front of the school-houses. The boys' school was nearest. Gabrielle opened the gate of the little garden that separated it from the high road, and bade her cousin enter.

Now, in this seemingly innocent and perfectly natural suggestion, our cunning Gabrielle had a deep premeditated design, and she was not disappointed therein. Gilbert preceded her up the path, and had reached the porch, when he suddenly stopped.

'Hush!' said he, 'there's some one giving a lesson within;' and he stood in hesitation on the threshold of the porch.

The door was open to admit the summer air, and the schoolroom and its inmates were visible to Gilbert where he stood.

At the further end of the room,

fronting a black board on which the effigy of an elephant was roughly chalked, stood the lesson-giver, with the eyes of all the boys fixed on him. He was a tall man, with a more upright carriage and greater breadth of shoulders than generally pertains to sedentary schoolmasters. He had a good firm voice, a plain forcible way of expressing himself, though not perhaps a quite scholastic diction. But all defects were amply allowed for by the grand fact that the teacher had actually beheld with his own eyes the wondrous beast he was describing.

'And so you see, my lads,' went on the instructor, ignorant that he was addressing himself to any other ears than his pupils'; 'you see he has often been a good servant to man, though able to tear up a tree by its roots, when angered, as you'd pull up a thistle. And so when we'd reached the river as I was telling you of, we crossed over under cover of our own guns, and attacked the enemy, and fought till the sun went down behind the mountain,' &c.

As the Sergeant 'fought o'er his battles' again, he warmed with the theme, and all his little hearers listened with greedy ears to these wondrous stories of the great things done by their own countrymen in that great and wondrous land beyond the seas. But with all his military enthusiasm, the man did not forget that he was addressing himself to children, and so took care to lay stress on other virtues required of good soldiers and good men than mere courage in the field, and told them stories of humanity and mercy displayed even in battle, and held up to them some faint image of the true hero, though in most homely and unstudied words.

Gilbert stood motionless, listening with rapt attention. Gabrielle could see his face where she stood. It had an expression upon it that

she loved to recall to herself in after years—an expression that perhaps more nearly approached reverence than any other human emotion.

The lesson was soon over; and then the Sergeant announced to the lads a holiday for the morrow, in honour of the wedding at the Grange; and he himself led the cheers that followed, and that made the rafters ring again.

Then the school broke up, and the boys departed noisily through a back door, into the playground behind; and Mr. Burr (the legitimate schoolmaster) went off to his dinner, and the Sergeant was left alone in the schoolroom.

Not quite alone. A small figure in one corner lagged behind his companions. It was a humpbacked lad, who could not put together his books and his slates so quickly as his companions, and yet was burning with impatience to join the noisy crew out yonder. So the Sergeant came to the little fellow's aid, and reached him his cap and crutches, and sent him stumping off after his comrades with a bright face.

The man stood and watched the lame lad from the school window, as he joined his companions outside. It needed not the radiance of the summer sun upon that good brown face to gladden it; it was illumined by a light that shone from within.

But Gilbert could restrain himself no longer. He advanced with a working face, and in a low tone uttered that one word for which the Sergeant's ears had so often longed—'Father!'

And the man turned and beheld there in the sunlight, his son standing with outstretched hand, and a face glowing with a noble repentance and a still nobler pride.

Gabrielle saw the sudden light that beamed out over both faces as their hands met in a warm grasp, and then she turned away and left them alone together.

CHAPTER LXVI.

HYMENEAL.

It was a gay wedding that took place on the morrow at Humbermouth Grange. There was not a guest present who did not feel that the festivity of the occasion was heightened by the reconciliation that had taken place on the previous day, nor one whose happiness was not increased by the presence of Gilbert and his father at the marriage feast.

Of course the Sherlock family were all present. The lieutenant had arrived at the Grange overnight, with his sister and daughter, the latter of whom was Gabrielle's only bridesmaid.

If Gabrielle had known anything of that scene that had taken place in the twilight at Tudor Lodge, now nearly two years back, and the true reasons why Gilbert had discontinued his lessons there, she would not have been surprised that Mary had 'found it utterly impossible' to get down to the Grange until the eve of the wedding. But neither to Gabrielle nor to other living soul had Mary ever breathed whisper of that last interview. No sooner had those words been spoken by Gilbert that night than she regarded them as for ever recalled. It had been a mistake (a cruel one as far as she was concerned) on his part, but it was a mistake that must never be betrayed.

They had never seen each other again since; but when they met last night in the Grange parlour, they had both of them been able to speak with steady, well-controlled voices. The circumstances of that meeting were favourable to them. It was twilight when the Sherlocks arrived, and upon Mary entering the parlour she had immediately to be introduced to Mr. Holdfast, and to renew her old acquaintance with the Sergeant, whom she had never

forgotten since their one sole meeting on the stage-coach.

'We scarcely want an introduction,' said Mary, coming forward with a ready smile; 'I believe you are the good friend to whom I was indebted for that excellent waterproof cape which kept me so dry and warm that dreadful day. Do you recollect it all, and the irritable old lady who kept sending up messages to the passengers outside because they stamped their feet upon the roof to keep them warm, and so prevented her sleeping?'

The reference to the waterproof cape brought up reference to Mary's inexhaustible basket and the bottle of sherry; so that in five minutes the Sergeant and she were laughing, and quite at home with each other. This was just as it should have been, and threw a lively air over the meeting at once.

The morrow's sun rose in a cloudless sky. It shone upon a happy wedding-party in Welstone Church at noon—a quaint, unconventional wedding-party withal. There were no rich costumes, nor groups of fashionably-attired friends blocking up the aisle—no train of bridesmaids nor gardens of bouquets; but there was a sweet, modest young bride, a manly, happy-looking bridegroom, a one-armed veteran, who led the bride to the altar, and stood reverently by her side throughout the ceremony, and a few friends behind (amongst whom John Holdfast's grey head towered), with a choir of village children to sing the wedding anthem.

The wedding breakfast was equally informal and unfettered by conventionalities; in proof of which it may be stated that when the bride's health had been drunk, Lieutenant Sherlock read aloud to his friends a certain letter which he had received the day before from Australia, containing hopeful tidings from the emigrants out there. A still more informal proceeding was

the adjournment of the whole party, shortly after, to the Grange kitchen, where the six coastguard-men (before mentioned in this history), together with Mr. Holdfast's servants, were seated at a banquet in honour of the occasion. Of course the bride's health was drunk again, and once more Mr. Griffiths distinguished himself by a speech as hopelessly involved and discursive as his former one, having at last to be dragged down forcibly into his chair; for his oration had degenerated into nothing better than an argument with another old 'salt' as to the precise time of the next change in the moon, which had somehow got itself involved with the bride's health.

At the moment of parting from her friends, a letter was put into Gabrielle's hand by Mr. Holdfast, as she stepped into the carriage. It lay there unheeded for some minutes, until Martin reminded her she was twisting it all to pieces; whereon it was opened, and disclosed to their astonished gaze a Bank of England note for one thousand pounds! which John Holdfast begged the bride to accept for her dower, from her old and obliged friend.

So Martin's magnanimity, which Gabrielle had loved to talk about, was all moonshine; for he had got not only a very charming little wife, but also a very pretty accession of fortune with her.

When the newly-wedded couple had taken their departure, the host ordered out the chaises and the greys, and took his guests to the marshes, to inspect the engineering operations going on there; and explained to them how in a few more weeks the great embankment on which he had been engaged for the last three years would be completed. They returned home by Welstone and the village-green; and there they dismissed the carriage, and proceeded home on

foot in the pleasant evening sunshine.

'Come, won't you offer your arm to Miss Sherlock?' said Mr. Holdfast to Gilbert. 'We old folks can saunter on at our own pace.'

So Gilbert and Mary had to lead the way homewards together. They had not avoided each other, but it had so happened that they had scarcely come in contact yet. They had stood side by side behind the bride at the altar (how strange the position seemed to both!), but they had never been alone together. Their conversation, as they walked along, turned naturally on the wedding. They were each glad to have that to discuss; it served as a topic all the way home. But as they entered the Grange garden, where the quaint old yews loomed black and purple against the orange-tinted sky, Mary said—

'I have read your book, and like it. I was not mistaken in my opinion of what you could and ought to do. You must be near the outskirts of that wood of difficulty you once seemed lost in, and see before you glimpses of a fair horizon?'

'Yes. If I had listened to my own cowardly heart, I should have given up at one time, I'm afraid. But I listened to a better counsellor. Unlike most prophets, you helped to give the power to achieve what you foretold. Many a time your words came back to me, and raised my flagging courage.'

'I am glad of it. I always had confidence that you would succeed. This unbought praise, sounding louder every day about you, must be sweet in your ears.'

'Very sweet. But that one honest phrase, "I have read your book, and like it," is sweeter; because I know you would tell me its faults, and blame instead of praise, if truth required it.'

'I hope so.'

That was all that passed between

them. They were back at the Grange doors now.

The next morning, Mary and her friends took their departure. At the moment of leave-taking, the Lieutenant cordially invited Gilbert to go over and see them at the Sands before his return to London.

'Thank you,' he replied; 'I shall not go away without coming to see my old friends.' And then the Sherlocks drove off in 'Barker's' sociable, as of yore, and Gilbert was left alone with his father and Mr. Holdfast at the Grange.

He stayed one month there, dividing his time between his work, his horse, and the society of his father and his father's old friend.

But happy as Gilbert was in this reconciliation with his father, there was still a void left in his heart—a sense of incompleteness in his life. He had not come across Mary Sherlock again without finding old hopes revive. He did his best—he had been doing his best for many a month—to keep down the ghosts that roamed his inner world; but they were not to be laid.

So it came about that when the last day of his visit to the Grange arrived, and he set off for Skegthorpe Sands, he carried with him a doubting heart, much questioning whether he had any right to go there at all, feeling as he felt.

CHAPTER LXVII.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

It was well-nigh evening before Gilbert reached his journey's end, though the mid-day sun had shone upon him at starting, for he was in a wavering frame of mind, and more than once turned round his horse, and began to retrace his road.

'If he could only know Mary's own present feelings,' he said to himself as he went along. 'If he could only know whether those

words that had separated them had been spoken more from distrust of his love than from the absence of love in her own heart. Not for the world would he approach the subject again, if he thought it would distress her as before. But was it not just possible that ——'

And then, whenever he reached that point in his meditations, he always pushed on again with a flutter of hope. He would see how she received him—see what her manner towards him augured, and by that he would determine whether he might re-open the subject, or whether it behoved him as a man of honour never again to speak to her of love. So, much debating with himself, he slowly continued his journey along the flat marsh road, and evening was upon him when he reached Skegsthorne Sands.

It was very strange to him to find himself back again in the old hamlet, where everything looked so unchanged, whilst he himself felt so altered, since last he was there.

He put up his horse at 'Barker's' (the marvellous hostelry was as deserted of guests as of yore—the long-room as much a solitude, the bathing machine as far from filling those purposes for which it must originally have been constructed), and then, in the gathering dusk, he walked on to Lieutenant Sherlock's house.

Even at the last, when within fifty yards of the dwelling, Gilbert was inclined to turn back and flee the temptation that might be coming. But he went on—telling himself that he would be guided by the reception he met with, and by Mary's conduct he would shape his own.

But it was no easy thing to form the judgment he had counted on forming. From the moment of his arrival, Mary's manner was what it always had been—friendly, frank, and unembarrassed. He found her

sitting with her aunt in the parlour, in the old fashion, when he arrived, with her work-basket (the one from which he had once stolen a glove—the sight of it sent a little stab through him) on the table by her side. Mary showed no great pleasure at seeing him; but she made him feel welcome, nevertheless.

'Her father would have been disappointed had he not come over to say "good-bye" before he returned to London. Oh, yes, he was expected. But why had he not written to say when he was coming?'

It was just the old easy natural manner, tinged with a certain womanly dignity and self-possession that had come upon her these later years. Gilbert was almost inclined to quarrel with this manner. It put them back instantly on that old footing of friendship which he was more and more beginning to discern was (for him at least) an impossible footing. But Mary had long since made up her mind that she had done right in refusing him as she had done—that he had mistaken his feelings, as she had told him. She expected that long ere this he himself had come to a like conclusion, and was fully content that they should settle down into friends—life-long friends—but nothing more.

And so two days went by, and the last evening came, and Gilbert had not yet opened out his heart to her. He felt pretty sure that it would be useless—that she intended him to understand that there was a leaf in the book of the past which they could not turn to again. And yet he felt he *must* speak ere they parted. At one moment it seemed to him that it was ungenerous to do so; the next, he felt it cowardly to hesitate.

A glorious autumn evening was this last at Skegsthorne Sands. The sun went down over the marshes in a bath of golden light, and isles of crimson and purple came floating out on the ocean of

air above, like fairy islands in some enchanted seas. Gleams of colour reached even into the cold grey east, where the cold grey sea lay sullenly awaiting the descent of night.

Standing by the flagstaff on the bank just above the coast-guard station, Gilbert and Mary were watching the sun sink down behind the far-off ridge that marked the point where the wold country and the wide marsh land joined. The lieutenant had just been called aside by one of the coast-guard. They stood alone, and had not spoken for some moments (for before them was one of those spectacles which induce silence rather than speech), when Gilbert, looking at the red west, said—

‘I shall have a different scene to gaze on to-morrow night, from my windows in Meggett’s Gardens. I am afraid I shall resent my neighbour’s dirty blinds and frowsty flower-pots more than ever.’

‘You really go to-morrow, then?’

‘Yes; your father is kind enough to urge my staying, but I have been holiday-making long enough. It sadly unsettles a man for work, and I have plenty of that before me to-morrow.’

He wished she would say something about his staying a little longer, or a word to show that she was sorry he was going. But she said no such word. She stood, like a statue, watching the last glimmer of a golden cloud where the sun had just gone down. ‘If she said again before the light died away, I’ll tell her all,’ said Gilbert, looking at one of those strange glances which seem to thrust one’s mind on something one will not say.

from earth and sky, and a cold grey shadow seemed to settle down over his own soul. The moment had passed.

In silence they descended the bank, and moved homewards down the sandy road.

The lamp was lighted on the parlour table when they entered, but there was no one in the room. Gilbert thought he had better go on at once to ‘Barker’s’ to order ‘sociable’ to take him over to Gareham, to meet the night mail.

‘We forgot to post papa’s letter,’ said Mary, taking up a letter from the mantelpiece. ‘Will you put it in the box as you pass?’

He took the letter from her hand, but instead of going off with it, stood looking at her with a strange hesitating air.

‘You know it?—the little general dealer’s shop nearly opposite the inn,’ said Mary, thinking he was doubtful on that score.

He nodded his head and turned away. He had got to the door when he suddenly stopped, turned round, and came back and stood just before her, in the full light of the lamp on the table. He looked very white.

‘I can’t do it,’ he said; ‘I must go away like this. I must do the worst, even at the risk of losing your friendship for ever. I must put to you the old question more. Mary, is there no answer to it possible than the last I gave me?’

She did not speak. She turned white as he, and the blood in her body seemed to rush suddenly to her head. At that moment she could not utter a word for her life.

He stood looking at her with a quick-drawn breath, and then

‘I put the question to you,’

ship for a warmer feeling. You distrusted me and my love altogether at that time. I do not blame you, or wonder at such distrust. What had I done that I should deserve better of you? But now I dare to answer for my own heart; I can speak confidently of my love. Oh! Mary, believe me when I tell you that I love you far too well to ask you to be my wife if I did not think I could make you happy. You do not still distrust me?’

He put the question in a halting voice; but she answered not. The room was whirling round her, and nothing visible to her but a white face encircled in darkness.

‘Mary,’ he went on, very slowly and sadly, ‘I think I have a better right to ask you than before—a better right to be listened to. I will not talk to you of my *success*; that would not plead for me with you. But I will remind you of other things—that nearly two years have passed away since last I spoke—that you have some little proof of my constancy—that I am no longer an impulsive lad, but a man, with a man’s knowledge of his own heart, and a man’s strength of feeling. I will remind you of all that has gone before in the past—how you were ever my friend and good adviser in the old days. I will even dare to recall the time when—when here, in this room, I once stole from you a glove, and thought myself (vain fool!) worthy to be your lover. If *worth* were aught, I have no right to ask you to be my wife now. But—but I think, Mary, I am some little wiser and better than in the old time. I think I look on life with clearer eyes. Such trials as I have known cannot but strengthen and purify a man; and though I am yet far beneath you——’

‘Oh, hush! Higher—far higher!’ murmured a low voice, and Mary’s face sank between her hands.

‘At least,’ went on Gilbert, with

a voice that faltered more and more, ‘it is no worn-out heart I offer you—it is not the love of the despondent man who once saw no hope in heaven or earth. I have lost many illusions, Mary, but I have gained *beliefs* in their stead. I have hope and self-reliance, and still see before me a fair future if it be shared with the woman I love. Mary, will you share that future?’

He advanced nearer her as he spoke, and stood where the light showed every quivering line upon his face. But she was not looking at him. She could scarcely hear the words he spoke; she could only catch vaguely at their meaning, as one catches meanings through a confusion of sound. But she knew the drift of it all—knew that truth and sincerity spoke in that voice—knew that the love she had once dreamed of had come to her at last.

‘Speak, Mary! Is there still no place for me in your heart?’

‘Place for you?’ she answered, looking up with a glorious smile shining through her tears. ‘Oh, Gilbert! it is yours—all yours.’

The love she spoke of was written on her face as she leaned her head upon Gilbert’s shoulder, and the arm that was to shield her henceforth folded her in its embrace.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LAST CHANGES.

And so Gilbert did not go over to meet the mail that night after all. He stayed two days longer where he was; two happy days they were—happier for all that had gone before.

They were to be married as early as practicable, of course. They were to take a modest little house in the suburbs of London, and live in the most modest manner possible. The little house was to contain a couple of sitting-rooms, with two or three

bed-rooms, and one especially snug apartment (the snuggest it was to be of all the house) for Gilbert's father. Of course he was to live with them—about that they both agreed in a breath. The fitting-up of this same snug apartment cost more deliberation than all the rest of the house. It was to combine every improvement of modern upholstery, and be the lightest, brightest, coziest room ever seen or conceived.

As soon as Gilbert got back to town, he set about finding the little house in the suburbs. But little houses combining all that Gilbert had in his mind's eye are not to be had for little rents, and Gilbert soon found out that if the snugger was to be the success expected, he and Mary would have to deny themselves in many ways. But neither of them (when he wrote and told her as much) made any trouble of that.

Mary was so delightfully practical, and had such charming contrivances for economising, and so hopeful withal, that nobody but a selfish man and a coward (and Gilbert was neither now, thank Heaven!) would have been discouraged at the prospect before them.

But the little house and all its pleasant fancies was destined never to get beyond the pen-and-ink stage of existence.

One night, some few weeks later, as Gilbert sat by his fireside furnishing and decorating that imaginary edifice, he was roused from his occupation by the stoppage of a vehicle under his window, and a sudden commotion that ensued in the lower part of the house. From the excited tones below, and the hysterical sound of Mrs. Flue's voice, Gilbert surmised that some family catastrophe had taken place; but the door opened and the whole thing was explained. There stood his father. The excitement below

had been created by the unexpected appearance in Mrs. Flue's family circle of their old and honoured friend, Sergeant Jack.

Gilbert was right pleased to see him, though surprised, of course. When he had pulled forward the arm-chair, and seen him seated, he asked what brought him to town so unexpectedly. But before he had done speaking, Gilbert's eye had fallen on his father's black dress. There was a serious look on his face, in spite of his evident satisfaction at his son's warm greeting.

'Yes, my lad,' said he, interpreting Gilbert's questioning look; 'I've lost my good old friend—the faithfulest friend as a man ever had, I think. Mr. Holdfast is dead, and I've come to bring you the news myself. I didn't write, for I thought such news would keep.'

Gilbert was shocked, and put further questions.

'Yes, very sudden. Not a day's illness—not an hour's, I might say,' went on his father, looking sadly at the fire. 'He went to bed as usual over-night, after we'd had a pipe and game at cribbage, cheerful as ever I see him. I heard him reading a chapter aloud to himself, as was his custom to do, but heard no more till mornin', when, finding he didn't come down to time, I knocked at his door, and getting no answer, walked in, and found him still a-bed. I thought he was asleep at first, he looked so peaceful; but as I drew up the blind, and the light fell on his face, I saw he was dead.'

The Sergeant ceased, and for some moments did not speak again. Then he recommenced, and told Gilbert how Mr. Holdfast's funeral had taken place a few days ago, and was conducted in the plainest manner, according to his desire.

'I should have written to ask you to come down, but it was his wish that things should be done as quiet as could be. Nobody but me and a few old friends out of the village

followed him to the grave, according as he'd desired.'

There was no feigned sorrow in that honest voice and the honest tears that wetted the speaker's cheek.

Feeling for his father's grief at the loss of his old friend, Gilbert bade him cheer up. Of course he knew full well (said Gilbert) that there was a place preparing for him in his son's future home. Of course he knew that to him, and him alone, belonged the right (how dear a right it was he also knew) of caring henceforth for his happiness. And of course he had now come to stay there, and help him and Mary to make ready the little house.

The father kept looking up at his son with the strangest expression as he went on thus. He allowed him to continue without interruption. He seemed to be listening with a sort of secret joy that he tried to hide. But there was a strange agitation coming over him. What did it mean? The man's hand was trembling as it lay there on his knee. It could not be distrust or disappointment. No father ever had firmer assurance of a son's affection than he. What was it that stirred him thus?

'Gilbert, my lad,' said the father, stealing a glance at his son, whilst the shadow of a smile played faintly round his firm mouth, 'small houses are well enough; but don't you think a bigger one would be more what you and she would like—eh?'

'Perhaps so; but it isn't quite a question of what one would like,' said Gilbert, thinking it rather a poor joke his father was making. 'We shall all be happy enough in a little house, or the fault will be our own. We've done with things on a big scale.'

'I'm not so sure of it,' said the other, with a strange mixture of humour and emotion upon his face. 'I'm not so sure whether we're not

going to launch out and be bigger folks than ever. Oh, my lad'—He got up suddenly, and stood before his son, unable to control himself longer. 'Oh, my lad, I don't know how to tell ye it. We could be happy enough without it. I know it now. I needn't bring money in my hands to get me a place at thy hearth—I know that; but—but it does make me very happy. He's left me it all—John Holdfast's left his old 'prentice all his land and money, and every penny of my money is thy money, as well thou knowest.'

Here his voice broke, and he laid his head upon his arm on the mantelpiece and cried—as men cry when a long sorrow is ended, and their grief is turned into joy.

So Gilbert and Mary were married, and lived happily ever afterwards? asks the reader.

No. They married and lived the common life of other loving, erring, God-fearing men and women—had their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and disappointments, their temptations and battles with temptation that we each and all have, and shall have to the end. But their blessings were large and abundant, and their past trials gave them help in supporting those that henceforth fell to their lot.

Of course the small house had got its deathblow. Gilbert took his bride to the handsome country-house his father purchased in Surrey. Sergeant Rugg (it is time we dropped the old title, and gave him that more courteous designation folks henceforth prefixed to his name; but we prefer the old familiar name, as most old friends did)—Sergeant Rugg had inherited the whole of Mr. Holdfast's large property, saving legacies to old servants and various charitable bequests. He stood possessed of something like a hundred thousand pounds. But the simple unaffected character of

the man remained unaltered and unalterable. He bore prosperity as meekly as he had borne adversity,—was the same gentle, humble-minded man to the last day of his life.

Need it be said that all his old friends shared in that prosperity; that Mr. and Mrs. Flue were set up in a stationery business on quite a genteel scale; that the boys were sent to a good school; and that Trot rose to a stool in a counting-house before half a dozen years were over, and distinguished himself in double entry and penmanship?

All these things the sympathetic reader will readily understand for himself; but to rightly understand the exceeding happiness of that household of which 'the Sergeant' was henceforth the most honoured member, is not, perhaps, so easy. Of course, by degrees, relations were renewed with 'Society' once more; but Gilbert's circle was smaller and more select than before.

Perhaps nobody 'accepted the situation' with more true genius than Mrs. Doomsley. Not only did she drive over to see her nephew and his wife in their new house within the first month, but she treated them all as though she fully and freely forgave them all they had upon their consciences, and (metaphorically speaking) clasped the erring ones to her bosom, her brother-in-law included. After that, the acquaintance subsided into an occasional exchange of visits, and remained at that stage until a warm correspondence between Mrs. Doomsley and Mrs. Rugge, on the lawfulness of novels (called forth by certain achievements in that line of which the latter lady was always rather proud) put an end to the intercourse between the two families.

And what of that woman whom Gilbert once hoped to have made his wife?

Judge of Lady Hunswood as you see her entertaining a house full of

guests at Birsthorpe, or at an 'At home' in Belgravia discussing some question of the day with a politician or a man of letters, and you would say that she is a prosperous and happy woman, tolerably contented with herself and the existing order of things, and possessing a rare gift of conversation, and a masculine turn of intellect. But judge of Lady Hunswood as she sits sometimes looking out on Birsthorpe Park at eventime, when the sun is lying low, or judge of her as she returns home from rout or ball in town, with her husband in one corner of the brougham, she in the other; mark her face as her lord speaks, when in private (not always in dulcet tones, alas!); watch her scornful lips, her loveless eyes, and then say whether there is a wretcheder woman under the sun. It is not the man's disfigured face (the gun wound had proved fatal to Sir Sydney's good looks), but the deformed heart within, that has alienated his wife's love. That wound nearly terminated the baronet's life. He was ill for many months—then went abroad for two years, and on his return gradually reappeared in society. On a sort of sufferance, it is true. Lady Hunswood gives a kind of moral bail for her husband's good behaviour. There have been queer rumours afloat at times, but out in the world it is generally understood that the terrible gun accident the baronet met with (from that reprehensible practice of leaving loaded firearms in sitting-rooms) was the cause of his shocking health, and their temporary retirement from society. But for Lady Hunswood, it is enough that her husband's guilt is as well known to her, the wife of his bosom, as though it had been proclaimed through the town, at the common crier's mouth. She has at least the stoic's virtue to hide her pangs with decent success from the world's gaze.

But we turn again to that happier home where the domestic virtues have a better chance of flourishing.

It is a summer's evening, and the sun is going down behind the plantations that bound the grounds of a pleasant house amongst the Surrey hills. On the lawn in front of the house a lady and her children are playing. In the dining-room behind them two men are watching the group on the lawn, as they sit and chat over their wine. Over the fireplace hangs a portrait (painted by a well-known artist) of a one-armed soldier, with a child upon his knee. The originals of the picture are yonder on the lawn—grandfather and Miss Addy, a wilful young lady of five, who often recalls to her grandsire another Adelaide long lain in her grave.

Says Benlomond to his friend, pointing to the open window, 'There isn't a prettier sight, to my mind, than that yonder. How those two understand one another!'

Ere long Addy quits her grandfather's side and approaches the open window, with her eyes fixed thoughtfully on her blue shoes. The little maiden seems in a profound meditation.

'What is it, Addy?' asks papa.

Addy peers in, sees no one but papa and her old friend Mr. Benlomond, and so enters through the window, and comes up, thoughtful of face, to stand by papa's knee.

'Is grandpapa tired of playing?' asks he.

'No,' said Addy, with a grave air, 'ganpapa isn't tired, but,'—and she shakes her head,—'he's very naughty.'

'Addy mustn't say that, even in fun.'

'But he is very naughty,' says

Addy, sadly, and quite in earnest. 'Ganpapa says to my dog, "'Ector, go in the 'ouse;" and that's naughty, because there's a *h*, and papa says we must always pernnounce our *h*'s.'

'Phew!' Benlomond gave a laugh, and looked at Gilbert with a droll smile. 'Orthodox notions! Your own child there, Rugge.'

Gilbert smiled too, but gravely, as he takes his child upon his knee.

'Listen, Addy,'—and the father looks with a tender earnestness into the clear blue eyes that meet his own,—'Grandpapa is a wiser and better man than Addy's father ever was or will be, though he does not always sound his *h*'s as Addy should, and cannot write or read so well as papa. He once suffered much sorrow for papa's sake, and for many years had no one to care for him or comfort him; and Addy must always remember this, and love and comfort grandpapa now, and be proud of him too. For papa is as proud to be his son as this gentleman of being the son of those good and brave men that Addy has heard papa read of in her history. And now never mind about grandpapa's *h*'s again, but run back and kiss him, and finish your game.'

'Ah! he is good, then, after all—isn't he?' cries Addy, much relieved; and she scampers off for an immediate reconciliation, repeating triumphantly to herself, 'Ganpapa is a good man, then!'

'Good!' echoes Benlomond, after a short silence, as he turns to the window and away from his friend; 'Ay, Addy, better even than thy guileless self; of the race that keeps the blood of the world sweet; down in the only peerage that will last! Thy grandfather is one of God's gentlemen, Addy!'

THE END.

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

WHEN and by whom was America discovered? Was it found and lost once, as most of us believe; or twice, as some of us surmise, before the grand historical discovery by Columbus?

Postel, born in 1510, wrote in his *Charte Géographique*, concerning Newfoundland and the adjacent islands:—

Terra hæc ob lucrossissimam piscationis utilitatem summa litterarum memoria a Gallis adiri solita, et ante mille sexcentos annos frequentari solita est; sed eo quod sit urbibus inculta et vasta, spreta est.

After all allowances for a Frenchman writing about the achievements of the ancient Gauls when those of Hawkins and Gilbert were astonishing the world, may there not have been some truth in an impression then so general among learned men? And why, when we consider how much passes for good history with far less appearance of truth, should we altogether discredit the Icelandic manuscripts which tell us how, in the year 986, Biarne Hierulfson, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, to join his father, who had migrated thither, and driven far to the south-west by a storm, saw when it cleared up a low land (Cape Cod?), from which he turned away, because it did not answer the description of Greenland, and sailed north-west to his father? Was this the Keel-Cape, so called because Thorwald, son of Eric the Red, thereon broke his keel after a long sail south-west from Greenland? Henry Thoreau, the American naturalist, who explored Cape Cod, found much in the character of the coast to remind him of another Icelandic chronicle, which records that Thorfinn sailed in the same direction, in the year 1007, with his wife, Gudrida, and with several distinguished Norsemen, in three

ships containing 160 men, and all sorts of live stock, that, having land 'on the right side' of them, they 'roved ashore,' and found *Or-æfi* ('trackless deserts'), and '*Strand-ir lang-ar ok sand-ar* ('long narrow beaches and sand-hills'), and 'called the shores, *Furdu-Strand-ir* (Wonder-Strands) because the sailing by them seemed long.' Thoreau supposes, however, that the capes they saw were considerably further north. Bancroft seems to wonder that the sea-kings did not sail to Labrador, but finds no clear traces of their having done so. Certainly not; the times were, in comparison with that of Columbus, almost pre-historic; but certain it is also that, whether the conception of the existence of a Western World was an *à priori* one or not, all the fingers of poetry and prophecy pointed Columbus to the direction in which he sailed.

There may be, indeed, secrets preserved in the language and traditions of the American Indians, which might materially assist us; but it will require an age less absorbed in money-making to win them,—if indeed any red men remain for that happier time. Formerly if any tradition or belief were found among them, bearing any resemblance to the traditions or beliefs of the Old World, it was at once explained by the scriptural hypothesis that they had migrated from Central Asia, and brought the traditions with them. But if the Red Indians ever made such a migration they must have been strangely altered since then; for the white races that have colonised America during the last four hundred years have found the Indian most tenacious of his original home, defending every inch of his territory, removal from which is graduated extermination. If the Red

Indians migrated from the Eastern hemisphere they must not only have traversed in canoes those seas of ice which baffle the navies of civilisation, but they must have conquered yet greater obstacles,—their own essential characteristics as a race. If they went driven before stronger tribes they must have left some traces, whereas we have none. Whence, then, came those vestiges of Eastern words and ideas found amongst the aborigines? Was *Canada*, which the Indians were said to have uttered to the French pioneers, the echo of some Spanish gold-hunters, dreary and oft-repeated *Vaca nada*? The original Indian name for Canada is now known to be *Huachelaga*. Is there resemblance of *Potomac* and *Aquia*, names found in use by Indians in Virginia for a large river and a large creek, to the Greek *ποταμός*, and Latin *aqua*, merely coincidence? It may be so; but the same cannot be so easily alleged with regard to the traditions found among the now nearly extinct Mandan tribe of the Northern Missourian region, of a deluge by which the world was destroyed, one man alone being saved in a canoe which lodged on the top of a high mountain, and their consecration of the dove as the 'mystery-bird.' The traditions found among the Indians by the early French pioneers were not, moreover, all of a Christian character. When Mr. Longfellow published his Indian poem, *Hiawatha*, he was boldly charged with plagiarism from a Finnish Edda, and the parallels between the hero of the Scandinavian poem and *Hiawatha* were so frequent and striking that the charge was for a time successful. But at length Mr. Longfellow's publication of the actual legends from Schoolcraft's collection of Indian traditions, which he had strictly followed in his poem, sufficiently relieved him of the accusation, whilst it left for the various

'ologists' who attend to the science of man the problem of how the legends of Finland could have pervaded the tribes of Indians farthest west. Did Thorwald rehearse these stories to some old Indian who seemed to resemble his father, Eric the Red, and who helped him when he broke his keel on the strand? What unknown Christian pioneers told the Mandans that story of the deluge?

I need not repeat here the many ideas which the Indians were found holding in common with Christendom, but may remind my reader that they were so striking and numerous that Le Clercq believed that some of the first apostles must have reached the American continent. However, it will probably never be positively known who it was that gave, as Dr. Johnson said, 'a new world to European curiosity and cruelty.' Nevertheless it is a matter of congratulation that the honour is traditionally awarded to the one who alone of the voyagers seems to have had a philosophical reason for attempting to discover land in the west—namely, that an Eastern hemisphere implied and needed a Western one to balance it—and an interest in such a discovery apart from the hope of finding gold. (It is said that even Cabot expressed his disappointment at finding a continent in his way, when he desired to reach India!) But what shall we say of the name which the new-found continent received? Was Destiny in a satirical mood, and looking forward to the reigns of slave-traders, filibusters, and *Alabamas*, when she decided that not Columbus, but Amerigo Vespucci, the pirate and slave-trader, who saw there a grand field for the scoundrelisms of the Old World to find free play, should give his name to the New World? What a pity that some grand Indian name was not selected!

Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain

and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names,

Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sawk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco,

Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oskkosh, Walla Walla,

Leaving such to the States, they melt, they depart, charging the water and the land with names.

So sings Walt Whitman, in his wild way, and his thought is in harmony with a growing disposition in America to return as much as is possible to Indian names. Already the Legislature of Ohio has changed the names of two of her rivers back to their aboriginal names. And I shall look forward to the rechristening of America, at some higher stage of culture, in some Indian name, perhaps yet to be discovered, which shall be the true name that the Adam of the Red Men bestowed upon it when he stood in his wild Paradise.

Not, I think, merely to charge the water and land with names, did the generations of red men live so many ages in occupation of these continents ere they melted before the Eastern races. Mr. Ruskin, I believe, interprets the griffins, monsters, and animal forms, upon which so many old monuments rest, as the substantial vitality of Nature upon which Art must build; and it is upon, and in co-operation with, this wild aboriginal strength, the pure human animality, that the races of the Old World must rear the structure of a

New World civilisation. It is an error to suppose that the Indian merely disappeared before the white, leaving no trace upon the mixture of races. He furnished the new flavour of the lump. The first colony of whites—as some historians think—ever planted in America, including Virginia Dare, the first white child ever born in that hemisphere, was, according to the Indian tradition, absorbed by the natives;* but every colony from that day to this has had, more or less, to blend in some way with the Indian element. At every step the whites encountered the savage, and race after race was filtered through that native one, preserving, as it passed through, some of his own hardy and untamable traits. Every colony which could not presently produce a half-wild progeny able to match the red men was swallowed up. Every sinew had its training in this terrible antagonism, and when at last the white man stood a conqueror he found that a good deal of him was also conquered. The appearance he had to himself by the time he had penetrated beyond the Alleghanies,—half-horse, half-alligator, with a considerable infusion of snapping-turtle—was scarcely that with which he had left the drawing-rooms of Europe. The mythic stories of the first settlers of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, and the southwest, bring before the mind the impression of a race of grotesque giants.

* White's colony in North Carolina was established under Sir Walter Raleigh about 1587. When White returned from England to this colony, the island of Roanoke, on which he had left it, was a desert. 'An inscription on the bark of a tree,' says Bancroft, 'pointed to Croatan; but the season of the year, and the dangers from storms, were pleaded as an excuse for an immediate return. Had the emigrants already perished? or had they escaped with their lives to Croatan, and through the friendship of Manteo, become familiar with the Indians? The conjecture has been hazarded' (i.e. in Lawson's *North Carolina*), 'that the deserted colony, neglected by their own countrymen, were hospitably adopted into the tribe of Hatteras Indians, and became amalgamated with the sons of the forest. This was the tradition of the Indians at a later day, and was thought to be confirmed by the physical character of the tribe, in which the English and the Indian race seemed to have been blended.' According to Purchas, Sir Walter Raleigh sent five several expeditions to search for traces of the colony, which when White left it had eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children; but none were ever discovered unless in the abnormal characters of the Hatteras Indian's face.

They are caricature Titans and Vikings. Davy Crockett finds in the top of a tree his favourite chamber for sleep, insists that the alligator is his normal saddle-horse, and exists to hunt bears or Indians, he doesn't care which. Captain Scott, the Hoosier, is such a sure shot, that the raccoon catching sight of him consents to come down without being fired at. Good Bishop Berkeley did not perhaps contemplate just such fulfilments of his prophecy—

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.*

The New World seems to have repeated, in her embryonic phases, the law of the succession of races which had become historic in the Old. The Latin formation must precede the Anglo-Saxon, which afterwards covers it over. The

order is — Portuguese, Spanish, French, English. Neither the Monroe doctrine on the one hand, nor Louis Napoleon on the other, are likely to alter this law; and his grand new effort at opening up a career for the Latin race in Mexico is only a structural preparation for the inevitable drift of the later and higher race.

In 1604 the French found in the Isle of Sable 'grass pastured by oxen and cows which the Portuguese carried there more than sixty years ago.' In 1607 Champlain writes:—'Three or four leagues north of the Cap de Poirincourt (near the head of the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia), we found a cross which was very old, covered with moss, and almost all decayed, which was an evident sign that there had formerly been Christians there.' After this thin stratum of Spain and Portugal, came the imposing

* On the 5th of October last there died in Napa Valley, California, a man—George Yount by name—who was perhaps the last of a famous generation of hunters, trappers, and mountaineers, which opened the valley of the Mississippi and the path of Pacific exploration to Eastern emigration. He was acquainted with Daniel Boone, the celebrated pioneer of Kentucky, and, having taken up the westward march where Boone left it, passed through the valleys of Platte, Arkansas, Green, Colorado, Mojave, and Sacramento, until, in 1831, he reached the limit of the continent, and settled himself in a beautiful valley of the Golden State. He obtained a grant there of 11,800 acres. He was surrounded by Indians only, whom he sometimes fought, and at other times made treaties with, in the most royal style. The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his book entitled *Nature and the Supernatural*, gives an account of Yount's singular dream, the circumstances of which are well known in California, and which is the most thoroughly attested instance of the fulfilment of a dream with which I am acquainted. It related to the Donner party, whose story has been often related. The account of Dr. Bushnell is as follows:—

'At my request he [Yount] gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a midwinter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snow of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their peculiar distress. He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly after with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours were laughing, meanwhile, at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, 150 miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass, and there they found the company in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.'

strength of New France, to be followed by the permanent soil of New England. England certainly was not the first colonist of the Western World in point of time, which may be a sufficient reason for her subsequent possession of it. For that matter, the red men preceded Portuguese, Spanish, and French. Never was there a more imperial dream than that which, perhaps, only faded away for ever when Montcalm died at Quebec. They too—the French—melted away, leaving the water and the land charged with names. Des Moines, Montreal, La Crosse, La Salle, Dunquerque, Sant Ste. Marie, Vermont, Fondulac, Frontignac. On the Upper Mississippi, which was the western boundary of 'Nouvelle France,' our conductor is still called *courrier de bois*, or *voyageur*. Prairie, too, is a French word.

The race of races which followed upon the discovery of the New World was something like that of the ancient Promethean games, in which the racers bore each a lighted torch, and the prize was awarded to him who first came to the goal with his torch still burning. In the race of occupancy and colonisation the victory was not to the swift, but to those pilgrims of the little *Mayflower*, whose torch alone proved unextinguishable.

Yet, what magnificent achievements were those of the early voyagers westward, of whatever nation! What America needs is a poet. She is the land of unsung heroisms. Homer never had such men or deeds as await the New World poet, when he shall come. Emerge, De Soto (so will he command), from the ooze of the lonely Mississippi, on which thine first of all European eyes rested, and which became thy grave and monument; and thou, Marquette, whose name the forest-rangers of Michigan still invoke, rehearse that wondrous story of those who awakened the prim-

eval forests of Illinois with the hymn,

Vexilla Regis prodeunt;
Fulget crucis mysterium;

and planted the cross, with the lilies of France underneath, on the banks of the Mississippi! No mere historian can fitly report the grandeur wrought in those vast solitudes by these, and others—as Cortes, John Smith, and that brilliant genius, La Salle, who first sailed from near the source to the mouth of the Father of Waters. These mighty spirits must slumber for awhile yet, until their minstrel passes on lake, prairie, river, savannah, sierra, evoking the past, of which they are monuments; invoking the future, of which their splendid labours laid the pedestal. As for the 'Mayflower'—in which Hercules made his second voyage to unbind Prometheus, in the small earthen cup given by the Sun-god—its story cannot be told, because its voyage is little more than begun. When the Western Prometheus is really liberated, there will be flame enough for the brains of poets. Milton published the law that they who would give birth to any great poem must, in some sort, have lived that poem beforehand. At present the large majority of those who occupy the cultivated portions of America are the true descendants of the large majority of those who first sought those shores—*gold-hunters*. From Canada, around the coast to California, every nation of the Old World is there, and each with an El Dorado in its vision. To read of those early gold-hunters, who went so far, and (as we now know) toiled heedlessly over so many real gold-veins in Florida, Carolina, and Virginia, to find nothing but desolate graves, reminds one of the fable of the dying father who told his sons that a bag of gold was buried in his field. Like those sons, the nations that settled America

sought the gold vainly, then sowed and planted the furrows made by their search, until at last, in the vast wealth yielded by those fields, they realise more than the illusion promised them.

But the Old World has really never got far toward the heart of the New. Perhaps a shelf around the coast of the continent, of the average breadth of 100 miles, would prove the limit of any distinct national characters—English, French, Spanish, or other. The surges of Europe die away at the base of the Alleghanies, or are lost amid the bayous of the lower Mississippi. The torches of the racers are all extinguished by the breath from the prairies. The genius of the continent has assigned a limit beyond which tribes, and even tongues, are confused. The first Napoleon saw and declared that it was struggling against fate to attempt the preservation of a distinctively French empire on the Mississippi, and gladly sold the vast territory of Orleans to the American President for what it would bring. He anticipated the Monroe doctrine. The Virginian English did, indeed, for a time seem about to control the West, but it was found to be only like those few square miles of fresh water which the volume of the Mississippi makes at its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. Even that English stream ceased to be paramount. Virginia's 'Western Reserve' is now vague even as a name, and the Great West receives Saxon, Celt, Teuton, and Gaul, modifying, assimilating all, controlled by neither.

My reader, who doubtless thanks

heaven daily that he belongs to that race which produced a Shakespeare and a Bacon, and constitutes the *ne plus ultra* of humanity, will by this time have concluded that in the Western cauldron, where spirits of all colours mingle as they may, the result is a chaotic jumble of peoples, who must look forward to a dead level of commonplaceness, a vast prairie-spread of no-manity, as its highest product. But it is certainly true that the mixture of races over them has brought forth the only real individualities in America. If one finds characterless populations in the New World, they will be found in those regions which directly inherited them from the Old. In New England there were the Adamsses, Samuel and John Quincy, and Otis, Hancock, and the rest, all strong men, but very much alike. They were the fruit of one branch of the English tree. So also were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and the rest in Old Virginia; they were in all respects Englishmen, and alike as peas of one pod. It was not otherwise in the Carolinas. To this day there is a certain sameness of development in the cities of the Eastern coast of the United States. There are different signs in the Far West. But I resist the temptation to generalise in this direction, until I shall have given some observations and studies of the West, made during a seven years' residence in the heart of it, upon which must depend the worth of any interpretation or prophecy I may have to offer.

I remember well the flutter into which the Queen of the West* was

* Many of the American cities have these descriptive *aliases*: e.g. Boston is the 'Athens of America,' New York is 'Gotham,' Philadelphia the 'City of Brotherly Love,' Baltimore the 'Monumental City,' Washington the 'City of Magnificent Distances,' Cincinnati the 'Queen of the West.' This city received its name from the 'Society of the Cincinnati,' a celebrated club formed in the first days of the Republic, to which Washington, Franklin, and indeed all the leading men of the time belonged, the name having been chosen as one that fitly represented those who had left their farms for the revolutionary war, and were then returning to their peaceful pursuits.

thrown when it was announced that she was to have the pleasure of entertaining, for an evening and a day, the young Prince of Wales. Such enthusiasm is naturally to be expected from republicans, to whom a live Prince comes straight out of the fairy-books, with his invisible cap in one hand, and a glass slipper for some Cinderella habitually in the other. We found it pleasant for a time to reverse Rip Van Winkle's experience, and wake up to find that we were still shouting for an English Prince. Nay, I remember that there suddenly appeared quite a good crop of 'British subjects,' or those who played so for the time, composed chiefly of those whose grandmothers had been born in Canada, or who had second cousins whose maiden-name was English. The Queen City prepared for a fine ball, and surely the Prince never saw a larger or finer opera-house than that in which he was received, nor met with a more cordial welcome. Subsequently her citizens read, at first with indignation, afterwards with a smile, the severe criticisms of 'Our own Correspondent' who travelled with the Prince's suite, based upon the absence of white cravats from the necks, and of English dress-coats from the backs, of the gentlemen who attended the ball. 'The men appeared in ordinary morning dress,' groaned Jenkins. Why did he not complain that we were not in court costume? or, for that matter, that English larks did not sing along the fields over which he passed? The Cincinnatians were dressed in *their* evening dress, of which the white cravat and the 'swallow-tail' have never, since the West was settled, been parts. Any other dress would have been as much an affectation as that in which an American representative appeared at the Queen's drawing-room a few years ago, personating a black streak, and calling it the dress of an American

citizen. O, Jenkins, Dr. Livestone did not even reproach an African king who met him in full royal costume of his country which consisted of a tobacco pipe!

Ourselves uncritical, and ignorant of possible criticisms on ourselves, we did our finest, and enjoyed the occasion very much. The Prince was affable, and so were the gentlemen who were with him. 'We would have thought,' said the Duke of Newcastle, with a merry twinkle in his eye, to a group of gentlemen, 'that you republicans could find much pleasure in the sight of royalty?' 'Ah, sir,' replied one, 'we do not live near enough royal to see its faults.' It was always announced to those who invited the Prince to attend a ball in any city that his Royal Highness's partners in the dances must in every case be selected for him beforehand. In many places the ladies selected for this honour were those whose husbands or fathers were of the highest official rank. In New York there were so many elderly married ladies who had to be invited by the committee, that some fellow estimated the collective ages of those with whom the Prince danced in the city to be 900. In Cincinnati the committee decided that, from the ladies in good society, partners for the Prince should be selected with sole reference to their beauty. This of course was fatal to the committee men, who, in a city of over 200,000 had to decide which were the eight or ten most beautiful ladies, and it is to be hoped that the Prince appreciated the self-sacrifice which gave him such a succession of charming partners. But amongst those who danced with him there was one fair girl whom the Great West itself had decked for him. Her grandfather had settled himself in that neighbourhood about fifty years before, when a few log cabins alone constituted that

now largest and richest city of the West. When he became old he was poor, and he proposed to sell an old pasture-ground or common, which his wife had brought him, but which probably would not have sold for two shillings to the acre. When, in his need, he spoke to his wife of selling this ground, the tears came to her eyes, and she said that she still seemed to hear the tinkle of the bells of her father's sheep formerly pastured on that ground, and it was the only link that bound her to the past. Her husband did not press the matter farther. The old lady's filial piety had a speedy reward. In a year or two the great migration westward began. Cincinnati became its first centre beyond the Alleghanies, and before the old man and his wife died, the sheep-pasture which sentiment had preserved was worth nearly a million of dollars. Afterwards it became much more valuable—being in the very centre of the city—and gave a large fortune to each of their children, one of whom is the mother of the lovely girl who danced with the Prince.

Soon after the old gentleman of whom I have spoken, who was a lawyer and afterwards a judge, had settled in the West, a youth presented himself in his law-office, and asked to study the law under his care, and serve him in copying, &c., by way of compensation. Pleased with the young man's appearance, the Judge consented. The name of the youth was Nicholas Longworth. His father had been a man of wealth, but, having adhered to the crown in the War of Independence, his property had been confiscated, and he was able to give his son but a scanty purse with his blessing. The young man went first to the South, but afterward resolved to seek his fortune in the West. At some small settlement on the upper Ohio he was taken on a flat-boat, and worked for his passage

down the river. As the boat crept slowly down, young Nicholas gazed upon either shore for some point that seemed to invite him to stop. When he arrived at the point which is now Cincinnati, he looked beyond the group of shanties and cabins which were (1821) all of it, to the environment of fine fields and superb hills, and concluded to pause there. With his bundle in his hand, which held all his worldly goods, he repaired to the house that seemed better than the rest, and was there received in the friendly manner I have described.

After studying the law for some years he obtained a licence to practise at the same, and sat down to wait for clients. At this time there was scattered through that country bordering the Ohio a number of 'squatters,' gypsies, half-breeds, from heaven knows where, all of whom were desperately ignorant, and many desperately bad. Among them Bishop Chase, father of the present Chief Justice of the United States, once tried to do some missionary work, and, upon asking some woman if she loved Jesus, received for his reply that 'she hadn't nothin' *agin* him.' Another minister who inquired of a woman in one of the river huts if they had ever had a revival in that neighbourhood was told: 'We haint none of it here, but they's got it down in Kentuck *orful*!' It was not an unpromising field for a lawyer, whatever the preachers may have thought of it. Young Longworth's first case was that of a notorious fellow arrested for stealing a horse. He made an able defence, and the rogue was acquitted. When they had left the court room, the client expressed to his lawyer his profound gratitude for the services rendered him, and regretted that he had no money with which to pay the lawyer's fee. 'I have nothing on earth but an old whisky-still and,' he added, in a whisper, '*the horse*.'

'You had better take that horse,' said Longworth; 'and you had better ride him as fast as possible, and as far as possible, from this part of the country.' The rascal followed his advice, after telling him where he would find the whisky-still. Longworth did not look after the still for a year or more, when, wishing a small sum of money, he went to see whether it was worth selling. He found that some enterprising settler had taken possession of it, and was using it in a distillery which he had established. The man agreed to pay a certain sum for the article if Longworth would grant him a year's credit, which was agreed to. At the end of that time the distiller declared himself unable to pay the money, and besought Longworth to take in payment an old piece of ground, nearly covered with stagnant puddles. This Longworth refused. A year later, however, finding it was not likely that he would get the money for the still, he agreed to accept the dismal piece of land, which lay for many years thereafter without his seeing it. At the end of that time some immigrants came westward, and it occurred to Longworth to drain the land. A few years later he was offered several thousands of dollars for it, but he saw that it would soon be worth as many millions. It more than fulfilled his expectations. From the horse-thief's whisky-still emerged the geni who brought fortune, not only to Longworth, but to the entire country around. The old man himself died recently, leaving a fortune estimated at \$10,000,000. Not more than a third or a fourth of this money, however, came by the luck of the land, but from a felicitous investment which Longworth made of the money obtained thus. There was a wild grape in America, the exceeding delicacy of whose flavour was, I believe, mentioned in the reports of the earliest

of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists Carolina, though it was rediscovered in 1801 at Asheville, North Carolina, and which has been known since the CATAWBA, from the Indian tribe of that name which inhabited the region where it was chiefly found. Undoubtedly there is no grape-flavour superior to that of the Catawba. It occurred to Longworth that this grape was particularly fit to be made into wine. After a few experiments he found that the vine was hardy, and the grape susceptible of culture. He at once imported skilful French wine-dressers and wine-makers. The experiment kindled the enthusiasm which had been latent in the cold and prudent pioneer; he gave his money without stint, and with no thought of its return, and a vineyard after vineyard fringed the banks of the Ohio.

At length it was found that Mr Longworth could sell a better hock made of Catawba than could be imported in casks from the Rhine, and as good a champagne as could be purchased in New York for sixteen dollars, or in London for sixty shillings, the dozen. Certainly, one rarely tastes so delicious a wine as the sparkling Catawba. The reports of this wine which the Germans, who were the chief foreign immigrants of the West, made to their friends in the Fatherland, led to the settlement of a small army of wine-dressers from the banks of the Rhine upon those of the Ohio; under them the enterprise which Longworth began has extended itself over several large counties throughout Southern Ohio, and into Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and California, and the Catawba wine has almost superseded all others. The Catawba vine yields about 500 gallons to the acre, though in the best years the average is from 600 to 800. The annual yield of the Ohio valley alone is now over 500,000 gallons. In 1840, the wine

produced in the United States was 174,734 gallons; in 1850, it had risen to 221,249; and now it is considerably over 2,000,000 per annum. Mr. Longworth had 200 acres of vintages himself, and he freely loaned money to those who desired to enter the business. 'I have,' he said, 'done my country a greater benefit in introducing this grape to public notice, than if I had paid the national debt.'

The man who thus enriched himself and his countrymen was eccentric. With all his wealth his family found it difficult to induce him to dress respectably, from his profound aversion to new suits of clothes. Indeed, changes could only be effected by their purchasing a new suit, guessing at a fit, and substituting them whilst he slept for the old, which were at once destroyed. Even then he could not be persuaded except by garments of the plainest description. He was on one occasion, whilst standing in his own garden, mistaken for the gardener, and offered a small coin if he would take a love-letter to his own daughter, to which he consented. The young man who made this offer was afterwards married to Miss Longworth. At another time he sat just outside of his own door, waiting for a friend; and, the day being warm, took off his hat, and held it in his hand. Falling into a doze, he was presently aroused by his friend, and on putting on his hat, found that there was a small silver coin in it, cast there by some charitable soul, who mistook for a beggar the wealthiest man in the United States. He would give nothing to the usual charities, but regarded it as his special duty to take care of those whom he denominated 'the devil's poor.' 'There are enough who give to the worthy poor, the pious unfortunate,' I once heard him say; 'but who cares for the wicked, drunken, and vicious poor?' He really gave goodly

sums to these vicious ones, much to the scandalisation of the rigidly righteous. He also made at various times of the year distributions of bread to all who chose to come to his door and ask for it. He was indeed the true Prince of Catawba Land; and the only festivity which I remember as surpassing that which greeted the Prince of Wales, was that at which, a short time before, the city had celebrated the Golden Wedding of its patriarch. At that wedding I touched the hand of an aged lady, who was the first white child born in Ohio, and who had been a bridesmaid at the wedding which took place fifty years before. Two generations stood around the venerable pair, and the tables were loaded with golden gifts. The Longworth park which stands in that sooty city, like a pearl on the breast of a blacksmith, was brilliantly illuminated, and the people were welcomed with an Oriental hospitality. Four or five years ago he died in ripe old age, when closed one of the most useful lives ever lived on that continent.

It was about forty-six years ago that the parents of Hiram Powers, now known as a distinguished American sculptor, came to Cincinnati, which indeed was for a long time the city that every westward pilgrim sought. Hiram was a boy of about thirteen years at the time, and had already exhibited a genius for mechanism. He was placed with a clockmaker, named Watson, and before reaching his majority was the best mechanic in the place, able to turn his hand to anything—from making a clock to building a steamboat. He was taught modelling by an old German sculptor, and began his career as an artist by modelling wax figures, which were certainly very life-like, and are still exhibited in the Museum there. He made particularly a wax figure of the favourite comedian, Alexander Drake, the excellence of which had

a curious attestation. The comedian being expected on a certain occasion to sing a popular song, the curtain arose and displayed Mr. Drake; but he uttered no song or word. The audience waited, then hissed; the curtain rose a second time, showing the motionless singer, who, it was then concluded, must be drunk. It had to be announced that it was a wax Drake. The fame of this figure was so great as to lead a severe art-critic of the place to visit it. Whereupon a ruse, which Mr. Reade has since made familiar in *Peg Woffington*, was practised. The critic admired the general truthfulness of the figure, but thought the nose one-sided and the head somewhat larger than the original's. When the criticism was over, Drake stepped forth, and the young artist had a triumph.

Mrs. Trollope, then a handsome and blooming lady, came to Cincinnati, where she resided some years. One of her *compagnons du voyage*, a Frenchman, named Hervien, I believe, had made and began to exhibit there a large and sufficiently terrific transparency of Dante's hell. But the lamps did not work well, and the exhibition proved a failure. Young Powers, however, caught at the idea, and constructed an ingeniously horrible exhibition, in which some of Hervien's materials were used, representing flames, serpents, devils, and other infernal paraphernalia. His 'Infernal Regions' constitute, to this day, a popular exhibition in that city. A current of electricity sent along the iron railing, which the spectators naturally clutch as they lean over to gaze into the pandemonium beneath, adds to the thrilling impressions of the scene, which, it is alleged, has in its day converted many a sinner. Mr. Longworth was interested in the early manifestations of ability by Powers; and, finding that he was ambitious of becoming an artist, became his

patron, and furnished the means which he was enabled to go to It and receive instruction.

Mrs. Frances Trollope came to Cincinnati about the year 1828, and resided there two years. How deep was the impression made upon the entire country by her subsequent book about it, may be judged from the fact that she has added a characteristic word to the American vocabulary, it being quite common in any part of the United States to hear mothers threaten to trollop their children if they do not behave. She has thus become as potent a name to conjure the young generation of America with as the Black Douglass was in Scotland. An indeed, this new verb, whose significance my reader, doubtless already knows, most aptly expresses the good part that Mrs. Trollope performed for the then infant West. The squall that followed was natural; but no other book about America has ever done so much good as hers. Mrs. Trollope brought good companions with her, and cared little for making acquaintances in the most cultivated circle that existed in Cincinnati—a circle by no means insignificant even at that time; and, consequently, only the coarser traits of the people appeared in her book; but she had the good sense to feel that what her people at home would wish to hear about was the new world, and not so much of the old world as had managed to survive in the new. The coarse traits were the most distinctive. Nevertheless, there is a possible opal in every flint. It would seem that Mr. and Mrs. Trollope went to Cincinnati with some idea of settling there, or at least of leaving one of their sons, Master Adolphus, I believe. (What if T. A. T. had remained there! and what if Arthur Hugh Clough, who tried to obtain a situation in one of the famous High Schools, had remained there! If all the wits who have visited that

place with an idea of settling permanently had done so, I might now be writing of a classic city.) England and Florence are indebted to an attack of ague which seized on Master Adolphus and determined his parents against leaving him in the West. Mrs. Trollope made a considerable investment in the purchase of a piece of ground in the centre of the city, and in building thereon a Bazaar, a good part of her motive in which was, I believe, philanthropic, or to employ young women and encourage others to employ them as shopkeepers, no woman having, at that time, ever been so employed there. The scheme was an utter failure. The Bazaar building has since been successively used as an Eclectic, a Hydropathic, and, I believe, a Female Medical College; has been once or twice, if I mistake not, the home of varieties of socialistic reformers; and, in each case, has been pursued and haunted by failure, until it became a home for invalided and convalescent Federal soldiers, for whom it was found admirably adapted.

The ruddy-hearted and eupeptic Englishwoman has left in the West an impression favourable to herself. Frank, generous, and with the nerve for any experience, she explored the neighbourhood until she knew not only the Indians, the camp-meeting revivalists, and the market-women, who insisted on walking arm-in-arm with her, but the races immediately anterior to these imbedded in the soil,—to such an extent indeed that she foretold the discovery of the bones of the mammoth which was found there recently. One reads her book now, however, with somewhat the same feeling that one looks at those blurred stereoscopic views which have aimed at photographing the rapids of Niagara. She was almost indignant that even so gifted an oratress as Fanny Wright was not welcomed by the

Queen of the West, because she was a woman; that her bazaar, designed to enlarge the sphere of occupation for woman, failed in a region where, as she said, 'women are guarded by a shield of sevenfold insignificance;' and her satire is keen on the dismay and horror excited by the performances of two French figurantes who visited the city. Yet the witty authoress lived herself to see the day when women were not only in general employment, but several of them in regular medical practice, in Cincinnati; when its court decided that a woman was admissible to practice at law in it; when the female lecturer was an ordinary institution; and, had she lived a little longer, might have found *blasé* London itself slightly scandalised by a figurante 'Mazeppa' from the same city. One may indeed trace there, in certain transformations, Mrs. Trollope's portraits,—as the inn-keeper who, in response to her wild idea of having a separate dinner-table for herself and family, says, 'Our manners are very good manners, and we don't wish any changes from Europe;' and the art-critic, who, on being told that a certain picture shown him is Hebe and the bird of Jove, asks, 'What the devil is Hebe doing with the American eagle?'—but they are forgotten beside the mighty cartoons which Destiny has thrown, is throwing, upon that vast canvas.

Figures can but very inadequately indicate the new stratifications that have supervened since that first European book about the domestic life of America was produced, but here are some that may well be pondered. In the year 1800 Cincinnati had but 400 inhabitants; in 1810 it had 2,540; in 1820, 9,602; in 1830, 24,851; in 1840, 46,338; in 1850, 115,436; in 1865, it has 230,000. In 1831 the city of Chicago had twelve families; it has now about 200,000 inhabitants. So late as 1850 there were but 40 miles

of railway lines around Chicago; now 5,000 miles centre there; and in the one year 1865 the value of the commerce that passed over the St. Clair flats was 22,700,055^l. In 1849 when organised as a territory, Minnesota had 4,000 inhabitants; by the census of 1860 it had 170,000. The growth of the cities of California and 'Petrolia,'* (which now contribute \$70,000,000 to the internal revenue of the United States) are within the memories of young men and boys. The westward march has become a rush; it is as if some Pied Piper were charming away from the East all but the aged and crippled. How smooth now is the way that was once so hard and perilous! One leaves New York, and sweeps over the great still land-ocean of prairie in a comfortable hotel on wheels, —stretching on his couch at night, rising to his hot breakfast in an adjoining 'car,' and taking his cigar and the daily newspaper of the last town in another. The Indians have yielded their tomahawks to be made into railway sleepers. On the great rivers one sees them hovering in little bayous and swamps, and gazing with sullen wonder on the thousand floating palaces that pass by on waters, which fifty-seven years ago knew none but their canoes and the rafts.

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be—
The first low wash of waves where
Shall roll a human sea.

'I sincerely believe,' wrote J. Trollope, as the result of her observations in the West, 'that if a worshipper, or an Indian Brahmin were to come to the United States and could preach and pray in English, he would not be long without a respectable congregation. This is certainly true. The old social and theological ties, still strong on the Eastern coast of America, are made rotten by the west winds, and break very easily. The West is hospitable to every new creed or social experiment, whilst its practical necessities furnish the severest test of each. In an early day it was felt by religious and social theorists that Europe to be the great field for embodiment of their ideas, and voyages and efforts there were one of the pilgrimages of the gold-hunters and north-west sage explorers. With similar action and energy did they Golden Ages, Social Eldorados, Arcadias, in those far-off isles

* In December, 1752, Major George Washington, of the Virginia militia, was sent Gov. Dinwiddie to the French commander of that day, who was establishing a military posts between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. In his route he passed the Valley of the Alleghany and across the County of Venango, then the habitation of Indians and wild animals. A hundred years later, and all that could be seen among those hills was a couple of sleepy Dutch towns, with very little to sell to the outer world still less to buy from it. Within the past five years the discovery of an illuminant beneath the surface of the earth has transformed the face of nature with magical rapidity. The whole country for miles is dotted with derricks, steam-engines, and shanties; cities have sprung up, with their hotels, stores, banks, and theatres. In a circuit of 100 miles around Oil City are over 200,000 inhabitants.

Meadville, the neck of the oil regions, through which is poured the oil outgoings of the thousand supplies ingoing, has risen from a population of 3,000 in 1860 to 10,000. Places like Franklin, Titusville, Oil City, Pithole, which scarcely existed, now have their daily newspapers, their hotels, banks, stores, and theatres. In the circuit of 100 miles around Franklin there are not less than 200,000 energetic people. The country is dotted with derricks, engines, houses, and the increase is rapid and steady. *New York Tribune*, Oct. 6, 1865.

streams of Humanity. Thither in the year 1814, when not yet three thousand souls dwelt on the site of the largest city of the West, came the shoemaker of Wurtemberg, George Rapp, bringing his company of 'Harmonists' with him. Not content, like that other shoemaker, Böhme, with mystic air-castles, he went to build in Ohio the ideal structure for which Wurtemberg furnished neither materials nor toleration. He established himself with his followers in the centre of Indiana, then almost a wilderness; but they all became wretchedly poor, and were glad to sell New Harmony to Robert Owen, when he came following *his* mirage. Rapp repaired to Pennsylvania, where he founded the village of 'Economy,' and where, taught by twenty years of failure, the Rappites succeeded better, though they are still poor. Rapp died in 1847. He was a good, gentle soul. The greater number of Germans who went to America remained in the West to mingle with the general community. They always maintained their reverence for the inspired shoemaker, however, and held that not he but Nature failed. I remember to have visited once at a German residence in Cincinnati, the lady of which, though surrounded by every comfort, still so cherished the remembrance of him for and with whom she had suffered so many privations, that she had a large shrine, of the old Catholic kind, in her drawing-room, where the portrait of Rapp, with evergreen around it, took the place of the Madonna and child, and where she and her children worshipped like true Comtists. Before New Harmony came into the hands of Owen, a French socialist, whose name I have forgotten, tried to establish a community there, which failed immediately. It was about the year 1823, or soon after the death of his patron, the Duke of

Kent, that Robert Owen came to the West to try and graft on the New World what his experiments at Lanark and Gray's Inn Road, London, had proved could not grow in England, even with the help of royal-patronage, and the more substantial aid furnished from the purses of David Dale and Madame Rothschild. He was about fifty-three years of age when he came to America, but had the vivacity and enthusiasm of a boy. He provided dwellings for about 2,000 persons, at an expense of about 6,000*l.* The project died in its infancy, and New Harmony passed principally into the hands of a Scotchman, named Maclure, and M. Darusmont, a French socialist, to whom Miss Wright was married. The village now became the arena of educational experiments, and interested some men of ability who went to reside there—amongst others the botanist, Thomas Say; Dr. Troost, of Nashville University; and M. le Sueur, of the *Jardin des Plantes*, Paris. Owen still firmly believed that his idea of society had the essence of vitality in it, and attributed his failure to the elements of the Christian creed which still survived in his neighbourhood, and which stood as a wall between his community and the outside world, which it aspired to leaven and finally absorb. No doubt the immediateness of the failure is attributable to the religious opposition with which he met. He began his career in the West by vigorous thrusts at the churches, and they attacked him like hornets. He advertised in Cincinnati a challenge to the clergy to contest with them before an audience the truth of the Christian religion. This challenge was accepted by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, the founder of an obscure sect of Baptists, called 'Campbellites,' a man of some natural power, but of no culture. Their debate occupied fifteen evenings in a public

hall, and was an important event. Campbell was by no means a match either in education or temper for his English antagonist, and his failure to sufficiently meet Owen's points left a kind of animosity toward the heretic in the minds of the orthodox believers. This certainly made his social experiment more difficult, and he went away, somewhere about 1828, to Mexico. The heresies which he inculcated did not pass away, however, with his socialistic projects; and those who agree with him in the former have to this day a large and important organisation there in the form of a 'Sunday Institute.' A friend of the writer, who met and conversed with Robert Owen at the Brook Farm Community in Massachusetts, more than twenty years ago, when he must have been seventy-three or four, tells me that failures in Scotland, England, the United States, and Mexico, had not quenched his faith in or enthusiasm for his idea, that his locks were still chesnut, without a touch of grey, and that he moved about Brook Farm as a patriarch whom all honoured. Another year, and that place too was in the land-market. As for New Harmony, it is at present noted as the village where more corn is turned into pork and into whisky than any other of its size in the Union!

Robert Owen left two sons in America, both of whom have had somewhat distinguished careers. David Dale Owen was, perhaps, the most serviceable practical geologist that the country ever had. Educated in good Swiss colleges, he returned and made a valuable reconnaissance of the geological features of Indiana, of which he became state geologist. His ability being recognised he was employed to make surveys of their mineral wealth and geological structure by the states of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Kentucky. His reports were invaluable, and will form the basis of

all subsequent explorations of this vast region. His work on the geology of Indiana is especially valuable. He was a few years ago elected the state geologist of Arkansas, and he had nearly completed his surveys of that region, when the exposures to which he had been subjected in the prosecution of his work brought on the disease of which he died, at the age of fifty. Robert Dale Owen, his brother, entered upon the career of a democratic politician, and was elected to the Congress of the United States, where he served in the term from 1843 to 1847. For some reason, probably because of the extreme pro-slavery tendencies of the Democracy, he turned his attention to other things, and wrote two books—*New Views of Society* and *Hints on Public Architecture*—both of which have considerable merit. He partook of the spiritistic excitement, and produced the work which has become a text-book of the 'circles'—*Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*. Since the late civil war began he has devoted his attention to politics again, and written influential arguments in favour of a proclamation of emancipation before one was issued by Mr. Lincoln, and, recently, in favour of negro-suffrage.

Nearly fifty years ago the beautiful and gifted Fanny Wright, a Scotch girl of a family well known in the world of letters, just out of her teens, but fully indoctrinated by those who had charge of her orphaned life with French materialistic philosophy, visited America. Then she left, and wrote an enthusiastic book about that country. Afterwards the Epicurean Philosophy fascinated her, and she wrote her 'Few days in Athens,' defending the same. She had made several attempts at lecturing in England, once at the Freemasons' Tavern, but was coldly repulsed by the English public. Then again the great West arose before her as the land for the realisation of all visions,

and whilst yet only twenty-nine, but with a substantial sum of money in her possession, she sailed in company with Mrs. Trollope for New Orleans. At this period the idea of a female public speaker, outside of a Quaker meeting, was, even in America, so novel, that not even the very attractive *personnel* and vivid eloquence of Fanny Wright could at once gain for her a good hearing. Though she always had large audiences they did not comprise the classes whom she wished to interest, but chiefly the ever-curious mob.

For some time she resided at New Harmony, and edited the *Gazette* published there, in which she discoursed on the subject of emancipation, and reproduced the chief doctrines of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*. In this periodical she also published various essays, lectures, and reviews. She had become the friend of Lafayette and of other celebrated Frenchmen, which led to her visit to Paris, where she was regarded as a brilliant member of society. Though an ardent republican, her associations in Paris were chiefly with Bonapartists, and particularly with M. and Madame de Neuville, who had just returned from Washington, where M. de Neuville had been on a diplomatic mission about the year 1824. Just after those scenes of parliamentary violence which resulted in the expulsion by soldiery of Manuel from the Chamber of Deputies, Miss Wright chanced to be in a distinguished company at the mansion of Count Segur, where a knot of prominent members of the opposition were denouncing the legitimists, and De Neuville amongst others. 'Ce Hyde De Neuville!' cried one, 'c'est un homme de sang; un véritable tigre contre-révolutionnaire.' Hearing this, Miss Wright darted to the centre of the astonished group, and silenced all by saying

loudly: 'Forcené, comme nous l'avons vu, Messieurs, je le connais pour un homme doué d'une compassion sans bornes et de la candeur d'un enfant.' Tired with the revolutionary atmosphere of Paris, she returned to America, and was soon absorbed in the negro question, being next to Benjamin Lundy the first pioneer of abolitionism in America.

The effort made by that young enthusiast, without aid or sympathy, to solve in the south-west the problem which is now convulsing that entire country, must always be remembered as a part of the romance of the West. She purchased 2,000 acres of land in Western Tennessee, and there collected a colony of emancipated slaves, with the object of showing that they could reach a civilisation as perfect as that of whites, and to avert the danger which she announced (1825) of 'disunion, bloodshed, and servile wars of extermination.' The project failed, of course; from without, not from within. Montesquieu said, 'It will not do to admit that the negro is a man, lest it should appear that the white is not.' Miss Wright's experiment was one whose failure was a political necessity; especially as the country was just then feeling the first ground-swells of the coming agitation and revolution. The failure of her own physical health assisted the enemies of her project in destroying it. The negroes were shipped off to Hayti, and their colonist to New York and New England, where she was cordially received, where she gained great fame as an oratress, and left traces of her influence in sundry 'Fanny Wright Societies.' She must, doubtless, be regarded as the first apostle of the woman's era gospel which is yet to make its revolution in America. Few persons who have ever lived in America have made a deeper impression upon it than this gifted

woman. Though pursued by slanders and accusations of infidelity, she bore herself bravely, and held

to her purpose, and left many hearts to respond to her words of parting—

Farewell! farewell! kindly I'll think on thee,
Land of the West! and so mayst thou retain
In some warm hearts, kind memory of me,
A cheerless pilgrim on life's stormy main.

She was subsequently married, in 1838, to Monsieur Darusmont, who seems to have held a good position among men of science in France, and who was engaged with William Maclure, a prominent Pestalozzian of those days, in promoting educational and social reforms in America. Separated from him, whether by death or divorce I know not, she came, with her daughter, back to Cincinnati, where she lived almost in retirement, surrounded by loving friends, and active to the last in works of benevolence, until her death in 1853. A simple marble monument, on which many a reverent hand lays the fresh spring flowers, marks her grave in Spring Grove Cemetery, near that city.

Sending the Scotch girl to the North, and her negroes to Hayti, could not quite undo her brave though brief work in Tennessee. The negroes south of the Ohio had discovered for the first time that they had white friends somewhere; and as from the Southern hills they caught the gleam of the river that divided free from slave states, it seemed thenceforth the verge of *their* El Dorado. The Ohio—easily fordable in summer, and for some months frozen over in winter—became their north-west passage to sunnier, if colder, climes than the warm South afforded.

No more crouching in the cane-brake

Over there;

No more agonising heart-quake,

Over there;

No more marble-hearted master

Shouting fiercely 'Get on faster!'

Over there;

No more linked limbs are quaking,

No more burdened backs are aching,

No more hearts are breaking, breaking,

Over there!

Not far from Fanny Wright's peaceful grave was that mysterious and metaphorical 'Underground Railroad,' which has borne so many thousands to that liberty which the flag of England alone afforded. If all the midnight flights for freedom, all the desperate escapes, encounters, and races on those plains between the Ohio and Detroit were related, the novels of Cooper would be dull in comparison with them. How often has the master, with his fellow man-and-woman-hunters, come back with his waggon load of fugitives, only to find at day-dawn that he has got an impudent set of blackened decoy-whites, whose loud lamentations at being seized had lost him his game! How often has the science of war been invented again by the fugitives' necessity; and a rope drawn from tree to tree across the road stopped the pursuing horses long enough to gain time! I know a single house where three thousand negroes have found a few hours of rest in the daytime, awaiting the protecting night, with her pole-star. But then again, I have seen them again and again borne back over their Jordan, bound and bleeding. Rarely did a negro surrender without a desperate resistance; and when they could not resist, they put a wider stream than the Ohio, a deeper chasm than Niagara, between themselves and their pursuers. Poor Margaret Garner, overtaken and arrested at Cincinnati, ten years ago, kissed her three children, and cut their throats from ear to ear; and as she herself was going down to her master's plantation on a steamer, managed to leap from the boat, and find her freedom and

womanly honour in the ooze of the Ohio.

Slavery recovered some slaves, by these means, at the time, to lose them all eventually. On these hills overhanging the city some young boys and girls were trained, who did not get all of their education in Lane Seminary. Amongst others there were trained, amidst such scenes, Henry Ward Beecher, and Mrs. Stowe, whose memory of those early scenes would easily furnish more Georges and Elizas for her novels than she could desire.* Dark days were those! But in their shadow stood the genius of the future, who impresses all things for his warp, and weaves in now bright, now sombre, threads.

We once had a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in America, who published an edition of the Prayer Book with Ary Scheffer's 'Christus Consolator' for a frontispiece; only the engraver had, by the bishop's order, eliminated the figure of the African which the original contained. The amended picture pleased the bishop's church, and the South, for whose especial benefit it was intended. If there are any of my readers who would like to see only pictures of America that the negro is left out of, to them I would simply say—'I am not of a mind to imitate this bishop. The Artist from whom I would copy has placed the swarthy black there in the original America: and therefore he appears in my studies.'

It is not to be wondered at that some of the new social experiments, in such a hospitable country, should be of a somewhat doubtful character on the moral side. Such was the 'free love' community at Berlin Heights, Ohio; and 'Memnona' at Yellow Springs, only an hour or two from Cincinnati. For the only public account of the former I must refer the reader to Artemus Ward's

highly-coloured sketch. Both Berlin Heights and Memnona were broken up by the popular odium excited against them. The last-named community was located on the verge of one of the most beautiful ravines imaginable. It was close to Antioch College, where, under the presidency of Horace Mann, the West was making its first great experiment in the co-education of the more advanced youth of both sexes. The proximity of a community based upon the non-marriage principle excited the alarm and evoked the scathing denunciations of Mr. Mann, who at length produced such an effect upon the community that the Memnonites dissolved their community. It was generally believed at the time that the place was devoted to perpetual revels of the most licentious kind. But, when they existed no longer, those who were curious enough to inquire carefully into the facts of the case found that there had been a kind of ascetic cult observed in the regulation of the establishment; that there was something of the nature of a confessional, and certain penances awarded by a patriarchal Head. All who entered, left their former names behind in the outside world, and assumed new and fanciful ones as the nuns do. The system of marriage was that of which Goethe's 'Elective Affinities' is the first gospel. It is remarkable that, when the thing burst, nearly all of its inmates at once united themselves in the Roman Catholic Church. The patriarch of Memnona and his wife are indeed, at this date, quite distinguished members of the Catholic Church.

The Conservative community did not gain as much as it had hoped by the bursting of these heads of social heresy. When broken up, their contents swarmed into the general com-

* Dr. Lyman Beecher was for many years the President of Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati.

munity as out of so many Pandora-boxes. The leaven of Owenism, of Memnonism, and the rest, diffused through the general society, loses none of its character and gains in power. It would be difficult to estimate how far the seeds scattered from those old stems are reappearing in the crops of liberal marriage and divorce laws springing up in the West. In Indiana, which has witnessed so many of these experiments, the law of divorce is almost as 'advanced' as the most radical affinitarian could desire. The husband or the wife, wishing to be divorced, has only to leave his or her partner in another State, repair to Indiana, reside there six months, then swear to an 'incompatibility of temper' between him or her self and the said partner, and swear—what are lovers' oaths?—that the object of the suit is not to form another marriage, and the divorce is at once ordered. Practically, one who desires a divorce goes to Indiana, gives his case with a certain fee to a lawyer, and is presented with his decree in seven months from his arrival. In travelling through Indiana I have often seen lounging about the hotels or in the fields, reading novels or carrying on flirtations with prospective divorcees, these wandering forms of a dead past, waiting to be borne over to the Elysian fields of single-blessedness. In the old settlements of the Eastern part of America, 'going to Indiana' has as significant a meaning as 'going to Coventry;' but in the Far West there is little doubt that the Indiana law marks the direction in which the tide of popular sentiment is setting. And, indeed, now that a divorce does not, in that region, involve the ruin of the character of either party, it is remarkable with what equanimity either learns that the other has, in the phrase of the place, 'filed a bill.' A distinguished politician and senator of Indiana, becoming interested

in the movement for making Kansas a free State, left his wife and repaired to that territory, intending to return soon. Becoming, however, identified with the struggles of Kansas, the senator stayed away very long. His wife at length demanded his return. He wrote back that it was impossible to return. His wife waited a little, and then wrote, declaring that, unless he returned by a stated time, she would sue for a divorce. The senator made no reply, but gave her a glowing account of the patriotic movements in which he bore an important part. The next letter he received was from the clerk of a court in Indiana, informing him that his wife had filed a bill, with another from a lawyer offering to defend him. The senator wrote back to the lawyer as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Yours to hand. My wife says she will not stand my long absence. If I were she I would not stand it either. I shall offer no opposition to her suit.

Yours, &c.,

Two years later, when the divorce had long been granted, this senator returned to Washington as the senator of the free state of Kansas, visited his old home in Indiana, and found his wife still blooming and handsome, and surrounded by admirers. With the rest, he visited her from time to time, became presently the accepted lover, and was remarried to her.

As may be imagined, the statistics of divorce in the neighbourhood of Indiana present a high average; nevertheless, Mr. Matthew Arnold would find far less to disgust him in its proceedings, and no region has, perhaps, so few wife-murders.

Undoubtedly the imposing ranks of 'Spiritualism,' as it is commonly called, or 'Spiritism,' as its French adherents more accurately style it, have been swelled by many of those who went westward seeking the 'city that hath foundations,' but obliged to confess themselves hi-

therto strangers. As the West did not fulfil the promise, they turn their hopes to the Spirit-world. What will the future historian say of Spiritualism? In 1847 one Michael Weekman, of Hydesville, Arcadia (New York), heard mysterious raps about his house. He left the house, and it was taken by a family of Foxes. (No doubt, as the 'historic doubter' of the future reads these names, he will say—'Michael, Weakman, Hidesville, Arcadia, Foxes—tush! every name is allegorical, and Spiritualism itself a myth.') In this family of Foxes were two daughters—Catharine and Margaret—one of whom was certainly too young to be *compos doli*, but the age of the other was never given. That this elder one was considerably older, and also *compos doli*, may be judged from the fact that she is at present trying to make good in the courts of Pennsylvania a claim to certain properties of the Arctic explorer, the late Dr. Kane, on the ground of having contracted with him a secret marriage. These girls came to the conclusion that the raps which occurred in the house proceeded from spirits. They—the Foxes—afterwards removed to the City of Rochester, New York, when the raps attended them. They hit with marvellous wit upon a method of getting a system of communication between themselves and these raps, and one of the spirits—the first, according to spiritistic historians, who ever dropped a sociable word from the other world—gave his name as 'Charles R. Rosma.' Rosma rapped out the information that the younger sister was nine years old, and departed. When these tidings went through the country, it was recalled that there had been, during the year before, several prophecies in America that the Spirit-world was about to manifest itself in an abnormal way. Several societies of Shakers de-

clared that some of their members had, so early as 1843, been visited with trances, the like of which they had not known before, and had prophesied the new dispensation; and Andrew Jackson Davis, an uncultivated but remarkably clever man, had already, in 1846, been exciting attention by the publication of books quite worthy to be placed on the shelf with those of Swedenborg, written, he declared, in a state of total unconsciousness, in which works similar prophecies were given. When the raps were heard in New York, some of us remembered that prophecies have a strong tendency to fulfil themselves: but the masses bent before the loud proclamations of a new era as before a strong wind. The newspapers published a receipt for table-turning, and it was a chance if one called at any residence of an evening and did not find its inmates, gravely or merrily, sitting around tealess-tables. Of course the sensation wore off after a time, but there were too many elements of religious unrest and of half-educated scepticism not to furnish enough fact to the newly-kindled superstition. It is less than eighteen years since those raps were heard in central New York, and now the *Spiritual Register*—with numbers a little too round and full to be accurate, but without certainly a very violent deviation from accuracy—estimates (1859) the number of avowed believers in America alone to be one million and a-half, and of unavowed, four millions; of public advocates, one thousand; of mediums, public and private, forty thousand; of places of assembly, one thousand; of books and pamphlets, five hundred; of periodicals, thirty. This spread of Spiritualism was chronologically more rapid than that of any religious epidemic ever known before; but this is simply owing to the superior ad-

vantages for the use and expansion of such excitements derived from the cheap press, the ready machinery for meetings, and the unbounded 'liberty of prophesying,' which the scepticism of its founders bequeathed to the American Republic. Really the rise and progress of the Spiritistic movement, of which the writer of this was a careful observer, presented the same features with those which history records in connection with other religions. The believers in the 'Rat-hole Revelation,' as Emerson called it, were subjected to a nineteenth-century martyrdom; they were denounced by all the pulpits, ridiculed by the newspapers, laughed at by the common-sense world, and had invariably to hear the stigma of 'vulgarity' (which in a republic has peculiar terrors) that Tacitus fixed upon the early Christians. They answered with the old arguments of persecuted minorities; they pelted the pulpits with reminders of the contempt which was heaped upon the Nazarene for whom their churches were built, and the philosophers with disquisitions on the reception of Galileo's, of Harvey's, of Kepler's discoveries. This filtration through a strong opposition gave a certain vigour to the apostles of the movement which was deficient in those who merely mumbled over inherited creeds and forms. Some of the trance speakers, too, were persons of rare ability. Andrew Jackson Davis was a natural artist, and gave to his spirit-world a kind of barbaric splendour which the champions of the poor dull puritanic hell and heaven could not emulate. He had also studied scientific books, and this gave him excellent rhetoric. I saw in Cincinnati a great audience, of which many were persons of education, listening in rapt attention whilst this weird-looking genius, with his jet-black hair and eyes, and marble-white face, described the magnetic

or spirit-world which was on the outside of this—the cream, as it were, of the world. It was plain to me that he had been studying in Plato, for his description of the spirit-world corresponded precisely with the 'Æther' of Socrates, so minutely given in his dying conversation. The new Spiritual movement was, according to him, but the natural result of celestial progress; as we were hovering on the verge of a suboceanic telegraph, so had they—the spirits—stretched a line from the overworld to this,—an infrasensual cable. Peculiar brains were found to be so charged with electricity—like electric fish, &c.—as to be able to act as batteries. He greatly depreciated the raps, table-turnings, and other physical manifestations. He gave us a kind of chart of the world of spirits, and entertained us with an account of the experiences and sensations of the newly-hanged murderer, Professor Webster, of Boston, on waking gradually up in his transmundane quarters, and his conversations with the spirits commissioned to take charge of his education, which was as interesting as anything in the *Arabian Nights*.

There is no doubt that Spiritism gained much strength in the West by the fusion into it, already alluded to, of many of the socialistic elements which had been floating about without habitations for some time before it appeared. The spirits freely declared that they were about to reorganise human society. There is about all American Spiritism a mingling of Otherworldliness with Newworldliness, which seems to evaporate when it attempts to come over the ocean. Not that the Spiritists are radical reformers,—they trust heaven too much for that,—but they are ever prophesying the dawn of a new era in humanity and society. They are sometimes speaking, sometimes rhyming, and, again, singing mediums.

One of these last-named I remember to have listened to far away in a cottage on the prairies. He was a soft-featured young man of twenty-five, with an almost girlish beauty about his blue eyes and long chestnut locks. He sat at a small organ, and sang with a clear tenor voice, accompanying himself quite correctly. The musical theme had been revealed to him by the spirits; the poetry set to it had been similarly given to one of his friends. The pathos of the melody convinced me that the youth had a gift for musical composition of no ordinary kind. The words he sang were

Pass, brother, through our portal, thou'rt a freeman evermore!

And next, as the seer gazed, came a mother 'wildly weeping' for her children and their father, whom 'the cold grave hath in keeping:' to her came a gentle angel, who points her beyond the portal where those whom she has lost await her, and shall be with her 'evermore.' Then came a 'cold, blue-footed'

gorgeous and wild, returning to a refrain of 'Evermore,' that reminded me of the verses of Poe, who is the favourite poet of the Spiritists. It related a vision of a great golden portal, through which 'streamed the radiance of a never-setting day,' where stood countless angels, 'tall and beautiful,' greeting all who came, whilst there rolled forth a glad chorus whose burden was 'Evermore.' Hither there came a 'slave all worn and weary,' his fetters blood-crusted, his eyes gleaming wildly: swift sped a bright angel who raised the sinking wretch and 'off the fetters tore,' crying—

girl, with cheeks of ashen whiteness, and heavy-laden heart, whose 'home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night:' then the angel, with smile shining through his tears, caught the poor creature as she was rushing from the golden portal, and cried—

Enter, sister; thou art pure, thou art sinless evermore!

Up to the golden gate came also the toiler who found rest, the weary-hearted exile who found his native land, the beggar and the king who were equal—all to be greeted and ushered into the auroral land. The elements of which this vision was made are cheap enough (for that matter, the finest sunset is only some sunlight and fog!); but nevertheless, uttered by this youth with a sincerity which flushed his cheek and moistened his eyes, the song of 'Evermore' touched me then, and still floats about me when I see the poor wretches for whom the gate and its angels are waiting.

May not Spiritism be a popular reaction from the intensification of practical and materialistic progress, the absorption of man into steam-engines and spinning-jennies, which have characterised the civilisation of Western Europe, and which went

as far as it could in the material growth of the New World? With that peristaltic movement which some orientalists saw figured in the measuring-worm, humanity has, in successive epochs, now raised all of its attention to the heavens, now stretched itself close to the earth. Star-gazing Chaldæa is followed by Judea, whose very religion announced no future, but only temporary rewards and pains. Judaism is followed by Christianity, which commands its followers to lay up no treasures except in heaven, to give away all they have, to take no thought for to-morrow. From this—carried out into the overweening otherworldliness of Romanism—a reaction sets out with Protestantism, which has produced the material grandeurs combined with scepticism and formalism which we see in Western Europe

and in America. May not the Transcendental movement of the cultivated Americans, and the Spiritism of the uneducated, be forerunners of another heavenward tide? At any rate, it seems to me that neither Transcendentalism nor Spiritualism in America are on the decline. There is, indeed, a growing dislike, among the Spiritists, of the *physical* manifestations; the 'Brothers Davenport' have never caused popular commotions there; but, on the other hand, the Spiritists are organising themselves into a large and important body, having all the appliances of expansion, and it seems even probable that some strong leader may yet start forward to divest it of its more manifest absurdities, and make out of its social and imaginative elements a great moral and religious revolution, to culminate in a Declaration of Independence from, and a Monroe doctrine for, all the creeds and systems of the Old World.

No forecast of what humanity is to accomplish in its next great home—the Mississippi Valley—can approximate the truth which does not base itself on the wonderful mixture of races which is going on in transmontane Northern America. The statistics of 1860 show that the tide of European immigration has poured through New York into the North-west, gaining its maximum in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and St. Paul, following with a full volume the course of the Mississippi, but sending only a few small eddies into either the Northern or States along the coast. Thus, in North Carolina, the foreigner is only one in two hundred; in Georgia, one in fifty; in South Carolina and Virginia, one in thirty. In the Far North, Maine had one in seventeen; New Hampshire, one in sixteen. From the North and the South the proportion of foreign to native population increases steadily as New York is approached, where the

foreigner is one in four. But in Minnesota and Wisconsin the proportion is one in three, in California four in every ten. But it is in the great cities that the results are most startling. In New York City 38 out of 42 are foreigners; in Cincinnati, 73 in 187; in St. Louis, of 186,178, there were 96,086 foreign-born; and in Chicago the native exceeded the foreign-born population by only 12. These foreigners are Irish, Germans, German-Jews, English, Italians, Welsh,—following their numerical order. Of these the Irish have been the least assimilated. I have recognised but little improvement in the Irish quarters of the American cities over the swarming alleys and courts of Ireland. The Irish have no eminent men among them, though some very estimable ones; and they are still the mere drudges of a country where labour can command its own terms. Our highways are paved with Irish brains, and the engine drives us over iron that has entered the Irishman's soul. The Irish are the only real *foreigners* in America; that is, they are the only immigrants who have come without any deliberate preference for the institutions of the United States over others. They have come under the scourge of necessity, and their only political sentiments are hatred of England and of the negroes. Fenianism shows very clearly how unassimilated by America is her Irish population; for if there is anything that the American people, as a whole, is uninterested in, it is in those questions and interests which refer to nationalities, and which are of such paramount importance in Europe. The majority of them would not care the toss of a shilling whether Venetia shall have a Teutonic or a Lombard king, whilst they undoubtedly would be interested in a question of king or no king. It has been impossible to interest Americans in Polish, in Danish, and

other questions of nationality, involving no radical change of governmental forms; but least of all could any American really feel any interest or admiration for a people, dwelling in America, trying to repossess a small island of the Old World. If any penny has been given by an American to the Fenians, it has been given by some democratic politician, to help annoy England, and not for any sympathy with the cry of 'Ireland for the Irish.' On the other hand, the completeness and celerity with which the Germans, who have freely chosen America for their abode, have mingled with the general population, in idea and in language, is unparalleled in the history of races. It is not saying too much to assert that the leading minds throughout the North-West are those of Germans; and, in a majority of cases, of Germans who were born in Germany. Many of these,—as Hecker, Sigel, Schurz, Kapp,—are well known in connection with the political movements of the 'Fatherland.' The strongest man among the German people of Cincinnati, when I resided there, was August Willich, who was one of the foiled revolutionists of 1848. There was a vague rumour among them that he was a natural son of Frederick William of Prussia. This report arose from the fact that he alone had been taken by night from the prison where the sentenced revolutionists were kept, and placed on board a vessel bound for New York, by command of the king; it being supposed that this favour could only have been explained by a consideration for the royal blood in Willich's veins. However this may be, he certainly was a royal man, with an arm fit to wield the hammer of Thor, and a noble forehead. He was a man who had been well educated at a military school in Prussia, but he also knew something of carpentry; and, on landing at New York, he entered as

a workman in a carpenter's shop. A gentleman who had employed him for some job was impressed by both the appearance and intelligence of this workman, and on inquiry found that he had a good education in civil engineering. On this gentleman's representation, Willich was invited to a post in the Coast Survey Office at Washington, where his work—and never did a man do it better—was to make the charts of separate and segmentary surveys into complete maps. It was at Washington that some leading Germans from Cincinnati met him, and they persuaded him to remove to that city and establish a German daily paper. This paper—the *Republikaner*—he edited, at the same time working in many ways among the sixty or seventy thousand Germans there, until the late war broke out. Into the war Willich went with a regiment raised by himself, and after much gallant service became a major-general. This little sketch of one German's life in America I have made, because I believe it would be substantially the story of many. Nor is such an experience to be found alone, however generally, among the Germans. There is in Chicago a certain radical Unitarian preacher whose influence has been felt throughout the West; whose simple eloquence furnishes the chief interest of the traveller's Sunday in that city; who has been employed by the State to visit and assist the soldiers in their camps and hospitals; and whom Boston has twice sought as the successor of Theodore Parker,—and this man was, but little over fifteen years ago, plain Robert Collyer, blacksmith and Methodist class-leader, near Leeds.

There are already some Western men who hold the idea that it is there, and there alone, that the peoples of the Old World are to realise whatever is worthy of realisation in their aspirations for

nationality, unity, and the like ; and the general hostility to any such attempt as that of Louis Napoleon in Mexico arises, I believe, from a feeling that it is a blow aimed at the equality and unity of all the peoples of the world, which is the dominant idea of the Western world. I remember when Mrs. Browning's *Curse for a Nation*, a malediction on America for her indifference to the fate of Italy, was published, that a speaker in the West said in reply, 'What can America do more, for Italy or any other foreign land, than to keep and preserve for their people a home, an equal chance, an open heart, whenever those people choose to come and claim them? Are they oppressed? let them come here! Do they want Rome? let them come and build it, with St. Peter's dome in the midst, on the banks of the Ohio! Let the Jews come, and find Jerusalem and Mount Zion here! * Let the oppressed peoples leave their old governments to rot, as they naturally would if all the lovers of freedom abandoned them; and their children will reach them some day from the East, to find St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Paris, and London, ruins, waiting to be rebuilt. Let them come over! Earth, air, water are mixed of the same substances here as there; grass grows, the sun shines, and men have corn and wine here as well as there. Here is everything they can get there, *minus* what they hate—Franz Joseph, Louis Napoleon, the Pope, and their soldiers. When America ceases to provide you of the Old World with homes; when she ceases to show how men can do without kings and bishops; when she lets her human standard trail, then let your "Curse" fall on her.'

When the gallant Marquis de

Montcalm, dying as he surrendered Quebec in 1759 to Wolfe, made that notably verified prophecy, which Mr. Carlyle has brought to the light in his *Life of Friedrich*, that, though England now had the American colonies, she could never keep them on account of their being made up of the most restless and rebellious elements of Europe, he did but state half of the case after all. Not only was America at that time so composed, but, in the nature of things, her overthrow of British authority would be, and was, followed by a still more normal accession from the ranks of the radical and discontented of the Old World. But the mingling together of races and peoples who mean to be free has a direct and necessary tendency to produce equality. Each man feels that the degradation or wronging of any one attacks the principle upon which the security of his own right is based. Liberty flowers into Equality, as that may, perhaps, into Fraternity. There is no region, in my judgment, under the sun, where so little actual injustice is done as in the great West of America. And this perfect equality implies also a blending of all the human elements. Anything that looks toward a mutual trust among men, or to brotherhood, finds ready sympathisers. A young German landscape-gardener, who had the eye of a poet, was employed to superintend the dressing and ornamentation of the beautiful cemetery, called Spring Grove, near Cincinnati. One of the first reforms that he instituted was the tearing down and casting out of all the iron and other railings, chains, bars, &c., which surrounded the various private lots. They who lie together in the cemetery, he said, need no bars nor chains; they will not quarrel about

* Major Noah, a distinguished Jew of New York, founded, in the same year that Robert Owen established New Harmony, a Jewish community on Grand Island, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, which was appropriately called *Ararat*.

their boundaries. The directors readily yielded, and now the cemetery is like that of a single family. This idea was so captivating, that some of the owners of large estates, parks, and orchards in the vicinity pulled down their fences even, along the highways, and relied upon the courtesy of the public, within a few miles of a city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants, to protect their flowers and fruits.

The Western man is affectionate and impulsive, like the Southerner, and has the unreserve of the German. From the New Englander he has got energy and economy; otherwise there is nearly as much difference between the people of New England and those of the West, as between those of Old and of New England. New England looks with pride on the great States of the North-West sprung from her own loins. 'It is all in the rule of three,' I once heard Dr. Holmes say; 'as Old England is to New England, so is the West to—God knows what!' The West still imitates New England, and looks to her for school teachers, preachers, and literature, but thinks the Eastern man cold and conventional. 'There he sat,' said a Western orator, giving an account of his reception by a gentleman in Boston, 'there he sat, and never said d—— your eyes, nor any other politeness!'

The equality I have spoken of as being so characteristic of Western society extends beyond races to sex. I know of no changes now going on in any portion of the world so important as those in the West, which are so rapidly destroying the traditional limitations of woman. The largest and most successful collegiate institutions of Ohio are open to young women on the same terms as to young men, and students of both sexes sit side by side in the same lecture-rooms. There are professoresses as well as professors. Every professional occupation is now

open to women on the same terms as to men, and female suffrage must soon follow these changes, and others equally important which defend the proprietary rights of married women. The young women of America are looking forward to the West as their land of promise, and of late years their migrations thither have been important. The rush of crowds of men from the East to settle the golden shores of California, and to occupy the freely offered territories of the great North-West, left a great balance of men over women in the population of the Eastern States. But some years ago, an energetic woman, Mrs. Farnham, organised a movement for female emigration to California; and was so successful in thus furnishing that community of bachelors with wives, that her project has been imitated in other directions. Several thousand women from New York and New England are now on their way to settle Washington territory. Nor are these a similar class of women to those who were once sent from England to the colony of Virginia; instead of Moll Flanders, it is the thrifty and virtuous Yankee girl who goes West, whose descendants will one day as proudly trace their pedigree to one who came out on a ship with Farnham, as the Englishman does to one who 'came over with the Conqueror.' But it is apart from the design of this paper to describe or forecast that future palace of Humanity beyond the silver pillars of the Rocky Mountains,—an abode whose grandeurs are heralded by gigantic forests whose trees are thirty or forty feet in circumference, by mountains which are huge knobs of iron, streams washing sands of gold, precipices stretching thousands of feet to rivers of fabulous depth, and cataracts several times as high as Niagara.

Henry Thoreau, naturalist and

poet, summed up his creed concerning the West in the phrase, 'Ex oriente lux, ex occident frux.' He travelled on the great rivers of the West, and conversed with the Indians, and held to a vague faith that the souls that departed from the East reappeared in other forms in the West. It certainly seems that the days of history are bound each to each by natural piety, and that even the rapid and free career of the West is a normal attempt to organise—to incarnate, I may almost say—the dreams and ideals of visionaries whom the Old World restricted to foolscap. We have already seen how many of these dreams have justified the German proverb, 'Träume und Schäume,' and have swiftly evaporated in the air and sun; but there are old steadfast beliefs and prophecies of the world which are surely entering into enduring forms. Bustling and noisy as are those multitudes, a fine ear can detect that their feet beat time to the ancient refrain of 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' The simple, equal, and fraternal terms upon which men and women from beneath every sky are meeting in the West, wears away the local prejudices of each, conserves all that is as universal as smiles, as tears, as love, and that only. Such 'miscegenation'—physical, moral, mental—cannot be unproductive of important results. The Western man is, perhaps, not

so complete as the New England man, or the Virginian, or Carolinian, and not so accomplished; he takes the alligator, the bear, and the snapping turtle for his heraldic device as honestly as your ancestors, my lords, did the boar's head, or the paw or claw of other beast, as representative of their own merits. The last fish is much more shapely and alert than the first saurian, yet the type of the last is higher. The good genius has geologic time to work in; we know what it has made out of those reprobates who landed at Hastings in the olden time, and the reflection is not without comfort even to the countrymen and contemporaries of Colonel Bowie and Joe Smith. When we reflect, also, that man is, like Perdita, 'the sum of every creature's best;' that, as his nobler form is the combination of the selectest traits of inferior orders, so do the nobler races distance the *unmixed* types of Japan or China in the proportion in which they are mingled of various races of men; we may well watch with interest the destiny which, having lured westward, with numberless El Dorados and Esperanzas, the most virile elements of all races—many hitherto unrepresented in the Anglo-Saxon or in the French brain—seems aiming to combine the essences that nationalities have severally distilled, and to make out of men, man.

THE PRIEST IN THE WORLD.

THERE is perhaps no country in which the priest occupies the same position as in the English Church. His training is not distinctive. His friendships among the future members of other professions at school and college; his alliance with the gentry by marriage; his connection with the average worldly society of his neighbourhood; his interest in the secular prosperity of his children—all combine to weaken the line of demarcation between his position and that of his friend the squire. To the vulgar, it is reverend—not sacred. It is associated with the comfortable parsonage and the chairmanship of the vestry, as much as with the consecrated church and the ministration at the altar. The fatherly character of the English priest is more homely than ecclesiastical, and his influence depends upon the example of a well-regulated household rather than upon the zeal of a family director.

These things, and many more, seem to show us, when we put one of our domestic parsons beneath the microscope, that we have under our eye a species quite distinct from the Romish priest. And yet there is, or should be, one thing in common to them both, whatever cast their habits of life and theological opinions may give to the outward expression of it: that one thing is spiritual devotion—the doing what they have to do as of God and to God. This I take to be the special vocation of a priest, to teach to others and show forth in himself. Much, therefore, of what I now want to say will apply to any priest, though it may be aimed especially at the English clergyman.

It will simplify matters if we take the different phases of 'The Priest in the World,' which will most naturally present themselves

under the heads of status, income, citizenship, home, and social life.

A priest, one of whose original and essential offices it is to convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment, must not be nice about what the world calls his social position. He may be both devoted and refined. Paul was not only a saint but a gentleman—witness the oft-quoted example of this in his Epistle to Philemon; but it is a grievous thing in the priest to think more of the figure that he makes among gentlemen than of the honour belonging to his office in the sight of God. It is true that he will not affect an humble indifference to the usages of polite society, and expose himself to ridicule by putting on a sober ungainliness of conversation, or an uncouth simplicity of faith; but he will not seek to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. A priest who plots for the uppermost rooms at feasts, and greetings in the markets; who talks big about his dinners with my lord, and relishes the obeisance of the idlers and policemen at the petty sessions, is a melancholy sight. Directly he joins the little set of aspirants to small local eminence—laying great store, maybe, on his gig, or lawn, or power of organising picnics, or playing the violin—that moment he opens the joints of his armour to the sharpshooters of the world, and sends a glance of pity round the guarding company of angels. True, he may have a neat cob and trim garden; he may fiddle well, and win the cucumber prize at the nearest market town, without provoking the arrows of criticism. It is his fussiness about these things which bares him to reproach, and makes the world despise him as a priest while it touches its hat to him as a gentleman, and eats his dinners as a neighbour.

There is a strong persuasion, though it be somewhat vague, that the existence of a priest is a protest against an excessive estimate of conventional rank. He is the true republican, who stands between the tyrant and the slave, who has a right to speak his mind about the conduct of their lives to the duke and the ploughman alike. This right, however, is restricted or denied, and wisely too, to those who desert their proper standing ground, and affect an influence akin to that of the country gentleman rather than of the parish priest. But by the brave respectful exercise of his profession, the priest, if he likes, can take a place and shed an influence in society which no decorous accomplishments, no genteel connexions, no use of dignified hospitality, can give him. His own position is higher than any accorded by the arbiters of mere clerical rank. Let him be earnest and devout, and he will not only do the common work of his calling with effect, but he will hold and fill the highest place in the estimation of society which he is qualified to reach.

We will now look for a minute at some phases of his worldly work which some think becoming, if not necessary. Should the priest be a magistrate? Of course everyone knows how this question is answered. If the priest be the only educated person in the parish, he must sit on the bench as well as wait at the altar. But at this rate he might be doctor, lawyer, schoolmaster, engineer, or anything else demanding the best intellect in the place. He might be so repeatedly split up and divided that at last the priestly residue became too thin and weak for use. No doubt, in a colony or the like, the priest, if he be a true father of the flock, may have to do many things apparently little belonging to his vocation; but the formal investiture of the

priest in a settled civilised country, with the magisterial office by the Lord Chancellor, is another affair, and affects the general estimate of his calling by the people. Be the country well governed or not, if the priest steps forward in a local emergency, and lays down the law well, they may thank him, and see a proof of the reserve and flexibility of strength there is in true priestly power; but if he deliberately accepts a commission to be a judge and divider over the people, then goodbye to his priestly influence. If he has not shut the Bible, he has girt himself with the sword. He can bless you still, no doubt, but he can handcuff you as well. He may pray with you as a fellow-sinner, but you may have to appeal to him as a judge. He may convince, if you yield to his logic; but he can convict, if you resist his authority. And all this is keenly noticed by the people, who respect him, no doubt, but with a sense of being put upon, rather than of gratitude that their parson is authorised to try and do two things at once.

I am inclined to think that there is now no need for parish priests to be local judges. If England is so bare of educated squires as to cry for magistrates, the use of parsons only keeps out unprejudiced paid officers, who will come down by the express with a little black bag, and see justice done between my lord the sportsman and the poacher at the bar.

The priest, moreover, must be chary of the platform. I do not refer merely to the men who kill time by attending public meetings, and sitting silently for hours in one of the black-coated back rows behind the noble chairman; but to those who speak. Of course there must be speakers, and the men who 'suffer from a determination of words to the mouth' must have their say, thereby relieving them-

selves, and putting other people's thoughts into sounding language; but speechifying is a snare to the priest who has local ambition and a glib tongue. We want more silence. We want more men who live apart from the vulgarity of platforms and resolutions. I do not mean students, who are often mere bookworms, nor recluses; but men who keep aloof from the important cackle of meetings, doing their work heartily, thinking their thoughts freshly, content to be silent, it may be for years, but ready to say the ripe strong word when the time comes; not forcing themselves to speak or write, but uttering the thought when it has been for its due time quick in their minds, and must be brought forth, or become a distressing and unwholesome burden.

While talking about the secular work required of the priest, I must pause to protest against the begging which he is expected, and sometimes, as things now are, obliged to go through. It is not right; it is not fair. The priest is employed not only in kindling the spirit of liberality, but in dull, heavy, persistent application for money. He is required not only to provoke unto good works, but sometimes to beg, even like unto a dog; to whine and trot about, to sit in the dativo presence uncomfortably, be patted or kicked, and thankful. He must do as he is bid, get what he can, and wag his tail.

It may be replied that this work is so burdensome and distressing as to make its performance a saintly virtue, and one, therefore, which the priest may undertake without blunting the edge of his devotion. Possibly. It has no secular charms, and brings no worldly credit. The priest, however, promotes works which the public admits to be good, by begging, and yet his request is often made an occasion for sneers and indignation. Do the censors who cry out at his perseverance

think it is pleasant to him? In nine cases out of ten it is simply hateful; and yet what can the man do who finds himself short, say, of church and school room? He must beg; he must gulp down the defiant selfish spirit in himself which shrinks and kicks at the unjust charge that he is begging for his own benefit alone. His own benefit, forsooth! Can't Mr. Numskull see that a church in the outlying hamlet, if it fulfil its purpose after the most ordinary sort, will make ever his own hen-roost more secure? No, not he. It is all for the parson alone; and so he sulks, and fingers his money in his breeches pocket, and either gives nothing or screws as much humiliation out of the beggar as he can for the smallest acceptable sum. Then the poor parson fishes beyond the limits of his own proper waters, pleads with strange generous men, sinks maybe to split cards and postage stamps, risking a hundred contemptuous dismissals of the appeal over which he has toiled and prayed, to the waste basket of possible donors, for one that yields a return.

Is this fit and godly work for a priest? And yet how many a village has been blest; how many a boor has been civilised; how many a rude and dirty imp has been washed and schooled; how many a slut has been made into a decent wife and mother, by these means!

I grant you that there are many things which no money will provide. It cannot buy a prophet's fire nor a saint's devotion; but it can, say, set a kindly Christian and his wife in the middle of a lewd and ignorant people, and enable them to spread the leaven of cleanliness and piety among the dirty and profane. The results may not be brilliant, but they are sweet; they make no great noise, but they sow the seed of that harvest which is a nation's richest wealth.

Let us be gentle, then, with the

begging priest, and when we receive the familiar appeal with its dull sums of poverty and population, hesitate before we crumple up the thin pleading sheet and snarl a wish that the parsons would stick to their proper work, instead of teasing the public for donations.

In considering the position of a priest in the world, this last sentence may lead us to some thoughts about the amount and sources of his income.

There are two great motives in the church as it now is—the grace of God and the love of money; but it is seldom, perhaps never, that we see them work utterly alone and pure. There are moments in which the most sparing and devoted saint, without doing worship to Mammon, does honour to the worth of a five-pound note. There are few so moved by the love of money as to be or have been beyond the reach of divine and unselfish impulse. Between the worst and the best men, where shall we find one wholly inaccessible to the influences which direct and mark the conduct of the two extremes?

The priest, however, is supposed to feel the need rather than the love of money. It is both false and unjust to twit him with unworthy motives if he busies himself to get so much of it as his state requires. St. Paul laboured for money to buy his meat and wine and oil at the Corinthian shop. He calculated his gains, and counted the coin in his bag. The Apostles whom the Lord sent out by two and two to preach the kingdom of heaven were forbidden to take purse or scrip—not because they needed nothing, but because they were entitled to expect money's worth, without payment, at the hands of those they taught. People who grudge the competent maintenance of the parson, on the ground that the first preachers of Christianity were penniless and successful, forget that the poverty of

the priest is possible only when the people are generous. A man must live; and if the bread he eats is not won by the sweat of his own brow, it is by that of his neighbours. Spiritual or mental work—call it what you will—though exhaustive, is seldom immediately productive, and unless a man presents it in the shape of a book which he can sell, or lectures for which he can demand a fee, he must depend upon the justice and charity of his neighbours. The parson is frequently in this predicament. He may work hard, and yet be able to offer no definite article in the market; nay, he may be bound to teach that what he brings must be accepted as a gift before it can be possessed at all.

How then, in many cases, can he live except by the liberality of others? and where is this more distinctly assumed than in that record of his first directions, in which he is bidden to look for everything he needs from those amongst whom he ministers? Moreover, granted that there are greedy priests, we can well understand how even a holy and unselfish one may be marred rather than purified by poverty, especially if we make it painful by taunts. It may be a noble thing for a herald of Christ to step upon a heathen shore with the resources of a John the Baptist; but the steady commonplace officers of religion in a civilised country cannot live upon locusts and wild honey. No doubt some clergymen are grossly overpaid, but many are grievously pinched. While, therefore, we have our fling at those who wax fat and shine upon a double share of tithe, we must take heed lest we hurt the soul of the poor priest by setting his natural hunger down to the working of a worldly spirit. It is a sore thing to have a full heart and an empty belly—to burn with holy desire and shiver in the east wind. Let us then be gentle and generous to him who labours on with prosaic but undying faith, though he some-

times betrays his wants while we are not in the humour to relieve them. There may be as divine an ambition and devoted a will in the rusty moorland curate with rickety children and a lean cupboard, as in the San Sebastian of religious romance, who gazes up sweetly through a vista of expectant angels into the gate of heaven, while the arrows of the rude bowmen who throng around him with coarse limbs and angry bloodshot eyes are draining out his life.

The subject or leading thought of this chapter is a very large one. I will add but a few words more about the amount and sources of a priest's income. It is the fashion of some men to sneer at a rich priest—I do not mean merely one who spends sumptuously upon himself, but who has large or even sufficient moneys at his disposal. I am inclined to think that the consciousness of being independent of a profession has helped much to develop moral courage and purity in many an English clergyman. It is possible for a rich man to hold a high command in the army of the living God. Some cannot, or fancy they cannot, afford to think for themselves, much less lead the thought of others. They yearn to protest aloud. They writhe under the heel of the tyrant pew-renter, or leader of the village critics. They have yielded to an habit of thinking silently for themselves, and they groan at the narrow tests and vulgar spiritual conceit of those by the patronage of whom they live. They long to speak out what they feel; but the children playing with the kitten on the floor, the hungry sizar at college, and the care-pinched wife with stocking on her arm, sitting close to the one dim candle when the house is still, cry No!

Then the eye of the poor priest, who is fretted to the soul with the rubbing of theological etiquette, and smarting with the sting of sect-

arian nettles, brightens at the brave printed words which give deliverance to his thought. Ay! he thanks God that some can plead for the true liberty of Christ, though he himself be shackled and stifled with the fear of offence.

It is true that an utterly poor man, one who had literally forsaken all and lived upon the smallest alms, might speak his mind without fear of personal loss, for there would at the worst be some to cover his nakedness and dull his hunger; but, as the church now is, the rich man's protest carries an assurance that he is not easily moved by the hope of gain. He is more likely to lose than to win by the disturbing processes of possible revolution. Poor men are dangerous reformers. Let not those mend the church who have nothing to lose, even if their treatment should reduce it to ruins. A soul unmoved by the good things of this life has, without doubt, high qualifications for the work; but no one is more dangerous than a zealot who is utterly and sincerely poor, and indifferent to the workings of the flesh. The great leading religious characters and reformers of all history, such as David and Martin Luther, have not only carried strong souls in strong bodies, but there is, throughout their words, a hearty savour and acceptance of this human life. St. Paul, sensitive and personally ascetic, was not, in spite of his marvellous courage and devotion, a reformer, so to speak. He searched with tender touch for the fine threads of truth which lay in the human heart, whether of heathen or Jew, and bound them gently to the body of Christ. There was no trace of the revolutionist in him. He laboured to spare, to unite, and to build up. No. If we must have reformers, let them be men of large appetite and humour, who strike heartily at the affectations and solemn dangerous nonsense of their age, pulling down with strong gripe the pretty

poisonous creepers which cling about the church, but instinctively avoiding any confusion between wholesome natural feelings and their unlawful or excessive indulgence. Much as may be said for the spiritual influence of an earnest man who is poor, and careless about worldly wants, the church owes no little of her health to the courage and common sense of men who love the truth, enjoy their mutton, and have a balance at their bankers'.

The sources of a priest's income may be set down as tithes, offerings, and extra professional work. Scripture and usage have, in the estimation of the church, given the place of honour to the first of these, even as they are now gathered and paid. There are, however, no regulations which create so much difference of opinion as those which belong to tithes. The revolutions which have been brought about by time, or sudden changes in the mind or government of the people, have so twisted and knotted up the question of their management, that although their administration is regulated by the laws of the land, it is hard to clear one's thoughts about them, and speak on the matter in a lucid way. The power to traffic in church property has given a character little anticipated to the whole bulk of past offerings made by the godly and superstitious for the service of the Lord. It is nothing to the point whether this or that individual protests against traffic in church property. Whatever right he possesses in it may become a matter of money-calculation and purchase. Hence tithes are as much an investment as the funds, and large numbers of people buy and sell in them with no more thought about the interests of the church than fundholders have about the financial morality of the Government. Men who can simply command the market may get possession of the largest shares of that wealth which

was intended to be a protest or set-off against the vulgar goods and commerce of this world. Isaac the Jew has survived the Templar. Ay, and we may see the principle of retribution at work here. Were not many of those broad lands and rich bequests but prices paid for past unrighteousness and future mechanical prayer—mere bribes offered to God, which He has left to the region of human exchange and valuation out of which they rose?

Meanwhile, simple Christians are perplexed at apparent injustice in the distribution of church property. The kennel of the lay rector who pockets the great tithes costs more than the household of the priest who does the work for which they were intended as a payment. The moneyed merchant puts his raw son, or the Jew his customer, into the pulpit whence the curate, rich in grace though poor in purse, has gladdened the souls of the people. And there are many such like offences, great or small.

But there is another side to this matter. Murmurers forget that a man who buys a living really serves the Lord for nought. Deducting what he might earn as a stipendiary curate, the tithes, or equivalent for tithes, which he receives are the market value of the price he has paid. In fact, he is only a priest receiving that which is his own through their hands. His income is the same whether he be faithful or not. He gets nothing for his work, and preaches the grace of God freely. He has no reward for his labour but the answer of a good conscience and the blessing of his flock.

Probably, however, it would be better if the arrangement whereby the mysterious sin of simony is legally evaded were done away with altogether. Let a man be empowered to buy a living when it becomes vacant; then the dreary parenthesis of an "old life" in the religious

history of a parish would be avoided, and priests who had bought a presentation would neither be wearied with waiting for dead men's shoes, nor tempted to strain their consciences by an oath which is kept only by an ecclesiastical interpretation of some ominously plain words.*

With regard to another source of a priest's income—I mean offerings by the living instead of bequests by the dead—it may well be questioned whether those which are made weekly by the worshipper are not preferable to those which are collected quarterly from the renter of a seat. It is true that both are voluntary, but the pew-rents have the flavour of a sale. Moreover, they expose the priest to a threat of desertion in a way which weekly offerings hardly admit. No doubt, in either case, many people give as they are affected towards the priest and like his teaching; but where the offerings are made week by week, the objector has but vague grounds for his threat. The resentment of your "sitter" who hires a ten-guinea pew is, however, a more formidable mischief to a poor priest, and may tempt him to stifle the true word he would have spoken. It is found, too, that in far the most cases weekly offerings produce a better income than pew-rents. The question, however, between pew-rents and offertory is not so much when the money should be paid towards the services of the church, as whether a seat should be permanently appropriated by the same person or family.

The chief supplementary sources of a priest's income are pupils and literature. No doubt it is wrong to take holy orders for the purpose of getting a better introduction to the pupil-market, but it is downright nonsense to blame a man for turning a penny by his scholarship

when he is insufficiently paid from strictly professional sources. Provided that the chief aim and work of his life is to discharge the duties of his profession, it is no more shame for a parish priest to supply his wants by the labour of his brains than by that of his hands. If St. Paul could make tents without loss of character as an apostle, because he wanted money for his necessities, the Rev. Mr. Blank may be pardoned for teaching algebra for the same purpose. Indeed, it may be well that he should have some change besides sheer amusement and rest, from the wearisome monotony of his professional toil.

Literature is a supplementary source of a priest's income which has many recommendations. It is quiet, and may generally be used at odd hours; and if a man has the knack of writing pleasantly and sensibly, he can thus make up for poor pay, with small expenditure of energy and time.

In considering the position of the priest in the world, we cannot omit the great social question of the church—I mean the celibacy of the clergy. Where such large sections of Christendom differ, of course there is much to be said on both sides.

We can without difficulty understand why the Romish priest is forbidden to marry. He is supposed, if I may so speak, to be a sort of angel—as if he underwent a kind of transubstantiation the moment he is ordained. He looks like a mere man, but is not a mere man any longer. He moves in another state of existence than that in which his brother and his father and his friends move. His will regulates the supply of that spiritual food on which their souls live; they must approach God through him or such as he. They stand upon the earth; his standing ground is in heaven.

* Since this was written, this evil has been much diminished.

Whatever the practice, that is the theory, and we can easily see how the whole sentiment of this theory would be dissipated if the priest were to marry. His marriage is essentially inconsistent with the Romish idea of his position and office. Indeed, his place is more strongly marked by forced celibacy than by anything else. It forms a broad line between him and the people, which invests him with mysterious attributes. Many are deeply impressed with the consciousness that a whole order of men is among them quite cut off from, or at least forbidden, that which so strongly influences the lives and prospects of all men and women. Let a priest once be married, and the laity fancy themselves behind the scenes of his life at once. Your paleness this morning, my friend Anglicanus, is caused, not by midnight devotion, but by your baby, which is cutting its teeth, and wouldn't let you sleep. Goodbye to your mysterious influence over the vulgar and religious. Mrs. Anglicanus tells Mrs. Laicus that you always make a point of beginning to wear flannel waistcoats on the 1st of October.

Now, the Roman priest has no such traitor behind the curtain of his stage. He disappears. He may be contemplating a skull; he may not. We cannot tell. It is said that Roman priests know how to enjoy themselves on the sly. Yesterday (I am writing abroad) a preaching monk came to this place, set up an altar in the shade of a house, said mass, and delivered a good sermon to a crowd of Italian navvies who are making a road hard by. The service was very impressive. I looked on respectfully. Not long afterwards I popped round a lone corner a few hundred yards off, and found my monk comfortably smoking a cigar. Well, there was no harm in that; but he whipped

it out of his mouth and stuck it up his sleeve as quick as thought.

To return: if the effect of the celibacy of the priest upon the mind of the people be great, it is still greater upon his own. No doubt there are vile, discontented, and unbelieving men in the Romish priesthood; we will not examine the theory of domestic isolation by them. Take the case of a devoted credulous man. He is full of sentiment and impulse. He believes that he may never know the sense of woman's love, may never marry; that what would have intimately concerned and purified him as a mere man, is pronounced, finally, to be degrading to him as a priest. What wonder then that he finds his mistress in the church, which he serves with fond and vehement affection? To him the church is everything; he loves her, and his love is blind. Even supposing him to be ambitious of place and influence rather than disinterested and devoted, still it is by serving the church that he can best hope to rise in his profession.

But there is a double—nay, a treble—danger in this prohibition of the priest to marry. There is, first, the fear of immorality. I will not dwell on that. It is, they say, grievously justified in some countries. Next, there is danger lest the church should be secularised by being made the instrument of political ambition. This has been the case in the Roman States. If it is unadvisable for a parish priest to be a magistrate, the evil apprehended becomes enormously greater when a bishop is a king. Lastly, there is the far more serious and subtle danger of church influence being made the final object of the priest's desires. A chief branch of his natural affections being turned out of their proper channel, fills another with exaggerated and headlong completeness. His energy must take the form and direction of

church progress or be wasted. The chivalry of love and the sentiment of piety combine to make him worship the spiritual mistress of his affections. He can no more see a fault in her than the knight can in the lady of his choice. Conceive the effect of accumulated adoration such as this from a large body of men. One race after another brings its homage to the same beloved object, and lays fresh tokens of attachment at her feet, until the deacon prostrates himself before an idea which absorbs the whole energy of his desires with unique mystic and irresistible acceptance the moment he commits himself to its service. Let the Romish church once permit the marriage of priests, and in a moment ten thousand rills of devotion, which now swell the stream of her power and progress, will begin to shrink; the haze of mystery which wraps the lonely messenger of God will begin to rise; the common crowd will share the secrets of his retirement; and the priest becomes a man.

There is no doubt whatever that the domestic character of a priesthood tends to prevent any excessive growth of church influence. But, on the other hand, it lifts the affection of godly-minded men above the machinery of grace, however amiable that may be. It compels the church to keep its place in the education of mankind. It makes both priest and people look forward to a higher state, when the life in this body shall have come to an end; for it does not allow the church to mark itself with the characteristics of the resurrection, when, as the Scripture saith, men 'neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.'

Thus the church is plainly seen to be a means, not an end. People look through it to a state in which all ecclesiastical apparatus is left behind. The good priest, naturally yearning for an object of supreme

and undivided devotion, cannot, as in the Church of Rome, find it in the church, but in the Lord Himself, whom alone he desires to serve—in whom alone he desires to be found.

Thus, though some may be merely uxorious and reverend, the sincere and devoted married priest has naturally a higher spiritual aim than the Romanist, who meets an earthly ideal mistress on his road towards heaven, and stops in his journey to kneel at her feet.

I need hardly say that I by no means question the high aspirations of an individual here and there who of his own free will remains single that he may serve the Lord. Nor do I doubt that an occasion may arise, as in the Corinthian Church, needing exceptional treatment. I refer to the compulsory and exclusive regulation which forbids any priest to marry, and which affects to be a development of the Apostle's advice, who, though as a rule he gave a wife to the deacon and the bishop, believed that in some cases and at some times both ministers and people might well remain as they were, neither seeking marriage if single, nor a single state if married.

Shall I now venture to ask what sort of wife is best suited to a priest? A priest, like another man, wants a helpmate—one who can not only visit the poor and teach in the school, but who can help *him*. It is very questionable whether a man is helped by a wife who tugs incessantly at the same parish oar along with himself. It is not well for a wife to know all the details and share all the drudgery of a priest's work. When he comes home tired, and possibly cross, he should find a reserve of welcome, and not a fellow-slave jaded with the same toil as himself. The cream of his rest should be allowed to rise. He should not be incessantly reminded of the work to which he will soon have to return.

So much for the priest's wife. His household will be simple in its ways, and his hospitality good of its kind. He will affect no fine entertainments; but his plates, though of willow pattern, will be hot, his beer sound, and his mutton tender. A strain after display is offensive in anyone, much more in him who is an officer in that body which is bound to search after and set forth the truth.

A word about the priest in society. He will not be too prim. There are clergymen who have a vague notion that they would lower the priestly influence if they spoke to laymen as they speak to one another. This is nonsense; laymen know the 'Sunday voice' well enough, and despise it; nothing of its kind provokes the spirit of silent dislike more than an affectation of pious decorum. Let

the priest be natural: then, whatever indirect influence he has upon society will be wholesome—he will be treated with confidence and respect. The simple fearless conversation of a man of God, who is not hampered with a perpetual dread of saying or doing something which severe professors of religion might think unprofessional, spreads the sweet spirit of righteousness and health wherever he goes. Civilised society cannot be drilled or modelled after the fashion of Pitcairn's Island. A priest must take the world as he finds it; but by being true to his own aim and heart in the intercourse of common life, he often unwittingly sets up a higher, purer action in that of his fellow-creatures than he would by the most anxious effort to set everybody's watch by his own.

H. J.

FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER III.

LISBON, P.M.

AS it may so happen, dear A****, that the Royal Mail steamer satisfies the desires of the Lisbon journalists, and does not fire her parting gun before midnight, I must be permitted another short letter of advice. So shall you not find reason to complain that you have been deserted by a friend in your bitter need—first evening in a stranger land.

If we English, as the old chroniclers say, amuse ourselves sadly, the Portuguese take their pleasure, to judge at least from outward and visible signs of the people, in a far more melancholy and doldrumish way.

Now and then there is a 'Romaria,' or visitation to some church

or chapel at a distance from the city. People pay large sums for carriages, and drive out under a burning yellow sun, through the densest white dust, and down dingy lines of putrid beggars, exposing their disgusting limbs, in order to do as their neighbours do. The approaches to the fête are crowded by groups of gaily-dressed women, whose costumes have not yet been quite spoiled by cotton and civilisation: they delight in showing their gold chains, large enough to hold a bull-dog, chandelier-drop earrings, and crosses of heavy filigree which would act as breastplates. Men from distant parts come armed with loaded guns, or with spiked quarter-staves, which they know how to

handle. Those foreigners who, after a cursory glance at Lisbon—where the cit corresponds to the cockney and the *badaud*—pronounce the Portuguese to be a race pale and diminutive, should see one of these visitations in the more distant provinces. In Beira and Algarve you will find lineal and undegenerated descendants of heroes who conquered their freedom from Moor and Castilian; there is beauty about Coimbra; and the broad-shouldered fathers and deep-chested mothers of Minto would put to shame even the ‘finest pisantry on the face of the airth.’

The ‘Romaria’ is but a country-fair of the olden time. There are booths and shops for eating and drinking, buying and selling; the humble inn is chock full; the square is choked with carts and carriages, and not a little is done in ‘swopping,’ and otherwise shifting possession of quadrupeds and tripeds. Barrels of wine—not beer—are tapped under the shade for the benefit of pic-nickers, and the guitars and voices are louder as they approach the scene of action. The village church, dressed in its richest suit of tawdry tinsel, is full of devotees; there is also usually an attempt at a ‘Calvary.’ This serious style of amusement lasts till darkness, when many will be compelled to walk home. It may end with a little knifing, which represents in Portugal the fisticuffing of England.

On the eve of certain great fêtes there are night-markets in the Praça da Figueira of Lisbon. The stalls sell flower-pots and marjoram, artificial roses, toys, and sweetmeats. All orders mix; there are far more rags than costumes; *en revanche*, they are exceptionally courteous to strangers. Not a few of the ‘common people’ are provided with secret weapons; but they are a good folk, and will not resort to extreme measures without the greatest provocation from the passing foreigner.

The Pasolio Publico is also lit up with a few of its 400 gas-lights; tickets are sold at the entrance; and a band plays whilst beauty and fashion lounge on the stiffest-backed chairs, or eat milk-ices, or savour cold water, and watch the few promenaders. Finally the Gallegos flock down to the Rocio, singing and playing instruments far more Moroccan than Italian, and, crowding the square till none can stir, dance vigorously through the night.

On Tuesdays, except in the case of a festival, there is a frippery fair held in the Campo de Santa Anna, and you should not lose this ‘feast of character and comicalities.’ It is said that valuable books and articles of vertu have been picked up here, but I never yet saw the lucky man. The Portuguese call it *Feira da Ladrão*—Fair of the She-thief; though why the term should be confined to the weaker sex nobody knows. The English dub it Rag Fair, and indeed they seem to have imposed their own names upon most parts of Lisbon and its vicinity. Thus Praça do Commercio becomes ‘Blackhorse Square,’ the Berlengas Islands are ‘The Burlings,’ Caçilhas is ‘Old Lisbon,’ the Corso de Piedade (Piety Corr) is degraded to ‘Jackass’s Bay,’ and Setubal—the ‘Seat of Tubal Cain’—is corrupted to ‘St. Ube’s.’

At Rag Fair you may buy the ghost of ass, mule, or horse—it is the last indignity to the nobler animal—rags, rubbish, and old clothes, from the boor’s breeches to the belle’s blonde, pictures, plaster of Paris statuettes, prints, and books, especially London Bibles—a sixpenny drug in the market (will it be believed that even here English money has been squandered upon missionaries?)—rusty iron-work, birds and cages, broken furniture, crockery, pottery, seals, medals, fruit, shoes, umbrellas, kitchen utensils, boxes, portmanteaus, horse furniture, garden tools—in fact, every

thing vendible. It is a veritable 'chow-chow bazaar,' and not the least funny part is the mingled expression of greed and roguery animating every face, as it asks you six times what it expects, and as obtaining only double, it mourns over not having asked twelve times as much.

Between April and October the opera is shut. During those months, on every Sunday—I do not flatter myself with having any Free Kirk readers—the Spanish '*Compañia de Zarzuela* (buffo-opera) *é Baile*' (and ballet), exhibits at the *Theatro-Circo of Price* (an American), in the *Rue de Salitre*. The performances begin at 8.30 P.M.; the six-seat boxes, which are open as in a hippodrome, cost thirteen shillings, and a place in the pit represents tenpence. Bonnets and caps are universal, yet the Portuguese are too polite to take unpleasant notice of stranger's deviations from established custom, and cigars or pipes are very properly general. The house is hung with white and red streamers, and is well lit considering how bad and how dear the gas is: the voice can hardly, however, make itself heard above the orchestra, and the boxes are too low for good view.

The audience is very cold, except in the well-crowded gallery. The buffa is good but for one fault. Playgoers in London like their 'penny-worth.' Here they would sit through half the night, and before 1 or 2 A.M. they are not contented. They are often late risers, and those who leave bed before noon will sleep between 2 and 4 P.M., the usual dinner hour; hence the opera is painfully long before it abdicates in favour of the gem of the evening—the *bolero*.

Truly the perfection of dancing in this sublunary sphere is the Iberian—by which I mean the Spanish and Portuguese. The glorious offspring of lusty Europe and hot Africa, it breathes—it lives—it

loves! Essentially sensual, it is to all other motion what the highest poetry is to dry prose. In the '*Batuque*' and similar negro performances, we see its germ, but it ever remains in embryo—the naïve indecency of childhood. In France and Germany we behold it in its decrepit age—frittered away to a meaningless grace, or to a conventional form of exercise. Not so the '*Baile*.' It is still a drama of the passions, and of those passions with which every southron is most familiar—not liquor and ambition, but love and jealousy. The alternate coyness and impetuosity of either sex, the frequent advance and retreat, pursuit and escape, the disquietudes and differences, the disputes and disappointments, the relentments and reconciliations, the changes of will, the see-saw between happiness extreme and misery ineffable—to be all the same a few days hence—and the infinite delicate shades of what we unpoetically call 'making-up,' and 'setting one's cap:' these things and more, many more, are all expressed by the click of four castanets, a few wavings of the graceful arms, bendings of the lithe body, and motions of the subtle hips and nimble feet.

After this go and enjoy your rapid style of walk called a quadrille, your romping bourgeois polka, or your shuffling valse *à deux temps*, where the performance is that of two cockchafers pinned together by a naughty schoolboy. Bah! I was not astonished to hear Miss O'Dowd, the Irish lady's-maid, declare her distinct opinion that the *primeira bailarina*, the S^{ra} D. Luisa Medina, was a 'bowld thing.'

Every Sunday afternoon between May and October, Lisbon offers a bull-bait—not a bull-fight. You will hardly recognise the old Moorish sport which arose with the horse-men of the Desert, who thus learned to spear the lion and one another; still, you had better go once.

The circus is situated in the Campo de Santa Anna, up a hill, and in a distant part of the city. Built in 1831, it is remarkable as the only building belonging to D. Miguel's conservative, unprogressive, and most Catholic day; and with so much of ecclesiastical ruin waiting to be utilised, it is curious that Lisbon is satisfied with taking her pleasure in this rickety trap of red-painted board-work.

The upper wall is tawdrily decorated—all painted wooden vases, trophies, and obelisks. The boxes are entered from sundry doors outside the circus, and the galleries from a passage running round them.

The building is hypæthral—open to the sky, like the theatres of Shakespeare and Rare Ben Jonson; consequently the best seats (*lugares de sombra*) are in the west. The central box in the first tier is for royalty—a frequent visitor. The red pen below is the place of the most illustrious the inspector, generally some greybeard grandee, and his party: under it are soldiers in uniform, the bugler, French-horn player (*clarino*), and the weapons of offence. On the west there are two tiers of boxes (*camarotes da prima e da segunda ordem*), furnished with hat-pegs and a narrow bench. Sporting men prefer the gallery (*trincheira*), rising from the ground, as giving the best view, and here bonnets rarely appear. The eastern or sunny side (*lugares de sol*), devoted to the 'groundlings' and the many-headed, has only an upper and a lower gallery, and in the former is a loose box for a brass band composed of about a dozen men. On the north side is a kind of omnibus box (*lugar de cadeira*), a small dress circle, where ladies and gentlemen find chairs. Below it is a balcony of less importance, where the fastest of the lower classes muster strong; and on the ground floor are the cells where the bulls are balled, and whence they issue into the arena. The boxes may ac-

commodate 500, the whole building 4,000 spectators.

The centre of the amphitheatre is sanded and surrounded by gas-lights, which are rarely wanted. It is fenced round with red-painted wooden barriers, five feet high; midway runs the usual broad inner step, to assist those vaulting or scrambling out. This inner ring, as in Spain, is often cleared by active bulls, when great confusion results; but the beasts find themselves in a passage only four feet broad, giving them no 'take off' should they attempt to clear the five-foot outer wall of masonry upon which the spectators are sitting and leaning. Thus they are compelled to run down the passage till they reach the doors, with which it is provided in four places. Two of these are on the eastern side, where bull's-eye wickets show whence the cavalcade will come forth.

Let us now, by means of our tickets and the courtesy of all authorities to strangers, inspect the place where 'emballation' (*a embitacha*) is performed. Under the planked floor of the 'fast' balcony are the bull-cells—brick passages, so narrow that the beasts cannot turn, and too deep for them to jump out. These lanes are divided by vertical trapdoors, which by pulleys can be raised and lowered through slits in the planked floor.

Each beast is driven from cell to cell by long goads (*garrochas*) till it reaches that nearest the arena. A thick shutter is then let down flat upon the furious brute's head, a noose is passed over its horns, and it is kept in position by thick poles thrust from hole to hole in the wall, over its neck and under its throat. Then the shutter is raised and the horns are covered—as cockspurs are hooded—with two leather bags, padded at the top and ringed below to admit running cords. The men standing in the cell walls then neatly adjust and fasten the bags,

preserving their fingers from the beast's lounging and tossing, and avoiding the offensive word 'horns.'* The shutter is again lowered, the poles and noose are withdrawn, and finally two small red and white folding-doors, decorated with black kit-cats of horned beasts, open upon the arena.

The beast trots, never springs, into the arena, where it finds some half-a-dozen old and very tame dun bullocks, with long metal bells, hanging to broad leather belts, buckled round their necks. These are the Spanish 'cabestros,' and their use will presently appear. Each new-comer is greeted, as it stands astonished at the sudden scene of glare and noise, with the 'Psts,' the whistling, and the peculiar cat-calls of the Lisbonian youth, who sometimes, to arouse the brute's pluck, adhibit a squib. A few minutes of this tame enjoyment will suffice us: those who love 'le sport' will stay till all the bulls, after being driven in, are driven back to the sheds.

At 4 P.M. the house begins to fill, especially the western or shady half. Boxes and gallery are filled with a well-dressed mob, but all are utterly without the gaiety or the sparkle of charming Andalusia. There are no men *à la Majo*, no 'feminine preserve,' no 'pippin' or 'cage,' as in the eastern Peninsula. The national toilettes, which look so well, are sadly few: we note only two pretty ladies with fans and mantillas, hair elaborately and artistically dressed, brilliant cheeks, and faces floured like apple-pies. Miss O'Dowd calls them 'characters,'—a Dublinism meaning what it would be hardly fair to explain. The places of distinction are evidently in the dress circle, over the doors whence the bulls issue and retire. The 'toresque fancy' prefer the shady gallery,

either opposite to or by the side of the bull-cells, where they can savour the delicate traits of taumachy; and the sporting low muster strong over what in Spain is called the 'Toril.' A burning sunshine pours through the deep blue sky, and circus servants in bargee nightcaps, flowered jackets of red and yellow calico, and red-striped blue overalls, are laying with common tin watering-pots the light dust of the arena.

The blind band over the eastern door too-toos lustily. The gods, however, of the eastern sunny gallery, decidedly unselect, addicted to umbrellas, and of a distinctly ribald nature, express their impatience by a storm of hisses, murmurs, epigrams, and caterwaulings. Presently the most illustrious the inspector, cigar in mouth, enters his box with a tail of tobacco-loving friends; the bugler takes his place; light green and red-lined nightcaps are placed upon the ruddy barrier of the circus fronting the royal box, and—Open, sesame!

The eastern arena doors yawn wide, and enters D. Diogo Henriques Bittencourt, the cavalier.

The prelude is pretty. The cavalier appears in the riding-dress of the last century—a small low cocked-hat, gold-braided on the right side; a black broad-skirted coat, frilled shirt, white waistcoat, shorts, and long riding-boots—an effective figure, at 7*l.* per diem. His little bay nag is splendid in green and gold trappings; a tall white and green plume nods between its ears; its mane and tail are ribboned, streamered, and cockaded; its saddle has a ridge instead of a pommel, and the stirrups are *sabots*, boxes bright with metal. On each side of the cavalier are stationed the three chief artists, called *capinhas*, from the cloaks (the Spanish *chulos*) wrapped round their waists. The

* The courteous Castilian says '*astas*' for '*cuernos*,' and the Portuguese '*ponto*' for '*corno*,' on account of a certain secondary meaning.

Spaniards on the right wear the Andalusian costumes of the immortal barbers—well-befringed pork-pie hats, covering clean-shaved faces and short clipped hair, with a back-knot (*monho*) in a silk net, or a bunch of ribbons, like a woman's hair-roll, attached to the most diminutive of pig-tails. Supple, well-made, and agile figures, they are clad in tight-fitting and glittering garbs, which must add to their hard work. The 'morenilho' is conspicuously gorgeous in green and gold jacket, with high raised epaulettes, and short hanging tassels of knobbed filigree work; his *collant* shorts are almost hid by the precious metal, a crimson silk sash keeps all tight, his clocked stockings are of pink silk, rosettes of ribbon obscure his pumps, and the cloak (*capa*), with which the bull is not played, is of the gaudiest puce and yellow stuffs. On the left of the cavalier are the Portuguese artists, similarly dressed, but in *argent*, not *or*; Cadete the father is baldish, with English mutton-chop whiskers, and the son is a fat boy, active as a caoutchouc ball—such juvenile Daniel Lamberts often are.* Behind the first line, disposed in two parties of four each, are the 'Fork-men' (*homems de forcado*), so called from their weapon, a stout iron prong fixed in a strong flail-like pole, painted red in the middle and at both ends. They are large, strong men—almost as heavy as the little bulls—habited like Portuguese peasants, in broad-brimmed felts with tufts and tassels, gaudy vests, white shirts with embroidered fronts, brown shorts open at the knees, red garters, hat-bands and sashes eight inches broad, white stockings, and shoes of untanned leather. On each flank of this hoplite-line stands a page (*andarilho*), whose duty it is to pick up the pieces; he rejoices in a maroon velvet jacket, with green

slashed sleeves, knee-breeches, shoes, and white stockings.

The band strikes up, and the rider advances to perform the knightly courtesy (*cortezias de cavalheiro*) in the old style of equitation. He removes his cocked hat, holding it by the peak, and in slow time advances to salute the royal and inspectorial boxes. After backing without turning, he again comes forward, and, by using pressure of the leg, sidles his tight-bitted nag in and out of the foot-performers, making a tour of the circus, and acknowledging all present. This done, he puts on his hat and goes through the same manœuvres of the *manège* in quick time. The pittites, who want fun, clap and bravo him if he lose no time. When too slow, he is warned off with cries of—'Out with you!' (*Fora! Fora!*)

The realities now begin. The light Fork-men exchange their brown felts for the nightcaps placed on the inner barrier, and draw up with grounded weapons inside the circus, opposite the royal box. The Spaniards remove their pork-pies, throw their fine new cloaks to the spectators, who place them under their elbows on the barrier wall, and take old rags in their stead. And still the pittites urge them on with loud cries of 'Out with the bull!' (*Fora o touro!*)

And first, of the operation called 'farpear.' The farpa, or lance, the old Spanish rejon, but not used as a missile, is a reed-like rod about five feet long, with or without ornaments of cut paper, and barbed with an inch blade; it is held underhanded, with the point below and behind the saddle.

The footmen take their places, like fielders at cricket, in a semi-circle opposite the bull-fold. The cavalier, now become a *picardo*, enters on another nag with quiet trappings, and a tremendously

* These men receive 5*l.* per day, and the Fork-men 1*l.*

long and severe bit. One of the footmen hands him a lance. The bugle sounds—an invariable signal. The bull, well goaded by way of encouragement, plunges through the little red and white door opening upon the arena. The horseman pricks across the circus with right shoulder towards the beast, and ‘calls’ it to a rush, without which nothing is done. Taurus shuts eyes and downes head. Nicely judging distance, the cavalier plants the weapon in the enemy’s shoulder, breaking it about half-way. The band strikes up—always the same motion, as becomes the blind. Bull jerks and twitches at the smart, and then, perhaps, charges the horse, which the balls save from being gored. The horseman pricks away, hitting his foe with the broken lance. If the *toro* charge home, its attention is drawn off by the cloakmen whisking about their legs; and a slow shy animal often stops to worry these, like a bear teasing a sailor’s sealskin glove. The nearer the thing, the more applause. There is never, however, the excitement of Seville, where life so often hangs upon a thread; nor is the horse ever hurt. After breaking two or three lances the cavalier retires.

Now there are loud cries of ‘*Apanha!*’ (seize it!), and the Fork-men, leaving their wrappers, prepare literally to ‘take the bull by the horns.’ The large heavy fellows rush upon the little beast, which is borne down by weight of numbers. Some lie across its back, others grasp its shoulders; one flings himself on the head, or sits backwards between the horns, holding on with his elbows; and sometimes a single-handed hero will steer the beast, hanging on by the tail, and dexterously avoiding a shower of kicks. The bull fiercely flings and tosses about his assailants, tramples them in a ruinous heap, and vainly tries to gore. The peo-

ple stand up to ‘Bravo, touro!’ with whistlings, clappings, and stampings of huge delight. The Fork-men always pretend to be severely hurt, and go round cap in hand for *largesse*.

When *Fora! Fora!* shows that the spectators are tired of the ‘seizing,’ the doors of the bull-fold open, and in place of the ‘tiro,’ or mule-team of Spain, the half-dozen belled oxen trot in, with tall guardsmen dressed like brigands, in white shirts and vests, with red sashes, who artistically ply their long sharp weapons, drive the tame cattle round the bull, and then hurry it out of the ring. Some beasts obstinately refuse to go, when they are ignominiously dragged out with ropes. Then, as in Spain, the *Emprensa* or management is abused, with cries of ‘Out with the breeder!’ (*Fora o lavrador!*)*

The alternate operation, the ‘banderhar,’ is done as follows. The banderil is a barbed rod, two feet long, ornamented with cut paper, blue, yellow, pink, green, or orange, leaving a clear space for the grip.

The performer takes one of these weapons in each hand, and holds them out horizontally. The bull charges as the man runs across the circus. The capinha, dexterously avoiding the horns, plants a rod in each shoulder at corresponding distances and of different colours, and presently the beast is festooned with four in each side. A ‘pretty pair’ or good match is saluted by band music and applause. ‘It is not good!’ (*Não está bem*) is the cry after failure, and ‘You look very yellow!’—meaning you’re afraid—salutes the dilatory. If the bull after the usual flinch charges home, the artist vaults over the barricade, and sometimes appears to be lifted over by the bull’s horns. This performance is greatly admired; it looks easy, but it must require an eagle’s eye, a wild goat’s foot, a

* Properly a ‘husbandman.’

nerve of iron, and lifelong practice.

Then follows the Spanish *suerte de capa*, or cloak play, which the stranger will admire the most. The performers, graceful and fearless, stand before the bull, whisk about the gaudy rag, and step lightly out of the way till the bull foams and whines with impotent rage; or they trail the cape on the ground, or, putting it on, they turn back to the animal, or they wind it round the horns, or they pluck it from the head, or they draw forth a barb, or they restore a rod to its place, till *Touro capers* and dances in its wrath. Sometimes the *capinha* advances towards the royal box, and swears to do something marvellous, such as kneeling before the baited fury, and by some mesmeric power forcing it to retreat, staring wildly and pawing the ground. The spectators, wild with delight, toss into the ring their hats, which are duly returned; often bundles of cigars, and sometimes money, form the solid pudding.

This part of the show concludes like the other with the oxen. Thus thirteen or fourteen runs (*corridos*) are performed, and at about 7 P.M. the cavalier repeats his initial courtesies, when the crowd wends its way home.

As has been seen, monotony is the order of the day. The *aficianado* (*fancy*) accustomed to Spanish *toros de muerte* (bulls of death) yawns at this child's-play with *embolados* (balled beasts). Since the days of D. Maria I., animals have never been attacked with mortal weapons. Even the fantastically-dressed negroes, or pasteboard horses (*cavalinhos de pasta*) formerly hired to

provoke the bull, and to be maimed or not, as the case might be, are now obsolete.

The guide-book informs us that the traveller, before seeing a bull-bait, must 'subdue all the finer feelings of humanity which, if attended to, would keep him away from the cruel and revolting spectacle.' You will agree with me, perhaps, dear A****, that to hunt a fox or hare to death is not less barbarous, while it is not more manly than a Portuguese bull-bait. And what will you say of our Anglo-German battues?

Yours,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTER IV.

CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.*

'Cet archipel, susceptible de toutes les cultures d'Amérique, suffit à peine à la subsistance d'un petit nombre d'habitans presque tous noirs; . . . Là, comme sur les plages voisines de l'Afrique où les Portugais se sont disséminés, ils ont presque tous perdu le caractère de leur origine.'

* * * *

The Royal Mail steamer that reaches Lisbon with Anglo-Scandinavian punctuality will be announced by the waiter before breakfast on the 13th, and you will leave, dear A****, between 3 and 4 P.M. on the same day. You purpose to quit the Elysian city with some satisfaction; it is the slowest capital in Europe, and you know nothing slower.

Our passports have been sent on board. We embark at the Caes do Sodré in the usual high wind; and before we are rid of Portugal,† we must pass the Alfandega boat,

* The Portuguese called these islands *Ilhas de Cabo Verde*, either because they lie off that cape or on account of the Sargasso Sea that washes them. The Dutch know them as the Salt Islands. Our official name is the Cape de Verdes—a corruption.

† This is not intended to be in what M. J. C. Chelnischi calls 'Aquelle estilo mordaz que geralmente se repara nos relações estrangeiras, principalmente dos viajantes Inglezes.'

a harmless institution, which contents itself with hailing us. The deck of the *Oneida*, Captain Woolcott, is crowded with strangers, most of them *endimanchés*, for (being June 13) this is the feast of St. Antonio of Lisbon, *alias* of Padua, patron of pigs, of drunkards, of amorists—in fact, of all muscular Christians long before muscular Christianity was hatched; the English sailor sings of him,

Blow, good Saint Antonio, blow!

Most ships in harbour were dressed, and a full-sized flag hoisted at the town of Almada, across the Tagus River, summons the Lisbonites to another mild display of tauromachy. Before our foreigners take leave of their friends there will be hugging and kissing, weeping and wailing, which excite much sneering in the young English officers and sheep-breeders. Hairy fellows will buss beards, and cling to, and stand from, and stare fondly at each other, and the eyes and noses of the softer sex will soon assume a fiery hue—volcanoes in eternal snow, to speak with reverence due.

At length the second bell raises its warning voice, and the screw begins to work. We cast a final look at Ulyssippo, with S. Engracia lying disgraced, to the east, with 'S. Vincent of the outside,' huge, towering above it, and at the head of the quoin, the Citadel of S. George. As we glide down stream, once more opens up the fair blue distance of N. S. do Monte, and blue hills fringed with trees, bounded east and west by the Castle and the Carmo. For the last time, we admire the fretted towers of the *Estrella*, and the broad sheet of green lying below it. At the Belem Fort—it sounds better than our Bedlam—we halt to deliver our permit, a

kind of port-clearance: the city now dies off into country, and the river is presently absorbed into the ocean. Adieu, 'waters of Tejo, gentle stream,'

Não se (ah, doces agoas!), não se quando
Vos tornaei a ver.*

It is often cool and grey at sea, whilst Lisbon is yellow-white with heat direct and reflected; rarely, too, at this season can the peaks of Cintra be seen for cloud. As night drops, we steam along the bold bluff promontory of Penichel, the first land-fall of homeward-bound mails.

On Friday, 16th, the third day after leaving Lisbon, we sight Tenerife, and about noon, we are abreast of its capital, Sta. Cruz. The tinting is admirable. The water is of a lively transparent hue, in alternate washings of dark blue and light blue, flecked and foamed over by the gambols of the infant trade wind. The sky is chequered with little fleecy clouds that shadow like crow's wings the island's tawny ground; the valleys and re-entering points are of an airy purple, whilst the ridges and the salients stand out in azure overlying red and gold, and a gauze of blue air rises from out the waters, and hangs in transparent folds about the hill feet and the cliffs' base.

At Anaga Point the wall of rock rises with jagged teeth like those of magnified scoriæ. Everything culminates in the world-famed Peak, which rises majestic above the world of mist; the threefold arrangement of its stages is very conspicuous, and the top is yellow-grey, with ashes here and there, streaked with white marl, which all on board—without ever having heard of the obsolete Mr. Cooley—believe to be snow. From a dis-

* A lovely sonnet of Camoens, addressed to his favourite river, and rendered by Southey—

'I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.'

tance of nearly a dozen miles, Sta. Cruz shows nothing but its two dark towers. Of course, Tenerife being visible, Grand Canary, the other staple of a gate far more majestic than that 'under the Pleiades,'* hides itself behind sulky clouds. Before evening closes, we run by lumpy Gomera and the long banks of Palma and Hierro, whose heads are wreathed with mists whilst a brilliant crimson sky burns behind them.

I would have seized, with pleasure, the opportunity of landing at Sta. Cruz, and of shaking the hand my kind and hospitable friend Mr. Grattan. But it was not to be. The proud islanders look upon leave to enter their ports as a favour granted, not received. They established all manner of vexatious quarantine regulations—even if the English papers mentioned small-pox, they looked upon every English ship as infected—and they took the opportunity to charge so exorbitantly, that the Royal Mail Company perforce wished them good-bye.†

Light and heat increase as we advance. On a former voyage, from the Equator direct towards the North Pole, my attention was forcibly called to the aspect of the source of light and heat. At first the sun appeared to be of the material called by the ballad-mongers 'red red gold,' and burned the eye that would fix it. Then it became pale gold, like that of the English jeweller, but still it contained a flame. Presently it was brass-coloured, then it assumed a silvery tint, till near England it degenerated to German silver, and forcibly reminded me of the old Tuscan dame's simple question, whether Phœbus

in our Northern Land was not something like *una luna piena in Italia*?

We now feel the reverse, and exchange the temperate for the tropical. The coarser sex does not consume, perhaps, so much of the earth: on the other hand, the potable is at a premium. Every day developes laziness; walking the quarter gradually ceases, early rising is not appreciated, and presently, as we near the line, a siesta before dinner will present peculiar attractions. The softer half of humanity expands under the genial temperature, and displays a something more of muliebrity, as the 'autocrat' has it, with much less of femininity. And as sexes speak, so nationalities declare themselves. M. Pierrot cocks his hat with a fiercer gesture, muttering more terrible things concerning *ces Anglais*. Herr Schmidt is seized with the mania attributed to the Departing Swan. At night, especially when the moon is high, he hangs over the ship's side, and howls the last waltz and song and opera with the voice of a lunatic jackal. After which he applies himself sedulously to the 'blanche-meess,' and whispers dulcetly that he 'loafs' her.

Shortly after leaving the Fortunate Islands, we catch the north-east trade, the tyrant of these seas. As it comes on like a lamb, so farther south we shall find it raging like a lion. The loose, fleecy, mist-clouds, all bulging and bending one and the same way, the clear blue sky above, and the rosy hue of the obscured horizon, show that it is no 'bogus'-wind. About noon, June 19th, we should have sighted St. Antão,‡ if not St. Vincent,

* The Arab's poetical name for the Red Sea—Bab-el-Mandab.

† The ignorant authorities of the Philippine Islands lost by similar mismanagement the benefits of the French Messageries Impériales.

‡ Every English chart and map, pilot, and directory, persists in dubbing this island S. Antonio. It was called after S. Antão, who, when Constantine gave peace to the Church, founded monastic life. His visit to Paul, the first hermit, who had fled to the wilds from the persecution of Decius, is a well-known tale of dirt and sanctity.

but near the Archipelago the air is thick and heavy, as in the Solent. Under the influence of the monsoon we cut off nearly half our steam, and yet easily make our contract time of nine knots per hour; the only disadvantage being that we roll heavily, and the port-holes cannot be opened. In six days we have covered the distance of 1,560 nautical miles, and we reach the half-way house between the old and the new worlds.

Mysterious in the haze rose on our starboard bow the blue wall of St. Antão, some 6,000 feet high, and bending easterly and westerly.

In this weather it is a misty silhouette; with clearer skies, the surface is found warted over with ant-hills — parasitic craters. A shroud of brown-grey clouds almost always encircles its awful bald head, and, dimly seen, the giant might have been far Ben Lomond. All appears barren, but all is not so: the false look of sterility worn by this archipelago won for it, according to some geographers, the unflattering epithet of Gorgones' Isles.* In the gorges and valleys of S. Antão there are happy and fertile lands; agriculture is the favourite industry, and it supported in 1862 a population of nearly 18,000 souls. The mysterious dragon-tree (*Dracæna Draco*) once covered the hills. Its slave population has a tradition that it was manumitted by D. Maria I. on the following occasion:—Confiscated by the Crown as the property of the felon house of Aveiro, whose hatred of the great Pombal aimed at destroying him, through the Sovereign, it remained in the deepest slavery. One of its sons, a black, named Gamboa, fled to Lisbon, and becoming cook in the family of a *fidalgó*, complained sadly of things at home. The gentleman reported the complaint to the Queen, who, horror-struck by the recital, ordered every

Crown serf to be set free. 'Gamboa,' as might be guessed, found 'virtue its own reward,' returned to S. Antão, and died there destitute. In 1711, when the flower of the French admirals, Du Guai Trouin, was going to attack Rio de Janeiro, he landed at the N.E. point of S. Antão, intending to make a mouthful of the Portuguese. The tradition is that he seized one of the inhabitants, who was suspected by his compatriots of doubtful loyalty. The islanders cut off the road, and by rolling rocks and throwing stones, kept the French at bay. At length a marine fixed his bayonet to his fusil in the form of the cross, when the priests, seeing that the assailants were Christians (that is to say, *not* Protestants), put an end to the fray, and the Frenchman went his way, leaving a hundred dead on the ignoble field. There were many prisoners, whose lives were spared, and who lived, propagated, and died on the island: their descendants are still shown. What Tenerife was to Nelson, that S. Antão was to Du Guai Trouin; but there is no excuse for the former, an Englishman.

Those who have visited S. Antão compare its scenery with Switzerland; and there are *casse-cou* paths enough for any Alpine clubber, however suicidal. Of late years it is not quite so easy to break one's neck; unfortunately, the paths have been made crooked, and vulgar parapets defend the precipices.

Steaming before a *brise carabinée*, we run down a channel seven to nine miles broad, and of most capricious tides; it separates the comparatively low-lying S. Vincent from its tall grim neighbour. We rounded the northern side of the former isle as it lay right ahead, and noticed Ponta Columna, the Column Point, which the maps have so named, after a detached mass of basalt seen clearly from the south: the natives

* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vi. p. 31.

know it as *Ninho de Guincho*—Osprey's Nest.* The bay and point behind it are *Bahia* and *Ponta di João Debora*, in our maps 'Hagan's Look Out.' There is *Matteota Bay*, which deserves to be called *Washer-woman's Bay*; there is a well there, and a white-washed guard-house against smugglers, which serves for more than guarding. Here on the left-hand rises *Fort Point*, upon whose summit stands a white redoubt built in 1852; its four old guns are pointed at the town. On the right is the *Ilheo de Passaros* (Bird Island); in this aspect a pyramidal rock detached by some convulsion from *Fort Point*. Travellers have some silly tale about the event, a belief that it is a bit of surplus stuff thrown away by the Creator when the world was made. Some version of this story is found at all desolate places, from the 'Kachee Hills' in *Belochistan* to *S. Vincent*: they are evidently all fabrications of the stranger, whose eye is struck by the desolation, not by the natives, who are accustomed to it.

We now enter the magnificent *Porto Grande*, or *Porto de Mindello*. From the outer eastern to the outer western apex, the breadth is nearly two miles, and the distance between that chord and the arc is one mile. The holding ground is excellent; the outer line offers 23 to 25 fathoms, the inner line, from *Fort Point* to the south-west, has 14 fathoms, and it gradually shallows to 5—7. From above the waters appear indigo-blue, streaked with ultramarine or lively green. The former have a bottom of dark gravel, not unminged with coal; the latter are coral and yellow sand.† The bottom is clear at three fathoms. The island

is its port's protection from the north-east, or prevalent winds, whilst *S. Antão* landlocks it on the west. It can accommodate some 300 sail, and already it boasts of three lines of steamers, the English-Brazilian, the French-Brazilian, and the Portuguese-African, to say nothing of the two Liverpool companies, whose ships generally touch here. Spacious, safe in all seasons and weathers, easy of access, and so placed that it is in the highway of steamers navigating to the south of the line, this splendid port is *S. Vincent's* fortune, and long will be so. Already in 1850, the Military Commandant *Pussich* (brother to *D. Anna Pussich*, of poetic fame) proposed to constitute *S. Vincent* the capital island,‡ instead of *S. Thiago*, which is as pestilential as *Calcutta*. And if the home authorities could be persuaded to make *Porto Grande* a free port, as *Amaral* made *Macao*, and to station at it a gun-boat for regular communication, there would be hopes for this neglected archipelago.

Porto Grande is apparently an ancient crater, which corresponds to that existing on the east of the isle, and to the midway gap in the central spine of *S. Antão*. The sea-cliffs to the north and south of it show ascending strata as though once rising to a dome which has been blown off by expanding gases; the cliffs, like *Fort Point*, which approach the bay, are old grey tufas and lavas, from afar resembling trap, mere cinders and burned-out scorise, compacted and secured by a network of basaltic dykes. Inland appears a broken semicircle of bluff cliffs, which formed the old crater ring: of these the most remarkable

* *Guincho*, in the islands, is applied to a small rapacious bird (a *milvus*?).

† At *S. Vincent*, a needle-deflecting black sand, full of iron, which the magnet disposes into radiating lines, and the microscope shows like lumps of coal, overlies the yellow siliceous sand. The former may become valuable as that of *Taranaki*.

‡ *Novo Mindello* is a *cidade* (city), and, by a decree of June 1838, was made theoretically the capital.

are the Monte Verd, the Tope de Caixa (in books Tope Galan), and S. Martini, whilst Bird Island would be a fragment of the northern crater brim.* The soil is reddish, as if of oxidised earth, and is everywhere diversified, as in all very old formations, by lumpy hills of ferruginous tint, with torrent-beds between. The first glance irresistibly suggests Muscat, Aden, and other maritime places situated in extinct craters; here, however, the floor is more *accidenté*, and though really more extensive appears smaller.

Nothing can be less inviting than the prospect. The only shade over the yellow land is that of fleeting clouds; the only green is in two scattered lines on each side of Monte del Rey, a dumpy hill at the bottom of the bay, so called because here stood the old fort, and the verdure is stunted *tarrafe*, tamarisk (*Tamarix Gallica*), the only fuel in the island. Near it a thin bed of limestone, worked for use, crops out horizontally a dozen feet above sea level, and at Fort Point rises some 40 feet; it is of dark grey colour, much burned, but still serviceable for building. A *brisa parva*, or brown trade, hanging on every higher hill, invests the cliff top with an ever-changing cloud, and robs it of distance. Rajadas, or fierce 'willy whaws,' puff and roar, whirling jets of yellow smoke and filling the air with sand, as in the Arabian coal-hole. At the bottom of the bay, where rises the tomb of Mrs. Cole, an officer's wife—

We see the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky,

as if a Shiwal were charging down
the flank of Jebel Shansham in

Aden Endæmon. These untired winds blow the vegetation—even the physic-nut shrub—to pieces, unless it is protected by walls. It is only fair to confess, however, that we now see the place when all is barren. Presently the rainy season will begin, and last from mid July to mid October. Then all will start up in a coat of green, like the Arabian desert of which this island is an offshoot, and the growth of vegetation will be as bright and rapid as in a Russian summer. But the moment these short uncertain rains shed their last drop, the sun will reassert his power, and again make all things dry and desolate.

Novo Mindello,† the town, lies on the east of the harbour, upon the uneven site of the old crater. It consists of about 200 houses, substantially built of stone and mortar, tiled, and painted red, white, and plum: a bald and ugly look is given by the utter want of trees. The distinguishing feature of the place is distinctly coal. From the middle of the town project three coal-black wooden jetties, with steam-worked cranes; and behind these are hillocks of patent fuel and black diamond. In West Indian St. Thomas and other places coal is supposed to injure the climate; here, however, the raging gusts would disperse all noxious vapours. On the other hand, the climate certainly injures the unprotected coal, as we shall find in the next steamer. The shipping in the harbour, besides three unimportant little schooners, must, we see, be all connected with coal; a coal-laden barque, three brigs ditto, two steam-tugs, and a variety of iron and wooden coal-lighters.

Landing at one of the jetties, we

* A similar crater is found in the island of Ternate, divided only by a lava dyke from the channel of Tidor. The Portuguese tried to make it communicate with the sea, but the people refused to cut the dyke, declaring that the stones ran blood.

† The name is unknown to our directories. Dr. M'William (*Medical History of the Niger Expedition*; London, Churchill, 1843) calls it Nova Mendillo.

walk through the loosest of sand to the chief building, a white custom-house, with grated windows; it is under the charge of a courteous and well-informed islander, M. Antonio Ignacio Nofre. On the right, about the middle of the town, is a sandy void called the *Praça di D. Luis*, and, 'barring' the want of green, it suggests Fernand Po. It has been planted with cocoas, of which three survive and may drag on their miserable existence to the next rains. A *casa de pasto* (eating-house), a variety of grog shops, and two signboards ascribed—

BILHAR BEBIDOS,

and young negro Mercuries in knots, show what next to coals are the principal industries of S. Vincent. On the right of the square are the municipal chambers—unfinished. In front of it are officers' quarters—begun. To the left are barracks—not in progress. These '*Obras de Santa Engracia*'* were designed and partly erected in 1858 by the energetic commandant, Mons. Sebastião Lopez de Calheiros e Menezes. He would have finished them had he remained three months longer, but unfortunately he was wanted at S. Paul de Loando, in Angola. There he was soon in difficulties with Mr. Gabriel, of philanthropic and irascible memory, because he sent the lazy negroes who loafed about the place to do useful work in the coffee grounds of S. Thomé and Prince's Islands. But such exceptional men often do more harm than good; their presence starts all manner of improvements, which, when they depart, fall to pieces, leaving nothing behind but the trouble and the expense.

Near the square are the quarters of the military commandant, M.

José de Corsino Peres, a major in the Portuguese artillery, who, with the mayor or chief civil authority and a council, governs the settlement. Near it, two upper windows show the *Hôtel de France*, kept by Mme. Burnay, the Portuguese widow of a Belgian. There is an unpretending whitewashed church, with a pretending black priest, who tells his pretty *clientèle* that though an ecclesiastic in the holy building, he is a man of India outside. Lopez de Lima is still right, '*O clero Africano em geral faz vergonha*'—priests should be brought up in Europe. There is only one parish in the Isle of S. Vincent, *Nossa Senhora da Luz*. On the eastern skirts of the town is a kind of *châlet*, with a red roof, as if painted with pigs' blood: one is puzzled by it till told that the builder and owner, who has been a quarter of a century in Africa, hails from Switzerland. Behind the principal houses lie sheds, like the Somali quarter of Aden; as if the furious wind, the fiery sun, and the dirty dust were not sufficient reminders. On the south of the town is the cemetery—well filled. The British Consular-office, with its tall flag-staff, is on a rise to the north of the settlement, and under the 'Fort Hill.'

The lords of the isle are Messrs. Visger and Miller, a Bristol house, which has made S. Vincent what it is. Mr. Thomas Miller first visited this archipelago in 1837, and after a long residence at S. Nicolau, settled in our island. He found a wretched village of about 50 rude huts,† which he has turned into 200 stone houses. There were, in 1840, some 590; now there are 1,600 souls, including 40 Englishmen, clerks and artificers, whose red skins and ginger whiskers would tell their origin

* The Lisbon phrase for all large works begun and left unfinished. '*Works of Saint Engracia*,' from the ambitious but never-to-be-ended rotunda of that name.

† In 1822, Captain Owen numbers only one miserable Portuguese and 100 negroes, mostly free.

even in Central Africa. The people then 'dragged out a miserable existence' collecting salt, the evaporation of spray, from the rocks, burning shells for lime, herding ragged goats, weaving a little cotton, or gathering on the barren isle of Saint Luzia orchilla for the Lisbon market. Now almost all are in the employ of a wealthy English house. The island is visited by 227 ships in the year, and imports 31,837*l.*, out of a total of 62,000*l.* imported by all the archipelago per annum. The people—and no wonder!—call Mr. Miller 'Pateado,' one of their superstitions, meaning a man who can do anything he pleases. In 1855, this enterprising Englishman was appointed H. B. M.'s Consul, Cape Verde Islands. For his gallant services during four campaigns—the terrible hurricane of September 2nd and 3rd, 1850; the pestilential fever of 1851–52; the famine of 1855; and the cholera, which in 1856 carried off 726 out of 1,200 souls—he received from the Portuguese Crown the Order of the Tower and the Sword. Our authorities, very properly, do not allow him to wear it, because it was not won by the sword!

When the steamer anchors, the Delegado de Sande, M. Jacques Nicholas de Salis, visits and ascertains its sanitary state. When all is pronounced safe, the blacks board with noise and importunity. They sell to muffs, for treble their value, lace and artificial flowers, the refuse of Madeira, and grass mats bought from the Angola steamers, whilst others dive for sixpences, exactly like the Simali and 'seedy' boys off Aden.

The steamer posts up, 'This ship will sail to-morrow at 8 o'clock,' but this means 4 P. M. We have ample time to land and ex-

amine the island, which can be seen in six hours. It is not wholly barren: Dr. Vogel found here some twenty-five or thirty species of plants. The best way to see the place is to walk or ride out to Areia Branca ('White Sands'), Mr. Miller's country-house, so called from a patch of yellow drift on the left of the road. This will show the wonderfully skinned and skeletoned state of the island.

You pass up a third valley, a kind of *cul de sac*, which anastomoses with the lowlands that cross the isle from north-east to south-west. Water sinks in it, as we are told by the rare *tarrafes* (tamarisks) in the *fumara* bed, and there are proofs that Artesian wells would succeed. After a stiff hill we reach the country-house, distant 2.50 miles from the town, and about 800 feet above the sea level. The air is pure and the beds are cold. Again the eye dwells with wonder upon the savage nudity of nature—the grisly scene of stone and sand; with the exception of a rare physiconut leaf, there is not an inch of green. The best thing we can do is at once to go inside—of this move we are sure not to repent.

Beyond Areia Branca a goat's path leads to Monte Verde. The greater part of the way must, however, be walked; and there being almost always a cloud on the top, the traveller will pay dear for seeing a few yards of grass and euphorbia. Dr. Stanger, of the Niger expedition, fixed its height at 2,465 feet: this recommends it to the surveyor, and advises others to avoid it.

I can hardly flatter myself, A****, that I have made this letter interesting, and hope for better luck as the phrase is, next time.

Yours,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE CHOLERA IN MALTA.

THE following notes were made during the prevalence of cholera in Malta in the year 1837. As the writer had never before witnessed the effect of panic on the physical and moral condition of any population, perhaps the representation contained in these pages may leave an impression more unfavourable to the Maltese than a comparison with what has occurred in other countries would justify. Let it be remembered that in almost every country where cholera has prevailed, the degrading and brutalising effect of fear has been deplorably evident, and that, in many, ignorance and terror have led to the most horrible atrocities. In Malta there were no acts of cruelty or violence.

S. A.

Malta : 1837.

It was on the evening of Wednesday, the 14th of June, that I first heard any talk about cholera. We had removed from Valetta to a country-house at Sliema, on account of the heat, and I had sent to everybody I knew to say that I should be at home every Wednesday evening during the summer.

The first visitors who came were three Maltese merchants and the Barone ———. They began with one accord to blame the Government for having annexed to the bills of health granted to the French steamer which had just sailed, a note stating that two persons in the Ospizio had been attacked with a disease strongly resembling cholera. They said the evil to the island would be incalculable; that it was a precipitate and unnecessary act; and that in such a case Government had the power of detaining vessels for

two days, till the nature of the disease should be pronounced. Soon after, our friend Dr. Sciortino* came, and he seemed to share their opinion. The alarm *then* was for the trade of the island.

The Ospizio is a building in the suburb of Floriana, in which above 700 aged persons were lodged and maintained. Near it is the Casa d'Industria, in which there were upwards of 300 girls, supported and educated at the public expense. The barracks of the 92nd Highlanders were also very near. The Ospizio itself stands close under a bastion.

In a very few days the old people in the Ospizio began to die in great numbers. And now all sorts of conjectures and theories as to the cause began to be current, and all sorts of censures thrown upon the Government for whatever it did, or did not do. First, the bread was bad—the food generally bad; a *cisterna* which had been closed for years had been opened, and soup made with the water;—copper had been found in this well; there was a burying-ground behind the Ospizio;—this had produced the infection.

The first cases occurred on the 9th. On the 13th, twenty having died, the Government removed the old people to Fort Ricasoli—a fort at the entrance of the Great Harbour. On the 20th of June, the Governor issued a minute stating the existence of the disease in the island, appointing a mixed committee of Maltese and English, and giving a return of the cases, deaths, and recoveries which had occurred between the 9th and 19th. The deaths amounted to two hundred—all, with two or three exceptions, in

* Dr. Paolo Sciortino, an eminent advocate, and a man of the highest moral and intellectual qualities.

the Ospizio and Fort Ricasoli. The recoveries amounted to eight. With regard to the removal of the old people from the Ospizio, it was said that the Governor sent for Mr. Lawson, and told him to have everything prepared for the next day—rooms aired, beds ready, &c. In the morning Mr. Lawson was ready. The old people were brought over in boats, landed in a sun '*per ammazzare un cavallo*,' and, to Mr. L.'s great surprise, they had to crawl up, carrying their own little baggage. Some fell down by the way;—nobody to help. Mr. Lawson made the boatmen give some assistance, and got the poor people housed, and some of them into bed, with great difficulty. The next discovery was, that they had not broken their fast. Before any arrangements could be made for feeding them, came another detachment, dying of heat, fatigue, and hunger. It was past two before they had anything to eat. Nobody could be got to attend upon them. For four days no physician would enter the rooms. One of the patients told our English physician that he was the first person who had felt his pulse; indeed, that from the time they had arrived there not a pulse had been felt. Dr. — and Dr. — stood at the doors, and ordered the medicine and the *viatico*. It was impossible to procure attendants at any price. The *forzati*, some of them under sentence of ten or twenty years' imprisonment, were offered free pardon if they would nurse the sick. They refused. The female convicts, who, on account of want of room in the prison, were lodged in a part of the Ospizio, had been removed to Fort Ricasoli with the old people, and were, I believe, in attendance upon them. Some of the *forzati* were at length induced to go. As there was no one there who could or would control them, the scene which ensued was one of the most loath-

some and horrible that can be conceived.

The first thing the *forzati* did was to offer brutal violence to the women, and to eat and drink the food and wine provided for the old people, till they lay about, gorged and drunk, while the old people lay dying of inanition, thirst, and disease. Dr. S., the physician above mentioned, picked an old woman off the floor, dying of thirst, and gave her water and put her on a bed. He also found a child of two years old in the same state. Hearing of these disorders, the Governor ordered Mr. S. to go with a body of policemen to keep the *forzati* in order. Mr. S. had just been appointed to a situation in the police worth 100*l.* a-year. He refused to go until he had consulted his uncle. He was told there was no time for hesitation; he must go, or be deprived of his situation. He refused to go. Those only who are acquainted with the poverty of Malta, and with the fierce competition for places far inferior to this, can estimate the panic which could induce a man to give up such a post. Of the obligation to fulfil the duties of that post, it was idle to talk. Captain Maxwell, the head of the police (in the absence of Mr. Godfrey), then ordered a sergeant of police to take ten men and go. He ordered them to take no other arms than sticks or bludgeons. When they reached the fort they would not enter. They sent to ask for arms, alleging that the *forzati* were in a state of mutiny. Captain Galland, another superior officer of police, then went; walked in, alone and unarmed, and encountered no resistance.

The panic had now become general throughout the town. When the plague raged in Malta, no advice, entreaties, or commands of the Government could keep the people from the communication and contact which is certain to spread that

disease. Now that they were told cholera was *not* contagious, nothing could induce them to go near those who had it; even those among the higher classes who said they believed the Government, were continually betraying in their acts a contrary persuasion. Four physicians were particularly mentioned as having done everything in their power to increase the alarm. With an ignorant presumption (never having seen the disease) only equalled by their abject cowardice, they confidently affirmed that it was contagious, and would not suffer anybody to touch them, or even to touch any object they were to receive. I heard of one who took in letters with a pair of tongs or pincers. A patient of his told me that she sent for him to attend her daughter, who was suffering intense pain in the eye, and after two excuses, Dr. —'s maid called out of the window that her master would not come to anyone, nor let anyone go near him. Another doctor seems to have turned his fears to better account. I was told that during these first days of panic he made 200 scudi by selling little packets of some specific against cholera; he pushing them across the counter or table with a stick, and making the people throw their money into vinegar. What is very certain is, that these physicians would do nothing for anybody.

On the 20th I rode into Valetta. I called at two Maltese houses, and found everybody in a state of the greatest terror. One gentleman told me he thought it was not cholera, because he observed the birds flew about as usual, and that it was said that the birds always died in the *aria impestata*. He showed great anxiety to know my opinion on this matter. I told him I feared he was mistaken. They were all astonished at my venturing into Valetta, and said it gave them courage. What struck me was,

that when I made light of the danger, and said one must have a good heart and not think about it, they invariably said: 'Pensate dunque che non c'è niente?' or, 'You don't think it is cholera?' or, 'You think there is no danger?' &c. 'Oh,' said I, 'I never meant to affirm anything like that.' This seemed to astonish them.

On the 21st, our messenger, Salvo, came from the city in the morning, saying that the people were all mad—that the shops were nearly all shut—in the few that were open, the people would not touch the money, but had it thrown into vinegar—and that everybody was leaving the town. The road to Città Vecchia and Gozo was filled with calesses and carts loaded with families and furniture. The Bishop and many of the nobles headed the flight. On the other hand, Count Baldassare Sant, Baron Azopardi, Baron Gauci, Sig. Gauci Azopardi, and their families, and a few others remained in the town. One of the chief alarmists fled, as we were told, with his wife, to his house at Casal —. Here, a house near his was taken by the Government as a cholera hospital, upon which he again took flight, and shut himself up in a country-house of his, near another casal. He caused himself to be regularly barricaded, and would suffer no one to enter. The provisions were put down in the court, and left for a time, when a servant took them in. On one occasion the Governor sent a letter, which the Count refused to receive. It was then opened, fixed on a long pole, and held up to him to read at an open window. Having read it, he ordered it to be taken down and burned.

And if under the influence of terror, people of the higher classes abandoned the poor and their dependents without a thought of what was to become of them; still worse for the working classes was the desertion of men in every branch of trade, who

turned off all their hands, and either went away or shut themselves up.

To proceed chronologically. On the 21st the Governor published a minute, animadverting in the strongest terms on the conduct of the persons (especially the medical men) who had industriously circulated the opinion 'that the epidemic was of a contagious nature;' and threatening any who persevered in such conduct with 'disqualification for public situations.' At the same time we heard that one of the offenders was turned out of his chair at the university.

No doubt this indignation was perfectly well founded,—this punishment merited. Still it is fair to recollect three things—

1. The removal of the old people in a body to Fort Ricasoli, where they were kept in a state of seclusion. If any local disadvantages in the Ospizio rendered a removal expedient, why not send them to their respective friends, with a small allowance? This was afterwards done, when it was too late to correct the first impression.

2. The sending some Sicilian vessels, with cholera on board, to perform quarantine in St. Paul's Bay.

3. A Turkish corvette came in from Tunis on the 18th; crew all well, as the captain affirmed. On the 17th cholera broke out on board; three men died. In this state they were not allowed to complete their quarantine in the harbour, but were sent to sea, with eighteen sick on board, and only a Maltese boy-assistant-surgeon, who sat crying with terror.

The natural inference from so harsh and unusual a proceeding was, that the Government was, in fact, persuaded of the contagiousness of cholera, and that its declarations to the contrary were intended to throw the people off their guard. This inference, accordingly, was generally drawn, and the fact was constantly cited as a proof that the

Government was deceiving the people.

Others, unable to reconcile the professions of the Government with its acts, hit upon another hypothesis. It was confidently affirmed that the Turk had plague, not cholera, on board, and that a Maltese packer belonging to the quarantine office dropt down dead on opening a bale of goods. Even persons of education whispered about that the disease in the Ospizio was the plague.

On the evening of the 21st the alarm was become so general that nobody would venture into society. In a party of forty or fifty at Sliema there was only one Maltese lady.

On the 22nd, the Governor published a minute, to which was annexed the report of the committee, recommending the establishment of hospitals in the casals, giving certain sanitary directions, and affirming the non-contagiousness of the disease, on the authority of medical men of all the places where it had prevailed, especially Gibraltar. On the 24th, the committee published the opinions of the principal medical men in Paris, attesting the non-contagiousness of the disease. These things, however, produced but a very partial and slow effect on the public mind. Nobody would act. Priests hid themselves; medical men either refused to attend, or, if they did attend, would not approach the patient. On the 24th the committee published an invitation to the medical students and other members of the profession to visit the hospitals. We were told that the most thorough incuriousness and alarm prevailed. Hardly any would go.

The number of deaths up to the 27th was 222—158 of them the old people at the Ospizio, a very small sprinkling in the country.

The people now began to cry loudly that they must die '*non del male, ma di fame.*' All those who gave out cotton to spin refused to

receive the cotton, or to give out more. At Casal Zeitun, the great cotton-spinning place, all the masters dismissed their hands. In every kind of occupation it was the same.

A curious thing occurred at Casal Bircircasa : at first I thought it one of the 'judgments' which the vulgar of every nation are so fond of; but it was true. The chief cotton-spinner there was Vincenzo Borg, nephew of the brave old cavalier of that name, who was one of the leaders of the gallant and obstinate resistance to the French in 1798 and the two following years. This man turned off all his hands, told them he should lay in a stock of provisions, shut his house, and suffer no one to come near him. Accordingly he went into Valetta, provisioned himself for six months, as they say, and about noon returned. Before night he was dead. From the intense and reckless selfishness betrayed by his conduct, it is fair to conclude that he was completely overmastered by fear. Probably it was heightened by what he heard in the town, and this, and the heat and fatigue, killed him.

On the evening of the 27th one of our servants was sent for by his wife. Nothing more was known. In a short time he returned, and being asked if she was ill, said, '*Non solamente è ammalata, è morta.*' She had only complained of headache in the morning. Her son had been over to Sliema twice in the course of the day, and had given no alarm. The next day the man went back to the town, buried his wife, and returned very composed. I should not have known anything was the matter. After this were successively attacked—the footman's brother-in-law, a Maltese of twenty-six, who died; his mother, who recovered, and relatives more or less near of

every servant in the house. They were all in deep mourning. I forbade them to come to me with reports of the terrible state of things in Valetta, and discouraged all talk about cholera. They would have spoken of nothing else.

In the middle of the night of the —, my excellent English maid came to my bedside, pale as ashes, to tell me that Maria, the Maltese housemaid, was attacked. I went to her instantly, and found her evidently attacked by cholera, but chiefly anxious about going home to her four daughters.* I tried to persuade her to stay, promising to nurse her carefully; but though very patient and grateful, she entreated so earnestly to go, that I had her rolled in blankets and laid in the boat, to be rowed across the harbour and carried up to her house. I sent a careful man with her, and enjoined him to tell her daughters by no means to desert their mother, but to trust to God to protect them;—that they needed not to fear if they did their duty. The woman was bled, and recovered, after being in great danger. None of the daughters were attacked; and not only did the brave girls nurse their mother with the utmost assiduity, but volunteered to attend several women whose own children had abandoned them. The eldest, about sixteen, expressed this readiness from the first. She said, '*Non tamo di morire; se Dio mi vuole, sono qui;*'—sublime words from the lips of a poor unlettered girl. I had tried to impress upon all about me that, contagious or not, the abandonment of friends and duties was, at all events, infamous. Not one of them was guilty of anything of the kind. I found afterwards that the main reason for Maria's anxiety to go home was, that she thought she

* At the time referred to female servants were hardly to be found in Malta. It was with difficulty that we got this woman—a poor widow—to act as a sort of under-housemaid. All this is, I am assured, altered now.

could not have the viatico brought to this house, or at least that it would make a bustle. Perhaps she fancied we should not like it.

Our old gardener, who lived at Birchircasa, came one morning, leaving his wife, as I was told, at the last gasp. I asked, Why did he come? I met his son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, in the garden. I said, 'Come stà la madre?' He grinned and said, 'Bene, signora.' I said, 'Bene? come? si dice che stà morendo.' 'O! non tanto bene!' he said, as if he had forgotten all about it. At that time she had been dead some hours. She died at ten, and before her husband went back in the evening she was buried. Nobody seemed to think anything more about the matter.

The following are some of the notions current among the people about poisoning.

I have already spoken of the bread, and of the well at the Ospizio. The people obstinately refused to take any medicine from the physicians, affirming that the latter were paid by the Government to poison them; that a great deal had been said about the excess of population in the island (which was true), and that there was a design to 'falcidiare il popolo;' that was the expression — manifestly not one originating with the lower classes.*

The people believed the most contradictory things;—that the disease was contagious—that they were poisoned—anything and everything but what the Government told them. They had a special horror of calomel. 'Non mi date la cartellina,' was the common cry. During the plague, there was a similar horror of 'la tazza.' It is remarkable that, in

almost all countries, the people have persisted in thinking themselves intentionally poisoned whenever an epidemic or pestilence raged among them. (See Manzoni's descriptions of the *Untori* during the plague at Milan.)

One story was that a man had given the 'cartellina'† to a dog, which had immediately vomited violently. Castor-oil they said was *troppo forte*, and took quantities of oil of almonds instead. A respectable shopkeeper had dysentery; he would take nothing but almond-oil and then port wine; of course he died. One of the judges wrote to his brother in Gozo, if he was attacked, by no means to take anything a doctor gave him. He sent him a bottle of oil, and told him to take that. Signor — was attacked, followed his brother's advice, and—died. Some would take only iced lemonade or iced water. Several of these, to my knowledge, recovered. The principal goldsmith in the town told a friend of mine, nothing should induce him to take any medicine. This could hardly be from the fear of poison; so that there was some other and more general prejudice at work also.

I told Mrs. — I had heard from the servants that a countryman in one of the casals had found *pasta* about, and had given some to his hens. The hens had died. Mrs. — said this was a common report. She added, that the night before, just at dusk, she was going to a druggist's shop. Just by the corner of St. John's Church she saw a boy in the act of picking up some pieces of bread which lay on the ground. A gentleman (whom she did not know) came up, struck

* By a singular confusion of ideas, it was also said that there was 'un certo scrittore chiamato Malthus, che aveva detto che il cholera non era contagioso.'

† The 'Cartellina' was the little paper packet in which a dose of calomel is usually folded. People were said to have seen 'cartelline' strewed about in the streets—with intent to poison, of course.

the boy with a stick, and said—'Don't pick up that bread; it is poisoned.' Just then, another young man, whom she recognised, came up, and said, 'Non fate chiasso! non fate chiasso!' She thinks he saw her. She said, how much she regretted not having asked for a bit of the bread, or picked it up to have it analysed. The story of poisoned *pasta* was so current, that our Greek friend, Mr. Papaffy, afterwards told us he had been to see his tenant, and found him eating some strange compound. He asked him what it was, and why he ate it? He said he dared not eat *pasta*, because it was poisoned.

After the disease had raged in Fort Ricasoli for some weeks, all the old people who chose were allowed to go out to their friends, receiving a small allowance per day. This measure, which might have done good at first, now caused a great outcry, and the people long continued to maintain that the breaking out of cholera in the casals was subsequent to (and of course consequent upon) the dispersion of the old people. On the evening of the —, we rode to Casal Mosta, where the disease had not then appeared, and where it has been extremely slight. The *sergente di polizia* told us, among other things, that two of these old people had come home to the casal the day before. He added, that one of them, a man of ninety-four, had started from Fort Ricasoli at six o'clock in the morning, reached Mosta about noon, called at a friend's door, found nobody at home, and, without sitting down or eating, walked on to La Melleha, where he has a son. Mosta is about six miles, La Melleha twelve or thirteen, from the town. There is a *Madonna di gran divozione* at the Melleha, and he had a *voto*. Maria said, when I told her of the old

man's wonderful walk, 'Quando Dio vuole, da aiuta.'

An old woman who had been in Fort Ricasoli was sent home to her friends, who live close to Mrs. S. As soon as she appeared, the neighbours crowded round her, asking a thousand questions as to the origin and causes of the disease. She said, 'Dietro al Ospizio, c'è una cisterna che non è stata aperta dal tempo de' Francesi. Dentro al fondo ci sono spade, bajonetti, pistoli,—che so io? Questa cisterna, Montanaro* la fece aprire, e ne fece fare la nostra suppa. Non mi fece niente, perche sono troppo vecchia ('è come una mommia,' said the *sergente*), ma gli altri subito ne presero questa malattia.'

Mr. G. told me that his servant came home one day saying that in the street he had found a small bag, and in this bag was some cheese. He was going to pick it up, but the people called out to him not to touch it—it was poisoned. Mr. G. told the man he did not believe him; if he had a mind to be believed, he should have brought the bag home.

It is, however, certain that some *pasta*, said to be found near Casal Siggievi, was taken to the police. It is said it looked bad, and crumbled to dust; but it is difficult to ascertain any fact. All that can be safely affirmed is, the universal belief in the intent of the Government and the doctors to poison the people.

Dr. A. told me that he was repeatedly called in to people who began by trying to make conditions with him. They asked what he meant to give them. He said, 'la cartellina.' This they decidedly refused to take—they had rather die. He then proposed castor-oil;—no, they would not take that. Why? For fear he should put the powder into it. He told me he generally took his hat, and requested them not to take up the

* Signor Giuseppe Montanaro, the excellent Superintendent of Public Charities.

physicians when they were determined to do nothing they were told. Another curious thing he told me was, the great anxiety manifested by many not to have it known that they were attacked with the 'malattia.' They entreated him not to report them. Perhaps this arose from some vague recollection of the plague, and of the state of exclusion in which the *impestati* were necessarily kept. I should be curious to enquire whether the same fact has been observed in other countries.

Certainly, all that one has read of the abandonment of every duty, and the extinction of every affection under the influence of general fear, is justified by what has occurred here and elsewhere in presence of this disease.

Mr. Papaffy told us that he went into a house where a boy was dying. The air was so foetid that it was almost impossible to breathe in it. The boy had been vomiting all day, and was lying covered with filth, and distorted with cramps. No attempt had been made to remove any of the offensive matter which covered the floor, or to do anything for the sufferer. The father had crouched into one corner, the mother into another, as far as possible from their dying child.

I heard from a woman whose husband lay dying, while the infant in her arms was seized with the vomit, that her husband sent three times to entreat his brother to come only to the door, that he might see him and speak to him before he died. The brother refused.

Mrs. D., wife of a Maltese physician who was nearly worked to death, related to me her situation, as follows:—

The mother of the wife of Dr. D.'s brother was attacked. Nobody would go to her, so Mrs. D. went. She nursed her till she died. At

this time Dr. D. was so ill that he was obliged to be supported at the bedside while he prescribed. His wife sent him home to bed, and remained. The brother was next attacked. Nobody could be got for love or money to come near the house. Mrs. D. wanted to send the four children of the dying man out of his house, to her own. It was impossible to get a calesse at any price to convey them. Dr. D. could not rise from his bed; no other physician was to be found. Those who would act were out; the others, hidden. Mr. D. died shortly after his mother-in-law. Mrs. D., during all this time, only went home to give suck to her infant, and instantly returned. The dying man was one of eight brothers, not one of whom—indeed not a single blood relation—went near him, leaving the whole to a young woman with a husband sick, a babe at the breast, and two other young children. To complete all, the maid who had the care of these children went mad from fear.

I afterwards heard of two other persons who went mad from fear.

I heard, from what I thought good authority, that a man in the Isola was attacked while working in the dockyard, and carried on a chair to his own house. His wife and daughter shut the door in his face, and he died in the street, before his door, on the chair.

Major Rose,* of the 92nd Highlanders, told Mr. L. that as a sergeant's guard of his regiment were returning, early in the morning, along Marsa Muschetto, they found the dead body of a man thrown out into the street.

A lady told me that the sister of her daughter's husband had been attacked. When the physician was sent for, he stood at the door, peeped in, and said, 'Ah! come stiamo?' and then told her to take some

* Now Major-General Sir Hugh Rose.

thing. The poor girl said, 'Come? neppure il medico non vuol avvicinarsi a me. Dunque per forza morirò.' However, she did not die, for she had a father who nursed her. Her mother retired to an upper story of the house, shut herself up, and would not go near her.

I forgot to mention that M. Miége, the French consul, told us that, at an early period of the epidemic, he was crossing the piazza, when a man fell down attacked with cholera. Everybody ran away, crying, 'Il governo ci abbandona! Il governo ci abbandona!' and similar complaints that nothing was done for them. They never dreamt of doing anything for themselves, much less for others. M. Miége assisted the man, and got him taken to the hospital. He told the people that they were cowards, without humanity or courage, and that he hoped they would never again complain to him that the English treated them with contempt.

An English physician told me that a poor fisherman of St. Julian's was attacked while at sea in his boat. When he came into the bay he was already unable to go on shore. His son was sent for. Instead of going to help his father out of the boat, he stood on the shore calling out to him to say where his money was, and enquiring about other articles belonging to him. No persuasions would induce him to touch his father. Dr. — and another English gentleman got the man on shore, and he recovered.

I was told by Mr. — that he met one of those nobles who had fled to the casals, in Valetta, and put out his hand to him as usual. 'No,' said the Marchese, 'non sono questi tempi,' &c. He went on to say that, having affairs in the city, he had come 'con suo massimo pericolo,' and in spite of the entreaties of his family.

At the beginning of the epidemic, Signor — called on me one

evening. He was hardly seated when Mrs. Sankey, wife of the English physician who had honourably distinguished himself by his activity, came in. Signor — immediately rose to go, under the pretext that he wanted to see some persons who were leaving the island. I have not the least doubt that the sight of Mrs. S. frightened him away; though she had not then done what she afterwards did—visit the cholera hospital with her husband.

But general and overpowering as the panic was, there were not wanting honourable exceptions, and especially among the regular clergy. The Capuchin friars never shrank from their duty, and endured great fatigue. I believe not one of them suffered. Three nuns of St. Ursula, secluded and idle, died. The Capellano of the Dominicans was unwearied. In consequence of the abominable practice of many of the physicians, who, when called to a patient, looked at him from a distance and instantly ordered the viatico, there was ten times the demand for priests to administer it that was necessary, and the secular clergy were generally too cowardly to go near the sick. The labour, therefore, of the regular clergy was unceasing. This Capellano had been subject to epileptic fits. From the time he was thus on foot, night and day, he had not an attack. Finding this, and attributing it to the Divine favour, he made a vow that he would receive no human assistance—and he has had none.

Another person who distinguished herself in the very worst of the horrors of Fort Ricasoli—who showed courage and humanity the most rare and striking—was a female prisoner, Maddelena —, condemned to twenty years' imprisonment as accessory to a murder committed under circumstances of singular atrocity. Her husband and two other men were hanged for it in the year 1830, so that seven years

of her imprisonment were expired. Dr. Arpa told me nothing could exceed her courage, energy, and tenderness. She took possession of a poor infant that would have died from desertion and neglect, would not part with it, and attended the dying old people while she kept the babe on her arm.

All that I saw and heard confirmed me in the conviction that, of all predisposing causes of cholera, fear was the most fatal. I shall never forget some faces, blanched with terror, and which death had marked as an early and easy prey.

On July 17, Signora — and one of her married daughters called on me. They were very pale, and looked like people sick and restless with fear. They immediately began to question me as to what I ate and drank, and, generally, what was good or bad ‘*per la malattia.*’ I found that, one thing after another being prohibited as dangerous, they had reduced their diet so low, and had so entirely given themselves up to the terrors of the disease, that they would probably fall its victims. They were greatly surprised to hear that we ate, drank, rode, bathed, and did everything exactly as usual; that I had forbidden any change at our table; and that the only precaution we took was to occupy ourselves about other things. I said all I could to encourage them; and, knowing them to be good and pious women, I made an appeal to their religious feelings. They thanked me with distressing earnestness, and, at going, the mother took my hand and said, ‘You have given us ten years of life.’ This shocked me, and I exclaimed, ‘Oh, do not say so!’

When they were gone, I thought of their words and looks, and I felt that they were doomed. Shortly after, this very daughter was attacked. From the Thursday to the Monday she lay between life and death. Her mother, a tender and

excellent mother, could not be induced to go near her. On the Monday, the patient was better—the mother went to see her, but cried so that they said she did more harm than good. She did not go again. On the Wednesday the daughter had a relapse, and died.

The next thing I heard was that the single daughter, a charming girl, was attacked, and in the utmost danger. Her illness excited great sympathy. English army and navy surgeons went to offer their services and to try to save her. In vain. The unhappy mother lived. No incident struck me like this. I saw by how frail and precarious a tenure we hold our best qualities, unsustained by courage. A good woman, all her life devoted to her family, seems to lose not only the sense of duty, but the instincts of maternity. Nothing ever appeared to me so pitiable.

I ought to give some account of the precautions used and recommended. As to diet—No vegetables, no fruit; these are things so commonly prohibited that I need not comment upon them. No fish. When I asked the reason for this, I was told the fish had died in great numbers. One fisherman said he had seen the fish come to the surface of the water, whirl round, and die. Captain H., the harbour-master, told me that, in his nets in the Great Harbour, there were thirty-eight dead fish to eighteen living, in one day; and that dead fish did not, as usual, lie belly upwards. I don’t answer for the truth of these things, nor do I know how far the prejudice against fish was founded merely upon them. The only thing I do know is, that we were prevented bathing in the sea several days by the immense number of purple medusæ, or jelly-fish (called by the French *pourpres*; by the Maltese, *bruom*), which sting like a nettle. All the servants and others

assured us that they had never seen anything like the shoals of them. The sea in our bay was covered and coloured with dense masses, as big as the top of a large table. In all preceding years, as we were assured, there had appeared only here and there one. This unusual phenomenon occurred just at the first violent outbreak of cholera. But only with certain winds,—‘venti bassi.’ If the wind got to the north or west, they disappeared utterly in a few hours.

N.B.—I don’t mention this as having any connexion with cholera, but as one among many indications of (as everybody declared) a strange season—‘una stagione stravagante,’ as they called it.

Another forbidden article of food was milk, or anything made of milk. I asked why. They said, ‘Fà male,’ or ‘Non è buono per questa malattia.’ Nobody gave or required a reason. The same of eggs. Tea was pronounced ‘buono per la malattia;’ that is, good for those who had it *not*. Brandy-and-water, a beverage almost unknown to Maltese—especially women—was in great request. But many individuals and families were literally half starved from the fear of eating anything. ‘Un poco di brodo con un pezzino di biscotto’ was their daily fare. This extremely low diet, combined with entire seclusion, want of air and exercise, and, above all, fright, was doubtless fatal to many.

The other sanitary regulations were still more absurd. Not to expose one’s self to the sun, is one of the standing, and probably the most rational, canons of *hygiène* in Malta. To this was now added a

rule not to be out in the ‘sereno.’ From these two combined, followed the impossibility of being out *at all*; and accordingly numbers of families, women and children especially, never left the house for six or eight weeks. They said, with the air of people who claim approbation for prudent conduct, ‘Non esco mai di casa.’ Many added, ‘per non prendere l’aria, perchè quella malattia viene ooll’ aria.’ In a heat perfectly suffocating, many kept doors and windows shut. One gentleman told me he stopped up the key-holes in his house, ‘per non prendere l’aria.’ All shut up their houses just when the air brought any freshness.

Another of the prohibited things was bathing. People remonstrated with me in the most earnest manner on my persistence in my daily sea-bath, and evidently wondered I did not die. ‘Si dice che fa molto male,’ they said. It was difficult to see upon what this notion was founded, for I could not discover that anybody ventured on the experiment.

Partly from these fears and precautions, which, if they meant anything, meant that the disease was epidemic; partly from the dread of contagion, which was strangely mixed up with them, all intercourse was suspended. The women sate on the sofa crying, and repeating the rosary, or watched at the balcony to see the viatico, or the cart containing the dead, go by. Of course, the persons who were entirely occupied with timorous precautions, were those whom generally the disease attacked.

S. A.

(Incomplete.)

THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.

A Novel.

BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A REAL WOMAN.

ὦ καλλιφρυγὲς ἡλίου σέλας.—EUR. TROIADES.

'HARRY, you look tired,' said Mrs. Colville—for we must change the scene from Grammerton to Lymmersfield.

'I look as I am, my dear; and these army examiners have done me out of part of my vacation again. You know I got no Easter, because they had fixed the examination for May: and now I must go on till August.' It was a warm day in June, and Harry Colville gaped at the anticipation.

'Who are going up this time?'

'Standish: he's sure to come back again. He's been educated entirely on the modern system, and consequently knows nothing of English.' Bentley has been taught nothing in the world but Latin and Greek: so that he's pretty sure to be plucked for mathematics and history. Still he may pull through, for it has taught him to spell his own language, and to write the essay of a scholar and a gentleman.'

'And Frank? what do you think of him? he comes to-morrow.'

'I should think Frank is quite safe, thanks to your teaching when he was a child, and Doctor Armstrong's since he has been a school-boy. Ah! it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. If he likes to go on reading at once, I can get him through in August; and then I sha'n't regret the labour.'

'Harry, you never regret labour for other people.'

'I never regret it for you and the girls, my love; and some day or other we must be repaid for it: at least I always think so.'

'One thing you're not deficient in.'

'What's that?' and her husband looked up a little faintly.

'Courage. You've had enough to try yours. If you were not a good man you would have ceased to believe in anyone.'

'I don't believe in many men, Bessie; but I have never ceased to believe in God.'

Bessie Colville stooped down and kissed his forehead. 'Yes: He's been very good to us sometimes, when we least expected it. We'll continue to trust in Him. I have but one sorrow.'

'What's that, my wife?' and Harry got up and looked at her, with a hand on each shoulder. He thought for the ten thousandth time that he had never seen so beautiful a face. And so it was. It was just the face to give expression to every word that she uttered, as she slowly replied, 'I never can help you,' and then he saw her eyes fill with tears.

'You never can help me? That's very unfortunate indeed, Bessie. You are a great incumbrance. You know neither Greek, Latin, nor Mathematics. The Binomial Theorem would be a sad puzzle for you. And yet I prefer you as you are to a profound graduate, an LL.D. and an A.S.S.; and without such a helpmate I think I should have died. So don't fret, dear; and then I'll give these fellows a half-holiday, and we'll go out for a stroll. Where are you going to put Frank Beauclerc?'

'Into the spare room.'

'It's a bore to give that up.'

'Not at all. It's a blessing, Harry, to think that we're obliged to do so.'

'Let him have my dressing-room.'

'Certainly not. We can do without company for the present at all events; and when the house is clear of your natural enemies, we shall have room for everybody. What an odd person Madame Rosenfels is, Harry!'

'Mysterious looking; but very pleasant and handsome. Next to you, the best-looking woman in this neighbourhood.'

'Beauty is a man's weakness: the thickest of coverings for the concealment of defects; you never see beyond it, and seldom try to.'

'It's a letter of recommendation, dear, which one is bound to read. But what has madame been doing?'

'Since Major Carlross's death gave us some sort of interest in Violet, she has seemed more than ever desirous of keeping the girl to herself. She is of an age now to see some society; and though I have avoided any great intimacy hitherto, I think it is our duty to do something for the girl.'

'Now Frank's coming home, certainly.' Colville suspected a woman's weakness.

'Nonsense. Frank's nothing to her, nor she to Frank. Besides, he'll soon be in a cavalry regiment, with other companions, and forget Lymmersfield altogether.'

'Not if I know him, Bessie. He'll never forget you. There goes madame.'

As he spoke, a very handsome well-dressed woman walked slowly by the front of the house. She was tall, above the middle height—and walked with a firm, well-assured step; her veil was down, light with dark spots on it, giving a delicate appearance to her complexion. She half halted at the gate of Colville's house, as though hesitating to go in,

but continued her course again unchanged.

'How well she wears!' said the mistress, looking at her figure.

'What a complexion!' thought the master, recollecting the veil, and what he had seen through it. 'If all veils were like that, there would be more women ready to take them.'

In due time, of course, as in due course of time, Frank Beaucherc arrived safely at Lymmersfield. I say 'of course,' for had an accident happened to him this story would have come to an untimely end: besides, he did not travel by the Eastern Counties. He lost his luggage naturally, and got it again at the end of four days; that came of finding himself on the South Western.

When he did reach Lymmersfield he was heartily welcomed by Colville and his wife: for it was impossible to have lived or been in any close connection with Frank Beaucherc without liking him. Standish lent him shirts, and Bentley found him a sufficiency of external toilette for dinner, until the superintendent of the Lost Luggage office and the telegraphic wires enabled him to ascertain that his chattels had gone on to Sommerfield, on the other side of London. The two words ended in 'field,' which was considered a valid excuse by the railway officials, and reluctantly acquiesced in by Frank.

He had not been very long back at his old tutor's when a novel impression was accidentally made upon him. It ought to be premised that Frank Beaucherc was not a susceptible person. He was as little so as anybody. Like other schoolboys, he had experienced *soupons* of the tender passion, of course. One was very early in life: he was about ten, and the young lady eighteen. He showed her every attention by gathering quantities of gooseberries and currants (it took place in the

warm weather) for her, by sitting near her at all meals, and by weeping plentifully when he left her. To be sure, he was going away from a garden full of fruit, and a pond with a punt in it, to the elements of Latin poetry and the verbs in *mu*, which might have had something to do with his tears. However, let us be generous: he was touched.

I do not count the young female who dealt out the cheese-cakes to the boys at Grammerton. For a pastrycook she was very pretty: and there can be no doubt that Frank had preferred the cheese-cakes dealt out to him by her hand. Many went further than this, of course; but it was the extent of Frank Beauclerc's passion so long as he liked cheese-cakes, which was not beyond the fourth form or the shell. Tom Skelter was devoted, and he was a big fellow. He wrote a beautiful copy of Latin verses to her, headed '*Ad Cloen*,' beginning

*Te quando aspiciam, curæ solventur amaræ,
Insolitos risus reddet imago tua—*

with some more lines equally original. One indeed was so original as to have in it a bad false quantity, which was detected by Dandy Calthorpe, to whom Fanny Tait showed them, asking for a construe. It covered poor Tom Skelter with confusion to think that his innamorata did not understand Latin, and saved him from much future trouble. Dandy Calthorpe, who was a great fool in everything but Latin verses, came back from Oxford, and married Fanny. His family very judiciously refused to do anything for him in this country, and sent him off to assist in raising the population and reputation of our colonies, whence he has not yet returned.

Of all these things, and such hallucinations, Frank was guiltless. He had dearly loved Mrs. Colville, and the good-humoured woman who tucked him up and sung him to sleep

when a little boy. Beyond this he was heart-whole.

One morning, while Mrs. Colville was superintending her garden, and while Frank was reading by the window which opened on to the lawn, the door opened and a young girl of extraordinary beauty stood before him. As soon as she saw that the room was untenanted except by himself, she turned abruptly round, saying, 'I beg your pardon; I was looking for Mrs. Colville.'

Frank Beauclerc was rather taken aback by the vision which came between him and his '*Remarkable Events in the Lives of the Kings of the House of Tudor*.' Although the face was altered since he had last seen it, which indeed had not been for two years or more, there remained sufficient resemblance for identification, so he called out—

'Why, Miss Carlross, is that you? Mrs. Colville is here; through the window.'

Violet turned round, and saw, not Mr. Bentley, nor Mr. Standish, nor any other of the numerous pupils which filled up Colville's house even to the spare room, but the face of a person whom she had not seen often, but of whom she felt that she must have a sort of instinctive or necessary knowledge. She had some difficulty in recognising him at first; then the old boyish chubby face came out in the more oval shape and manly look which it had acquired. The neat, trim, tight figure of the lad, however, was gone with his round jacket, and there was nothing of it left in the lengthy, active, loosely-set limbs and broad pliant shoulders which rose from the chair to the height of six feet two. When she saw who it was, she laughed aloud.

'And why did you call me Miss Carlross, if you knew me?' and they shook hands.

'What was I to call you?'

'Violet, to be sure: what do you think?'

'Does everybody that knows you call you by your Christian name?'

'Of course they do.'

'What! Standish and all the fellows here?'

'No; they don't know me—at least not in that way.'

'In what way?'

'Why, as you do—not when we were children together.'

'That's true, Violet,' said Frank, musing; 'it makes a great difference.'

'Besides, we both came from India,' added the girl, who looked as English as a girl well could look.

'That's something more: so our interests are partly identical.'

'I don't know what you mean, Frank, by our interests being partly identical; but when I've known people a long time, and we've played together when we were children, I don't like them to call me Miss Carlross; and now we'll go to Mrs. Colville, if you'll tell me where she is.'

When Frank began to consider the simple *rationale* of the young lady's request, he was not inclined to judge her very harshly. He reflected that she was scarcely sixteen years old, and was not likely to calculate results; so he accepted his position with a good grace. Besides it was a very lovely face, and not of a character to make a man sceptical.

Mrs. Colville was as deep in the mysteries of a ribbon-border which was to rival all the ribbon-borders in the county for colour, though it was likely to yield to that of the Crystal Palace in length.

'Well, Violet, what is it? You look supremely happy this morning.'

'So I am, dear.' She had a way of demonstrating her affection pretty strongly, so she seized and kissed her friend at once, while Mrs. Colville stood to endure it with her dirty gloves and her spade held out from the clean white muslin, which

she seemed to regard much more than Violet herself did.

'So I am, dear; I've no work to do for a month; no horrid lessons or anything; and I'm come to ask you to do something for me.'

Mrs. Colville laughed at her notion of happiness. 'Well, what is it?'

'Have you an invitation to go to Lady Clara Barrington's pic-nic at St. Hilda's Mount on Wednesday?'

'Yes, I had it last night; and that just reminds me that I must go in and answer it.'

'Oh! I'm so glad:' and here she clapped her hands and laughed aloud. 'Of course you'll go?' she added: for it never occurred to Violet that anyone could be such a lunatic as to refuse a pic-nic. She did not quite know how she had managed to sleep without having already accepted it.

'My dear child, what should Mr. Colville and I do at a pic-nic?'

'Do at a pic-nic! Why, eat cold pie, and lobster salad, and drink champagne, and run all over that beautiful place. I could sit an hour looking at that one view over the lake. Besides, we are to have music, and so many people are going. All the officers from Portbridge.'

'And have no salt with my dinner; and if it should be wet, spoil my dress. I am too old for pic-nics, Violet.'

'Too old! Nonsense. And there's the Griffin.' The Griffin was Alice Colville.

'The Griffin is away from home, and will go from Eastbury with the Montgomerys.'

'Then you'll go for me, dear? Oh! I quite forgot. Madame will not go herself, but she has given me leave to go if you will take me.'

'Why didn't you tell me that before?'

'Ah! now you will go—I see. You dear old thing, you.' And here Violet Carlross commenced

another embrace, and then sung with the sweetest voice in the world a favourite waltz, to which she danced in time.

Nobody ever resisted Violet, excepting madame; so in this case she had her way.

'Shall I take the note for you, and send it to Lady Clara by my maid?'

'No, dear, thank you. Let it go by post.'

'But then she won't get it till to-morrow.'

'Well, that will be three days before the time, at any rate.'

'And what are we to take?—plovers' eggs, they're easy to carry; and Stilton cheese. I am so fond of Stilton cheese, and madame won't let me eat cheese. She says it's not "*comme il faut*." I know what that means.'

'I hope so, my dear; it's time you did, and nearly time you practised it. How old are you, Violet? Sixteen?'

'Not quite, yet. I shall be next month. But what shall I do?'

'Go home, dear, and get cool, first of all; and if you'll be ready at three o'clock on Wednesday, I'll call for you in the pony carriage.'

'So I will, dear Mrs. Colville; and having given her another squeeze, she went away through the window. Frank Beauclerc was not there, so she made her way into the street, and walked home.

Mrs. Colville had a smile on her face for some minutes after she left. It was difficult to wish Violet Carlross other than she was, and yet she was so different from Mrs. Colville's standard of excellence. She was so idle, so impulsive, so ignorant, and so happy in it all. But then she was so good, so generous, so innocent, so loveable; and, after all, she wasn't sixteen.

I ought to give a description of Violet Carlross: a short one—a mere sketch. The reader must fill it up and colour it according to his taste.

The beauty of Violet was a beauty to 'make virtue shine and vice blush.' Such a beauty as hers was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world. It was a beauty to which you might have bound yourself for life, with the moral certainty that it could never fade but with life itself. It could never have grown old in her, it was bound up with such enduring love. As a mother or a wife you could see that it would have absorbed all proper authority, and triumphed over the very excellences of the character: like everything earthly, it had its defect. But it would have retained, it will retain, a reflection of its bloom long after the golden light of its spring-time or its summer has passed away.

She was verging on sixteen. She was tall and full-grown beyond her years, lithe and graceful, and budding into womanhood somewhat prematurely. Her eyes were large, long, soft, and of a dark-grey colour: hitherto they had looked at all men with a royal indifference. The lids were full, and the veins gave amplitude to the light that quivered below them. The lashes swept her cheek with a gentle curve. Truly they were '*occhi, stelle mortale*.' Her brow was rather low, but broad and square, and hair, the darkest auburn, rippled over her handsome and well-shaped eyebrows.

Her nose was the most perfect feature in her face. It was small and delicately formed—the nostril narrow, and the bridge slightly developed nearly to the end. There is something ridiculous attached to the description of noses. All sentiment vanishes when we leave the eyes or the mouth. Why? It would have puzzled you to have answered that question had you seen that feature in Violet Carlross's face.

Her mouth was not small, but beautifully shaped. The lips were full, and of a warm bright colour:

naturally parted, exhibiting at all times a glimmer of the pearly teeth within. The chin, too, was round and firm, very handsome; giving evidence of character which every other feature denied. There was a fund of constancy to bear (not to forbear) through good report and evil report, which was looked for in vain in the impulsive tenderness of the rest of her face.

From childhood, everybody had submitted to a gentle tyranny which her beauty, rather than her nature, exercised. Keats says—

The first in beauty should be first in might.

As a child, with nurses, maids, doctors, and lollypop-sellers she was, not to make a pun, *facile princeps*—a prince of easy sway, but still a prince. Whenever she was contradicted, she threw her arms round the dissentient's neck, and covered him over with kisses. Nobody withstood those bright round lips, and the floating auburn tresses that tumbled all over one. Nurse always gave way, for Violet laughed at her good sense, was not amenable to orders, and did as she liked, asking permission after it was over. Philosophers and old maids would have said, 'Bless me, what a naughty little girl! wouldn't take her pills, and would go out without her bonnet;' in fact, they did say so. Yet my friend Dr. Bartholomew positively idolised her, and sent her pleasant physic because she would not take the nasty. Indeed, she kissed Dr. Charlie, as she called him, and desired him to send something equally good in return, or he should have no more. The gingerbread and lollypop-makers fed her from her childhood, and had encouraged a most perverted taste for Everton toffy and brandy-balls. Alas! age and indigestion always correct that. On one person only she tried no blandishments. Madame and Violet never quarrelled, but they never loved. Madame Rosenfels thoroughly

did her duty by the orphan heiress. She kept her in comfort—as far as she could, in luxury—but it always seemed as if a cat was keeping watch over a mouse, for her own amusement or profit. She succumbed to nothing but a tear, and then she did so with a bad grace.

Violet was desperately idle, and, knowledge not coming in her case by intuition, not very well informed. Learning anything at all as a lesson was quite out of her way. She loved sunshine, and kittens, and a pet dormouse; and she had a rough terrier, who must have had a rough time of it, for she cuddled and tormented him alternately from morning till night. She had an excellent ear, and a pretty voice. She could barely play her own accompaniments; and when left to herself never did so. She reminded me of an Irish nobleman, who never walks when he can ride, nor rides when he can drive, nor drives when he can be driven. She never read, and never listened when she was being read to. She made terrible blunders in a naïve way, at which everybody laughed; and when anyone ventured to expostulate with an astonished 'My dear Violet,' she covered the exclaimant with kisses, and brought up her face from the embrace covered with blushes and laughter. Heavens! what a mass of smiles the girl was! They would have redeemed the ugliest face in Christendom. There are smiles indicative of fifty different feelings; but vary the smiles of Violet Carlross as you will, they all end in love. There was a radiance of goodness, and innocence, and truth all over her, which defied ill-nature, and set even the justest reproof at naught. Then, she was not yet sixteen.

Now, do not suppose that I am an advocate for this sort of young person. Forfend it, heaven! The most dangerous of implements in the hands of society is a dear love-

able creature that nobody has courage to correct. She upsets all principles of education and training, gives very little chance to the theorists, and none whatever to the practical. I only tell you what she was. She had thousands of faults; was always doing or saying injudicious things; only nobody regarded them as such from her. She was quite an irresponsible agent; just as much so as a pet kitten would have been. I ought, too, to reconcile a curious anomaly in her character in these days of universal 'ologies' and 'isms.' She neither knew nor cared where the Achelous was; had most eccentric notions of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, of which she judged, poor child! by London, Liverpool, and Manchester, as to distance; and had never heard that Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth were contemporaries: yet she was a most amusing companion, said very excellent things occasionally, and delighted in the *Times* newspaper. She peopled the village with organ grinders and beggars, by the indiscriminate alms that she gave; and horrified the philanthropists by denouncing the Union Workhouse.

Such was the heroine of my story.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun.

The pupil room at Harry Colville's looked on to the turnpike road; and as Lymmersfield was a grand public thoroughfare for all the surrounding neighbourhood to the metropolis, it was a favourite resort for his pupils. There they stood at the receipt of custom, either of the two windows, and criticised carriages, dog-carts, broughams, and pony chairs on their road to the railway station.

From nine to ten was the most

popular hour for this diversion, when they were supposed to be preparing Euclid, and when the street was alive with the patrons of the daily-bread trains which accommodated learned sergeants, rising counsel, topping attorneys, Stock Exchange men, and City tradesmen, on their way from their villas to their various occupations.

The room of which we speak had few peculiarities worth mentioning. Two-thirds of the wall was devoted to books, and the rest was occupied by windows and doors. There was a large table in the middle, about ten strong serviceable chairs, and there was a fireplace, of course not lighted, though laid down in the middle of July, ready for an emergency. Colville's arm-chair occupied one corner, and by its side was a small table, on which were writing materials, and a book or two — Arnold's *Thucydides* and Aristotle's *Ethics*. On the larger table were some works more popular with the present occupants of the study. Some short cuts to a 'satisfactory result,' known under the popularly fallacious name of 'knowledge;' as Chepmell's *History*, Anthon's *Cæsar and Homer*, and all the direct Commission Examination papers of the last three years. Against the wall was a black board, on which, in chalk, were the two sides of a simple equation, and a figure of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid.

Its present occupants were four boys; they called themselves men. They would have been so, if seventeen or eighteen summers, capacious pockets, neat boots, well-cut clothes, and considerable self-sufficiency gave any sort of claim to the distinction. Two of them were from Eton, one from Harrow, the fourth was from a private establishment conducted on the modern system. He had a little more modesty, but not more knowledge, than the rest.

Bentley stood with his back to the unlighted fireplace, leaning against the mantelpiece, with his hands buried fathom-deep in his pockets. He was staring out of window; and, from his occasional remarks, there was plenty to stare at.

'There goes Manning in his brougham. What the d—l does he wear a white choker for? Lawyers have no business with white chokers; only waiters and parsons.'

'But he's a churchwarden,' said Standish, the private-school pupil, whose views were less *prononcés* than those of his companion: 'besides, just look at the lot of money he gave to the new church.'

'And just look at the poor devils of clients he took it out of. I should like to see them; there's nothing like justice in this world—is there, Gorsehampton?'

Lord Gorsehampton was reading, or trying to read; but he looked up and said, 'No: nothing at all like it; somebody's always making a row about something or other.'

'There goes Lady Clara Barrington. What a capital judge of a horse Barrington is!'

'Who says so?' said young Pitt, late of the fifth form at Harrow, who, being the son of a master of hounds, thought this an incursion on his especial ground; besides, he was fond of taking down Bentley, who, being in a like position, gave himself airs, and was Eton.

'Who says so? why—why, everybody says so,' rejoined Bentley.

'What! all the people about here?'

'Yes, everybody.'

'Ah! then it can't be true: for I've heard you say a hundred times nobody knows anything about a horse here; so everybody's judgment can't be worth much.'

'But he is a very good judge,' said Lord Gorsehampton, 'and always drives and rides capital cattle.'

'I didn't say he wasn't. I only asked who said so; and Bentley said

a great many people who didn't know anything about it. Are you going to the pic-nic at St. Hilda's Mount, Gorsehampton?'

'Not if I know it. Who are going?'

'Why, the Montgomerys, and the Barkers, and the Trefusis, and the officers from Portbridge, and I think I shall go.'

'That's an inducement,' replied the other. Lord Gorsehampton was not fond of his companions, nor their habits, which were not in conformity to his own ideas of propriety, nor to mine. 'Is Frank Beauclerc going, does anybody know?' added he.

'Of course he is,' said Standish.

'Why of course? I don't see it.'

'Because he's in love with Violet Carloss.'

'What's your idea of being in love, Standish?' said Lord Gorsehampton.

'Well, I'll tell you. He walked up to their house with them on Sunday after church, and it's more than half a mile out of the way; besides, I saw him carrying her prayer book. If you don't call that being spooney, I should just like to know your idea of it.'

'I quite agree with you, old fellow,' said Gorsehampton. 'I never knew a stronger case. I dare say the pic-nic will be good fun. I think I shall go, if it's not too hot. Let's all go: we can get a fly.'

Just at this point of this animated discussion the study door opened, and Beauclerc came in.

'Beauclerc, they say you're going to Lady Clara's pic-nic. She's given a sort of invite to the house, and some of us think of going.'

'So much the better. The more the merrier,' said Frank.

'Will you join us? We want something to go in; a fly, or a phaeton, or an omnibus. We must have two horses, it's such a deuce of a pull to the top of the Mount.'

'I can't go with you fellows, for

I'm going to Ashdale the day before, and I shall go from there.'

'Is that Lord Ashdale's place?' asked Pitt.

'Yes; he's a cousin of mine, and Fred Ashdale is quartered at Portbridge just now. Do you know him?'

'We were at Eton at the same dame's, and in the same form a good part of the time. What a capital fellow he is!'

'I think if you spoke to Colville or Mrs. Colville, you might all go together. She has to take Miss Carlross.' Saying which he left the room.

Time had dealt leniently with Madame Rosenfels since we were last in her company. She was still as good-looking as ever—well preserved, and handsomely dressed. Her jewellery, although it was morning, was remarkably good, and, if plentiful, selected with much care as to its value and propriety. It was massive, and of the Italian type; and the gems among it were rare and of the finest water. Her straight, clever-cut features were the least likely to have suffered from time. With the exception of a little hardness, there was no alteration in thirteen years.

Why was madame still a widow? Everybody asked the question, but no one answered it satisfactorily; and no man solved it by cutting the Gordian knot.

Madame Rosenfels was ambitious; that's the truth. Like many clever women, she felt her power, and intended greater things than common. There was another *pourquoi* in the case. For some reason or other she affected mystery or concealment. Now, madame was just the person to have won her way in a crowd. Lymmersfield, a picturesque, *quasi* suburban village, was neither far enough off nor near enough to London to make it available as a matrimonial market, in her sense of the term. The people were mi-

gratory, the men especially; and they lived on the railroad. A widow does most mischief in the morning; the evening is the time for the fire-flies to exhibit.

Besides, for the present, what more was to be got than she already possessed—a comfortable home, and some luxuries? The management of somebody else's money almost without control—to be exchanged for an uncertainty. She had put herself down at a thousand a year, and a man whom she could profess to love or to admire; and Lymmersfield had not yet presented her with the opportunity.

Lymmersfield was a mistake. Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, Malvern, even might have done: and sometimes she thought of giving them a trial. One consideration prevented it.

Immediately previous to the death of Major Carlross, he had become acquainted, by some ordinary communication, with the Colvilles' residence at Lymmersfield. A correspondence ensued. Harry Colville had been an intimate friend of some of the major's family, and at the major's death he found himself associated, to a certain extent, in the guardianship of Violet and her property. It was clear that, if Madame Rosenfels changed her name again, Violet would seek a home with the Colvilles. She was not empowered to do so, so long as madame, her mother's earliest friend, had an independent and undivided one to offer.

Madame was extravagant—personally so. Handsome women frequently are so without intending it. The previous co-guardian, General Fletcher, who was now dead, had been a singularly apathetic and easy-going person. He had been put to some trouble (he cared nothing for expense) about a trumpery three hundred pounds which was unaccounted for. Madame's oratory

and eyelashes were too much for him, and he resigned.

The major was singularly unlucky in his choice once more. Harry Colville had a dozen irons in the fire, and the only thing of which he knew absolutely nothing was money. His wife managed his house, signed his cheques, and paid his bills, presenting him with what he wanted: it was usually sixpence to pay the turnpike, and not that when she was with him. As to suspicions of other people's money matters going wrong, they never crossed his brain.

Adelaide Rosenfels sat in her *chaise-longue* of the most comfortable fashion, looking out on a small but well-kept lawn. She was reading a French novel; for she liked her luxuries, and we need not venture upon classing that with the necessities of life. Some women declare they cannot live without singing birds, and scarlet geraniums—without Pivet's gloves or Melnotte's boots—a French maid or a Dutch poodle; we presume they have never tried. Madame said the same of French romances. Whether they consoled her for the omission of good, or nerved her for the commission of evil, I cannot tell.

Violet Carlross was gone into the village to buy some tarlatan, to beg some exotics which she could not buy, and to call upon a poor old woman whose cow had died in the night, in full milk. Madame had the house to herself.

The door opened, and a very respectable-looking woman, of middle age, and presenting the appearance of a high class of servant, brought in a note on a waiter, adding 'There's somebody waiting to see you, ma'am; the person who brought that note.'

Madame Rosenfels did as many do on a hot day—instead of looking inside of the letter, turned it upside-down three or four times, inspecting the writing and the seal

minutely, and then replied to her servant—

'Who is it, and what does he want?'

'I don't know, ma'am; it's a woman—a woman of colour.' Madame Rosenfels was not a woman of colour at any time: at that moment less so than usual; but in a second the blood returned to her face with too great violence, and she became conscious of a very unusual blush upon her usually pale, clear face.

'Tell her to sit down, and I will see her immediately.'

The letter was one of mere recommendation from the lawyer who had been employed in Miss Carlross's affairs, when necessary. It mentioned the arrival from India of a person who had enquired her address, and being not great proficient in our language, had begged a letter in case of need.

And yet Madame Rosenfels felt very uncomfortable.

The firm of Fleecehall and Shearham was a most respectable firm. Fleecehall did the business. Shearham was the man of pleasure. He had once cast his eyes on Madame Rosenfels. It was before he knew the exact extent of her income, and whence she derived it. He had since been grateful for the rejection, but remained a devoted admirer.

Madame went upstairs, and came down again, refreshed—looking, indeed, more than herself—when the 'woman of colour' presented herself at the door.

'Baba!'

'Madame!' Such were the exclamations; and then followed a series of natural questions, such as might be expected between mistress and maid who had not met for thirteen years.

'Baba, you are a little changed; you don't look well;' and she gave her a chair.

'*Be* vous, madame, and you so well.' Then the conversation continued in French, for Baba was a French Indian, and had been living long in Pondicherry with a French family: doubtless a useful woman, who made a pillau out of as little as most people, and dressed the young ladies' hair equally well.

'And my little girl, Madame —?'

'Yes, your little girl is become a great beauty; you shall see her. Ah! here she comes. Violet, dear, here's nurse Baba come all the way from India to see you.' Nurse Baba exhibited considerable surprise at something.

Violet Carloss was delighted to see her nurse, of whom she had heard not much. She knew that a nurse had come over with her and her little cousin, but that was all. She had forgotten the cousin and the nurse too.

Baba's conversation in the servants' apartments was in praise of Miss Carloss. Beyond that it was difficult to get. She seemed mightily puzzled by the name, and repeated 'Violet,' 'Violet,' to herself several times over. 'Par hazard,' said she, in very unintelligible English, 'was it Miss Marguerite?'

Before Baba returned to town she had another interview with Madame Rosenfels. Violet was away from home.

'And what are you going to do with yourself?—stop in England?'

'It is so *triste*, madame; and now I get old, I must go to France or India. I have friends in both.'

'Certainly; it is *triste*. Can I be of any assistance to you? I shall be delighted if I could find any situation that would be of any service to you.'

She was lavish of her thanks. Madame was always so kind.

'And Miss Margaret. Shall I gain?'

'Violet! Ah! nurse, you for-

get. Poor little thing! We shall all see her again.'

Madame was not a religious character; but she had her belief, and it was a creditable and consolatory one in this respect. So thought Baba.

'Ah! Miss Violet of course; but Baba, what are you talking about? Come with me. I have something to show you in my wardrobe. Margaret left a little present behind for those who were kind to her in her last illness.'

Madame led the amazed Indian into a luxuriously furnished bedroom. From a small chest of drawers, she unlocked and drew out the bottom one of all; it contained much female gear, ribbons, embroidery, lappets of point lace, and other gauze-like and gossamer articles of adornment. From one corner Madame drew forth several baby dresses rolled up roughly, but of costly work and materials. On each and all was marked the name of 'Margaret.'

'These, Baba, are the little frocks and caps; and there's one with Brussels lace on it, that we have put by for you; you must take the mark out when you have time.' Baba looked pleased, but puzzled. 'And there was a little present too to be given to you, which will be still more useful, I hope, and help you to get back to India.' Saying which the graceful Madame Rosenfels slipped a note into the hand of her old nurse, which sounded crisper and looked less soiled than might have been expected from the date of the legacy.

Baba was a French East Indian. Could she contradict so clever and so excellent a woman as madame? So she went up to London from the Lymmersfield station, and it gave her an hour to think what an old imbecile she had become in a dozen years, before her friends met her and carried her off from the curious gaze of the travelling public.

CHAPTER IX.

A PIC-NIC.

Now comes a case that conquers all resistance.—COLLINS.

'Where are you going, Beauclerc?' said Pitt, emerging from the breakfast-room, and strolling into the garden.

'I'm going to dinner at Ashdale by train to-day, and I shall meet you all at St. Hilda's Mount tomorrow. How do you go?'

'Omnibus and posters. Colville goes with us. Bentley wanted to go so, because he thought Mrs. Colville and Violet Carloss were going in the same way.'

'What could it have signified to him?' said Frank, rather impatiently.

'I'm sure I don't know,' replied Pitt, proceeding to light a short pipe, and polishing it on his coat sleeve, to get up the colour. 'I'm sure I don't know. He's become quite a drawing-room pet lately, and affects wonderful attention to his back hair. I think he wants to cut you out.'

'Anything that will tend to the development of civilisation in you fellows,' replied Frank, 'must do good; so I hope I shall not stand in his way;' and with that they parted.

If ever there was a mistake in the educational system, it is in the necessity (for it is a necessity) for private preparation for competitive examination. If Eton and Harrow do nothing more, they do insist upon discipline; they do give authority for the punishment of faults: they practically keep pipes and beer within bounds; and they have some check upon a love of low company. There are some conscientious men in the world who will look after the idlers entrusted to them; who see a duty beyond the reigns of the kings of England, or the solution of an equation, and Colville was one

of these. But it requires a clever tactician to keep the twig straight just under the circumstances, and at the time it is most given to bend.

Colville had had his fair share of experience, and he found the cunning of the serpent as useful as the innocence of the dove.

The morning of Wednesday, the — of July, was as bright and lovely as mornings in July frequently are. A curling vapour, through which the sun's rays were penetrating, bespoke certain heat. The dew hung yet upon the flowers, for not a cloud had returned her radiating warmth to the earth, when she poured it forth through the still hours of the night. It bid fair to be a day for a pic-nic without alloy. Some people dislike pic-nics. I do not venture to give an opinion either way. They are provoking and provocative. Provoking in an English climate, as throwing a doubt over the certainty of their fulfilment; provocative of love and indigestion; both which states of being should be entered upon with quiet consideration. I suit my views to my company; and as the father of a large family, have plenty of exercise for my ingenuity.

Barrington could not endure them. 'For a man who could afford a Turkey carpet, a mahogany table, cool claret, and an attentive butler, to dine on wet grass or hot turf, with well-warmed and half-flat claret, after laying his own cloth and uncorking his own champagne, is preposterous; positively preposterous, Clara!' as he told her that very morning. Lady Clara was of a different opinion. She thought nothing so charming as a dinner on St. Hilda's Mount. True, it was but six miles from Lymmersfield Park, and she could have gone there every day; but then she never did, excepting on these occasions. She liked getting wet by way of a change; ordinary life was dry enough in all conscience. She pre-

ferred her claret a little flat *sometimes*, and she should have plenty of people to wait upon her. Barrington, who was a good-looking, good-tempered swell, ex-captain of the Life Guards, would ride up in the cool of the day if he could find it, and return to an eight o'clock dinner. The views were beautiful, and they meant to go on the lake.

Lady Clara was like most women who are young and pretty, especially when they are so unfortunate as to have no domestic troubles or incumbrances. She liked pleasure; admiration; *abandon*: it was something different from the Belgravian pattern of which she had just undergone six weeks' probation. Rotten Row was charming then; but her taste was pure enough to prefer St. Hilda's now.

I find all men of a certain age something like Barrington. Love-making, especially in other people, gives us very little satisfaction. We have most of us seen a fine country or two, and prefer Leicestershire; and have had so many bad dinners that we are disinclined to add to the number. A greybeard at a picnic ought to wag with astonishment at finding itself there.

Of one young lady the enjoyment was likely to be as unmistakable as it was pure. Violet Carliss was coming out to-day. Her notion of the material world was Lady Clara on the top of St. Hilda's Mount, making a salad, and thirty people in charming costumes waiting to partake of it. The background was grouped with blue sky, water, trees, birds, and fishing-boats, and the middle distance with mail phaetons, open barouches, and pony carriages. Her notion of the moral world was an universal philanthropy, which diminished or increased irrationally towards certain persons without reference to anything but her own freewill. It should be observed that in this moral thermometer the mercury in Violet had never yet

reached freezing point, while it was prepared to ascend to any height whatever.

Poor child! how very happy she was by nature intended to be! She had something to learn in which dulness of comprehension is a great blessing.

She has to learn that the world is not all sunshine and flowers; that woman can be treacherous, man self-interested; that our best feelings may be made the severest instruments of our torture; that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue; that the world is made up of tinsel. She has to learn that the warmth of a caress is no criterion of its honesty; that heat on the surface, like blood from the heart, leaves an icicle within. To be sure, the purchase of this experience will be sweet enough: its possession—bitter. Her lesson will be coned in a world of appearances, and in a path strewn with flowers. Poor Violet, like others, must pick up her thorns.

And then she has something more to discover—that adversity has its merits; that she must be evil thought of or spoken of when blameless; that she must suffer for the shortcomings of others; and that 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Then she will know, to her own profit, that she may look inwardly for consolation, and that she will find it when her whole and absolute dependence is upon God.

By five o'clock the last carriage had reached St. Hilda's Mount.

'And now what shall we do?' said Lady Clara, charmingly dressed in the lightest of summer finery, and looking the picture of English good-humour and enjoyment. 'What shall we do? Lunch first, or walk to the ruins, or go on the water?'

'Lunch first, Lady Clara, by all means; it will give us an appetite for sightseeing.' Saying which the gallant Colonel Twigg, throwing

his rein to his servant, dismounted, and offered his hand to her ladyship. She came down from a well-appointed barouche; and her two sisters, equally splendid, but more youthful in costume, followed her.

'Violet, you must come and sit by me. Where's madame? not come—not come to my pic-nic? Well, we must do without her. And who did you come with?'

'With Mrs. Colville. Madame Rosenfels is not very well, and said I was to say everything most kind to you for her. She goes out so seldom.' The fact is, that madame had refused for both originally, but had been over-persuaded by her ladyship's eloquence: so she sent Violet as a compromise.

Then the hampers were made to descend from their places on the carriage; and Captain Slowcome turned up his coat-sleeves and commenced a search in the straw. Glorious long-necked bottles were extracted. Ice was discovered, a piece of which, *au naturel*, Lady Sarah Slaughterman appropriated at once, staining her gloves and spoiling her bonnet-strings.

'Sarah, dear,' said Lady Clara, reprovingly.

'Can't help it, dear; that carriage of yours is like an oven. Just look at me, Captain Ashdale (that languid individual had just arrived); don't I look dreadful?'

'Terrible, indeed, Lady Sarah. Apply to my friend Boldover here; he's the coolest hand I've ever known.' Lady Sarah looked up, and there recognised an old acquaintance in the phaeton.

'Major Boldover, now pray make yourself useful. Come down and dress the salad. Where did you come from?' Boldover obeyed, and answered, in one breath, 'I came from Ireland last night.' Here the major alighted from the phaeton, and having made a comprehensive sort of bow, seized a cucumber in his left hand.

Presently Major Boldover looked up from his work. 'Who is that young man, Ashdale, unpacking a hamper?'

'That's a cousin of mine. How do, Beauclerc? I didn't know you were here.' Then the two fraternised as cousins should do; and they sat down together, and had some mutual confidences.

'So you are promised a vacancy in ours. When's the exam?'

'Next month.'

'All right, I suppose?'

Frank thought he might do.

'Lord Gorsehampton, may I trouble you to cut that cherry tart? Violet, you don't eat anything. Mrs. Colville, I hope Violet hasn't been lunching with you?' Lady Clara did not wait for an answer, but went on assiduously taking care of her guests.

'Walker, where's the claret?' That dignified functionary condescended to look surprised. 'Please, my lady, I rather think—I'm afraid,—yes, my lady;' here Walker buried his head in all parts of the barouche, and at last admitted that it had been forgotten.

The faces were blank of those who heard the announcement; but young Caradoc allayed all apprehension by ordering his groom to unpack the hamper behind him. Claret was produced in abundance.

'Evelyn?' Miss Ashdale, a pretty girl in golden bands and a white lace bonnet, looked up from a flirtation with Cornet Rathbone.

'When is the Goodwood meeting? isn't it late this year?'

'Yes, dear, it's a movable feast. It depends upon Easter.'

'Of course you go?'

'Yes, dear; papa has a horse entered. He ran a very good trial, only he don't talk about it, you know.'

Here the barracks at Portbridge laughed solemnly, and Major Boldover said, 'Certainly not; quite right, Miss Ashdale; keep it among

friends.' This was the major's first introduction to that young lady; but people soon become intimate at a pic-nic.

It is not the quantity of the meat but the cheerfulness of the guests which makes a feast, says somebody; and as the table was pretty well cleared, the ladies began to move. The wasps had peaceable possession of the viands, and Captain Ashdale had begun to fumble with his cigar-case when Barrington arrived. He was a tall, good-looking man, and displayed to perfection the New-market hack, which he had ridden up the hill.

'Any claret cup left?' said he, after the first salutations. There always is a little; so he drank, and then spoke to Fred Ashdale.

'Isn't there a man of the name of Beauclerc here? He's reading with Colville, and I want to ask him to come to our house.'

'Yes, here he is; he's a cousin of mine,' and Fred Ashdale called to Beauclerc. Frank was close by, and he was soon in conversation with Captain Barrington.

'Oh! Miss Montgomery, I'm so glad you came. Is your sister here?'

'She was a minute ago. They're gone towards the cottage to order tea when we come back from the lake.'

'The lake? Have you got the boats? That's capital. Just catch hold of my hack, will you?' and he surrendered his horse to one of the servants. 'Oh! Miss Carlross, I hear madame wouldn't come. How sorry I am! Lady Clara says she could have given you a seat with her if she had but known in time.'

'Thanks, Captain Barrington; it's very kind of Lady Clara; Mrs. Colville brought me.'

'And is Mr. Colville come? it's not much in his way.'

'Yes, he's here somewhere.' Colville had betaken himself to a more retired corner of the hill.

Having ascertained that tea was to be had in a couple of hours, the ladies and gentlemen paired off as best they might. Violet fell to the lot of Cornet Caradoc, and Frank Beauclerc to the possession of Evelyn Ashdale. Barrington took charge of old Lady Ashdale, who had chaperoned her daughter, and in a few minutes they all met at one of the numerous points of view to be found on St. Hilda's Mount.

The old ruined monastery at the foot of the hill, near the water, was a picturesque object. It was a complete ruin, but retaining internally the divisions of kitchen, refectory, and the other component parts of a large religious house. It was covered with ivy, and the gnarled and twisted roots helped to support the crumbling windows and delicate tracery of the dormitories, which were easily discernible from the interior. Dick Tintoman, when struggling manfully against the adverse criticism and invidious hanging of the committee of the R.A. Society, has rendered its beauties familiar to all who saw that famous picture—and who did not see it?—known as 'The Hand of Time.' I am under great obligations to Dick, and so is the reader: he has saved us a great deal of trouble.

'What an enormous place!' said Miss Montgomery; 'how charming to people it, dear Lady Ashdale, with the tenants of —'

'Good heavens, my dear, what a family!' replied the old lady. I think, by a little twinkle of the eye, Lady Ashdale was not so obtuse as she pretended to be; but the answer made Miss Montgomery less poetical for the time.

'Who built this place, Mr. Colville?' enquired Lady Ashdale.

'I don't know who built it; but I know who despoiled it, Lady Ashdale.'

'Do you, sir? then be good enough to tell us.'

'An ancestor of Lord Ashdale. Is not St. Hilda's vicarage in your gift, my lady?'

'In Lord Ashdale's it is. But I don't see what that has to do with the old monastery.'

'When Lord Ashdale's ancestor turned out the monks, he got the great tithes, and we got a poor-law to supply the place of its charities. This was one of the largest.'

'And therefore did the most good,' said the old lady, stoutly.

'According to your ancestor's reading it did the most harm.'

'It kept the poor in bread and cheese, Mr. Colville.'

'And encouraged them to beg for it, my lady; but you ought not to defend the system.'

While this discussion had been going on the couples had separated, or were improving the occasion, each according to taste, capacity, or inclination.

'Curious fellows those monks, Miss Ashdale,' said Major Boldover.

'Scarcely the view I should take of them,' said the young lady, with a rather satirical smile. Miss Ashdale had been raised in Belgravia, and admired Father Eustace, who approached that condition of life as far as his judicious diocesan would allow.

'I say, Barrington, this must have been the stable,' said Caradoc, pointing to some iron rings which had been driven into the wall.

'Oh! those fellows never hunted, you may depend upon it.'

'Why not? the whole place belonged to them: and there were plenty of deer.'

'Ask Miss Carlross,' said Captain Barrington, 'she knows a great deal better than I do.'

'Indeed, I don't know anything: I always ask madame. Here's Mr. Beauclerc, perhaps he knows.' And they repeated the enquiry.

But Beauclerc knew nothing about it, and began admiring a mouldering cornice, to which he called Violet's attention.

'Charming style,' said a young gentleman with unexceptionable boots, and a lisp, from the barracks, pointing to a half-ruined window. 'What a pity Cromwell and those sort of fellows destroyed everything, Lady Emily!'

Lady Emily being only lately out of the schoolroom, asked 'which Cromwell?'

'Aha, that's good; now you know you're chaffing, Lady Emily.' By this time, as the ruins covered some acres, the company did the same, the young ones seeming to discover much beautiful tracery in out-of-the-way corners, cool spots, in retired nooks, and to be enthusiastically devoted to the examination of botanical specimens on the walls. Somebody, however, mentioned the boats, and they began to stroll that way.

HOW WE RETOOK DEWANGIRI.

THE cool November breeze of Northern India, which quickens each languid Englishman from existence into vigorous life, is generally the signal to every soldier to prepare for his march to another station, in course of the annual relief; but in 1864 the movements of the troops had begun earlier than usual, in order to collect a field force in the Assam Dooars for the expedition against Bhootan. As in Scotland of old, the petty chiefs of this little hill country support bands of lawless followers, who make periodical raids into the lowlands, and live on what grain and cattle they can carry off. Like, too, to the oppressed folk of those days, the British Government has long been in the habit of yearly paying a fixed sum as black-mail to secure the persons and property of its subjects from violence. But the rulers and chiefs of Bhootan have ever been so split up into factions that the country has been practically in a state of perpetual anarchy, and the power has lain with the strong hand alone. Thus it is probable that whilst little, if any, of the yearly allowance reached the coffers of the State, this black-mail came to be considered an inalienable right, by no means dependent on the behaviour of the frontier clans, and murder and theft still continued to be committed on the border as before.

In the autumn of 1863 the Hon. Ashley Eden was sent to Punakha on a special mission to settle all disputed points, and to place the vexed question of the protection of the British boundary on a definite and proper footing. This gentleman pushed on in spite of all obstacles, but only to be grossly insulted, and forced to sign, at the

dictation of some of the chiefs, a treaty which ceded to Bhootan certain portions of the Dooars, or fertile plain-lands at the foot of the Himalayas. It was therefore considered advisable to let the Bhootanees feel that the British Empire was not a petty Rajahship, and that the British Government would no longer allow its territory to be harried, its subjects carried into slavery, nor its accredited envoys to be insulted in open court.

Towards the end of August, then, some native regiments began their march towards the scene of operations, and the field force was gradually collected at four points, from each of which an advance was to be made northwards to the hills. The right column—with which alone we have to do—assembled at Gowhatty, an old city on the mighty Brahmapootra, and had for its immediate object the occupation of Dewangiri, a Bhootan town situated on one of the lower spurs of the mountains, of small extent and scanty population, but important in being the residence of a Rajah, and the gateway of the high road into Eastern Bhootan. At Gowhatty, too, were collected provisions, clothing, and stores, whilst the farms of the province were drained of elephants, they being the only good baggage animals in a district like Assam, where roads are few and unmetalled, and where the whole country at some seasons of the year lies under water, whose surface is scarcely broken save by the waving luxuriance of grass and bamboo jungle.

In the early days of December the column advanced, under command of Brigadier-General Mulcaster, and in four days reached Koomreekhatta, the site of a mud fort built by us in 1856, and gene-

rally garrisoned by a handful of men of a local native regiment. The next day brought them to the foot of the hills, and there they encamped for the night, moving onwards up one of the mountain passes at early dawn to attack Dewangiri. Six of the eight miles of climbing, however, had not been accomplished when, to the intense disgust of officers and men, news was brought that this formidable stronghold, against which they were marching with all the panoply of war, had been occupied on the previous day by some two or three dozen armed policemen without loss.

No trace of an enemy remained, so the column encamped on the spur, and day followed day in dull monotony. Nothing was done to protect the supply of water, which was still brought from a distant hill, as heretofore, in an open bamboo conduit, a mile and a half long; but a feeble attempt was made to cut a pathway to the plains, which should be independent of the riverbeds, which serve as passes. Materials were slowly collected for building an intrenchment on the highest spot of the spur, and the stone breastwork of the court in which stood the Rajah's palace was enlarged and given a bastioned face. Thus weeks passed, and no enemy was seen or heard of; the General went down to the plains, and everyone else grumbled at the thought of being left in such a place with neither employment nor amusement.

Those, too, who had at first envied their prospect of active service, now pitied their enforced idleness—not, perhaps, without a slight tinge of gratification at seeing that the fancied loss had been a gain. In fact, the interest excited by the contest with a people of whom we knew perhaps less than of any of our hill neighbours, had quite faded away, when it was suddenly fanned into excitement by the following

announcement in the newspapers of the 8th February:—

Dewangiri was attacked in force by the enemy on the 30th ult., and has since been evacuated. One British officer killed.

That this was no mere rumour was sufficiently proved by the instant recall of many officers absent on leave; but no details of the attack could be learned for some time. Even in Calcutta but little was known beyond the fact of our having been defeated. It was evident, however, that if the defeat was to be wiped out during the present year, it must be done right speedily; for the deadly season of the Doors begins in April, and already February was well advanced. So at the next meeting of the Council of India the necessary arrangements were made. General Mulcaster was to be recalled, and General Tombs to come in hot haste from Gwalior to supersede him. Reinforcements were to be pushed up at once, including the 55th Foot, some Artillery, the 29th Punjabees, and 31st Native Infantry. A dozen Engineer officers were to be divided between the different columns. A complete siege park was to be formed; the commissariat depôts to be stocked with grain bought at high prices; the troops to be supplied with blankets and waterproofs, contracted for at exorbitant rates. No cost was to be spared; in short, now that the horse was gone, we were to make a merit of banging the stable-door.

The formation of the Eastern Bengal Railway has substituted a four-hour land journey to the junction of the Ganges and Brahmapootra for the old seven-day trip through the Soonderbunds; and so on the 23rd of February the Government steamer *Sir William Peel* lay alongside the railway wharf at Koosh-tee, deep-laden, and waiting only for her passengers. One after another these turned up, the principal

baggage of each consisting apparently of a cork bed and a huge bottle of quinine, and found themselves in the midst of a confused camp of natives. There seemed to be a widespread doubt as to the probabilities of dinner, but this was happily dispelled by the discovery of a mess established in one corner of a railway shed, where bamboo mats served for a table, and stools and portable beds of various shapes for chairs.

In the course of the afternoon the tents were struck and stowed away, and the regiments embarked on board two large two-decked barges, or 'flats,' which the steamer was to tow. All the officers, however, were to live on board the latter; for since everyone slept on deck, it mattered little that they were many and cabins were few. That night the General came on board; and on the following morning the *Peel* slipped her moorings and steamed away up the river, all the available space abaft the funnel being crowded with horses and ponies of all sorts and tempers, each railed in with bamboos, but perfectly able and willing to kick or bite upon the smallest provocation.

Up—up the dreary river, against the strong stream, for five long days, diversified only by running on mud banks and crawling off them again,—by shooting at alligators and invariably missing them. On the fifth evening, a miserable village came into sight on our left hand: a wretched collection of huts, that not even the setting sun could make anything but squalid. This was Dhoo bree; and the 31st, who were bound for the left column of the field force, disembarked here, and began to land their baggage at once. But the evil star of the regiment was in the ascendant. In common with the rest of the world, they had expected that transport would be ready for them, and that they would have a road on which to move.

The road turned out to be a muddy track, and the carriages to be merely some twenty rickety carts, each holding about as much as a good-sized English wheelbarrow, together with a hundred impressed coolies, who were one and all determined to run away on the first opportunity.

The noise of the paddle-wheels awoke everyone again at early dawn, and we were going eastward with lighter draught. In the course of the day the scenery began to change; low jungle-covered hills lined the banks, and replaced the flat sands. The next day brought us to Goalpara, an unhealthy little station on one such hill, and on the following day we reached Gowhatty, and said goodbye to the steamer.

Here, for the first time, we heard what had actually taken place in front to cause such sudden reinforcements to be needed. It seemed—for no two accounts exactly tallied—it seemed that on the 30th of January everyone at Dewangiri was sleeping as soundly as usual, after the customary whist, the customary yawns, the customary longings for something to do. No one dreamed of the presence of an enemy. The pickets were placed as usual, and, as usual, culpably ill-placed, without sentries as connecting links. All was silent. In an instant the silence was changed into a confused din of howls, shots, shrieks, uproar. Tent-ropes were severed, and the tents were falling on their occupants, who awoke only to be cut to pieces under the canvas. A few sappers on the right front bore the first brunt of the onset, and three out of four native corndealers present in the camp were the first victims. The men rushed out and stood to arms, Lieutenant Urquhart, of the Engineers, being immediately shot down in front of them, and after a little time the Bhootanees were driven back a few paces, and desultory fighting went on from behind trees.

Here the stories of several eye-

witnesses differ; and this is but natural, as any statement, under the circumstances, must be more or less *ex parte*. Moreover, the Government has withheld from the public all official documents and despatches on the subject; but it is universally admitted that whilst the very few other native troops bore themselves like men, the 43rd Native Infantry behaved badly, both in the attack and during the subsequent five days. Still this must be attributed as much to the prevailing system as to the men themselves, for their duties for years had consisted in acting in scattered detachments for police purposes, and it is said that when the regiment was assembled for the campaign, not only did the men not know their officers, but the native officers knew nothing of their companies, and the non-commissioned officers were ignorant of the very names of their men.

However this may be, after three or four hours the Bhootanees retired, leaving the garrison to bury its dead and tend its wounded.

For three days all was quiet. The officer in command wrote for reinforcements, and received for answer that General Mulcaster considered the force at his disposal ample for the defence of Dewangiri; but beyond this call for help, nothing seems to have been done. For three whole days there was peace, but the fourth morning's dawn showed that the water-conduit had been destroyed, and a Bhootanee stockade built on the spur during the night.

The garrison did not immediately want for water, however, for at least four days' supply could be drawn from a neighbouring spring, whose overflow had hitherto trickled down to the Deea river, which was brawling in its rocky bed hundreds of feet below; and this point settled, all attention was turned to the stockade. The 12-pounder howitzers were brought into play upon it,

but in vain. A few shots showed that the light shells could neither penetrate nor destroy the enemy's cover, but no further attempt was made to drive him away—no attempt was made to assault his position.

Let us hurry over the end. That night more stockades were built yet nearer to the Rajah's palace, and it was decided to retreat, and to retreat by night. There were several passes which led to the plains, the principal ones being known as those of Goorpoagaon, Darunda, Lebera, and Soubankhotta. The first was completely shut off by the enemy's stockades, the second partially so, for during the day a small party of men from the plains had been foiled in their endeavour to throw some stores into the besieged camp. The two latter passes were open. Some of the 43rd were told off to carry the guns, the wounded, and the stores, while the other troops were ordered to abandon everything. The retreat began. The water-hearted Assamese of the 43rd soon ran off, and deserted both guns and wounded. The one Artillery officer was left alone with seventeen Eurasian gunners, and finding himself unable with these men to carry off his howitzers, he spiked them and threw them down the hill-side, where they were afterwards discovered by the enemy, who took them away in triumph to his capital. In the darkness of the night, and the confusion of the disorganised retreat, the small force got entirely separated, and, closely followed by the enemy's bullets and arrows, small parties of two, of ten, of twenty, crept their way by different passes to the plains, and so came into camp by dribblets, meeting in the early morning a body of men with which General Mulcaster had too late made up his mind to reinforce the now deserted position.

A month had passed since then; but as the Bhootanees were, fortunately for us, a rude hill people, ignorant of the arts of civilised

warfare, the camp had been unmolested, and its occupants had been quietly waiting for the troops now on their way to the front.

On March 6, a wing of the 29th N.I. left Gowhatty, and on the following day arrived at Runguah, 25 miles off. Here they met a party of the 43rd, who greatly amused the Sikhs and Pathans by saying that the Bhootanees were magicians, whom no one could fight and live. When hit, they grew in size with each stroke, and became giants; so they bid the Sikhs take warning by them, and, by running away without striking, prevent their terrible expansion.

On the 9th they arrived at Koomreekhatta, and Dewangiri was first seen through telescopes, high up on the range of hills whose foot was some eight miles from the front of the camp. Along their base, at the mouth of every pass, a stockade had been constructed as a hold for the foraging parties which had, day by day, since our retreat, been hanging about the country, and carrying off cattle and grain into the interior. The enemy showed on the following day that he knew more of our movements than we of his, by simultaneously burning these stockades and retiring to his second line of defence.

The next few days were occupied in building temporary hospitals, huts, &c., and laying out the camp on a better plan. General Tombs arrived, and reinforcements came in day by day. But as the 55th Foot could not join till the end of the month, no advance could be made till then; and to keep the present force in health in the fever-stricken swamp in which it was encamped was the most important consideration. So rum was ordered to be served out gratis to all native troops who would drink it—not few in number—and perhaps the liquor had some good effect in a sanitary point of view; but socially, its result was

to make the men muddled and stupid. In addition to the rum, a small dose of quinine was daily served out as a prophylactic; and it was an odd sight to see long rows of men squatting, native fashion, on their hanches, while a compounder walked along the line and dropped a pill into each upturned mouth.

Of all the passes leading to Dewangiri, that by Soubankhotta was the one, *ceteris paribus*, most favourable to the advance of an attacking force, as it was believed to turn the right of the enemy's position; so, in the utter absence of detailed information as to the preparations made to receive us, the General decided on this route, and on the 12th sent out an engineer to build a bastioned entrenchment, with field hospitals and magazines, at the mouth of the pass, the working parties being daily covered by a strong armed company. The cavalry could discover no trace of an enemy, and it became evident that the Bhootanees were keeping themselves to their hills; so reconnoissances were made up the several passes, in which stockades were invariably found perched upon the hill-sides, and were taken with some little loss.

But in the Soubankhotta Pass the case turned out differently. The enemy had abandoned three or four stockades near its mouth, and had retired to a position about four miles up the pass, whose width varied from about 300 to 12 feet, and which was bordered by high cliffs, everywhere precipitous, and in some places almost perpendicular. Wherever root-hold existed, trees of all kinds clothed the hill-sides; and the bubbling river, the dark green in the shade, the gold on the sunlit summit, made an exquisite picture to a colour-loving eye, while the whole formed a detestable combination to the glance of an attacking soldier.

The position of the stockade was admirably chosen. The river bed,

here narrowed to about 25 feet, was completely choked up for a length of 200 or 300 feet by an abattis some 15 feet high, formed by cutting trees on the cliffs on either side, and letting them roll down and interlace themselves. The only road was a narrow pathway on which but one man could advance at a time, and this was enfiladed by an outwork, and completely commanded by the fire of the whole place. The hill-sides were covered with dense jungle; and although a few men managed to climb up cat fashion, it was found absolutely impossible to turn, or indeed to get at the Bhootanees' position. The only way, then, to assault the place was deliberately to force a path through the abattis under the whole fire of the enemy; and the loss in this case was so certain to be great, that it was deemed advisable not to make the attempt. The correctness of this judgment was proved after Dewangiri was taken, by the fact of a man spending 40 minutes in getting through the abattis, working as hard as he could, in the full knowledge that the stockade was in our possession.

The main walls of the different stockades varied little in structure. They generally consisted of a double framing of logs from 4 to 9 inches diameter, and from 12 to 15 feet high. These were fixed in the ground three or four feet apart, and the intervening space filled with earth or stones. A low banquetta generally lined the interior, and above this were two rows of loop-holes, the one for kneeling, the other for standing marksmen; while above these again ran a narrow platform, from which aim could be taken over the crest of the work. The Bhootanee weapons are many and various, and are probably very similar to those of the Briton of a thousand years ago, with the sole exception of the matchlock. This

they make of varying bore, and charge half-way up the barrel with five or six bullets, which they cast very well in small moulds of soap-stone. As archers, they are excellent marksmen, firing two light cane arrows at a time from a bow of bamboo, which they often hold with their feet; but far more uncomfortable missiles to the ears than either bullet or arrow are the large stones which they sling in great numbers whenever attacked. More than one man who had a lingering doubt as to how David killed Goliath was enlightened by the whir of a smooth stone out of the brook, slung with a force and accuracy of aim that constant practice from childhood alone could give.

In consequence of the strength of the defences of Soubankhotta, the General now resolved upon making his real advance by the Darunda Pass, while the works at the former place were still continued to induce the enemy to strengthen this point at the expense of the real point of attack; but during these few days of busy inactivity it was as much as the commissariat could do to keep the camp from starving. The only means of bringing stores from Gowhaty was by elephants, and at first there were so few of these that each day's flour and rice had to be brought up by a train of elephants working double marches. The country having been devastated by the enemy, not a grain could be drawn from it, and officers and men had to rough it as best they could. One day, indeed, Soubankhotta saw a group of five officers standing with hungry eyes round the one wretched half-starved duck that was to serve for dinner, and drawing lots for its legs and wings; but the anticipated fast was turned into a true feast by the opportune arrival of a loaf of stale bread and a bag of small onions from some kind friend who understood the meaning

of practical charity. A few days afterwards, another officer joined the party with half a dozen pet white hens among his baggage. Of course these were claimed for the cooking-pot, but the owner indignantly said that these were laying hens, and quoted the fable of the goose. After such a firm protest, one could hardly kill the fowls by accident; but an ingenious man, who would have made an admirable thief if properly trained, devised a better scheme for improving his breakfast. Catching one of the hens, he placed it under a basket in his tent as a decoy, while alongside of it he made a comfortable nest out of an old Bhootanee helmet and some hay—such a snug place that no hen with a heart could refuse to lay there. Going away, he watched the result. ‘Cluck,’ went the decoy. ‘Cluck,’ answered her sister outside. Curiosity prevailed over fear, and she went in, laid her egg, and clucked herself away again, whilst the happy owner of the tent rushed triumphantly at his prize.

Sport there was in abundance for those who could go out, and cared to risk fever by unnecessary exposure. One night a shot was heard at an outlying picket, and in an instant the camp was under arms, in expectation of an attack. It turned out, however, that the enemy was four-footed. The sentry declared that he had been charged by a tiger, and had fired at it in self-defence; but no tiger was to be seen, and the story seemed so improbable that the man was utterly disbelieved. On the following morning a tiger’s tracks were clearly seen, and on being followed up, the man-eater himself was found about half a mile off, with a broken forearm, and, after considerable trouble and some danger, was killed. Bears were as plentiful as jackals, and buffalo and rhinoceros might be seen for the looking. Two of the latter gentry used to walk about Koom-

reekhatta camp with calm ugliness, until frightened away by the discordant din of an embryo regimental band.

At Koomreekhatta preparations went on busily for the advance. The commissariat were slinging large hollow joints of bamboo on the backs of restive ponies, who were to be the water-carriers. The engineers were trying to make elephants look like giant porcupines, by contriving different plans of packing shovels and pickaxes on their patient sides. Every beast that was fit for work was required for the conveyance of public stores, and no carriage could be spared for private baggage, so that everyone was to carry what he wanted on his own back. The prospects of temporary starvation were therefore considerable to most people: but it was indignantly rumoured that one curious person, peering about in the hallowed precincts of the Engineer Park, saw a box marked prominently—

‘SPIKE NAILS,
No. 27,’

the contents of which looked remarkably like bottles; and also a sand-bag whose open mouth showed a tin labelled ‘Oxford Sausages.’ But perhaps these were necessary engineer stores.

On the night of the 31st of March, few men had any sleep. The mountain-train guns and mortars, the reserve small-arm ammunition, the engineer stores, had all to be packed on their proper elephants, some of which, of course, had run away and had to be hunted up by refractory mahouts, whom it took some hours to coerce into obedience. At 2 A.M., however, the advanced guard, some 800 strong, started for the foot of the hills, under the command of Colonel Richardson, C.B. The mouth of the Darunda Pass was reached about dawn, and the column was re-formed for the advance.

The first two miles of the ravine were comparatively open. True, the cliffs on either hand were lofty and almost unscalable, but the boulder bed itself was not less than a hundred yards in width. After this, the pass narrowed to about fifty feet, the river Darunda, at that time of the year knee-deep and twenty feet wide, wandering about from bank to bank, and obliging everyone to cross and re-cross it constantly. About three and a-half miles had been traversed without resistance, when the leading files, as they turned a corner, were greeted with half a dozen shots, and a couple of stockades appeared close at hand, enfilading the pass from a height of about fifty feet. The ravine, as usual, was choked up with abattis, and the whole ground, even under water, was studded with short sharp-pointed pieces of bamboo hardened in fire, which were capable of giving a very ugly wound to the feet when bare or protected only by thin leather.

The sappers cleared away some of the abattis with their axes, and the mountain-train gunners brought up their elephants and got the howitzers into action. It was soon evident, however, that the enemy did not mean to make a stand here, for his fire ceased after he had received a few shells; and the storming party found that they might have saved their breath and not 'rushed' the place, for it was utterly deserted. Leaving here a hundred men as a guard, and also a fatigue-party to clear away the abattis for those who were to follow, the rest of the column went on for nearly three miles more, when the halt was sounded, as intelligence had been received of the existence of a strong stockade in front. Haversacks were opened, and each man made as hearty a dinner as he could. Rumour for once showed herself to be true; and the spike nails turned out to be beer, some of which had

been lost in the carriage, to the marked disappointment of the scientific and provident owners, who immediately prevented any further breakage by drinking the remainder.

After half an hour's rest, part of the column set to work to climb up the face of the hill on its left by means of projecting roots and branches, and at length reached the top sorely out of breath. Turning to the right for a few hundred yards, it completely commanded the position of the next stockade, which was found in flames, probably on account of its not having been completed. Behind it, the path lay up the backbone of another long and very steep hill; and a reconnoitring party pushing up this, suddenly emerged from dense jungle into open ground, in full view of Dewangiri, which stood out clearly against the evening sky.

Whilst sand-bags and tools were being brought up to intrench the camp for the night, all glasses were turned to survey the place. First, straight in front, stood a large square stockade, on the highest point of the range, and up to its site ran a long steep spur. There was evidently ground between us and it into which its fire could not plunge; for advanced stone breastworks had been made for this purpose. On our right front, and more retired, we could see a stone building enclosed by stockade work, and also a smaller stockade. On our left hand, the ground sloped down from the first-named height for about three hundred yards towards some magnificent trees; and a hundred yards beyond them was another stockade. Behind this, could we but see it, lay the Rajah's palace, on the further slope of the hill; but yet more to the left the ground rose again, crowned by two other log forts, one of which encircled a small stone temple. In fact, the hill bristled with stockades; and the Bhootanees had evidently taken

great pains in fortifying the place. They seemed tolerably confident, too; for no sooner did they see our picket posted than a great number of them collected along the whole crest of the hill, and set up a series of discordant howls and defiant shouts.

Five minutes decided the plan of attack for next day, and Gen. Tombs began his arrangements. Captain Macdonell to command a party of the 29th and the armed police, and, by making a long *détour*, turn the enemy's left. The howitzers and mortars to shell the great stockade and its flankers. Part of the 55th (including the best shooting company in India), the 12th Kelat-i-Ghilzie Regiment, and the 29th Punjabees, to skirmish and keep down the musketry fire of the place. A party of the two latter regiments to storm the great stockade upon Captain Macdonell's party appearing on the hill. The sappers to be everywhere, making themselves generally useful: and finally, the rest of the force to hold itself in reserve between the sand-bag battery and the stockades.

About 7 o'clock on the following morning, the head of the main body, under Colonel Hume, made its appearance—another battery of mountain artillery, the 43rd, 44th, and the remainder of the 55th Foot, 12th, and 29th, stretching into a long column in the narrow pass. Immediately the whole force moved to the front. The sappers cleared the ground, and the guns were brought into action, while the skirmishers spread out like a fan. Half a dozen shots bade the enemy get into his forts; which he did in haste, and began to blaze away with large bullets and small, while his loopholes did not afford much aim to our marksmen. The 55th skirmished beautifully, each man taking cool and deliberate aim, and the loopholes were afterwards found to be scored about like the

centre of a Wimbledon target. They certainly got on better than the guns. 'This won't do—take your guns more to the front.' More to the front they went, but 5½-inch mortars and light metal 12-pounder howitzers are uncertain things at the best of times, and the shells burst wildly, or did not burst at all.

As the floating corks of a mackerel net, spread widely out in a half-circle, converge more and more as they are hauled to the landing-place on shore, so the skirmishers gradually drew nearer and nearer to the doomed stockade. As had been thought, the spur was sufficiently steep to afford cover for the formation of a storming party, and some of the 12th and 29th got together under an abandoned stone breastwork a short distance from the place. Suddenly—rather sooner than it was expected—the flanking party was seen on our right. 'Now then—go along;' and the answer was one glorious Sikh yell, and a rush, a dash, a race. Counter shouts, volleys of musketry, arrows and stones in whistling clouds, answered the cheer, but could not check the storm. Lieutenants Beddy and Chatterton, both blood-stained from stone hits, led the 29th round the work, searching for a gate. But gate there was none; the Bhootanees had blocked up the opening with loose stones. There was no time to send for ladders then, nor were ladders wanted; for before they were thought of, Captain Trevor, the commanding engineer, climbed up the corner of the stockade hand over hand, closely followed by Lieutenant Dundas and some others, and in spite of sword, and stone, and spear, they cleared a space with their revolvers, while others had time to join them and make our hold certain.

In a few minutes Dewangiri was ours, and the Penlow of Tongsoo, who commanded in person, well

knew it. He had taken good care to keep out of the great stockade, and had left his lieutenant, the Dyâgur Penlow, with his men, to defend it and die. So when he saw that the key of the position was in our hands, he set the example of retreat, and from every stockade the enemy dived down the hill-side into the jungle, where he could neither be seen nor followed up. His numbers could only be guessed. According to our prisoners' account, the number of fighting men was between 6,000 and 7,000, of whom 2,000 had been held in reserve by the Tongsoo Penlow, near the Rajah's house, to take our force in flank in case of any hesitation occurring in the advance of our assaulting party; but it is impossible to say whether these numbers are accurate or not. At all events, the Bhootanees left upwards of 200 dead on the field, and probably as many more died of their wounds in the jungle on the hill-side, which rapidly became an unapproachable open grave.

Three days afterwards the hill knew itself no more. Its celebrated trees were destroyed, its many temples pulled down, its Rajah's palace blown up, and its stockades burned. Dewangiri was ours; the work and excitement was at an end; and the dreary monotony of a fight for life in a deadly country was all that the field force had to look forward to for the ensuing months of heat and steam. During the past few weeks everything had been successful, the casualties few. What were a hundred and odd men killed and wounded to the hundreds that were to die of cholera, of fever, of sun, in the pestiferous marshes of the Dooars—to the other hundreds who were to live only to crawl to their homes, and drag out a wretched year or two of painful existence, in constant sickness? And as now, at the close of the rainy season, the havoc of disease and death has exceeded even the most melancholy forebodings, the sorrowful story had better be left untold.

THE SKETCHER IN THE EIFEL.

OF the many thousands who with true moutonnière pertinacity follow the herd of tourists Rhine-wards, how few turn aside to explore the Eifel country. Indeed we may even venture to assert that the very existence of this most interesting district is *terra incognita* to the majority of our countrymen. This is not however altogether surprising, for the iron horse has not penetrated it, nor indeed is it likely that it ever will. And yet the Eifel is very accessible to those willing to undergo a little roughing. Open a map of Germany—cast your eye at the course of the Rhine between Coblentz and Bonn, and at that of the Moselle between the former town and Trèves:—draw a line between

Trèves and Bonn, and the triangular space included is the Eifel country.

In remotest time, nearly the whole of this area was the seat of fierce volcanic agency. So fierce and terrific, that the earth-throes have seared and fissured the land, which is, for the most part, tossed wildly about like billows suddenly arrested in their motion. Craters, mighty lava streams, vast beds of scorise, and gigantic basaltic pillars are common, and so fresh are the evidences of volcanic action, that you imagine the fires have been but recently quenched which roared through the now yawning voids. Other districts in Europe may have been visited by more extensive volcanoes, but none have suffered more generally from the

fabulous earth-shaking sovereign Ennosigæus than the Eifel. Indeed this district, there is every reason to believe, must once have resembled those regions in Central and South America where the great chain of volcanic cones is situated, and where the inhabitants no more think of counting earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, than we do of noting showers of rain.

The eruptions in the Eifel, with few exceptions, broke through the slate formation of the Ardennes, and through masses of limestone strata overlying the slate, producing in many localities crater lakes, locally known as Maars. Thus there are few districts near England where the effects of the mysterious phenomena accompanying volcanic agency can be better studied than in the Eifel.

You may enter the district from the Rhine at Bonn, from Spa, or from the Moselle. With no impediment beyond my knapsack, sketching book, and fishing rod, I proceeded by the Luxemburg Railway to Trèves, took the steamer down the Moselle to Berncastel, and crossing the river, walked up the valley of the Lieser to Wittlich. A charming walk, for the most part in the shadow of rich walnut-trees, beneath which, near the villages, children were hunting for fallen nuts. Was it not Coleridge who said, how imitably graceful children are before they learn to dance?—and I have often thought when contemplating the free motions of peasant children, when engaged in pastime, that they alone display that natural liberty of action which dancing-masters in vain try to teach.

At Wittlich, you are fairly in the Eifel. It was at the close of a broiling day in August that I arrived at the 'Post,' in that small town, kept by Carl Doeler, who to his business as landlord superadds that of Postmaster and Burge-

meister. Unhappily for those not skilled in German and German patois, said hosts are profoundly ignorant of any language but their own very uncouth jargon. For French they have the same contempt as they profess to have for Frenchmen, and thus this language will be next to useless to you in the Eifel.

Burgemeister Doeler is a jovial landlord, and though my German and his were very much like those curious lines known to mathematicians as the asymptotes, which continually approximate but never meet, yet I contrived to make him understand my wants and wishes. The result was an excellent supper, the *pièce de résistance* being roasted 'wild schwein,' and that I might not bespectical as to the authenticity of the animal, I was conducted to the kitchen to see the boar that furnished my dish. It was a portly animal, not too fat, but, as Elia says in his delightful Essay on Roast Pig, possessing a tender blossoming of fat which blended and ran into the lean, forming one ambrosian result. And had Elia feasted on tender boar, he would, I think, have promoted it *vice* sucking pig, and pronounced it to be the true

princeps obsoniorum. Truly the strong man may fatten on him.* I may state that the Eifel abounds in wild boars. So numerous indeed are they, that the peasants are desirous that they should be thinned, for they are very destructive to their crops. In almost all villages you will find a peasant Jäger who will act as guide to the haunts of the boars in the neighbouring woods. You must be provided, however, with stout garments, leather is the best material, otherwise, however well clad you may enter the woods, the probability is that you will emerge from them in tatters.

For the boars lie generally in the strongest holds of thorns and thick bushes, from which it is often extremely difficult to dislodge them. It is worthy of note that the old superstition respecting the burning power of a boar's tusks when the animal is furious, is believed in some parts of the Eifel. Formerly this belief was very general. A curious old work on boar-hunting, after setting forth how you are to hunt and kill the animal, declares that should the boar die enraged his tusks will burn flesh like hot iron: 'nay huntsmen have even tried the heat of these weapons by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and the hairs have shrivelled up as if they had been thrown on a fire!'

Over a bottle of excellent Moselle which I drank with the assistance of mine host, I learned that the King of Prussia is very unpopular in the Eifel, nor is this surprising, when throughout the district all the civil appointments under Government are bestowed on military officers already enjoying pensions, and who, from great age, are fre-

quently unable to fulfil their duties. Emigration is very general throughout the Eifel; and many peasants have poured out their life-blood in the late sanguinary wars in North America.

A good night's rest, not however accomplished without considerable difficulty,—for the box beds in the Eifel are singularly short—rested me, and after an early breakfast I set out for Manderscheid, sixteen miles from Wittlich.

The road, unfortunately for the pedestrian, soon parts company from the river, for, as all pedestrian tourists know, a river, particularly when making sweet music as it flows, is charming companionship. Being, however, able to play with my time, I determined on following the stream for some distance in order to test the truth of the landlord's statement to the effect that trout tenant the waters. Accordingly, I put up my rod at a very promising run, and selecting a likely cast of flies, tried my luck. But how seldom are sporting expectations realised, at least when you are shooting or fishing where land and water are not preserved. The river certainly had a very trouty appearance; but instead of trout it teemed with dace, which, at every cast, rose at my flies with an eagerness that made it apparent they were on short allowance; and this must have been the case, for they were in countless multitudes far outnumbering the ephemera above them. Now, dace fishing to the Cockney is, I have no doubt, agreeable amusement; more than one work on angling that I possess dwells lovingly on it; but I never could discover any enjoyment in the sport, so having tried various flies and not seen a single trout, I

* The classical scholar will remember how exalted a place the wild boar held in the estimation of that nation of gastronomes, the ancient Romans. But they only honoured the young boar by dressing and serving him whole. In this condition the dish, which was heralded by the sound of flutes, was called *Animal propter convivia natum*, and *Porcus Trajanus*, when stuffed with delicacies.

gave up the attempt and went on my way.

We are journeying north, ascending continually, the country becoming wilder as we get deeper into the Eifel. No vines now; we are too high for these; and in place of walnut-trees, we walk beneath beech and firs. En route, I came upon droves of swine under the care of youths who, provided with a horn and a whip, kept their porcine flocks in order. But indeed they seemed to have no desire to wander, the majority lying entombed in muddy places, their snouts alone projecting from the mud. They were all miserably thin, differing greatly in this respect from their fine brethren of the forests, which, during autumn, are invariably in good condition. Deep defiles now divided the plateaux, from which rose many cone-shaped elevations, all volcano-born. The villages, few in number, are chiefly remarkable for their squalidness and dirt, which certainly, at least according to our ideas, is not in the right place. For in close vicinity to every door were large heaps of very offensive manure. The wealth of the inhabitants may indeed be gauged by the size of these repulsive and foul-smelling masses of corruption,—incense, however, we must presume, to the owners, who see in these manure heaps heavy corn crops and profitable returns.

When the villages are situated in hollows—some occupy the bowels of craters—I observed incipient goitres, and in a few instances the disease was highly developed; whereas in the upland villages no peasants seemed affected by it. The houses in all the Eifel villages are generally built of mud in a very primitive fashion, but in almost all cases the doors are covered with carvings, often of a very elaborate nature.

‘I like,’ said Coleridge, on one of his rambles, ‘occasional desert views, for such scenes are the

punctuation of a tour.’ The Eifel has many such punctuations; but, as Sterne says, where would be the valleys, where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment, if mountains did not exist? Variety is one of the great charms of the Eifel, and though the plateaux are barren enough, the defiles and valleys are of exquisite sylvan beauty.

At length Manderscheid appeared, peeping over the crest of the steep, and in a few minutes I came to rest in the ‘Post,’ not in an easy chair, but after a long walk on a hot day, wood chairs are very comfortable. The host, though no Burgemeister, is master of other possessions besides his inn, and to show his independence sat beside me smoking a long pipe, which I greatly wished had contained better tobacco than that with which it was charged. My request for refreshment was presently met by a table d’hôte supper being served by the landlord and his daughter, the partakers being the clerk in the post-office, the landlord, and myself,—an abundant meal, consisting of trout, pike, veal, wild boar, and delicious potatoes. With trout and boar who could repine? Both were excellent; and so was a bottle of Moselle, costing, as my note-book informs me, only tenpence. More smoking of more bad tobacco drove me to my room as soon as supper was over, where I passed quickly into dreamland, beneath the effigies of numerous saints which were suspended above my head.

You may be sure that I had not partaken of the trout at supper without making special inquiries respecting them. The information I received led me to rise early in order to fish the stream flowing through the glen. On my way to it, by a path through the woods, I came upon an enormous tawny owl, which stared at me out of its great yellow eyes with as much surprise as I felt. The bird, indeed,

seemed as if it had spent a dissipated night, and was so sluggish and inactive that it allowed me almost to touch it before it spread its great wings and flew into the woods.

Lovely, most lovely, is the valley, or rather defile, crowned by Manderscheid on the one side, and the ruined castles on the other. Lichen-clad rocks, verdant slopes and hanging woods, are here in happy combination, and so beautiful was the scenery that I could not resist making a couple of sketches before putting up my rod. My artistic zeal was fatal to my success, or rather caused the latter to be extremely limited. I had caught a brace of very dainty trout in a pool beneath the castle, and expected to capture a dish, when an army of villagers came rushing down the steep, bearing poles and baskets, ropes and nets. Their purpose was soon apparent. They had come to net the river, and in a few minutes they had hauled out as many trout as would have satisfied any ordinary angler as the result of a day's fishing. Several were upwards of one pound in weight, and a few even heavier. My fishing being thus marred, I restored my rod to its bag, and spent the morning exploring the castles. The highest is the *Stammhaus* of the Counts of Manderscheid, an ancient family, who figure prominently among the warrior knights of the Eifel. Fail not to ascend the shattered tower of this picturesque pile; the views from it are far finer than from the majority of the Rhine castles.

But the great lions of Manderscheid are the Mosenberg, a volcanic mountain, and the contiguous Meerfeld-Maar, about four miles from Manderscheid. There is a bad carriage road to the base of the mountain, but I made straight to it across the treeless fields and heaths. 'Unquestionably,' says Mr. Scrope, in his very instructive work on volcanoes, 'the Mosenberg

is by far the most interesting volcanic vent among the group of extinct volcanoes in the Eifel.' It is 1847 feet high; the summit consists of a cone composed of the accumulated ejections of four craters which remain extremely distinct. The two northern are indeed almost perfect. The third has been broken down on the south-east side by a current of lava, which descended the mountain in a vast flood three quarters of a mile broad, and in some places one hundred feet deep. It is, on a hot day in August, a melting climb to the top of the Mosenberg, but you are well rewarded by the grand panorama from the summit. The eye ranges over a multitude of heights, the entire country presenting the appearance of mighty billows, and so indeed they are—earth-waves, set in motion by subterranean forces which made the earth heave, turning plains into hills. At the Mosenberg, the forces must have been tremendous, as the four craters testify. The mountain consists of greywacké, slate, and sandstone. The lava has enveloped great masses of half fused fragments of these substances, which seem as if they had but yesterday been subjected to heat. Indeed the entire district is half fused, and you will do well to be stoutly shod when exploring it. And should you be accompanied by ladies, let them wear thick Balmorals.

Although from the summit of the Mosenberg the Maarfelder Maar seems beneath you, it is upwards of a mile from the base of the mountain. This very interesting circular crater is nearly a mile in diameter. The water, which occupies about one-third of its superficial extent, is six hundred feet deep in the centre. Huge pike, according to the landlord at Manderscheid, inhabit its gloomy waters, and if you care to fish for them he will give you permission, as the lake belongs to him.

You cannot stand on the marge of these crater lakes and peer into their clear depths without being stirred with strange thoughts. For, where all is now at rest, the ground heaved and rocked, and the peaceful waters sleep calmly in the lap of former fires. Sleep, too, in all probability, within a very short distance of fires that still rage with such intensity that the rocks would melt beneath their influence like wax in a flame.

It might be supposed that the veins or fissures through which the fires came hissing up, would act as channels to carry off the rain-water, but geology informs us that the craters, now filled with lakes, emitted trachytic lava, which, being broken up and shattered, formed a clayey lining, impermeable to water. But many crater lakes are fed by springs as well as rain, and thus the process of evaporation is continually compensated for, even during long seasons of drought, by subterranean supplies. And all through the Eifel the tourist is blessed by copious springs, which well out, even at great elevations, from the sides of volcanic mountains.

The following day I walked to Gillenfeld. My inquiries respecting the distance elicited various answers, some declaring it to be five stunden, others six, seven, and eight—each stunde being equal to three miles. These discrepancies, common throughout the Eifel, are not so surprising as they may seem, for the bridle-roads and paths have a wonderful inclination to follow the irregularities of the country, which are often distressingly great to the tired pedestrian; and nowhere in the Eifel is the land so furrowed by deep gorges and defiles than between Manderscheid and Gillenfeld; nor is the 'fussweg' easy to find, for in many localities it is almost imperceptible. However, I was rarely long at a loss, for pea-

sants were in the fields reaping their golden corn crops, and along the rough roads creaked and groaned heavy carts, laden with corn, drawn by sleek grey oxen. All the people were courteous to the lone tourist, and often in their excess of kindness to make my way clear perplexed me by directions of a very complicated nature. Walking leisurely, and resting not unfrequently under the shade of beech-trees, I was eight hours en route. Midway I came upon a gem of a crater lake, quivering in the noontide sun like turquoise—a tiny mere in whose cold waters I bathed, and went on my way like a giant refreshed.

I cannot accord much praise to the inn at Gillenfeld, though I was right glad to find myself under its roof. However, a tired traveller is not fastidious, and though no wild schwein smoked on the board, I was regaled with a dish of delicious perch, and a bottle of excellent Rhenish. The price of the latter was fifteen groschen; for such a flask at an hotel on the Rhine you would be charged at least one thaler. But, happily, the Eifel landlords are ignorant of the art of bill-making, and have still as great a horror of adulterating wine as Martial expresses in the severe lines—

Scelus est jugulare Falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.

What induced me to go to Gillenfeld? you may ask. This—that near it is the most beautiful crater lake in the Eifel, the Pulvermaar, which you should on no account omit visiting. It is cradled amidst hills about a mile above Gillenfeld. The path lies across fields, ascending continually until you reach the edge of the crater. The sides, which slope at an angle of 45 degrees, are clothed by beech-trees, which grow to within ten feet of the water, leaving space for a strip of fragmentary scoræ which girds the lake. This is nearly circular, about half-a-mile in diameter, and of steel-

blue hue. The peasants, of course, affirm that it is unfathomable, and that, like the dark lake at Glendalough, no bird warbles over it. Practical experiments prove the lake to be 365 feet deep in the centre, and I can affirm that though I did not hear birds warbling over it, I witnessed a falcon pursuing his screaming prey.

The exquisite hue of this great crater lake; its remarkable circular form—the dark woods lining the steep sides, and the almost awful stillness of the scene, were very impressive, and save the swooping falcon, and gorgeous robed dragonflies darting amidst the sedges fringing the lake, all was still. 'Navell'd in the woody hills,' it seems as if no storms could assail it, and it wears upon its face

A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake.

Remembering gratefully the fine dish of perch set before me at Gillenfeld, and learning that they had been caught in the lake, I had brought my rod with me, for, although unprovided with trolling tackle, I knew that perch are not insensible to the charms of a fat red fly. So I put up two attractive lures, in the form of orange and cinnamon flies, counterfeits of *Cryptis* and *Phryganea*—insects on the water. The reeds fringing the lake were so thick that I had to wade in order to cast my flies beyond them. But my watery peregrinations were very limited, for at the uniform distance of five feet from the edge of the lake, the banks shelved so perpendicularly that it made me almost giddy to look down into the water abyss.

A slight curl on the lake favoured me, and I soon captured a beauty, for a fine perch, fresh from his water caves, with his fan-like fins, and radiant with gold and orange hues, is a lovely creature. Encouraged by my success I continued fishing, and the result was

nineteen perch, a few of which averaged a pound, and four roach. I am thus particular for the sake of brother Waltonians, who always desire to know the contents of the basket. Had I possessed trolling bait, or even the often deadly spoon, I probably should have done better. I certainly saw some perch which had every appearance of being patriarchs. Do not expect trout in these meres, for there are none.

It was Shelley, you may remember, who when he came upon a lovely scene was for spending the rest of his days gazing at it. Now, I do not say that I should care to live entirely on the shores of the Pulvermaar, but I am confident that if some enterprising Burgemeister were to erect a snug hotel amidst the beech woods, laying out the space between inn and lake in pleasant gardens; and put half a dozen boats on the lake, I for one would be right willing to abide with him for many a long summer's day. But the Pulvermaar is as Nature has made it, and the time is very distant when its repose will be broken by an inn flowing over with summer tourists.

The sun was so intent on running a fiery course on the following day, that I determined on journeying by the mail. But to carry this out I had to walk to Lützerath, six miles from Gillenfeld, and though I started early I was half roasted on my arrival. My walk led me through Strötzbusch, a village lying in the bowl of an ancient crater, which it fills much as a shell fills a mortar, and out of which you fancy it might be fired with prodigious effect.

While waiting for the mail coach at the inn at Lützerath I drank a bottle of wine with the landlord's son, a youth of considerable information, which he imparted in very fair French. Here again I heard that much disaffection exists among the peasantry, who have no

love for their king, and would gladly welcome another sovereign of milder rule and more liberal views.

At noon the mail drove up with only two passengers, so I obtained a place for Mayen, where I arrived at six in the evening. This is a curious old town, girded still by its ancient walls, and many watch-towers. Of course it boasts a castle, half of which is charming in an artistic point of view, for it is in ruins, but of the other half, which does duty as a brewhouse, the less said the better. The town however abounds with sketching subjects, which can only be sketched with difficulty—at least such is my experience, for ruder or more curious boys than those of Mayen I never saw, excepting Spanish urchins. They surrounded me in such numbers that I was at length obliged to close my sketch-book and beat a retreat, carrying with me to my hotel a long tail of the disappointed youngsters. A tourist at Mayen is, I apprehend, a very rare bird, for the landlord, after waiting on me at supper, sat opposite to me and scarcely took his eyes from me while I remained in the salon. Had he been an entertaining Boniface I should have borne the inquisitive inspection very philosophically, but he was dullness personified, or if he carried knowledge, certainly did not impart any. Failing to extract the slightest information from him, I went in despair to the clerks at the post-office. From them I obtained the requisite directions, and shouldering my knapsack early in the morning, took the road to Mendig.

This led me up the valley of the Nette, charmingly wooded and watered by a stream, which would be lovely and trouty were its lustre not dimmed by the refuse of the silver mines. The great feature of this valley is the castle of Burresheim, a grand feudal pile under the Hoch Simmer volcanic mountains. The castle, by some strange

chance, has escaped the revolutionary ruin. Finding the outer gate open, I made my way through a passage cut in the rock, which wound upwards until I emerged into a court-yard. My presence was immediately proclaimed by half a dozen grand hounds, which barked furiously, and looked as if they would have bitten as well as barked had they been at liberty. The court was surrounded by piles of fantastic buildings, tourelles, and gables, towers, square and round, galleries and richly stuccoed walls pierced by windows of all shapes, set in frames of great beauty. But before I had time to study the quaint interior, a domestic accosted me, stating that he was charged by his master to show me the apartments if I felt disposed to visit them. I accepted the offer gladly, and entering a side door, flanked by rich armorial shields, was ushered into a hall filled with all manner of ancient furniture, and containing a gigantic fire-place, reaching to the ceiling. From this I passed into a suite of rooms, the walls hung with stamped leather and tapestry, filled with richly carved cabinets, Venetian mirrors, cups, goblets, curious paintings, in short, a very museum of antiquities, which, were they on view, would fill Christie's rooms for weeks with covetous virtuosi. Moving on from room to room, I became bewildered by the multitude of curious and beautiful objects, and came at last to the conclusion that the lords of Burresheim must be as fond of variety in their habitations as was the great king Ahasuerus, whose palace was so replete with varied furniture that even his drinking vessels were diverse one from another.

Having made a sketch of the interior of the court-yard, I resumed my walk, still ascending the valley until I came to the fountain head of the stream watering it. Then, plunging into a dense forest, I followed a path leading to Mendig,

and crossing some wild hills, arrived at the abbey of Laach as the evening fell.

Lovely, most lovely, is this lake, on the shore of which Henry II. of Laach, first Count Palatine of the Rhine, erected the princely abbey of Laach. 'Tout ce qui sort des mains du Créateur est au mieux, et tout ce que touche la main de l'homme dégénère,' was a favourite saying of romantic Rousseau, who mourned when a new building was erected on his idolised lake Lemman; but even the most fastidious lover of nature could not regard the abbey of Laach as marring the scenery amidst which it is set. The entire edifice is in happy keeping with it, and the modest little inn within the abbey walls, having once been a portion of the abbey, does not offend the eye.

The fortunes of Laach are once more in the ascendant. Originally a rich Benedictine convent, its wealth rendered it an object of special spoliation by the French revolutionary iconoclasts. The monastery, lake, and surrounding woods, were sold for 4,000*l.* to a private individual, the stately church was closed, and the bells in the lofty towers became silent. Recently, however, the Jesuits have acquired possession of the abbey, and at the time of my visit, great activity prevailed throughout the buildings. Workmen of all descriptions were employed in restoring the vast pile, and several *paucres frères* were engaged in sculpturing stones. The church only requires ecclesiastical fittings to enable it to be reopened; so that before long the tourist arriving at Laach will doubtless hear the bells ringing out again from the abbey towers. There are now about eighty Jesuits at Laach, and the number, I was informed, will be considerably increased.

'Help the Roman Catholic priests to wives,' said Coleridge, 'and I am much mistaken if doctrinal

errors would not very soon pass away.' How this may be I will not attempt to say, but this I know, that the vast establishment of Laach would, in all probability, be greatly benefited by the auxiliary aid of women. Who can doubt that the Grande Chartreuse would be a much more comfortable abiding place than it is, were women admitted within its walls to minister to the requirements of travellers?

I was the sole guest at the little inn, and thus had the best bedroom, a charming apartment commanding the lake. The deep blue of this lovely crater mere, occupying 1,200 acres, is very striking. The lake is 240 feet deep at the centre. The basin is nearly an ellipse, and crateriform, encircled by a ridge of gently sloping hills of no great elevation. They are composed of irregular beds of loose tuff, containing numerous fragments and some very large blocks of a variety of lava-rocks. The most abundant are basalt, with very large and irregular crystals of black augite and of olivine. An enormous lava stream flowed from the crater of Laach, at the locality where the ridge is depressed. The eruption which produced it is supposed to have been the most recent of the whole district, as its surface has an air of great freshness, and is not yet entirely clothed with vegetation. It is, indeed, supposed to have been the eruption recorded by Tacitus, as having ravaged the country of the Jutiones, near Cologne, in the reign of Nero.

When agitated by violent wind the water casts up a sand that is attracted by the magnet, and on the eastern bank of the lake, a stream of mephitic vapour issues from a fissure sufficiently powerful to stifle small animals. Another of the peculiarities of the lake is the icy coldness of the water. I bathed in it before breakfast and can vouch for the truth of this. You may take

a header almost from the shore, and the plunge that I made from a boat attached to a jetty opposite the inn, made me acquainted with a greater depth of water than I bargained for. To my question respecting fish in the lake, the waiter, a garrulous German, assured me that it abounds with pike and perch, and that the Jesuits allowed visitors to fish. At present, however, there is but one boat to be hired, and this is a very crazy craft.

I left the abbey inn after breakfast, and following the eastern shore of the lake entered a thick wood at the north end, which mantles the hills above the lake. From the crest of Feitsberg, the highest of these, you look down on the great Rhine valley, bounded by the Sieben Gebirge, looming purple in the distance. The path was now a continuous descent to the Brohl Thal, passing through scenery of great beauty. The entire country is volcanic, but Nature has so healed the fiery wounds by robing them with trees, shrubs, and flowers, that it is difficult to realise that you are passing through a district once torn by convulsive throes and fire blasts. Of course a stream—a baby river—brawls through the valley; and at various bends where the fall of water can be made available, the river is bestrode by picturesque mills, bearing this inscription on their walls: '*Tuffstein und Trass-handlung.*' In these mills the volcanic tuff, which fills the valley of Brohl to a considerable depth, is pounded by hammers set in motion by water-wheels. When freshly quarried, the tuff is saturated with water, which is driven out by the hammers. In this state it is of a dull, bluish black colour; but on drying, it assumes a shade of light grey. It appears to be almost wholly composed of fragmentary pumice, and is evidently a conglomerate. The great value of tuff is that, when ground and formed

into a cement, it sets under water. Vast quantities of it are carried down the Rhine and exported to various countries.

A more pleasant evidence of the volcanic nature of the country greets you at Tonnistein, five hours' walk from Laach, where a delicious mineral spring bubbles up, and is received into a circular tank beneath a small temple-like structure. The water, which resembles the famous selters, but is even more effervescing, is so delicious that an hotel has been erected near the spring for the accommodation of visitors from the Rhenish towns who come to drink it. Procuring a bottle of white wine from this inn, I went down to the spring; it was surrounded by nymphs in the guise of peasant-girls, very unnymphlike in appearance, being large and muscular, as they have need to be, seeing that all day long they are engaged in filling stone bottles with the water, five dangling from the fingers of each hand, which they plunge into the spring, fill, and deliver to attendants, who cork them by an ingenious mechanical contrivance with wonderful celerity.

If it has ever occurred to you, dear reader, to have walked, knapsack on back, during a hot day in August, the sense of thirst increasing momentarily as you proceed, you will understand the delicious sensation of my drink of 'half-and-half' at Tonnistein. It was worth undergoing even more fatigue than I experienced, to be refreshed by such a draught, which, in the graphic words of Brillat-Savarin in his incomparable work, '*Physiologie du Goût*,' caused 'tout l'appareil papillaire d'être en titillation depuis la pointe de la langue jusque dans les profondeurs de l'estomac.'

Again and again did I pass my glass to be half filled by the sparkling water as it came bubbling up from unknown depths; and so de-

licious was it, that I was greatly tempted to remain a week at Tonnistein for the sole purpose of drinking at the spring. I was the more inclined to do this because I found the hotel where I passed the night extremely comfortable and moderate, so much so that I strongly recommend any one who may desire to smooth the ruffled brow of care amidst quiet and lovely scenery, to part company from the thousands of English who follow each other in mournful succession up the Rhine to Wiesbaden, or other 'badens,' and set up their tent at Tonnistein; that it is a health-imparting place is abundantly evidenced by the ruddy peasants who inhabit it.

No tourist likes retracing his steps, but I was under the necessity of effecting a retrograde movement as far as Wassenach, in order to reach Adenau at the head of the Ahn Valley, down which I proposed walking. Leaving Tonnistein at eight, I reached Wassenach at ten, and then struck the road to Kempenich, which runs due west from that village.

A wild and lonely walk was this, leading me for the greater part of the way through a country rolling like an inland sea whose waves have been suddenly arrested, golden still in many places with grain, and smiling with wild flowers, amongst which flaunted myriads of scarlet poppies. As usual, fissures and defiles seared the land, all resulting from volcanic agency; while the road seemed as if strewn with gold-dust, so thick were the felspathic crystals. Lizards basked in the scoræ, which, from its dark nature, reflects the sun's rays strongly. Some of these animals attain a large size in the Eifel, and are extremely numerous. Frequently, when reposing beneath a tree, have I been interested watching a large lizard pursuing grasshoppers. Stealing, cat-like, towards their prey, the act of seizing it is so instantaneous

that you cannot follow the motions of the lizard. When seized, it proceeds to shake the insect as a terrier shakes a rat, crushing it until life is extinct, when the swallowing process is effected snake fashion. No one, looking at this pretty green animal, with its sparkling eyes, would suppose it to be a rapacious tiger-like beast. The Italians, indeed, believe that lizards are under the special protection of the Madonna. The legend runs that she asked the serpent whether he would be kind to man, and on its answering 'No,' the subtle beast was ordered to crawl on the ground, and be accursed; while to the lizard, which, being similarly questioned, replied that it would not harm man, she gave legs, and bade man love and cherish it.

Straying, as is my wont, from the road, and making my way across fields, I came occasionally to a bell hung on the top of a lofty pole, which rang spasmodically, in a very weird-like manner. From the pole, a wire was conducted to another pole, telegraph fashion, leading me to believe that I had come upon an electric telegraph line working for the benefit of aerial spirits. But not so: further investigation showed that, by means of very simple mechanical arrangements, a small water-wheel, set in the brook running through the valley, jerked the wire at each revolution, and thus rang bells in distant corn fields, to the dismay of birds, which were thus scared from the ripe grain.

It was dark when I arrived at Adenau, and I had to grope my way to the inn, the 'Halb-Mond,' a false sign, for it gave no light to me. They are early birds in the Eifel, observing apparently Franklin's advice, to go to bed when daylight disappears, by which practice he maintained people would enjoy better health, and save considerably in candles. Though late, I was,

however, no unwelcome guest; a liberal supper was soon placed before me, at which I had the company of the landlord and his pipe, which was in full blast while I was discussing my meal. Mine host was very communicative, and, among other information, gave so important an account of Nürburg, the largest ruined castle in the Eifel, that I determined to devote the following day to it.

All through the night, strange fiery dreams tormented me; and when I woke, starting, which I often did, the smell of combustion was very apparent. Was the inn on fire? Twice I rose from my bed, persuaded that it was; but on opening the door, I saw no smoke, and all was still. A stroll before breakfast through the little town solved the dream: half of it was smouldering ruins. Two conflagrations had ravaged it within a month, the last and most severe only ten days before my visit. The misfortune was very apparent; crowds of the inhabitants hung round the ruins, apparently paralysed by their losses, and incapable of exertion. The loss of property must have been great, for the destruction of houses was complete. These were of so combustible a nature, that had not the wind shifted, the entire town would have been consumed. Fortunately, a charming group of old houses in the market-place have escaped. In a sanitary point of view, it would perhaps have been rather beneficial than otherwise had they been destroyed; but what others would call dirt, artists claim as colour; and houses mellow with age are generally delicious subjects for the pencil.

The exertions made to suppress the most recent fire had been fatal in one instance. A man who had been seen enacting heroic deeds during the conflagration, which broke out at night, had been crushed by a beam, and so much injured, that he

died a few days after the accident. The event caused great emotion, and his funeral, which took place on the morning after my arrival at Adenau, was attended by upwards of one thousand peasants. A burial in the Eifel is a very touching sight. The men and women—the former bareheaded, the latter wearing white scarfs on their heads—march in procession to the church, and from thence to the cemetery, which is always at some distance from the town. The peasants, headed by one or more priests, sing hymns as they proceed on their mournful business; and in this case, the voices of the lengthy procession filled the valley as it wound up the hill-side.

The castle of Nürburg is about six miles from Adenau. You cannot well miss it, for although it is far away from the abodes of men, its position on the summit of a mountain 2,200 feet high, close to the Hohe Acht, the loftiest mountain in the Eifel, renders it extremely conspicuous. Up, ever up, at least this seems to be the general rule in this country whenever you are bound on any excursion. Over long slopes of scorïæ, hot enough now, exposed to the sun, but in winter robed in snow, for at this season the whole country is white, and many of the upland villages are cut off from the valleys by great snow-drifts. Then come forth from the forests troops of ravening wolves, which carry destruction into many a farm yard. My progress was slow, but as I ascended, fresh views of great magnificence came within range. Not often are you rewarded when ascending mountains by a perfectly transparent atmosphere. On this occasion, however, I was most fortunate; not a cloud flecked the vault of heaven, and I saw clearly, from base to crest, the imposing mass of the Hohe Acht. This is the culminating point of that vast volcanic crust which swells and heaves throughout the Eifel.

Here the throes of nature must have been of the most stupendous description, for the foundations of the world were rent asunder, and mountains were belched forth from the depths.

The winds were hushed, not a sound broke the stillness, and the solitude and famine of the ears, as the Arabs expressively call silence, was most impressive. So vast are the ruined proportions of Nürburg, that they seem, when half way up the mountain on which it stands, like jagged rocks. But as I drew nearer, these weird forms assumed more definite shapes, and presently from out of them rose a mighty cylindrical tower, the keep of the once proud castle. Of course such a stronghold could only be entered in the days of its might by the usual well defended winding way, but now, a stout climber may enter the castle at many points.

The lover of a vast feudal pile, with its dark places, dungeons, winding stairs, towers, galleries, and oubliettes, will rejoice in Nürburg, for all these are here. And so vast were the proportions of the castle, and so strongly was it built, the material being the hardest black basalt, that one is puzzled to understand how it could be so ruined as it is. No greater evidence, indeed, can be adduced of the terrific hurricane-like power of the French revolutionary army than the manner in which the basalt-built castles of the Eifel went down almost like reeds before them. For the basalt is so hard that it is difficult to even chip it with a hammer. And Nürburg, though ruined as a whole, still boasts its noble keep. Looking upwards at this lofty mass, I was accosted by a panting peasant, who, showing a large rusty key, made me aware that he could open the door giving access to the summit of the tower. He had spied me from the hamlet beneath, where he dwelt, and had come rushing up hoping to

obtain a fee. Opening the massive door, which screamed on its ancient rusty hinges, he led the way up a rather rickety ladder, to the first story of the keep. Access to the second was gained by means of a winding staircase in the thickness of the wall, and to arrive at the top you have to climb another infirm ladder, which it will be desirable to replace by one of greater stability should many tourists visit Nürburg. Arrived at the top of the ladder, my guide threw up a trap-door, and I stepped on the original stone roof of the keep, a giddy height.

Intercepted only by the Hohe Acht, the view embraces a mighty panorama: mountains seared and tortured into strange forms by fierce earth-throes, dark forests, the home of boars and wolves, gleaming rivers winding in serpentine folds through the valleys, and patches of cultivation, the corn fields shining like amber amidst the dark green woods. All the remarkable heights bear names; but it was utterly hopeless to attempt comprehending them, as pronounced by the peasant, who did his best, in barbarous patois, to do the honours of castle and panorama. However, no nomenclature is necessary to thoroughly enjoy the glorious view from this lofty eyrie. On descending, I made the custode supremely happy by a few groschen, and being again left alone, boy-like, rifled many wild gooseberry, raspberry, and currant bushes of their fruit, which grew in the castle courts, and then

On the dappled turf at ease
I sat and played with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
until the volcanic cones cast long shadows across the land.

Again wild boar formed the principal dish at my dinner, and again I was regaled with a bottle of excellent wine, for which I was charged one shilling. And here I may say that the inns throughout

the Eifel are extremely moderate; nor did I meet with any attempt at imposition. Indeed, in the majority of inns, a 'Preis courant für die Passagier Stübe,' officially signed, is suspended in a conspicuous part of the salon. The Prussian Government requires all hotel or innkeepers to observe this rule; but, as tourists in Prussia know, it is generally more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

When you ask for your *Rechnung* in the Eifel, the landlord almost always responds by producing his ledger, a well thumbed book, and giving you the total amount, ungarnished with extras of any kind.

The following day I walked to Altenahr, down the valley of the Ahr, a lovely stream rendering fertile and emerald many patches of pasture near the villages.

The two inns at Altenahr are half-blown Rhine hotels, very unlike the majority of the modest Eifel hostels. On crossing the bridge leading to the village, I saw the road before them filled by carriages; and on presenting myself at Castari's hotel, a keller seized my knapsack with an officiousness that boded a heavy bill.

The explanation of all this bustle is, that Altenahr is visited daily, during the summer, by parties of Germans from Remagen, who dine at the inns and return home in the evening. When I arrived, the guests were departing, and when night fell I was the only inmate of the hotel.

I made it my head-quarters for a week, exploring the country, and fishing the river.

The sinuities of the Ahr are extraordinary. Near Altenahr, while the course of one bend is five miles, the two ends of the loop are only one hundred yards apart. From the castle, perched on a giddy height, six hundred feet above the river, you may count nine distinct windings, and see it gleaming afar, like

molten silver veins, now running between grim basaltic precipices, and now flowing tranquilly by vineyards and meadows.

Though you may be no Waltonian, fail not, if you have time, to follow the banks of the Ahr, near Altenahr. They abound with admirable sketching scenes—a great variety of wild flowers enamel the banks, birds of many kinds inhabit the hanging woods, eagles bark above the basaltic cliffs, green lizards flash like meteors as you pass, and the twilight lingers lovingly in the purple glens.

At Altenahr you are in vine land; the valley between it and Ahrweiler contains some of the most famous vineyards in Prussia. They are carried up the steepes to an amazing height, being supported, as on the Rhine, by walls, on which are painted colossal Bacchanalian subjects. The names of many of the vineyards will be familiar to you, none more so than that of Walporzheim, remarkable for its eighty-six terraces, supported by as many walls. Ahrweiler is well worth visiting for its picturesque features; the old walls and watch-towers still remain, and there is a group of ancient houses within the town, which will yield more than one sketch. Note, too, that at the 'Krone' you will get a rare bottle of Walporzheim for fourteen groschen.

Here terminated my ramble in the Eifel, a district that I cordially recommend to the tourist who is blessed with good health and stout legs, for he will find

Health in the breeze, and freshness in the gale;

and may, if he be inclined,

Wander lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
amidst scenes of great interest and beauty, and be able to spend a month at probably less cost than that of a week at fashionable Homburg or Baden-Baden.

C. R. W.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1866.

THE INDIGENT CLASS—THEIR SCHOOLS AND DWELLINGS.

By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE old fable, common to many lands, of a giant lying crushed and groaning underneath a mountain, affords no inapt simile of the condition of a vast class of our fellow-creatures. The mountain of our social system presses with overwhelming weight on the masses who lie at its base, and ever and anon half-smothered moans and despairing cries reach our ears to remind us it is living, suffering flesh over which we raise the structure of our national glory and luxury. Ever and anon we ask how may this great woe be relieved? But the years roll on, and the weight only grows heavier and heavier; and if the giant stir not to lift himself up—and whelm us all in ruin by so doing—it appears not how or from what quarter any help is to come.

Of the present condition of this suffering class, of the special causes affecting it at this time, and of a few of the many schemes in action or suggested for its amelioration, we propose briefly to speak. Especially is it hoped that one plan to be described—suggested by a man of much experience, and bearing with it vast promise of good—may meet with favourable consideration; and, even if it be found in its entirety impracticable, be

yet accepted as pointing the way towards some scheme of similar advantage and greater efficiency.

A distinction of a useful kind has been frequently drawn between the 'perishing' and the 'dangerous' classes of society. For our present purpose it will be needful to substitute a somewhat closer analysis of the lower strata of our pyramid. Beginning at the very base, we find three classes, into one or other of which character and circumstance range those who are utterly without this world's goods, and without either the power or the will to earn them honestly. These three classes are those of *Pauperism*, *Regular Crime*, and *Venal Depravity*. We have no concern to speak of any of them in this paper. Next above these we find the class whose condition we purpose to discuss, and which, for want of a better word, we shall call the *Indigent* class. Could we conveniently use such a name, perhaps the *Hand-to-mouth* class would better convey to the reader the distinguishing feature of the lives of the men and women of whom we speak, since the irregularity and uncertainty of their means of subsistence is that which distinguishes them (and by a very wide gulf) from the regular labouring class above them. This is the

class of the 'City Arabs,' the cross-sweepers, the hawkers, the costermongers, the tramps, the mendicants, the innumerable petty trades by which it is possible to gain a living outside of any of the regular recognised branches of labour.

Of the numbers of which this Indigent class is composed it is hard to form a calculation. In different towns, at different seasons of the year, and in different years of cheapness or scarcity, the number of persons who fall into indigence, or rise out of it, varies so immensely, that whatever figures we might use of one case would inevitably fail to hold good of another. It may be asserted, however, with confidence, that in every great city there are thousands, in every town hundreds, and well-nigh in every village some individuals who are *not* paupers, not criminals, but whose daily bread is a matter of chance and hazard. The causes which conduce to place men in this condition are, of course, various as the ills and misfortunes of humanity. A few of them claim a moment's attention, to enable us better to understand the matter with which we are concerned.

Probably no men and women in England are more thoroughly easy in their circumstances, or have on the whole a more pleasant lot in life, than the skilful artisan and his wife in their times of prosperity. The wages obtained in the regular trades constitute affluence according to the standard of living of the class to which they belong, and, relatively speaking, they have more to spend beyond their wants than one gentleman and lady in a thousand. The wages of the iron-puddlers published last year, and those of bricklayers, carpenters, glaziers, painters, and a dozen more, sur-

pass the salaries of many men and women who rank as gentlemen and ladies. The teacher is fortunate whose day spent in teaching Greek or Algebra, German or the pianoforte, is as well paid as that of the hatter who in the meantime has constructed a covering for the heads so instructed. To beat iron bars, or put together a chair, is more remunerative than to treat medically a large number of pauper patients, or minister as a curate to many dozens of souls. The quantity of bricks whose laying with hod and trowel would be equivalent to even the best paid intellectual labour—to an article in the *Quarterly* or a leader in the *Times*—would be found surprisingly moderate. But this prosperity of the artisan has its dark side in a general view of the working classes. We do not profess to understand the subject sufficiently to be able to say how or where the wrong lies; but the most superficial glance shows us thousands of men in England, able-bodied and sufficiently bright-witted, who are all their lives condemned to idleness—mendicancy, or futile street-trades, little better than mendicancy—for no other reason than that those who had charge of them in youth were unable to pay the heavy fees for their entrance into the regular trades; and without such fees, even if a man chance to *learn* the trade, he has small chance of being allowed to practise it.*

Few things seem more cruel than this, that a man must not only know his work, but pay to be allowed to work. If the State were to exercise such tyranny, we should hear loud outcries; but 'Free Trade' is apparently a principle more easy to boast of in

* In Italy, where no such practice exists, we have been assured by the gentleman who superintends the magnificent workhouse of Monte Domini, that nothing is easier than to place out in excellent trades, in Florence, the boys and girls trained freely in that institution.

magniloquent speeches than to apply to the simple relations of buyer and seller, employer and employed. Thousands are left in idleness and pauperism, and the community is defrauded of so much good labour, that the rewards of half the trades may be kept beyond their proper level, and each be paid not only for the work it does, but for kindly permitting certain others to work. How many thousands now belonging to the indigent class would not be indigent at all, but prosperous and industrious artisans, were the trades suited to them thrown open to fair competition, it is hard to calculate. As long as heavy fees, or years of underpaid apprenticeship equivalent to such fees, are demanded of everyone who enters certain trades, so long we must continue to have thousands of men pursuing wretched little mendicant arts for a living, who ought to be well-to-do artisans, supporting their families and keeping the prices of labour at their natural level, to the benefit of the whole community.

Of course, Nemesis comes in many shapes to the trade monopolists; and among the most miserable of the indigent are to be found numbers who once indulged in all the luxuries of the puddlers, but who are thrown out of employment, partly by the calamities affecting their own health, or the prosperity of their trade, and partly by the agency of a regular economic law, of which perhaps somewhat too little notice is commonly taken. Change of fashion, and the invention of machinery to diminish labour, are not occasional accidents (as workmen seem always to consider them), but events which must constantly and inevitably occur; and the sight is no less deplorable than familiar of a man once able to support his

family in comfort, left stranded by the change of the tide, and utterly unable, or stolidly reluctant, to apply himself to any other branch of trade, even most nearly approaching that from which he has been cut off. These are among the recruits most hopeless in the ranks of the indigent.

Again: there are, of course, labourers, servants, tradesmen, who in one way or another have sunk into poverty. Above all, there are women (and by thousands they may be counted) for whom the accepted theory that they are supported by their male relations has been a cruel mockery, and who struggle with penury, for which they have no one preparation of knowledge, skill, or hardihood. Lastly, there is the enormous class of the incapables—the men and women not actually idiotic or stupid, but just so much slower and weaker-witted than their neighbours, that in the dread ‘struggle for existence’ (far worse among mankind than ever Darwin told of bird or beast of prey) they immediately succumb, fall amid the hurrying, jostling crowd, and are trodden under foot less from cruelty than the necessity of the case. All these—broken-down artisans, labourers, servants, women, incapables—lapse, as a matter of course, in their troubles into the indigent class, which also contains in itself an hereditary population which has lived by shift and hazard, in penury and difficulty, from father to son and mother to daughter for many generations.*

The physical and moral condition of a class thus constituted has necessarily formed a subject of anxiety to every statesman and philanthropist who has the interests of the community at heart. The abodes

* The proportion which the class we have defined as Indigent bears to the regular Labouring class, in such a district, for example, as that of the New Law Courts, has been reckoned as 1,093 indigent to 3,082 labourers.

of these indigent persons, from many causes hereafter to be touched on, have, in nearly all large towns, become crowded and unhealthy beyond description; and the hapless inhabitants, in their poverty and the recklessness born of poverty, so far from amending their own condition, seem year by year to become more and more wretched and degraded. In the miserable 'slums' occupied by hawkers and costermongers, the rag and bone sellers, marine-store keepers, vendors of old clothes, collectors of hare-skins and purloined kitchen stuff, the organ-grinders, 'niggers,' mendicants, street-sweepers; here, amid overcrowded lodging-houses, low gin-shops, and houses of still worse employ—here is the very focus of fever and nursery of cholera, which, if a demon had planned it, could not be more aptly fitted for the production of vice and crime. Rooms where whole families sleep together, and where men and women who are *not* united by any tie save that of chance-herding in the same shelter, are huddled in disgusting proximity; rooms swarming with vermin—odious with intolerable stench—undrained, unventilated, uncleared from year to year, as one troop after another of miserable squalid creatures pass through them;—these are the *homes* (oh, cruel mockery of that proud English word!) of thousands around us. We all know this familiarly, and deplore it as if it were a matter no more in our hands than the sufferings of the birds in the snow.

It is a mere platitude to refer to the evils which have their perennial spring in these hapless localities. The marvel is, not that disease and wickedness result from such conditions of life as are here to be found, but that children ever grow up under them, and arrive at manhood and womanhood with some modicum of health

and strength, some residue of modesty and uprightness. The notion that they can attain to natural vigour, or preserve complete purity, is the delusion of novelists and poets. 'Marian Erles' as often grow up with Marian Erle's training as orange trees spring on northern moorlands. There are, indeed, some forms of virtue which flourish even in the shadows of these hideous lanes. Such goodness as that depicted in *De Profundis*—the goodness of the poor laundress to the deserted infant, the goodness of the fierce virago to the old man dying of cancer—are true to life and nature. There are also, as all who know them can testify, touching instances of sustained decency and self-respect among those who have fallen into uttermost indigence, and who yet struggle on to support themselves, and retain the cleanliness and respectable exterior of better days. But these last are exceptions, and not very numerous exceptions, to the rule of degradation and disorder naturally engendered by the miserable conditions of life in a pauper lodging-house; and on *them* falls with double weight the wretchedness of the companionship of the vicious and the brutalised. As a general law, all experience proves that the resisting power of moral and physical health in human nature, to overcome evil conditions, is always very limited, and never in any way to be calculated on. We have no *right* to expect any other result from filth than disease, or from corrupting influences than sin.

Solomon's terrible apophthegm, 'The destruction of the poor is his poverty,' was doubtless true in Judea three thousand years ago; but it is much more true in England to-day. While wealth grows hourly in the rich man's hand, almost without any care on his part, the poor man finds it difficult to embark in the humblest industry for want of need-

ful capital, and in a thousand cases is defrauded of his rights without being able to afford legal counsel or redress. He needs more than others the knowledge of various laws against which he is liable to transgress unwittingly, or from which he may grievously suffer (e.g., the laws of traffic and laws of pauper settlement); but, except by undergoing the penalty of ignorance, it is hard to see how he is to gain information; the gentlemen, competent to do so, who would patiently instruct him might be hard to find. It is needless to refer to the adulterations of the food, the exorbitant prices of the shops where the poor have once allowed themselves to contract debts, the dreadful 'sweating systems,' and similar snares with which they find themselves beset. The abominable drugs where-with the only drinks they can obtain are rendered poisonous, and a diseased craving thus established, is alone an evil of cruel magnitude—one which we cannot but think the true friends of Temperance would do well to take in hand. All these are miseries and wrongs which may well crush down even a sturdy spirit; but there is behind a want which we know is often felt in the poor man's lodging, which must throw everything else in the shade, but of which we are often strangely forgetful when we estimate his condition. That great want which Providence has made the mainspring of action for the whole animated creation—namely, the want of Food—must needs reduce every other element of human life to insignificance when once it has made itself felt. When 'to eat or not to eat' is the question, very little attention can assuredly be vouchsafed to other contingencies. To be clean or dirty—to live in a romantic dell or amid the hideous chimneys of the Black Country—to be as learned as Humboldt, or utterly ignorant of the rudiments of knowledge—all must be

alternatives undeserving a thought under pressure of the far more urgent problem—To be fed? or to starve? Strange is it how little the never-hungry class reflect on this simple fact of nature, and forget that at any moment the poor may come under pressure of a feeling which must instantly throw out of gear all the machinery of motives—hope, fear, decency, prudence—on which we are accustomed to rely for their guidance. Let us for a moment reflect how some of the highest of these motives—those presented to us by religion or parental affection—would appeal to us, under the simple change produced in our state by Hunger. How would the finest sermon we ever heard have affected us had we tasted no food for twenty-four hours before listening to it? How far should we care to send our children to school were the chances of giving them any dinner on their return to be essentially diminished thereby? The truth is, that a man whose daily toil affords him insufficient and precarious nourishment, whether he hunts the forest for game or the streets for halfpence, leads the life of a beast of prey rather than of a man. It is not till he has got a step higher—till he can gain enough food, and gain it regularly—that he comes into the region of purely human sentiments, and that beyond hunger and thirst, and the need of warmth and sleep, and the love of his mate and his offspring, he has space for the love of order, beauty, knowledge, and the esteem of his fellows.

We often complain that the poor do not think of the morrow. But it is almost (we might rather say) a dispensation of Providence that those for whom the morrow can but bring fresh wants are often as thoughtless as the fowls of the air, which have as great chance of 'gathering into barns' as they. Care and anxiety, which plough

such furrows on many faces which never yet looked on an empty board, would drive to madness and despair those who rarely behold a well-plenished one. Is there, then, it is asked, no religion for the comfort of these hapless beings—no gospel for the poor? Are we not to teach them to trust in Him who feeds the ravens? Can we not aid them to look up even through the dim vista of their smoke-filled lanes, to

That great world of light which lies
Behind all human destinies?

God forbid we should say that religion has no consolations for the famishing and the wretched, or that any human heart is beyond the limits of its golden sceptre. But this must be accepted as a matter of every-day experience. Those who frequent churches and prayer-meetings—those who can be easily stirred to take an interest in eternal things, are very rarely those of whom we have been writing—whose life is of necessity one anxious search after ‘the meat which perisheth.’ There may be religion in the decent home, however poor. There may be religion again in the hospital and the workhouse, the penitentiary and the prison. But in the only dwelling of the indigent—in the overcrowded filthy lodging-house, resonant with evil words, polluted with evil sights and smells, jostling, sordid, peaceless—there is probably the minimum of religion on which human souls of Caucasian race well may live. Again we repeat it, on a large scale human nature is always to be found following the conditions in which it is placed. The worst condition conceivable for becoming religious must be to live in an atmosphere tainted with vice, to be never for an hour able to follow the counsel to ‘enter thy closet,’ to meet that Being who (it is so hard to feel!) seeth in a *crowd* as well as ‘in secret’—to be for ever goaded by gnawing

appetite, degraded by squalor, stupefied by fatigue. Nay, we can hardly hope that the difficulties of the poor stop with these physical impediments. Must it not happen that faith in the Supreme Goodness must be sorely tried by wants such as theirs, and that the belief in justice and holiness reigning over all must be sometimes hard to retain, where evil seems the rule and good the exception—where age is dishonoured and childhood corrupted from the cradle? A thoughtful man brought thus hourly face to face with the darkest problems of existence, and never beholding the brighter side of happy innocent life, might well be forgiven if to lack of opportunity for religious exercises he added a woeful distrust of religion itself. The old idea that poverty and piety bear a natural affinity to one another may hold good in a simple state of society, where poverty means dwelling in a tent in the wilderness, or a cottage in a sequestered vale. But in London, in the nineteenth century, where poverty means living in the slums of St. Giles or Bethnal Green, it must needs be the rich man for whom (so far as this world is concerned) it is easiest to enter into the kingdom of devout feelings and untroubled faith.

We confess, then, without in the least undervaluing the religious instruction of the indigent classes—nay, while heartily wishing it might be carried much further, and in healthier channels of thought—we cannot look for the elevation of those classes primarily from any such agency. Many excellent clergymen, many philanthropic gentlemen and ladies, many useful Bible-women and city missionaries have long worked in the field, and are working more vigorously year by year. The Bishop of London’s Fund alone has contributed since its commencement to the erection of thirty-seven new churches, and has

given an immense impetus to a work which before presented a ghastly contrast to the missions sent and the treasures lavished to Christianise cannibals at the antipodes. But though doubtless many human souls have thus been aided on the heavenly way, and many lives reclaimed from vice and sin, we believe the most sanguine of the teachers themselves would be ready to admit that the improvement of the indigent class, *as a class*, is a thing not to be hoped for even from the building of streets of churches or the patrol of an army of clergymen. Though neither they nor we are likely to hold that

Washing seven times in the people's baths
Is sovereign for the people's leprosy,

both will admit that the 'godliness' which is not able to neighbour itself with 'cleanliness,'—the moral purity forced to grow in a dunghill,—is but a half-developed plant after all.

Turning from Religious to Secular Education, we find that for several years back an effort has been made by philanthropists to provide training of a special kind for the children of the class we are considering—namely, in the Ragged Schools. The subject is one of much importance; and the value of these schools has been disputed in such high quarters that we must ask leave to treat the subject at some length.

The children above the Indigent class have abundance of National, British, and other schools where excellent education is given them on payment of the penny a week which seems to secure regular attendance. The class below again, the enormous Pauper class,* has for itself the Workhouse Schools, where in the mere literary part of education is carried on with the special advantage of regularity. But between

the labourer who easily pays his penny for each child's schooling per week, and the pauper whose subsistence is secure, and who pays nothing for anything, the indigent parent comes to find himself in a difficulty. He can neither put his children into the workhouse schools while he remains outside, nor pay two or three or four pence a week without being often called upon to make a sacrifice for which (as we have remarked) his hungry, shift, haphazard life leaves him no sort of resolution. Over and over this fact has been disputed by able men, and the ragged school system (designed to meet this want by free day-schools for the indigent) has been denounced as superfluous and even mischievous. It is asserted that the intermediate class, which we have named the 'indigent,' hardly exists in numbers sufficient to require any provision for its wants; or that, if it be even numerous in any locality, it ought not to be recognised, but rather compelled by every means to amalgamate with a better class, and send its children to the same schools for instruction. It is asserted that a little assistance to indigent parents, to aid them to pay for their children's education at the national schools, would be far better bestowed than the sums needful to support ragged schools, where much less good teaching is supplied.

To these assertions, with all respect for the judgment of those who make them, we must urge two opposing assertions—namely, 1st, That the indigent class is too great and numerous to be overlooked, and cannot be amalgamated with the class above it, so far as paying schools are concerned; the effort to induce the indigent to send their children to such schools inevitably ending in such broken and irregular

* It is an awful fact that one in every twenty-two of the population of England and Wales belong to this class, and receive relief indoor or outdoor.

attendance as is practically worthless. 2nd, That even if the children of the indigent—of street-sweepers, costermongers, hawkers, and the like—were by any means brought into the full use of the national and other pay schools, yet that, even in such case, those schools would be less useful to them than those same ragged schools which contemptuous inspectors describe as ‘groveling’ in all sorts of irregularities and laxities. Such children need *civilising* before teaching to read and write, and in the ragged schools this civilising process is given its needful priority; and the children who at first can hardly apply steadily to anything, or behave with common decency or order, are gradually reclaimed like so many little wild colts from the mountains—first *tamed*, and then taught. The teaching without the taming (for which alone attention can be spared in other schools) is of singularly little value.

It may, perhaps, be needful to say that the first of the above statements—namely, that the indigent class cannot be made to send their children to the pay schools with any regularity—is not advanced without good grounds. Anxious to ascertain the real facts of the case, a visitation was made in one of our large towns, for some months, of the families who sent their children to a certain ragged school. Among seventy families, there were found only two (who, of course, were immediately struck off the list of pupils) who were not too poor to afford regular schooling.

Let the reader judge what were the chances of the children in such cases as these, extracted at random from the writer's note-book. Be it noticed that every one was in some filthy den of a court or back street, and that nearly always a single room served for the whole family:—

C., in T— Court; a carpenter, disabled; six children.

C., E— Street; a tailor, cracked, bad health, eight children; wife ill.

C., M— Street; a husband and wife slop-workers; receive 2s. 9d. for making an office coat; four children.

C., N— Street; father with internal disease; six children—two with impediments in speech.

D., G— Court; day labourer; six small children.

D., L— Lane; family of ten; mother ill.

G., H— Court; a painter, out of work; children utterly ragged—one sitting by the fire, entirely without clothing.

And so on, and so on, through fifty more. One family consisted of eight children; the father earned ten shillings a week; the mother, who had been lady's-maid in a family noted in its county for the exorbitant luxuries permitted to its servants, had married a farmer's son and set up an hotel. Change of traffic ruined the unfortunate couple, and a handful of pawn-brokers' certificates alone represented the plate, linen, and clothes they once possessed. The poor woman, recently confined, sat up in bed feverishly working at some wretched slop-work, and the two eldest of the eight children in the room were trying to do their little share to increase her earnings. Was it within the bounds of reason to expect this woman not only to send away her children every day, but to pay *eightpence* a week for their schooling?

We must be forgiven for quoting another case still more curiously illustrative of that sad problem—How the poor manage to exist. In a single room in a lane at B. lived two young women—an Irish girl and her friend, a soldier's wife. The soldier's wife had three children; her husband was in India. She received a few loaves weekly; the rest of the expenditure of the little party (of course, all living in one room) was supplied thus: The two women had only one bonnet and one shawl between them. Each day one stayed at home with the baby, the other dressed herself and

went to a neighbour, who lent her for the day a pair of linen sheets. These sheets she took to the pawnbroker's, and, with the price, filled her basket with oranges, apples, or thread and needles, as the season might suggest. After a day spent in hawking these wares, she returned home, took the sheets out of pawn, paying a halfpenny to the pawnbroker on the loan, restored them to the owner for the night, and then shared with her friend such proceeds as might be derived from the day's sale of fruit. This life (to our own personal knowledge) went on with little change through a whole winter. Who will say that these women, or that the poor reduced lady's-maid with her eight children, could spare threepence or sixpence a week for feeding the *minds* of their children, when with such toil they could hardly keep their bodies from starvation?

Doubtless the proportion in which such a class as this is to be found in different localities varies very considerably. A little knowledge of the people of any district will suffice to prove whether they are to be found there in numbers sufficient to justify the opening of a school. All we maintain is, that where they exist their condition demands our earnest attention. Admirably does Miss Carpenter—the best friend these poor 'neglected children' have ever had—say in her paper read this year at Sheffield—

These children are *ours*. They cannot help themselves; they form a part of our society; they will become the people of our land. It is not their fault that they exist in this state of degradation; ignorance cannot heal itself. For our own sakes as well as theirs we ought to take measures to prevent their growing up thus uncared for. If we neglect the duty, they will unconsciously inflict on us a dreadful revenge—a constantly increasing supply of pauperism and crime.

We have heard this lady relate an anecdote pitifully exemplifying

the sort of chance some of these children have of good training from their parents.

Teaching one day in her own ragged school, she was addressed by a boy of ten years old with a request to be allowed to go home. 'Why did he wish to go home; it was only one o'clock?' After some shy demur, the child confided to her in a whisper that he had locked up his mother, dead drunk, and thought that about this time, as usual, she would be returning to her senses, and wanting to be released!

Again, the free Night Schools commonly attached to these Ragged Schools are agencies of good of no mean value. The young 'City Arabs,' lured into them by warmth and light, are caught as in a benevolent trap, and ere they are turned out again are often impressed with ideas guiding their future course in a very opposite direction from the one previously before them. It is a common experience for a teacher in such a school to find many a little scamp, long running ragged after carriages, and picking up pence by any miscellaneous process *not* to be termed industry, turning out a well-to-do artisan, soldier, carter, or seaman, and coming back in after years to revisit his schools with every token of gratitude. A strange state they are in, poor lads, when they first enter a night school. Hands which might have acted as dust shovels for weeks; hair which resists all intervention of the public comb; clothes saturated with everything except soap and water; and ideas of scholastic discipline which include leaping from form to form, shooting marbles at obnoxious instructors, singing uproarious songs, and joining occasionally, when study becomes too tedious, in a general hunt-the-hare and helter-skelter round the room. The notions they possess of the world at large are most amazing—not foolish and stupid, like those of children in a village,

or shut up in factories. The streets awaken many faculties and suggest many ideas; but a night school of City Arabs presents the study of a set of intelligent lads and young men who have seen all the evil of life, and been taught little or nothing of the good. Of the religion of the country in which they have been brought up they know about as much as the horses and dogs. Often have we been touched to see the delighted surprise with which they received such ideas as those conveyed by the story of the Prodigal, or the last pages of Bunyan; as if the notion of a *Friend* above, and not an omnipotent Policeman, were absolutely new to them. It would be easy to multiply stories illustrative of the curious mental state of these poor lads. One lady teaching in London, and reading in the Bible about 'wheat and chaff,' found that not one of her scholars had an idea of what *wheat* was; but on asking them what 'chaff' might be, there was an immediate holding up of hands in signal of comprehension, and an unanimous reply of—

'Impidence, ma'am!'

The dreadful punishment allotted to such 'chaff' seemed to follow quite unquestioned.

Another lady (as we have told elsewhere) asked her class, in the course of a lecture on 'Gratitude,' what pleasure in the course of the year they most thoroughly enjoyed. After a thoughtful pause, the last boy in the class looked up and said, with simple candour—

'Cock-fighting, ma'am.'

'Oh, no, B.,' said the lady, 'I'm sure you cannot like that cruel sport?'

'Yes, I do, ma'am, though! there's a pit up by the Black Boy as is worth anything in B.—'

A similar story is to be found in an admirable little tract in the series *Odds and Ends*, on *Penitentiaries*, p. 30:—'There was (at the ragged

school) a boy who invariably interrupted all histories of heroes and saints recorded in Scripture by disparaging comparisons with Tom Sayers. "Moses and Joshua was all very well," he would say, "but what was they to that little chap a-standin' up as game as a bantam cock before that great thunderin' Yankee, and a-knockin' of him down like a ninepin? Bless you, Noah and Abraham and all that lot weren't fit to hold a candle to him. He war a hero, he war." . . . A small boy, to whom some one had tried to teach the catechism, obstinately refused to believe in anything but the articles of the *Christmas Feast*; and being asked for some further explanation, said, "A jolly plum-pudding was the best on 'em."'

On another occasion the writer proposed to a class of lads of about sixteen, the question, 'What was conscience?' Immense difficulty was found in giving an answer, but eventually the following ingenious definition was supplied: 'Conscience is a thing which a gem'man arn't got, who, when a boy finds his handkercher and gives it him back, doesn't give the boy sixpence.' When the teacher asked whether, even under the aggravated wrong of getting no sixpence, each boy did not feel rather glad to have returned the lost article—and whether, again, under the contingency (suggested by the sight of a white handkerchief in the hands of a young gentleman unprovided with shoes) of a boy not restoring what he found, he did not dislike to think of the transaction—there was in each case a chorus of agreement. Of course the lesson ended—'Well, boys, that which makes you feel comfortable when you have done right and got nothing, and very uncomfortable when you have done wrong and gained your end—that is conscience.' Perhaps few lads who could have

given a correct definition of the word were as much alive as they were to the reality of the *thing*. Its relation to the great Author of Conscience had, apparently, never once entered their heads. Such religion as they had picked up had nothing to do with anything of the kind.

It will be seen that, as an agency of good to the Indigent class, we are disposed to give a very high place to the Ragged Schools. If we might be permitted to offer an opinion on the subject to those who have the regulation of public education, we should say—Let there be free industrial day schools, infant schools, and night schools, certified by the Secretary of State, such ragged schools as now exist being certified when found worthy. Let there be an inspector of these schools, whose office it shall be to visit them without warning, and ascertain whether they are properly conducted, and whether the right class of children alone are permitted to benefit by them. Then let such a capitation grant be made (say 1*l.* a year for day scholars, and less for infants and night scholars) as shall permit the managers to secure the maintenance of the schools, with the aid of the private funds—now very inadequate for the purpose—at their disposal.

Besides churches and schools, however, there are many hundreds of miscellaneous institutions to be found throughout England, aiming at the improvement of the indigent as well as working class. There are the excellent Working Men's Clubs, the Working Man's College and Working Woman's College, Mechanics' Institutes, Baths and Washhouses, Penny Banks, Temperance Societies, Mothers' Meetings, Soup Kitchens, Refuges, Asylums

for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, Insane, Idiotic, Incurable, and Hospitals where every fleshly ill receives at least care if not relief. We lack space and information to treat of these institutions properly, or discriminate those among them which really elevate the poor from those which only foster pauperism and dependence. The aggregate cost of the institutions of one kind or another, in London, which may be counted under the head of charitable, has been estimated at an *annual* income of 2,441,967*l.** Of this enormous sum, we must suppose the proportion which passes to the use of the indigent, in one way or another, to be at the least 1,000,000*l.* per annum in London. Yet with all this treasure, with the labour and the ingenuity of hundreds of philanthropists, the indigent are only falling into deeper distress and greater degradation. As well might the army of Lilliput lift up Gulliver, as all these philanthropic schemes succeed in getting the crushed giant of Poverty on his feet.

The simple fact forces itself upon us, that religious instruction and secular education, churches, schools, clubs, institutes, asylums, hospitals, are all inadequate to cure the dreadful evil in question. Other forces must be brought to bear; the conditions of a decent and orderly life must be supplied; and then churches and schools, colleges and clubs, may accomplish their good work. While the dwellings of the indigent remain what they are, overcrowded lodging-houses, where cleanliness and modesty are excluded, so long it is impossible that any real reformation of their condition can take place. It is a mere truism to repeat this observation. Statesmen and philanthropists, who differ about everything else, are unanimous on this one point. The question is

* *Charities of London*, by Sampson Low, p. 160.

net, Does the root of the evil lie here? but How can we get at this root and remove it? The reader must forgive us for going over some well-beaten ground to state the case quite clearly.

The supply of lodgings for the indigent classes in the great towns has long failed to equal the demand. Each year the case becomes worse, as population increases, and no tendency arises for capital to be invested in meeting the want.

The cause of this apparent anomaly is not hard to find. While the population is doubling, the space on which stood the old houses of the poor, when the poor were far less numerous, has been continually infringed upon for public and private works; and instead of building new quarters for the poor, capitalists find every other investment of their money more profitable. In London in particular, as we all know, the new works of various kinds have actually taken away the homes of thousands. In some districts, the erection of streets of handsome mansions has tended so effectually to banish the poor, that the whole population has diminished, in the face of the vast increase elsewhere, e.g. in one district in Westminster, where (excluding some public institutions) the number of inhabitants in 1851 was 23,433, and in 1861, 21,235. In the last session, Lord Shaftesbury stated in Parliament that there were then before the House bills involving the possible demolition of 3,500 houses, and eviction of their 20,000 tenants. In the present session, applications are made for eleven new railway projects, all requiring extensive grounds in the poorer districts of the metropolis. The new Law Courts alone, according to the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons (Minutes, p. 8), will displace 4,175 persons, leaving them to find new abodes as best they may. Of the hardships and sufferings

thus created we cannot pause to speak. How many humble little trades are ruined and employments lost; how many sick, who might have been allowed by old landlords to live on in their lodgings, find it impossible to procure new ones on the same terms, it is impossible to say. One thing is clear: such losses and sufferings to the Indigent class inevitably swell the lists of Pauperism, and leave, for those who escape, the problem of improvement of condition doubly difficult. Nor are all these changes and evictions to be looked on as a temporary difficulty for the present year and a few years more. While the nation retains its prosperity, improvements of various kinds must perpetually go forward—railways, hotels, embankments, widening of streets, opening out spaces, building warehouses, churches, dwellings for the wealthier classes. The making of such things is not an accidental contingency, but a regular process, which must go on at even an increasingly rapid ratio. But where do the designers of such improvements lay their ground plans? Certainly not in the spaces already covered by the palaces of May Fair and Belgravia—not in the parks—not in the priceless acres whereon stand St. Paul's and the Exchange. It is inevitable that every great new edifice or railway must encroach on the districts hitherto belonging to the poor, and covered only with their comparatively cheaply built tenements. Thus we are bound to confront the fact that the dwellings of the poor, long ago too scanty and overcrowded, *must* continue to be curtailed and encroached upon year after year; while, in addition to the natural increase of population, the crowded districts have to bear wave after wave of emigrants driven out of their abodes by each new work in succession. From Victoria Street and the Westminster Chambers last year—from St. Clement Danes this

summer—from somewhere else a twelvemonth hence—the accumulation must go on, not as an accident, but an economic law.

But, it is asked, why does not capital come in here, as everywhere else, and supply a want as soon as it exists? The reason is simple—property in poor lodgings is very undesirable for large capitalists. It can be made to pay a high interest only on three conditions—1st. That the labour of collecting the rents (which is always excessive) shall not be deducted from the returns by agents; 2nd. That very little mercy shall be shown to tenants in distress; 3rd. That small expense be incurred in attempting to keep in repair, paint, or otherwise refresh the houses, which, being inhabited by the roughest of the community, would require double outlay to preserve in anything better than a squalid and rack-rent condition.

The low class of landlords who commonly hold this kind of property fulfil these conditions only too well, and are known to make large gains. The overcrowded state of the town and paucity of such lodgings relieves them from all competition, and, without any fear of losing their miserable tenants, they may grind them as they please while leaving their rooms without any of the needful repairs or facilities for decency and cleanliness. But it is obvious that property like this can have no attractions for capitalists. Where the undertaking has been attempted, as by the Metropolitan Association, a return in three years of 4,000*l.* on an outlay of 50,000*l.* sufficiently proved the matter, in a pecuniary sense, unprofitable; and (as Mr. Hare remarks) it is obvious that

‘here the economic doctrine of supply and demand is inapplicable, and hundreds of thousands of our people, for generation after generation, must be victims of the evil before the principle of demand and supply could work out a remedy.’

Convinced long ago of this fact, philanthropists have for years attempted to mitigate the evil by building, in London and other great towns, model lodging-houses for the Working Classes, and after long remaining a doubtful experiment, a success has been achieved in the case of Mr. Peabody’s, Alderman Waterlow’s, and perhaps some others. But as regards the two great objects we are considering,—the elevation of the Indigent, and the prevention of pestilence,—these schemes only point the way to an enterprise too large for any private funds. All the existing model lodging-houses not only fix their rents above the means of the Indigent class, but actually make it a rule not to admit the persons of whom the class chiefly consists—namely, those who get their living upon the streets. Thus, for the elevation of the indigent and the purifying of those cesspools of wretchedness, wherein cholera and fever have their source, these model lodging-houses are even professedly unavailing.*

Again, another plan is urged and in a certain measure carried out—the building of suburban villages for the working classes, accessible by railway. A great number of such houses have been built by the railway companies and other speculators outside London, and artisans and labourers seem glad to use them. The movement is one of blended good and evil to those who can avail themselves of it—good, inas-

* Miss Adeline Cooper’s new lodging-house and club in Duck Lane is built expressly for the use of this class—namely, hawkers, costermongers, &c. The members, a few weeks ago, in thanking the Hon. Mrs. W. Cowper for a kind donation, remarked on the peculiar hardship of the case, when men of their class, desiring decent abodes for their families, were forced to live in an atmosphere of pestilence and vice.

much as it allows children to grow up in comparatively fresh air, and the workmen themselves to partake of it at night and on Sundays; bad, inasmuch as it robs the workman of the time which is his money, and tends to foster the immense evils consequent on a separation of social classes. In a brief period, if not properly guarded, these new buildings will become as overcrowded as the old, with the additional disadvantage of being isolated from all civilising influences—a Pauper Town. With regard, however, to the larger number of the class with whom we are concerned, the suburban villages are neither good nor bad, being wholly inaccessible to them. The trades of the hawkers, costermongers, &c., carried on in the streets, and frequently aided by the man's children or wife, could never be managed by families sleeping out of town, even if the cost of the railway were not a sufficient deterrent.

But beside the existing model lodging-houses and suburban villages, other schemes have been suggested. Passing over those for the formation of large companies for the erection of lodgings (companies hard to form, with the prospect of 5 per cent. interest at the outside), and which at best can but repeat on a larger scale the experiment of the existing model lodgings,—we find the profound mind of Mr. Thomas Hare has set forth a plan more vast and original. He would (if we understand rightly his letters to the *Times*) empower a Board, to be elected by all parties locally interested, to raise money, partly from Government, partly from rates, to build splendid rows of lodging-houses, whereby the city would be greatly embellished and the health of the community improved. The houses so built would be sold under special provisions to poor tenants and others, according to a plan destined to elevate the

working men into freehold proprietors each of his own apartment.

Into the details of this scheme we shall not presume to enter. Possibly new forms of tenure, good and useful in themselves, might add future complications to a scheme already involving great changes, and render it still more difficult, first of acceptance and then of execution. We shall present to our readers' consideration another plan, differing from that of Mr. Hare only (as it seems to us) in being more simple, and in introducing two important points of which we shall speak presently—namely, the parliamentary grant of *compulsory* powers of purchase, and the inclusion of *all* districts to be deemed 'pestilential.' Thomas Territ Taylor, Esq., of Bristol, the originator of the plan, has favoured us with the following sketch of it:—

Scheme for Providing suitable Dwellings for the Working Classes.

An Act of Parliament must be obtained to enable Town Councils and Local Boards of Health [or other Boards, as may hereafter be thought best] to purchase, under compulsory powers, the property in overcrowded and pestilential districts within their jurisdiction, and build thereon suitable dwellings for the labouring classes.

The usual powers must be given to borrow money of the Government at a low rate of interest, on condition of repayment within a specified time, say from 15 to 20 years, as in the case of the County Lunatic Asylums.

Plans and specifications to be furnished by the Government; and the buildings to be erected under the superintendence of their officers, if deemed more desirable than the officers of the Local Board.

The property to be sold within a specified time, say not exceeding fifteen or twenty years, either by public auction or tender, subject to certain conditions as to inspection by officers of the Board of Health, so as to prevent overcrowding and other contingencies detrimental to the public health.

In case loss should be incurred by the sale of the property, it would be necessary to provide whether that loss should fall on the town or district in which it is situated, or on the Government, or partly on both, according to certain proportions.

A few comments on this scheme

will be sufficient to explain the reason for its chief provisions.

1. The grant of *compulsory* powers of purchasing the existing ground and tenements is obvious. A few landlords refusing to sell their ground would nullify the benefit of the whole scheme in a sanitary point of view; and the price which others would put on theirs, in the case of such a purchaser as a Board with national resources, would be doubtless exorbitant, and sufficient to take away every chance of obtaining a fair rate of interest on the houses to be erected. As to the invasion of the rights of private property involved in such an Act, it is needless to remark that the principle of the right of the State so to invade it for public benefit has never been disputed, and thus the benefit here contemplated is equally unquestionable and universal. The extent, indeed, to which the rights of landlords have lately been set aside for all sorts of projects of public convenience (as, for example, for the construction of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway alone, to mention but one among twenty cases), is notorious. To the sufferings of the indigent lodgers under these compulsory evictions we have already adverted. But if landlords' rights may be invaded, and the poor sacrificed for public convenience, surely it is superfluous to prove that those rights may also be invaded—to the benefit of the poor—for public health? Travelling to Chatham a little slower or quicker is a very small matter of national concern compared with saving the country from epidemics. To find ground for the legal invasion we contemplate, there is no need to introduce arguments (however true and cogent) drawn from such larger policy as should aim at the moral good of the masses as one of the great ends of statecraft. Selfishness may protest and idle scepticism may sneer at such

philanthropy; but, as Carlyle said, the thief proves himself to be our fellow-creature in one irrefragable way—he gives us the fever. We are all liable to disease and death from the nuisances engendered in these slums, and spread by their wretched inhabitants over the city. Therefore, by the simple law of self-preservation, and on the same principle as every sanitary regulation of modern times, we have a right to interfere and force the proprietors to sell to us their nursery grounds of pestilence.

2. The necessity for buying up *all* the pestilential districts is yet more evident, albeit the vastness of the project is startling. So long as badly-drained streets and lanes are left untouched, so long the same diseases will be engendered, the same vice perpetuated, and the whole circle of evil gone through again. Were a Company or Government Board to take half such a district and build a street of noble lodging-houses, leaving the next street a row of rotting hovels, is it supposed the sanitary and moral condition of the *whole* would be essentially improved? Nay, rather the dwellers in the bad street, deserted by the more respectable lodgers who once shared it with them, would be more brutal, lawless, and degraded than ever, and their street more thoroughly a hot-bed of fever and cholera. Nay, more. While any thoroughly low and filthy lanes and courts are left, the very population whom most anxiously we seek to improve will always choose them by preference. According to the evidence given to the Committee on the New Law Courts (Minutes, p. 13), and according to everybody's experience who knows anything of the indigent class, there are hundreds who, when the choice is formally before them, to live in a clean lightsome house or a dark and dirty one, prefer darkness and dirt, for the very

same old reason that men of old 'loved darkness rather than light,' because their deeds, or at least their habits, 'are evil.' To leave this class any choice at all is to prolong the mischief of the slums for ever. If sanitary arguments are to have force; no single acre or rood of ground really coming under the definition of 'Pestilential' must be left in any of our cities. So long as *one* is left, there will be a perpetual Fever Nursery and Cholera Garden for all England.

For these two reasons, then—compulsion and comprehension—we are inclined to advocate Mr. Taylor's plan in preference to that of Mr. Hare.

3. It is obvious that, to prevent such a scheme causing in the first beginning an addition to the very evil of evictions and overcrowdings which it is designed to remedy, it will be needful to proceed step by step in executing it. No more houses should at any time be pulled down than those which are to be immediately and rapidly rebuilt. The scale of the new houses being vastly greater than the old, from the moment one block is built in each locality, the further evictions would only involve removal from the old dens to the new and healthy lodgings, or to the houses of a better sort vacated by the new tenants elsewhere.

4. Both from the nature of the tenure contemplated for the houses, and as a matter of justice to the lodgers, no rules of a vexatious kind should be made regarding their hours or habits. The spirit which makes an Englishman dislike to live in a good clean house, where his door is to be shut at a certain hour, may be a spirit compounded of good and bad elements, but it is one with which no one has a right to quarrel. No 'Paternal Government' lodgings can, we believe, ever flourish in England—*nor do we wish they should.* The day in which they

may do so, English nature will have changed, and not for the better. The contracts of sale of the lodging-houses contemplated in this scheme must provide for their being kept in repair by the buyer and his successors, and must, of course, leave them subject to the existing sanitary Acts. But beyond these terms, and such occasional inspection as shall secure their maintenance, no further check upon the entire freedom of landlord and tenant should be attempted. The Act against overcrowding would be particularly easy to administer, from the regularity of the buildings. Each family ought to have an allotment of two rooms (if possible, opening in opposite directions on each side of the central gallery, thereby admitting thorough airing and separation), and these rooms would be licensed, according to their cubic contents of air, to hold so many tenants only. To prevent dispute, the number might, as in an omnibus, be marked on the door, and the exceeding of such number constituted into a small offence.

5. The lodging-houses would need to be lofty—four or five stories at all events. By this means only can the space available be made to hold its present population, while widening the streets and leaving open spaces in the manner absolutely needful for health. We are assured by those most experienced in such matters, that the poor have no objection to lofty houses, being glad of the improved clearness of air. Washing and bath-rooms should be placed in the attics of each block of houses and club-rooms at proper intervals.

6. Shops are a necessity in every neighbourhood. In contemplating so large a change as the above scheme involves, it would be needful to lay out the basement of many houses with a view to the trades of the occupants. Such shop property in the poorer districts now lets at

exorbitant rents, and might be made in the new houses to add considerably to the profits of the undertaking.

To conclude. The Act of Parliament which should sanction this great scheme would by no means be of so novel a kind, or depart so far from precedent, as may by some be imagined. The sanction of the loan of public money for the purpose of similar improvements, and even especially for the particular purpose of building lodging-houses for the working classes, has been given by Parliament several years ago. We quote the Report of the Committee of the Society of Arts on the dwellings of the working classes, p. 4:—

Numerous Acts have been passed, commencing with the 57 Geo. III. c. 34, for enabling the Public Loan Commissioners to advance money at a low rate of interest for public works and the employment of the poor. The 9 & 10 Vict. c. 79, is the Act which regulates the present practice. By the 23 & 24 Vict. c. 19, the Public Works Acts (Ireland) were extended to authorise the advance of money for building cottages in that country. In England, the Public Loan Commissioners have never been authorised to advance money for that purpose, but by the 9 & 10 Vict. c. 74, they are enabled to lend money to vestries, on the security of the rates, for building public baths and washhouses. By the 14 & 15 Vict. c. 34, the same commissioners are also empowered to lend to Boards of Health and other local authorities in like manner money for building lodging-houses for the poor. This Act, however, is encumbered with so many conditions that it has been practically inoperative.

Here then, in fact, is already an Act in existence providing for the principal point of the scheme in question—the loan of public money for building lodging-houses for the poor. To disencumber this Act of

the objectionable clauses, and add to it the needful powers for the compulsory purchase of the required property (subject to appeal, on the plea that the districts on which notices are served do not come under the definitions of the Act), is all which, in a legal point of view, is needful in the matter.*

To sum up the argument. It is obvious that the effectual clearance of the pestilential districts of the great towns is a work altogether beyond the resources of private philanthropy, and that capital has been proved to have no tendency to flow into any such channel; yet of all the needs of the country it is probably the greatest and most imperative. Railways, to bring the ends of the earth together; Atlantic telegraphs; expeditions to the Pole; discoveries of the source of the Nile; commerce with Japan; renewal of cotton trade; Jamaica massacres; iron monitors, Armstrong guns—nay, even hospitals and schools, are surely questions less nearly concerning the happiness and welfare of England than the purification of these centres of crime and disease. The cost must, of course, be enormous; and it will be well for those able to do so to sit down and count it beforehand; but vast as it may be—even to doubling the two and a half millions income of the existing London charities—and moderate as must be, at the best, the return of pecuniary interest on the outlay, is it, after all, a short-sighted policy which would spend the nation's treasure to make the social fabric sound at the core—to improve for ages the health and morals of the people? England spends many millions annually on

* The City Improvement Bill for Glasgow, to be brought forward in the present session, involves for that city a scheme quite as large as that now suggested. Four large and densely populated districts are to be bought up and converted into public parks and handsome streets, and 30,000 people to be displaced. The patrons of this plan appear to be the Provost and Corporation of Glasgow. The trustees are to be empowered to borrow 1,250,000*l*.

workhouses, gaols, and hospitals. Would it be bad economy to cut off one of the main sources of poverty, crime, and disease? We do not grudge the price of an iron-clad ship to be ready to defend us in case of a war which in all probability will never arise till she has rusted away. Should we grudge a similar sum to build a whole street of healthful dwellings, and so defeat an enemy who is sure to invade us ere long—a more cruel enemy than all the battalions of France—even Cholera?

On these grounds only (to proceed no further), of the safety of the public health, there is justification for every outlay of public money and every infringement of private rights which any scheme really qualified to remedy the evil can involve. But physical health itself—the removal of a great cause of disease, the purification of the pestilence-centres for the land at large—albeit the cogent and suffi-

cient argument for obtaining the legal sanction of so great a reform, need not, to our own hearts, be the only motives we recognise for the work. There are thousands of our fellow-creatures now living—tens of thousands to be born in coming time—whose happiness and virtue, humanly speaking, depend on the fact whether they are to dwell for ever in the wretched dens they now inhabit, or be lifted out of them into decent and healthy houses. It is *their* souls as well as *our* bodies which are to be saved; it is the incentives to drunkenness and profligacy which are to be banished, no less than the infection of cholera and fever. Assuredly no task would so richly repay even millions of expenditure as one which would thus give to England that which, with all her grandeur and power, she sorely lacks—a healthy and virtuous population as the base of her mighty pyramid.

JAMAICA, AND THE RECENT INSURRECTION THERE.

BY A LATE RESIDENT IN THE ISLAND.*

AMONGST the islands which, as a popular historian describes them, rest upon the bosom of the Caribbean Sea 'like baskets of perfumed flowers,' pre-eminent in beauty is Jamaica, but its very beauty makes only more painful the contrast of its decayed institutions and moral corruption. By some strange fatality, while neighbouring colonies have held their own against 'times and seasons,' or have quietly succumbed to influences too powerful to be resisted, Jamaica has remained in a state of political fermentation from first to last, thereby causing infinite embarrassment to the Imperial Government; while her own spasmodic periods of prosperity have left no traces, unless indeed we look for them in the rolls of our Peerage, Baronetage, and Landed Gentry.

The recent insurrection was in its origin so complicated, that we must pause to take a brief and superficial survey of the physical features and past history of this island.

With an area of about four millions and eighty thousand square acres, Jamaica is capable of supporting a large population, and yet Barbadoes exceeds it, relatively to its size, in the ratio of eight to one, or thereabouts.

Nature has here been more than usually bountiful, and amongst the staple products may be enumerated spices, pimento, sugar, rum, coffee, and various dye-woods; but the natural resources of the soil are but imperfectly developed.

A lofty range of mountains tra-

verses the island from east to west, rising in the Blue Mountain peak, at the former extremity, to an altitude of about 7,600 feet, and presenting an aspect of wild grandeur, more pleasing perhaps to the eye of an artist than to a practically interested observer.

To the north, facing Cuba (which may occasionally be seen in a dim outline), lower hills of singular beauty are separated by broad valleys and romantic dells, permeated by the numerous streams (from which this naturally favoured spot takes its name) that afford a means of rearing noble herds of cattle. It is in these districts that groves of fragrant pimento, or allspice, abound.

On the south side the face of the country is more irregular, and is intersected by many smaller detached ranges of hills, while the spacious plains of Liguanea and other savannahs seem capable of the highest cultivation; but few, nevertheless, are the patches cleared of jungle, and estates, in working order, are separated by miles; while the prevailing characteristic of impenetrable bush reasserts itself, and reproaches the feeble and intermitting labour of a scanty and slothful population.

On this side of the island is the mercantile capital of Kingston, which is connected with the official capital, Spanish Town, by the only line of rail in the colony, and which has been carried about fifteen miles inland.

The desolate aspect of both cities, with their unpaved streets and weed-crowned houses tumbling into

* The writer of this article has been personally connected with the scenes which he describes; a temperate expression of *white* opinion from Jamaica itself will not be unwelcome at the present crisis, although of *evidence* of the intended rebellion it will be seen that he contributes nothing, and appears to be unaware of the necessity for such a thing.—ED. F. M.

ruins, seems more striking when one enters the old cathedral and parish churches, and sees the sumptuous monuments of past generations.

The spacious harbour of Kingston has a world-wide fame, and its entrance is at the town of Port Royal, a portion of which perished in the great earthquake of 1698, and which crowns the extremity of a long spit of land extending about eight miles westward, and impassable for troops on account of its mangrove swamps, which have been so well described in *Tom Cringle's Log*.

To the east of Kingston, and about fifty miles off, is Morant Bay, in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, where the great spurs of the Port Royal, St. David's, and Blue Mountains, spreading out like the folds of a mantle, sink gradually into the rich borders of this comparatively highly cultivated parish, which has, as we have just seen, so narrowly escaped being converted into a wilderness. On turning the eastern point of the island, we find the small town of Port Antonio, where comparatively a good deal of coasting trade is carried on.

Referring to the period of Spanish rule, we find that about fifty-nine years after its discovery, and about twenty-four after the first settlement by the Spaniards under Don Juan de Esquimel, in 1509, there were no fewer than thirty sugar mills established; but the Spaniards, instead of taking advantage of the existence of a large native population, imported negroes. With a short-sighted policy they sought only to exterminate the former, and in this design so well did they succeed that it may safely be said there is not now in existence a single descendant of the aborigines.

The Spaniards seem to have been gradually decaying, even during the short period of their domination, so that, when Penn and Venables, after an unsuccessful attempt on the

neighbouring island of St. Domingo, effected the capture of Jamaica on the 3rd May 1655, they met with but a feeble resistance, while most of the fugitive Spanish negroes sought refuge in the impregnable fastnesses of the island; and so originated the peculiar association of free blacks which, under the name of Maroons, for many years successfully resisted our authority.

Cromwell did not fail to appreciate the value of his acquisition, and exerted the utmost diligence in repairing the absence of a population. Accordingly, the following year he sent out about two thousand Irish settlers. These were speedily followed by others from the Windward Islands; so that, according to the census of 1662, the population consisted of about 4,355 whites and only 552 negroes. In 1673, the former had increased to 8,362 and the latter to 9,500, a disparity which could not disturb the relative condition of the two races. Yet, even so early as 1690, we learn that the blacks for the first time ventured to rise in rebellion; and from that date, under various influences, this unhappy island has been periodically exposed to such outbreaks.

A few years later, with the view of maintaining a counterpoise to the rapidly increasing black race, as well as to serve other objects, a measure was suggested to the island legislature for the importation of three hundred white families. This occurred immediately after a remission of taxes for seven years had failed to encourage settlement in Kingston, the rising commercial capital.

Hurricanes, earthquakes, confagurations, and pirates had for many years caused a general feeling of insecurity; while insurrections of the negroes had become so frequent, that it was found necessary, in 1722, to import Mosquito Indians in aid of the dominant race.

In 1738, the Maroons, recruited

by runaway slaves, became troublesome to the planters by their frequent raids, accompanied too often by the usual concomitants of murder and rapine. After many fruitless attempts to subdue these marauders (whose settlements or camps were in those peculiar volcanic hollows called 'Cockpits,' and which are here connected, in an impenetrable labyrinth, by precipitous ravines, mountain torrents, and almost trackless jungle), a Captain Sadler at length succeeded in bringing them to terms, ratifying the preliminary conditions of peace by the grotesque formality of exchanging hats with Captain Cudjoe, their leader.

Scarcely had this desirable result been attained, when the local government was again endangered by a skillfully planned conspiracy amongst the negroes; and again, after a lull of fifteen years, an equally formidable plot was carried into execution, and nearly cost Governor Moore his life. Seven years later, another dangerous conspiracy of the blacks was only discovered in time to be frustrated through the fidelity of a negro girl.

And here we must pause to notice the striking fact mentioned by Mr. Trollope, that, whatever may be the general disposition of the negro man, the females of his race have on most occasions shown a marked preference for their masters, and to such an extent as almost to justify the inference that, in the scheme of Providence, the woolly-headed race is destined, when transplanted from Africa, rather to be absorbed by, than elevated to the *status* of, the so-called Caucasian.

Passing briefly over the rebellion of 1773, and the numerous executions which followed, and were amply justified in public opinion—the romantic exploits of Three-fingered Jack; the rebellion of the Trelawney negroes in 1795 (during

which even our troops suffered considerable loss), and the surrender in the following year of five hundred Maroons, who in consequence were transported, or deported, to Halifax, and thence (after having been a burden on the industrious population of that colony for a short period) to Sierra Leone—we come to the significant conspiracy of the immigrant negroes from St. Domingo, and then to the ruinous consequences of the startling rebellion of 1832, which was followed, in 1834, by the emancipation of the black race.

Although so far back as 1823 a motion had been made for the abolition of slavery, the Act of Emancipation was not passed by Parliament for some years later, and even then a considerable delay occurred before it was finally adopted and enforced by the local government of Jamaica; and during this interval it was that the slave population rose in rebellion, under a belief, instilled by the teaching of certain sectarian pastors, that their masters were detaining them illegally in bondage, against the decree of the Sovereign to whom all Jamaica belonged, and who had graciously made it over to 'his poor nigga;' or, to quote the words of an eyewitness*—'*King make we free; him gib we plenty of land; all Jamaki b'long to he, Massa Passon tell we dat; me pay no rent; me gib money to passon—him good buckra; him tell me 'bout dis free—hab land—gib plenty money to passon Nib.*' So abhorrent in principle to the English mind was the institution of slavery, that there seemed little difficulty in persuading the masses at home that the negro was one of themselves, differing only in the accident of colour. One standard was assumed for all races, and the negro learnt, for the first time, that he had 'friends and brothers' in the

* S. R. R., Dec. 22, *Standard*.

British isles. So novel and captivating an idea was not lost on the impressionable and unreflective mind of the blacks, who, congregating in woolly-headed flocks about their pastors, listened to the voice of the charmer.

From 1832 until the present time Jamaica has experienced no violent commotion, but she has nevertheless been the constant prey of insidious disorders not less dangerous, and which in their ultimate results have been far more injurious to her permanent interests and sound prosperity.

People had fallen into a false security, and seemed to have forgotten the anxiety which the relative proportions of antagonistic races inhabiting the same country had from the earliest period of history given legislators and rulers; while the disparity was nevertheless increasing that exposed Jamaica, more than other colonies, to the evils of anarchy, and to all the disasters consequent on an artificial effort to render homogeneous a mass of men intensely opposed to each other by instinct and habits.

For a period of nearly two centuries we had been obtaining the aid, for industrial purposes, of an inferior race, which, instead of becoming elevated by contact, only copied the vices of the superior, and has even been insidiously reducing its masters in the moral scale—paralysing their efforts, without being able to develope any ability of its own.

A proof, however, of the true value of the negro is to be found in the fact that, since the abolition of slavery, *we do not look for free labour in the markets of Africa*, but, at a greatly increased expense, have sought it in remote Asia, and found it more profitable to do so.

But the Hindostani despises his African fellow-labourer, and the

Chinaman does not bring with him to these distant Western Isles his wives and daughters, but clings to the hope of ultimately spending the evening of his days in the Flowery Land of his forefathers (indeed he has many characteristics of the Celt), and consequently his influence will never be permanent or powerful in such colonies.

Moreover, the superiority of the Oriental immediately asserts itself; and, rising at once to the petty merchant, he still leaves the field of out-door labour to the unenterprising negro.

In 1818, 346,150 was the number of slaves in Jamaica, the free inhabitants consisting of 20,000 whites and 35,000 black and coloured people; in 1833, the *slave* population had decreased to 310,666, while the free had only augmented to 70,000. In sixteen years there had been a decrease of 36,000 slaves in a population of less than 350,000; it was found that the black race were less prolific on sugar plantations than on pens or farms; and this assured fact will lead us to other considerations hereafter.

At the present time, the following may be taken as the nearest approach to the true census of the island—viz. 13,816 whites, 81,074 coloured, 346,374 negroes.

These statistics will enable us to estimate more accurately the danger of the late insurrection, but, before proceeding further, a glance at the constitution of government will be necessary.

From the earliest period of English rule, this colony has had a government formed of three estates, in imitation of that of the mother-country—namely, the Sovereign's representative or Governor, the Legislative Council, and the elected Assembly.

The latter body has always given much trouble to the Crown,* and

* *Bridge's Annals.*

one of its earliest struggles was against the adoption, or reception, of Poyning's celebrated Irish Act, which would have limited the functions of the local legislature to the simple registration or rejection of laws sent out to them by the Privy Council for acceptance; and such opposition was perhaps not unreasonable at a period when *only the white man* held the *elective franchise*. But now, when that franchise is possessed in an overwhelming proportion by the blacks, on the property qualification of 6*l.*, and on the annual payment of taxes to the extent of 10*s.*; now, when such electors can vote for one of their own race and class, and return him as their representative, it seems high time, considering what use has been made of such power, to administer the government of a colony so circumstanced, in respect of the antagonism of races and the ignorance of the masses, simply by a Governor and Council, who would be more suited to so rude a state of society. The experiment has, we believe, already been tried in the island of Dominica, and apparently with the most satisfactory results.

It must not be forgotten that at an early period of Jamaica history, when Long and his liberal associates resisted the encroachments of an arbitrary Governor, the members of Assembly, like the electors, were for the most part Europeans, educated in England, and holding in both places an equal *social* if not *political* position. But since the negro emancipation the situation of affairs has been radically altered, and it is now the semi-civilised and ignorant creole black who, from the numerical superiority of his race, has it in his power to return members to the Assembly in such an excessive disproportion as likely to produce the startling anomaly of the *inferior servile* race becoming in the course

of one generation the *possible legislators* for the *superior*, who had with a strange liberality acknowledged in them an equality which could not be found amongst the non-electing masses in England, and which even astonished themselves.

The constant broils which of late years have been rife in the House of Assembly will probably have satisfied all dispassionate observers of the disasters likely to arise from the continuance of such a worn-out and, as many will think, perverted element of local government. Not only is it now distasteful to the white population, but even the indigent blacks who hold the franchise have raised objections to the payment of a fee for the registration of their votes, and in a recently published pamphlet* we are reminded of the hardship in these words:—

It was unjust to have to pay ten shillings per annum for the exercise of a political right considered by every *true Briton* the most valuable and sacred. . . . While the franchise is extended to every 6*l.* freeholder, those freeholders who cannot pay 30*s.* in *direct* taxation are virtually, and as we think unconstitutionally, disfranchised.

'True Briton!' Are we seriously to believe that the Jamaica negro is inspired by such sentiments, while he can easily acquire in the course of six months, by the ordinary wages of domestic servitude, a sum sufficient for the purchase of such a freehold as would make him eligible to become an elector to the Assembly? Does he in general, when left to his own ideas, appreciate the boon so readily obtained? Far from it: he acquires by his intermitting labour a small plot of land at from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per acre in the heart of the bush—a virgin soil, requiring no manuring and but slight cultivation, and which without any outlay will supply him in 'bread kind,'—as the local term is for vegetable

* Dr. Underhill's Letter, &c.

food,—from year's end to year's end. He has something over to barter in the market for salt fish, pork, &c., and rum; he can pay moreover a trifle to his spiritual adviser, and then he lies down, basks in the sun, and is happy.

We are also told that 'there is no denying that, had the people more persevering energy of character, they would, notwithstanding discouragement, have accomplished more; but that it must be considered that they are yet only in the *incipient stages of civilisation*.' (!) And yet it is for people in this *incipient* stage of civilisation that greater political power is demanded, and increased facilities for exercising those sacred functions so dear to every true Briton, and consequently, in an equal degree, to these our fellow-citizens or subjects! In a mixed population like that of Jamaica, where only about one-eighth are members of the State Church, the result of any increase of political power in the hands of the blacks would be, among other things, to transfer to the sectarian pastor the revenues of the Established Church. If there was any security that the pastors whom they would select or endow would be moderately competent, and would confine themselves to the office of teachers of religion, the Established Church has not been so useful an institution in the island that we should much regret its downfall. For neither of these conditions, however, does there exist any moderate security.

The dissenting clergy of the island had for many years laboured under heavy disabilities, but these were gradually cancelled, and Jamaica thenceforth was enabled to claim the distinction of possessing a greater variety of 'religious denominations' than could probably be found in any other equal population.

For the lessons which were learnt in their bodies, a Baptist author* himself admits as 'indisputably true,' that 'among that part of the negro population who had announced themselves as Christian converts, the *spirit of impatience grew up into rebellion, although no express teaching excited such outbreaks*, and wherever these have occurred it is still more remarkable to find that the Old Obeah tradition revives as a monstrous graft upon the Christian religion.'

In a petition addressed to the civic authorities of Kingston shortly after the removal of the interdict which precluded slaves from attending their nocturnal meetings, the petitioners admitted that their predecessors 'upon many occasions had conducted themselves improperly, and inculcated improper notions in the minds of the slaves, 'but they promised for themselves and brethren for the future to conform to the colonial constitution.'†

There was, however, no such amendment apparent in the result, for it was not long before an ordinance was promulgated forbidding the 'profanation of religious rites, &c., under pretence of preaching, by illiterate and ill-disposed persons.'

'The mischief which the sectarians have done in this colony,' says the author of the *Annals of Jamaica*, 'lies at the door of the misguided enthusiasts of Great Britain. In spite of all colonial laws, a cloud of itinerant preachers hastened to exchange a parish pittance in England for a lucrative profession in the West Indies.'

It was distinctly proved, between 1830-40, on their own testimony, that these preachers had contrived to draw an annual revenue from the slaves and lower classes of at least seven thousand pounds; at the same time acquiring an absolute command over the feeblér minds of the lower

* Hon. R. Hill.

† Journals of House of Assembly, vol. xii. page 172.

race, whom they may have hoped, through the accidents of time and revolutions, to wean from their legitimate rulers, and thus effect a change in the ecclesiastical system analogous to what now exists in the United States, if indeed the ambitious design stopped even there.

But while sectarianism has been freely admitted to have been, as it still is, the bane of our West Indian colonies, and especially of Jamaica, it may fairly be asked, on the other hand, whether this spirit of dissent amongst the black and coloured people is not in some measure due to the apathy and supineness of the clergy of the Established Church, who, perhaps, and almost excusably so, shrank from too close a connection with a race whom a long experience had taught them to regard as incapable of appreciating the value of an European civilisation, and to whom sermons preached in the studied language of the English pulpit were scarcely intelligible.

There can be little doubt that gentlemen from our Universities are scarcely meet pastors for our West Indian fellow-subjects, and, *practically*, they themselves tacitly own as much. A partial reduction of the establishment, and the substitution of trained *Government* scripture-readers, would probably be found a salutary and convenient compromise of the question.

No one who has visited Jamaica will probably ever forget the meeting-house of the dissenting clergy, with its air of pretentious simplicity, and its walls resounding with those noisy declamations, in which the negro genius finds scope to unite with characteristic levity a grotesque solemnity. Or, on the other side of the way, the more substantial pariah church, where the rector delivers to a sprinkling of the white and coloured *élite* a frigid homily, and then languidly retires, while the scarcely less wearied flock

scatter after a few recognitions, and hasten home, in their own peculiar fashion, on ill-conditioned nags or in chaises of last century's build.

Still more difficult is it to forget the rickety grog-shops, dotted so frequently along every road-side, and presenting a frontage ornamented with painted venetians from the saloon of some broken-up vessel, or kept together with fragments of old barrels and bedsteads. At these favourite places of rendezvous, one may see the half-intoxicated negro politician treating his mistress to rum and fruit, or squabbling with the landlady for a *quattie*; while the demoralised policeman, half-ashamed of his calling, lounges beside them, with a pipe in his cheek, and his hand ready for a bribe.

This is indeed the land of the cow that gives no milk—of the hen that lays no eggs. Here, too, the butter and pork are from Ireland and America. Salt fish, of which all places in Jamaica are redolent, is brought from Newfoundland—and all because the people refuse to make or prepare their own.

But the development of the industrial resources of the island has become merely a phrase, when some one wishes to start a new company. Copper and cotton have been tried, and are on their trial, and so may many more articles be sought for the purposes of development; but all such efforts are likely to prove abortive until such time as a political change for the better shall have come over the unhappy colony; and in all the apologetic reports and letters on the subject which have appeared, the inference can scarcely be disguised, that it is impossible artificially to maintain any race in a higher social position than that assigned to it by Providence: what that position is we assume from great facts connected with it, for at the slightest reversing of the Rhodian genius's torch, such a polity resolves itself at once into its original

elements. It is neither the 'state of the law' nor of 'taxation,' neither of 'climate' nor of 'capital;' but the decay of Jamaica institutions is mainly and manifestly attributable to the preponderance of an inert race holding a false political position—which scares away capital, and even resents the reproach of imported labour.

The negro complains that *task* labour has superseded 'day work'—the *redundancy* of labour in the market enabling the planter to effect the change. But, we may ask, how comes this redundancy where there are no *immigrants* out of employment, on equal conditions, or who are dissatisfied? The redundancy of negro labour would probably exist under every possible circumstance, but the *redundancy* is not after all of 'labour,' but of negroes who will *not* labour. 'Me no work, massa. Me wife and pickaninny makee work in me garden—me lie down all a day.'

Much also is said by the negro apologists of the 'uncertain tenure of rented land, discouraging the industriously disposed agriculturist;' but on the other hand we are told by a clergyman of the Established Church, that these negroes are living on estates and in the mountains on plots of land where they had 'thievishly squatted,' or which they had 'honestly purchased,' probably at the rate of 1*l.* or 2*l.* per acre.

Plundering and plundered, these squatters live the life of savages on their small provision grounds, and evade many of the taxes. And yet the same apologists add, 'As long as the people could obtain certain comforts *without extraordinary labour* they sought after them; . . . but now they cannot be obtained without an amount of *energy and labour foreign to their habits*, many of them become despondent.'

This is simply a picture of man relapsing into barbarism—shunning communities, disregarding marriage

and other rites, self-respect lowered, clothing deficient, and 'an amount of immorality spreading over the land most fearful to contemplate.'

Now, as regards the *climate* tending to produce habits of indolence, what are we to say in the face of such examples of industry as Barbadoes, Singapore, Calcutta, Hong-kong, &c., where climatic influences are certainly fully as injurious as in Jamaica?

In the report already quoted, the writers state their conviction that the increase of crime is promoted by the dishonest practices of some of the educated and wealthy members of the community. Bastardy, the cause of hordes of young vagabonds, infests all grades of society; while, in the lower, even children of eleven and twelve forsake the parental roof for the hospitality of vicious neighbours.

Compounding for crimes, now so common, is another of the evils of the present system, and, considering the suspicious cases of poisoning so frequent, a defect deeply to be deplored. On the other hand, another description of offences against the person is not usually found in the police reports, for the simple reason that popular opinion regards it as but venial.

Matters had been gradually growing worse and worse, when a formal request was made to the home government for its interference to check the evils complained of, and to afford some assistance to the suffering population. The Colonial Secretary, in his reply of the 14th June 1865, made several sensible observations, which would have been an affront to any less blinded and infatuated people. In it the disaffected of Jamaica are informed 'that the prosperity of the labouring classes as well as of all others depends in Jamaica, as in other countries, upon their working for wages,' not 'uncertainly or capriciously,' but 'steadily and continuously,' at times when

their labour is really wanted, and not just when, driven by a continuous drought from their provision squattings, they demand a market for labour, which nature perhaps at that moment has closed.

The despatch was duly published by Governor Eyre; but, instead of its home truths being accepted, the inflammatory vanity and self-sufficiency of the negro was aroused, and taken advantage of by his popular demagogues, who even taught the people to question the authenticity of the document, while still affecting to express the most unbounded loyalty to the Sovereign—just as they had done during the government of Sir John Keane.

In a letter (5th January 1865) previously addressed to the Colonial Secretary by Dr. Underhill, a well-known Baptist, the author had attributed the prevalence of distress and crime to the drought of the last two years—want of employment, the expense of clothing, and other necessities of civilised life. But this gentleman, by his own showing, convinces any impartial reader that the general destitution is, after all, but the result of the negro indolence of character. 'There is neither capital nor employment,' is naively remarked; but then the fault is fully brought home to the people themselves. Dr. Underhill advocates the discouragement of sugar growing, particularly on large estates, and recommends the encouragement of small producers—in other words, an extension of the present squatting system. It is not a little significant that the recent outbreak should have occurred in a large sugar-growing district. It should be borne in mind that on regularly established sugar estates the taxes can be more readily levied; the labourers therefore cannot always afford both to meet them, and also to contribute, under their own voluntary system, to the maintenance of the overgrown sectarian

missions which seem to thrive under the squatting system, to the disadvantage of what must also be admitted to be, after all, the disproportionately large ecclesiastical establishment of the island.

The reports of the various sectarian missionaries seem in some respects inconsistent, and particularly so when contrasted with the Governor's recent despatch.

In the former documents the causes of distress are given as 'drought and smallpox,' 'long droughts succeeded by torrents of rain,' 'scarcity of provisions,' 'heavy rains and general sickness,' 'failure of pimento crop,' 'wet and dry seasons in excess,' 'rude character of the negro husbandry,' and consequently the 'return is not so large as it might be' in families that realise from 20*l.* to 25*l.* per annum by the sale of their produce at markets, and 'who are generally members of our societies.' For such persons, say these missionaries, 'to be able to contribute to our various funds, according to our rule, is what we cannot expect.'

Thus it is evident the missionaries themselves were beginning to feel the pressure, and at Falmouth is reported 'a falling-off of *in-gatherings*,' 'decrease of funds;' and elsewhere, 'lower contributions this year than last.' At the same time, much of the distress is attributed to 'depredations systematically perpetrated *by the negroes on each other*.'

The causes of the decay of prosperity are also set forth by the negro apologists, somewhat inconsistently; as, for instance, when they say that the 'exposure of small negro plantations to the trespasses of cattle' is amongst the number, just as though the remedy were not in the squatter's own hands. And for the same class, Dr. Underhill complains of the 'denial of political rights,' and urges an enquiry into the causes of these evils, 'that it may be seen whether the emanci-

pated peasantry have gained those advantages which were *sought to be secured* to them by their enfranchisement.' It was surely not *political* power, however, and the dignity of legislating, arm in arm, with the educated and governing race, that the negro of 1830 and 1834 contemplated. He simply required social liberty, security of life and property, and a control over his own domestic affairs, a release from compulsory labour, and such a free and easy existence as he fancied would suit his own taste, and enable him to enjoy the fruits of the earth without the sweat of the brow.

The dream of such a negro Utopia, divested of all elevating ideas (which the late transactions in the United States have so rudely dispelled), could, we fear, be nowhere realised, not even in experimental Liberia; and ere long, we doubt not, the most liberal-minded of our countrymen will regard such efforts as only amongst those fanciful pictures such as are to be seen in our printshops, of the heavenward soaring of an emancipated black spirit in the arms of her fairer companion.

One of the proximate causes of the recent insurrection appears to have been an altercation, which occurred in 1862, between the Rector of St. Thomas-in-the-East and Mr. G. W. Gordon.

The former, an English gentleman of education, was not likely to tolerate the pretensions of a coloured censor, albeit a man of some property and education, and likewise a justice of the peace.

Mr. Gordon, on finding himself worsted by his clerical opponent, and subjected to strong marks of governmental reprobation, proceeded at once to concert measures for his own election to the House of Assembly as one of 'the people's' representatives; and in Jamaica, where so slight a property qualification is necessary, it was not difficult for him to find negro sup-

porters amongst the vagrants and others, for whom in many instances he himself assisted in obtaining the franchise.

Among the thick bushes of the mountains, where the negroes dwell in wretched hovels, and down in secluded gullies and ravines, convenient spots were selected for holding secret political meetings between midnight and dawn. On these occasions 'addresses were made, and hymns sung, under the leadership of some demagogue intent on future blood and pillage.' To quote the words of the rector referred to: 'It was impossible to sleep on a moonlight night for the howlings of the wretched delusionists. Latterly, when these disaffected negroes met a white wayfarer, 'they assumed that inimitably grotesque superciliousness and affected condescension, in exchanging the courtesies of the road, which are so surprising to one not accustomed to a study of negro character.'

Many suspicious circumstances were daily occurring. Those whom habit had rendered dull to the warnings around still fancied that the evil day might possibly be indefinitely postponed. People had become familiar with the language of treason, and attributed it, in a great measure, to the unreflective garrulity of the black man. Public meetings were held in St. Thomas-in-the-East and elsewhere, and on these occasions the audience, worked up to madness by the rhetoric of their orators, believed the tale of oppression and humiliation, — 'that the land on which they lived and *toiled* was theirs by right and *colour*;' 'that the magistrates were corrupt;' and 'that combination only was necessary' in order to emulate the bright 'example of St. Domingo.'

And yet these were the people of whom it has been said, and that truly, 'nowhere are the peasantry

so free from care, so blessed with climate, so removed from want and disease, and so easily supplied with food and shelter !

In his addresses, his correspondence, printing establishment, preaching, and administration of the sacrament, Mr. Gordon may perhaps have contemplated no more than a harmless commotion, in which his vanity might have derived some gratification from the idea that he was himself its centre and presiding genius. But, like most men, whose knowledge of the world is rather derived from books than from mixing with the busy race of men of their own day, his turbulence, as the event proved, was only calculated to ensure his ruin.

In consequence of the 'heavy but acceptable' rains, all nature looked cheerful during the month of September last—'cane fields were promising, pastures green and abundant. The hand of man had trimmed the hedgerows, burnt up the weeds and refuse, and extensive improvements were being made on most of the "estates' works" in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale.' Provisions were plentiful and cheap, and it was anticipated that on the 1st of November the labourers would begin their work with cheerfulness. Before that day, however, this fertile parish, from having latterly been called 'the garden of Jamaica,' nearly became a desolate wilderness.

From information recently obtained by the local government, it would appear that in 1864 treasonable associations had been formed at the instigation of Grant, a saddler at Morant Bay, and that a rendezvous was established at the abandoned estate of 'Stony Gut' (about three miles distant from the town mentioned), now occupied exclusively by negroes, and where a small Baptist chapel, fortified in a rude way by its black pastor, Paul Bogle, formed a convenient protec-

tion for the secret meetings of the conspirators.

To every one who became a member of this 'Society' was administered an oath, binding him to secrecy and the common cause, with immediate death as the penalty of infraction. No idle threats either, in a place where local facilities so great exist for the concealment of crime.

From the rebels' head-quarters regular agents were despatched all over the island, 'swearing in' the disaffected 'to join the other blacks against the (whites) Buckras' in a war, 'colour for colour'—thus admitting, by the way, a *distinction* which is almost ignored by our own ultra-Liberals.

To apply to the political acts of such negroes the test of 'principle,' or to look for such motives as stimulate 'oppressed nationalities' in Europe, is to go far beyond the bounds of the question. The negro has invariably shown himself to be essentially *imitative*, and possessed of faculties neither *perceptive* nor *reflective* in any high degree. Even his greatest admirers must look with concern on the present state of St. Domingo or Liberia. His temperament is highly *melodramatic*, and even in his wildest acts of violence, the levity of 'purposes broke off' has ever been conspicuous. The plans made for him by others are neutralised by his *inconsequent* proceedings, and his aim may be diverted by the slightest incident that happens to touch his impressionable nature. Tickled by a strange name, flattered by a comparison with true heroes, and inflamed by bombastic language, his brute courage might be sustained for a short while; but as the fever of the blood abates, the feeble mind betrays itself in abject dejection.

It appears that the conspiracy extended over the whole island, and that Christmas Day had been fixed on for the simultaneous destruction of

the white inhabitants; but, as often happens, an accident precipitated matters, and, by breaking the unity of the design, providentially frustrated its object.

According to the statement of a local paper—

At a Court of Petty Sessions, which was held at Morant Bay, on Saturday, Oct. 7, a disturbance took place which led the sitting justices to order the police to bring before them whoever it was that was interrupting the business of the court.

Charles Geoghegan was accordingly laid hold of by the police, but on doing so Paul Bogle, and about a hundred others of his followers, immediately rescued him from custody, and took him to the Market Square, where with sticks they severely beat the police, who had attempted to carry out the instructions of the magistrates.

On the Monday following, and immediately preceding the outbreak, Lewis Dick was being tried before the sitting magistrates for a trespass upon Middleton estate, the property of W. M. Anderson, the agent general of immigration, and the magistrates, accepting the plea of guilty, ordered him to pay a fine or be imprisoned.

At this moment Paul Bogle, Charles Geoghegan, and some 200 more, came into the Court-house, ordered Dick to pay no fine, but to appeal against the judgment he himself had permitted to be entered upon the record of the Court.

Finding that Bogle, Geoghegan, and the mob had grown bold upon their success of Saturday, in the rescue of Geoghegan from the custody of the police, warrants were issued for the apprehension of these and other ringleaders.

Seven policemen and three constables were sent to make this capture. They were, as our readers know, disarmed, and sworn to side with the rebels. Immediately afterwards came the attack upon the Court-house.

The excitement continued on the increase at Stony Gut, and on Tuesday *refreshers* of 'rum mixed with gunpowder' were freely circulated amongst the now infuriated congregation, who added to their clamorous demonstrations the rudemusic of cows'-horns and conch-shells, while the mountain sides sparkled with signal fires.

On Wednesday morning, the 11th October, the rebels marched out of their stronghold for the town of

Morant Bay, where they easily possessed themselves of the firearms of the notoriously inefficient police, and then advanced on the Court-house, having taken the precaution to isolate the town by guarding the approaches with large bodies of their adherents.

In the meantime, a request for aid had been despatched to the Governor by the local authorities.

As the rebels drew near, Baron von Kettleholdt, Custos of the parish, read (under the protection of a Volunteer Rifle Corps) the Riot Act; but the mob still continuing to press forward and assail the authorities with missiles, the order to 'fire' was given to the Volunteers, who at once poured in a deadly volley on their assailants; but owing to inattention to the well-known regulations for *loading* and *firing* under such circumstances, no sooner had the rifles been discharged than the mob rushed in on the unprepared force, which in consequence was compelled to retreat, along with the magistrates, into the Court-house, the doors of which they hastily barricaded.

By this time the rebels are said to have numbered about six hundred, armed with muskets, cutlasses, sticks, &c., and recruited by about fifty negroes whom they had liberated from the district prison.

A desultory fire was now maintained from the windows of the Court-house, whence the Volunteers, by picking off the more prominent, succeeded in keeping the mass at bay; but the ammunition was failing, while, on the other side, the mob, finding their numbers thinned and themselves unprovided with powder and ball, retreated suddenly to plunder an adjacent store for a supply; and during this interval the rector of the parish, to whom we are indebted for many interesting details, fortunately effected his escape, but not without encountering another danger, which, but for the moral courage

he displayed, would probably have had a fatal result.

A cry now arose that a steamer was in sight, and eager eyes were turned towards the sea, but nothing appeared there; and, despairing of succour, Mr. A. Cooke and Mr. Walton endeavoured to escape through a window, but were killed in the attempt. Finding that several Volunteers had fallen, Baron von Kettleholdt proposed that some one should go out and address the mob. But the negroes were excited beyond the reach of reason. No one would venture on such a hopeless mission; and while the little garrison was still deliberating, the roof was discovered to be on fire. 'At the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Herschel, a prayer was being offered, when shots came pouring in at the windows,' which wounded Mr. Georges and some others. Then the burning roof fell in, and forced the inmates to rush out, when the insurgents at once seized a Mr. M'Cormick, and chopped him to pieces on one of the guns at the steps of the Court-house.

Each now endeavoured to save himself, while the mob cried, 'Now we have the Baron; kill him!'—and soon loud shouts announced that the deed had been done. Dr. Gerard, who had lingered behind, was then summoned by the mob to come forth, and promised his life.

The unfortunate victims were killed in detail under circumstances of great atrocity. Captain Hitchins, who had behaved with undaunted bravery, was seriously wounded at last, and, faint from the loss of blood, threw his arms around Dr. Gerard's neck, and was despatched in that position.

After Mr. Alberga was butchered, the mob were about to murder his already wounded child, when some women interfered, and saved the poor innocent. Mr. C. A. Price was murdered almost at the same time with Mr. Alberga, notwithstanding the efforts made by one William Donaldson to save him. This man, we must observe, deserves the greatest praise for the superhuman but unfortunately unavailable exertions which he used to save the lives of the victims. Dr. Gerard owed his

safety in a great measure to this man's interference. Then followed a series of most eccentric acts, stealing nearly everything in the way of valuables and money from some houses and sparing others, taking the watches and money of the murdered persons, sparing some and despoiling others.

'After the final rush,' says an eye-witness,

we ran from point to point. Still these devils were kept at bay by some three or four brave Volunteers, conspicuous among whom were poor Captain Hitchins and the brothers Norman and William Harrison (the latter had both eyes shot out by my side, and Norman Harrison was sorely wounded). Captain Hitchins, faint from loss of blood, rested his rifle on my knee to fire the one or two remaining rounds of ammunition he had left. He was shortly after surrounded and hacked to death, as we have seen. The Volunteers behaved with the greatest gallantry, and sold their lives dearly. Ammunition failing, they were nearly all destroyed, the very few survivors having been most dangerously wounded.

Satiated with bloodshed, the insurgents now retired from the town, and, dividing into two parties, one took the route of Blue Mountain Valley, while the other moved eastward.

Early next morning (Oct. 12) there was a gathering of insurgents on the plain lying adjacent to Plantain Garden estate, which connects this district with that of Bath. Here

three rebels harangued the people (about 800 in number), and urged them on to the bloody work. Their first arrangement, in order to prevent the escape of any of the proscribed and the carrying of messages for help, was to place sentinels along the roads and paths, thus completely hemming in the whole district containing the estates of Chemist, Winchester, Golden Grove, Amity Hall, Hordley, Wheelerfield, Duckenfield, Holland. These sentinels came armed with cutlasses and bludgeons, ready to murder any white man or his servant.

At midnight the work of destruction was renewed by an attack on Amity Hall, the residence of a Mr. Hire, who, with most of the inmates, was slain; but, as usual, a doctor who happened to be of the number was spared, for the rebels

were merciful to members of so useful a profession, and who at the same time were considered much in the light of white Obeah men.

Hordley next received a visit, and suffered in like manner; but the overseer, 'by his brave deportment and judicious management, single-handed, provided effectually for the safety of the ladies and children of four families who had sought his protection.'

Here, perhaps, occurred the largest amount of physical suffering—tender women and children, in the dark of the evening, being driven to seek refuge from the horrors of black murderers, among dense, foul-smelling, and damp underwood; climbing up slippery steep slopes—lacerating their limbs with thorns—at length finding shelter, from the beating rain which descended that dreadful night, in a negro hut owned by some faithful woman.

In all directions the pillage of stores and houses proceeded with astonishing rapidity, while the episcopal clergy seem to have been special objects of personal vengeance.

The narrative of the widow of Captain Hitchins, who had been slain in defence of the magistrates, gives a graphic picture of the curious mixture of brutality and childishness so characteristic of the true negro.

This lady's husband's murderer arrested her flight, and asked, 'Do you know that I am the man who killed Hitchins?' On her briefly replying in the affirmative, the ruffian passionately demanded that she should say not only 'Yes,' but 'Yes, my sweetie massa, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart.' Farther on in her flight she was again stopped, and, on pretence of believing her to be a man in disguise, she was subjected to great indignities, but in the end was suffered to go with her life.

Before dawn, on Friday, Oct. 13, shells and horns summoned the rebels to renew the work of the preceding day. The first appearance

of activity was among the women, who began to collect and carry away the plunder that remained after the robberies of the past night.

The attack now commenced on the estate of Mr. Shortridge, but that gentleman had received a timely warning, and thus saved his life. 'The rebels kept nothing secret—their volubility divulged their wicked machinations—they prided themselves on their schemes, and even women and children spoke of the anticipated fate of those who were their employers and benefactors, with a degree of pleasure and exultation.'

Several other estates were now in succession exposed to the fury of the rebels, and while the men were engaged in the work of destruction, long files of women, laden with plunder, were to be seen threading their way along the mountain paths; but the superior intelligence of the whites to a great extent baffled the cupidity of the savage.

In hunting for objects of vengeance in the 'bush,' even the cemeteries, at other times the bugbear of superstitious fancies, were scoured in darkness and under torrents of rain; but fortunately the fugitives generally had made good their escape.

In the meantime, Governor Eyre, ably seconded by Major-General O'Connor and Captain de Horsey, R.N., had evidently surprised even his local friends by the decision and cool determination which he displayed at so alarming a crisis. H.M.S. *Wolverine* had at once, on receipt of the Baron von Kettleholdt's call for aid, been despatched to the scene of the outbreak, where it arrived on the 12th, and landed the troops.

Detachments of the 6th Royals and of two West Indian regiments were rapidly pushed forward, and occupied Morant Bay; and the *Onyx* and *Nettle* gunboats were placed under the orders of Brigadier Nel-

son, who acted as the Governor's immediate lieutenant in the revolted district.

At such a crisis, it was necessary to oppose the greatest energy and activity to the heavy movements and desultory action of a numerically superior enemy, and accordingly we find the Governor amply justifying the high opinion entertained of his abilities elsewhere, and at length convincing the people of Jamaica that vigour is not discovered by bluster such as had made their House of Assembly a bye-word.

Arrangements had been at once made for the proclamation of martial law in the third and eastern division of the island (the precincts of Kingston, however, excepted). Troops were sent for from Barbadoes and Nassau, and the Governor himself hastened to the scene of the insurrection.

A portion of the 6th Royals, under Colonel Hobbs, was moving down from the mountain station of Newcastle, by the line of Green Valley, while the troops hastily despatched by H.M.S. *Wolverine* and *Onyx* operated from the seaboard of the disturbed parish. These detachments proceeded at once to attack Stony Gut, the rebel stronghold; but finding it evacuated, directed their operations wherever there was any appearance of opposition. But the spasmodic energy of the negro was exhausted, and all that now remained to be done was to isolate the district by a line of posts between Morant Bay and Port Antonio (thus hemming in the insurrection to the small triangle in which it had prematurely broken out), and, with the aid of bodies of Maroons, to scour the woods, destroying or capturing all suspicious blacks found with arms, or known to be implicated in the conspiracy.

The bitterness of disappointment was too visible in the countenances of the negroes on Saturday morning, as the military reached

Golden Grove, and attacked in earnest the rebels assembled there. A report was prevalent among the people that the military would side with them, but they soon discovered their fatal mistake. The rebels were surrounded, and either made prisoners or shot down. As the escort moved along Pleasant Hill towards Bowden, several rebels showed themselves on the mountains, brandishing their cutlasses in defiance, little knowing they were within range of the soldiers' rifles. On arriving at that part of Pleasant Hill where there is a pass up to Stoke's Hall, the wife of the carpenter employed at Golden Grove, while attempting to come down the hill to the escort, was stopped by a rebel, who lifted his cutlass to kill her, saying he was sure to be shot or hanged, and was determined to take her life; this, however, some soldiers prevented, by rushing up the hill and seizing the man. After bringing down the clergyman, with his wife and child, from Stoke's Hall, the cortège—consisting of soldiers mounted on horses and mules they had caught; many weary and foot-sore men and women, some of them having walked from Manchioneal during the preceding night; about twelve buggies containing women and children, also the gentlemen wounded by the rebels—moved onwards, and during a journey of about three miles shot down several of the rebels who dared to show their heads in the bush. The road was strewn with broken carts, wine and champagne bottles; along the hedges were numerous deposits of stolen property, which the soldiers, as time allowed, ransacked; various signs well known to the military pointed in the direction of hidden plunder, but no one ventured out of the road. So plentiful was the spoil, that the rebels were compelled to secrete it in the ground, because their huts could not hold it.

Like planetary influences in the solar system, the large island of St. Domingo, or Hayti, has invariably exercised a disturbing agency in the political history of the West Indies, and on the recent occasion the Governor of Jamaica found it necessary to deal with this danger from without. 'Many political characters suspected of being implicated in the rebellion were, under the authority of the executive committee and the civil authorities, apprehended. So also were various Haytian refugees suspected of being mixed up with the leaders of the insurrection.'

That these precautions were not uncalled for, we at once understand

from the following statement in a local paper :—

The schooner *Oracle*, which cleared from this port by Messrs. Crosswell and Co. a fortnight ago, with 200 kegs of gunpowder for Inagua, has been captured at Port Antonio, having on board General Lamothe and several Haytian adherents. It will be remembered that certain circumstances transpired which led his Excellency the Governor to believe that General Lamothe was engaged in some treasonable disturbances here. Thereupon his Excellency had an interview with the General, when he was assured by him that his apprehension was groundless, and that he only sought an asylum here for peace and safety. The *Oracle*, it seems, had not gone to Inagua, but was hovering between our disturbed district and Cape Hayti, the seat of the Haytian insurgents. It is said she put in at Port Antonio in distress, where, the authorities having had advices of the nature of her cargo, she was captured.

In a leading article on the subject, the *Standard* says :—

It has been revealed, during the late inquiries occasioned by the rebellion, that a plan for the capture of Kingston had been settled under the advice and direction of the Haytian exile, General Lamothe, and was to be carried out simultaneously with the rising in St. Thomas in the East, and that appointed to take place in other parishes of the island. The details of this diabolical plan make one shudder. We refrain from publishing them; and can only say, that had the precipitation of Paul Bogle not frustrated action predetermined by the rebels, it would have effectually ensured the inevitable murder of every white and coloured man in Jamaica.

Governor Eyre himself thus briefly alludes to other agitators, and concludes by making some honourable exceptions to those whom, as a body, he has not hesitated to accuse of disloyal practices :—

The parties who have more immediately taken part in these nefarious proceedings are, firstly, G. W. Gordon, a member of the Assembly and a Baptist preacher; secondly, several black persons, chiefly of the Baptist persuasion, connected with him; thirdly, various political demagogues and agitators, who, having no character or property to lose, make a trade of exciting the ignorant people; fourthly, a few persons of better information and education, who find their interest in acquiring an influence amongst the black people by professing to advise

them, whilst in reality they are but exciting and stimulating their evil passions; fifthly, a few Baptist missionaries, who, like —, endorse at public meetings or otherwise all the untruthful statements or innuendoes propagated in Dr. Underhill's letter; and lastly, a section of the press, which, like the *Watchman* and the *County Union*, is always disseminating seditious doctrines, and endeavouring to bring into contempt the representative of the Sovereign, and all constituted authority. Whilst it is my duty to point out how mischievous has been the influence of a few of the Baptist ministers, and of various members of that persuasion, it is equally my duty, and a pleasure to me to state that I believe the large majority of the Baptist ministers have been most anxious to support the authorities, to teach their people to be loyal and industrious, and to endorse the advice given to the peasantry by her Most Gracious Majesty.

It is only to be expected that errors of judgment should be imputed, by those who are not actors in the scenes themselves, to others who are excusably 'loyal, amazed, wise, temperate, and furious' all in a moment. The man of action must necessarily expose himself to criticism. We shall soon know the truth, and it may prove that in the popular outcry against the Governor we have an instance of the extraordinary power of persistent misrepresentation.

Those acts of retributive justice so painfully detailed in the brief despatches of the military leaders are but too certain to occur under the miserable conditions which we have described. The language of the local papers but too painfully reflects the state of feeling entertained by the whites towards the blacks. The relations under which the two races can live together have yet to be discovered.

The Governor, constantly on the move, had arrested Mr. G. W. Gordon, the supposed instigator of these disasters, and conveyed him on board H. M. S. *Wolverine*, whence he was removed to Morant Bay, tried by a court-martial, and executed within three days after its sentence. On the legality or

necessity of this 'murder,' as it is described by Mr. Bright, we offer no opinion pending the report of Sir Henry Storks.* The original author of negro 'revivals' in his native island, Gordon had so worked upon the vague intellect of the blacks, that the latter looked upon him as a leader of more than ordinary sanctity; and in the letter which he wrote an hour before his execution, on the 23rd of October, he certainly gives the reader the idea of his having been a dupe, as much as he appeared a traitor.

There can be no question whatever as to the propriety of summarily executing all rebels found in arms, and the fate of Paul Bogle † surely claims no commiseration.

'It is a remarkable fact,' says Governor Eyre, in his despatch of the 20th October 1865.

that, so far as we can ascertain, the rebels at Morant Bay did not proceed in any considerable numbers to the adjacent districts, but the people of each district rose and committed the deeds of violence and destruction that were done within it. This fact shows how wide-spread the feeling of disaffection is, and how prepared the people of each parish were to catch the spirit and follow the example of their neighbours. It

shows too the extreme insecurity which yet exists in nearly all the other parishes of Jamaica, where the same bad spirit prevails. In the lately disturbed districts the rebellion is crushed, in the others it is only kept under for the present, but might at any moment burst into fury.

In the course of one week, by the energy of Mr. Eyre, aided by a handful of white troops, blue jackets, and the usual complement of black soldiers and Maroons, was crushed a rebellion perhaps the best organised of all those that had convulsed the island since 1690; and had it not been thus met at its birth by a strong man who was not afraid of responsibility, Jamaica would, in the opinion of the present writer, have been lost to the British Crown.

It has been asserted that, between the 30th October and 1st November last, a court-martial, composed of one lieutenant and two ensigns, had caused thirty-five rebels to be hanged. Such necessities are to be deeply regretted: and it is admitted by all, that martial law is perplexed with difficulties when applied to intestine disorders. The flogging, especially of women, was simply detestable: that there was, however, anything cruel and unprecedented

* After perusing the reports of the court-martial, the reader will probably be less forbearing. The evidence on which Mr. Gordon was convicted was not enough to hang a dog upon.—Ed. F. M.

† BOGLE'S PROCLAMATION.

'Morant Bay, Oct. 17, 1865.

'Mr. Graham and other Gentlemen,—It is time for us to help ourselves—skin for skin.

'The iron bar is now broken in this parish. The white people send a proclamation to the Governor to make war against us, which we all must put our shoulders to the wheel and pull together. The Maroons sent the proclamation to meet them at Hayfield at once, without delay, that they will put us in the way how to act. Everyone of you must leave your house—take your guns. Who don't have guns take cutlasses down at once. Come over to Stony Gut that we might march over to meet the Maroons at once without delay. Blow your shells, rouse your drums, house to house—take out every man, march them down with their arms. War is at my blackskin. War is at hand, from to-day till to-morrow. Every black man must turn out at once, for the oppression is too great. The white people are now cleaning up their guns for us, which we must prepare to meet them too. Cheer, men: cheer in heart. We are looking for you a part of the night, or before daybreak.

(Signed)

'PAUL BOGLE.

B. CLARK.

J. G. M'LEAN.

P. CAMERON.'

'Get a bearer to send us an answer to this, for they are determined to make us slaves again. When you do come to Stony Gut or Hayfield, blow your shells, and tell what place you are from, before entered.

'E. R. BAILEY.'

in causing the untried prisoners to witness the execution of their already condemned associates, cannot in fairness be urged against the local authorities, for such is the invariable custom in all garrisons and in the field—in Great Britain, as well as in her colonies.

Some have even gone so far as to compare these negro insurrections with the great rebellions in Poland and Hungary; but even to name such races and such grievances in the same breath seems a stretch of liberality, bordering on fatuity, for which few persons who have ever had any *practical* experience of the negro would be prepared.

The speech of Governor Eyre, on the opening of the Legislative Assembly on the 7th November, shows that he was fully equal to the position in which he now found himself, and had the courage at once to strike at the root of the evil:—

‘It is my duty to state,’ said he, ‘that, satisfactory as it is to know that the rebellion in the Eastern districts has been crushed out, the entire colony has long been, and still is, on the brink of a volcano which may at any moment burst into fury. There is scarcely a district or parish in the island where disloyalty, sedition, and murderous intentions are not widely disseminated, and in many instances openly expressed. The misapprehensions and misrepresentations of pseudo-philanthropists in England and in this country . . . a licentious and unscrupulous press . . . and the misdirected efforts and misguided counsel of certain ministers of religion . . . have led to their natural, their necessary, and their inevitable result, among an ignorant, excitable, and uncivilised population.

. . . ‘I know of no general grievance or wrong under which the negroes of this colony labour. Individual cases of hardship must arise in every community, but as a whole the

peasantry of Jamaica have nothing to complain of. They are less taxed, can live more easily and cheaply, and are less under an obligation to work for subsistence than any peasantry in the world.’ . . . ‘The same laws’ . . . ‘apply to the white and coloured inhabitants alike.’*

To prevent future disturbance it has been proposed to employ the Maroons as a permanent auxiliary force. This is one of those novelties which more distant observers are inclined to regard with distrust.

During the recent, as in former rebellions, the Maroons served against the negroes; but their natural affinities of race with the black population, their traditions, and their semi-barbarism seem to unfit them for the confidence desired to be reposed in them.

The personal influence of a particular white officer may be sufficient to ensure their loyalty for a season; but instinct, the natural antagonism of colour, and the want of any community of ideas with the white man, make such defenders of doubtful value; for, in the event of a decided repulse of the white troops, there can be little question how the balance of their minds would turn.

Nor, again, is the employment of savages creditable to a civilised people. They appear to have gone into the woods, in pursuit of human game, with the zest of blood-hounds.

As regards black troops generally, it appears that our West India regiments, during the late insurrection, did some execution amongst the rebels; but it must be borne in mind that they were always more or less under the control of white troops. We do not disparage

* He added, ‘I cannot myself doubt that it is in a great degree due to Dr. Underhill’s letter and the meetings held in connection with that letter, where the people were told that they were tyrannised over and ill-treated, were over-taxed, were denied political rights, had no just tribunals, were misrepresented to her Majesty’s government by the authorities and by the planters, and where, in fact, language of the most exciting and seditious kind was constantly used, and the people told plainly to right themselves, to be up and doing, to put their shoulders to the wheel, to do as the Haytians had done, and other similar advice.’

their aid, although after all it was only useful in pursuit. The question is, what would the black corps have done had the insurrection not been so promptly suppressed? A year has scarcely elapsed since, by disbanding one of those corps, composed of a heterogeneous mass of suspicious blacks, such a contingency was avoided as might have resulted in the most serious consequences on the recent occasion.

The annalist of Jamaica, speaking of the period 1796-1808 says 'The black troops continued to harass the country by their presence.' And again: 'A negro corps was still quartered upon the island; and many years elapsed before that painful thorn could be extirpated from the bosom of the country.'

In the year 1808, a mutiny broke out in one of these corps, which resulted in the death of two European officers; and although it was quickly suppressed, it is not unworthy of note that, in the subsequent insurrection of the Kingston negroes, an African soldier of the regiment referred to, at the last moment, saved his own life by the betrayal of his fellow-conspirators.

Since the fallacies have been exploded that *black* troops are more economical* than *white*, and that great mortality amongst the latter cannot be obviated by ordinary precautions, it seems injudicious to maintain at an equal cost two such forces—one performing the duties

of a police on the most expensive scale, while the other stands by *watching*.

Moreover, there seems to be some inconsistency in the effort, on one hand, to augment the population of these islands by the importation of coolies, while, on the other, we reduce it by recruiting amongst the creole labourers. Would it not be wiser to enlist the coolie, and leave the disaffected negro labourer to his own exertions?

Within the last eight years, so completely were our West Indian colonies denuded of troops, that, on a threatened insurrection of the negroes of Antigua, the authorities were obliged to apply for succour to the nearest French island.

But the French, always so exacting, and jealous of their superiority over the baser races of mankind, are quite as popular amongst the creole negroes as we are ourselves. The negro will believe whatever is boldly asserted to him.

In the French West Indian islands, the black labourers are enrolled by districts, and when a planter requires 'hands,' the Provost supplies them on requisition, settles their wages with the employer, and, if need be, inflicts punishment on offenders. Thus, in other words, the Government favours the labour of the island, under a species of military jurisdiction, a system which might with great advantage be adopted in Jamaica.

* U. S. Magazine, Feb. 1865.

PRESBYTERIAN SERMONS FROM ARCHIEPISCOPAL CHURCHES.*

IF you chose to come with me, on this sunshiny day midway in November, along this path that runs by the verge of this bright-blue sea, I could take you to as solemn a burying-place as you are likely to find. That not very melodious bell that just at this minute fills the air, is summoning to work the students of a College which forms part of a certain ancient and famous University. On your right hand, over a lofty wall, you may discern buildings of unpretending Gothic: that is the College. And on your left hand, at the base of a cliff of no great height, spreads the sea. When we have proceeded but a few steps, we shall behold, on our left, the ruins of a considerable castle, whose seaward walls rise sheer from the water. Castle and palace in one, that abode was the home of the Cardinal Archbishop, the Primate of the land. Once there was a day, when many soft and comfortable cushions were carried up to the roof of that tower, and upon these the Cardinal reclined in much ease and state, while there, a little to the east, the faggots were lighted which consumed a true and single-hearted Martyr. And a day followed, not long after, whereon, just after breakfast, the slain body of the Cardinal was hung by one leg from that window, to the end that all might be assured that his energetic life was fairly ended. Let us pass on, thankful that the days of burning theologians who think differently from ourselves are gone. The people, in this age, who would burn their opponents if they could, are confined to misrepresenting their views, writing malignant let-

ters about them in the newspapers (anonymously), and generally telling lies to their prejudice. Imperfectly, indeed, are some, who we trust are really good men, delivered from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

But we forget them, entering this grand churchyard. Here, on the shore, and within hearing of the waves, the departed generations of the city have gathered for a thousand years. Rising from the green turf, you may discern the ruins of a noble cathedral: there are the sky-framing windows, the bases of many shafts, a western turret, and the eastern gable. Hard by, also within the churchyard, stands the lofty tower of a still older church, with a little bit of what was its choir: if you desire to do a kind thing, you will believe that it has stood here for fifteen centuries. What most strikes a stranger, walking about and looking at the gravestones, is the multitude of professors, principals, and clergymen, that are buried here. Many, indeed, there are that have passed from the quiet walks, the quaint streets, the academic halls, of the ancient city, to its burying-place. And among those buried here, there are none worthier than two who were laid here since 1865 began: one in January, the other in April: the authors of these two volumes of posthumous sermons. There are various points of resemblance between the positions of these distinguished and most amiable men. Each was the Presbyterian incumbent of a cathedral and archiepiscopal city. In the old days, the

* 1. *Lectures and Sermons*. By the Rev. John Park, D.D. Minister of the First Charge, St. Andrews. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 1865.

2. *Sermons and Expositions*. By the late John Robertson, D.D., Glasgow Cathedral. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. G. Young, Minister of Monifeth. London: Strahan. 1865.

Church in Scotland had two archbishops: the Archbishop of St. Andrews was primate, his companion dignitary was the Archbishop of Glasgow. The National Church of Scotland now knows no archbishops or bishops: But old names cling to old things and places: the noble church at Glasgow, which has now no *cathedra*, yet keeps its ancient name of cathedral; and in it the services were conducted by Dr. Robertson. There, when the bells ceased on a Sunday, no surpliced train came in procession to the stalls of the choir: a single minister, in robes of sober black, issued from the chapter-house, and ascended the pulpit, and began the simple service of the Scotch Church. Yet, though the devout Anglican might miss his own magnificent choral worship, I think that if he had heard Dr. Robertson preach, he would have been assured that very few among the dignitaries of the great Establishment south of the Tweed were worthy of being placed second or third to him. As for the ancient metropolitan city, its cathedral is in ruins. There, amid the surrounding expanse of green graves, pervaded by the never-failing murmur of the sea, those desolate remains testify to the power of a too eloquent sermon preached by John Knox. But the ancient parish church of the Holy Trinity was ranked as pro-cathedral when episcopacy was restored for a while under the Stuarts: a grand monument to Archbishop Sharpe holds a conspicuous place in it; and in that vast building Dr. Park preached for eleven years. Both died at St. Andrews: Dr. Robertson after lingering illness, which had for several months laid him aside from duty, at the age of forty-one; Dr. Park in a moment, at the age of sixty-two. And here, not far apart, they are buried.

Would you wish to know something, High-Church Anglican reader,

of the kind of instruction preached by two of the most eminent of Presbyterian ministers, in these churches where you might probably say they had no right to be? Probably you are aware (if you are a decently-informed human being) that the average standard of preaching is considerably higher in Scotland than in England: as indeed ought to be the case in a church whose clergy are educated to write sermons, and whose worship makes instruction at least as prominent as devotion. But in these two volumes, you doubtless have specimens of Scotch preaching at its very best. Let me counsel you to read them. And suffer a few words, by way of introduction to them, from one who does not pretend to look at either book with the unbiassed estimate of a stranger.

Let the metropolitan city and its minister come first.

Just once did I hear Dr. Park preach. It was fifteen years ago, when a student at college, that chancing to arrive at the pretty town of Dumfries on a *Fast-day* (which in Scotland means a weekday on which there is service at church, but on which at home, especially in the houses of the clergy, there is a better dinner than usual), I was told, as an inducement to go to church, that the great advantage that afternoon awaited the congregation of the parish church of St. Michael, of hearing Mr. Park, minister of Glencairn. I remember well the first look of the preacher, entering the church. It was certainly disappointing. Very dark, with a sad and downward aspect, he did not at first look the man he was. But coming to know the face better, you could see in it great power, thoughtfulness, and kindness. The sermon he preached is not in the published volume, which is matter for regret. It was a very fine one: the text was, *He shall be a priest upon his throne*. I recall

the church, as it looked that afternoon: the overwhelming energy of the preacher, the thorough heart with which he threw himself into what he said, the beautiful little bits of life-like description, the occasional touches of pathos: the breathless silence and attention in which the large congregation bent forward, and gazed and heard. No doubt, it was one of Dr. Park's very best appearances: not every day could any preacher be sure of getting so thoroughly into the spirit of his discourse, and warming up to that true emotion which cannot be counterfeited. But I thought then, and think yet, that I never was more impressed by any preacher. And when, early in 1854, he was removed from the charming but retired valley in Dumfriesshire to the academic shades of St. Andrews, it was matter of general congratulation that he had found a charge worthy of his great powers.

But Dr. Park was much more than a great preacher. He was one of the most accomplished men in Scotland. Only the engrossing duties of the sacred profession hindered his rising to fame as a poet, a painter, and a musician. His musical faculty was exquisite. His enjoyment of high-class music was intense. He has left behind him much music of his own composition, some of which, it is to be hoped, will be published. And though, for obvious reasons, he would not in ordinary society touch the instrument, the few friends who have heard his inimitable performance on the pianoforte, can testify that he had it in him to become one of the first of practical musicians. Only once the writer heard him, ten years ago. Beethoven was at that time his favourite composer: and he played much of his music with perfect skill and great gusto. Landscape-painting he had much enjoyment in: I remember his saying that he thought the happiest

possible life was that of a landscape-painter. He spoke of the more thorough appreciation of natural beauty which such a one has, through his eye being trained to remark all the details of scenery. Two or three charming songs are all that has been published of Dr. Park's poetical vein; but these, and many passages scattered through his sermons, show that in him the poet had been born, though the force of circumstances hindered his development.

Here is his volume of *Lectures and Sermons*. Dr. Park, I believe, had published nothing during his life; and this book was elicited by the strong desire expressed by many, after his sudden death, that some little portion of the material to which they had listened, might be preserved and perpetuated. In most cases, such discourses would be placed at a disadvantage through not being prepared for the press by their author. But Dr. Park wrote with such elaborate care, that probably he would not have desired to alter a word of these compositions. And the volume has had the advantage of being edited by Dr. Tulloch, the accomplished and eloquent Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. The hypercritical faultfinder could probably point to but a single oversight on the editor's part. At p. 178 you will find two texts of scripture quoted in an unsatisfactory fashion, by giving the first few words and then breaking off with an '&c.' 'Ere ever the mountains were brought forth, &c.: Take I the wings of the morning, &c.' Somewhat slovenly this seems to us to be even in manuscript, but quite indefensible in print.

What are the characteristics that strike one, now we can deliberately read the sermons? Voice and manner, with all their power, are gone: and doubtless the sermons of every great preacher lose very much

in losing these. Losing these, many sermons lose just what vivified them.

Well, there is a certain massive force of mind, that impresses one everywhere in this book. Here and there, you find the scruples of well-meaning weak people brushed aside with a certain impatient contempt. As for instance, speaking of the use of the Lord's Prayer:

I make these remarks partly because some of us may have heard the use of this prayer objected to on the pretence that the name of Christ Himself is not in it. But surely of all fastidious scruples about not having the mere *name* of Christ in everything, that is one of the least defensible. Why, my friends, it was Christ Himself who authorised us to use this prayer: and therefore we cannot use it intelligently at all but in His name, as by His authority.

The writer, who had been accustomed to regard the objection thus indicated to the use of the Lord's Prayer as an extraordinary instance of vulgar wrong-headedness, learned to think differently of it on finding that it was esteemed as of force by Archbishop Whately. But a wonderfully clever man may doubtless sometimes think wrong.

Something analogous may be found at p. 185, speaking of the laws of nature: and at p. 189, speaking of Fatalism. At p. 324 there is a sly hit at a certain great Church:

One commentator says: It means that you should make friends in the Church by paying them money for admission to Christian privileges, which they call everlasting habitations; and you may readily guess where that commentator comes from.

Then there are occasional little bits of exquisitely beautiful and correct description. Take this as a specimen:

'Also by watering' (that is, by the change of its vapour into water) 'He wearieth the thick cloud.' Again how beautiful! You must have often marked that, my friends. You have seen the thick black cloud, hanging almost like a solid wall in the sky: and yet, as the still, vapoury-looking streams of rain fell from it, it grew

wearied as it were, and was gradually worn out from the face of the heavens.

And then again, 'He scattereth his bright cloud.' You have seen that, too, when after heavy rain, on some warm summer day especially, the weather clears again, and bright fleecy clouds are floating in the deep-blue sky, but are soon broken up into shining fragments, and little films, and gold and silver, which at length gradually disappear like flakes of flame dissolving in the air around them.

Touches of tenderness here and there. Take this:

There is a rest for both the body and the soul, which may be well compared to sleep—gentle, reviving, and refreshing sleep; pain and care and anxiety are over, for both, for ever. The aching head shall never more be vainly laid on a restless pillow. The anxious mind shall never more count the hours as they strike, and wish perhaps that death itself would come at last to end the weary waking. The gentle time of God's own peace hath closed over the stormy night, and soul and frame, although in different ways, partake the welcome blessing.

You see the well-read man at every turn; and there are many instances of that liberality which comes of knowledge and thought. I have a friend, a very clever friend, well known to the readers of this magazine, who said (in print) that Heaven, according to the Calvinistic theology, would be as empty as Edinburgh in September. And anything emptier, truly, can hardly be. I wish SHIRLEY would read pp. 266-7. I give but the last sentence:

Yea, we hope to meet with *there*, not merely many of those from whom we differ in opinion here, but with many a one for whom at present we have far stronger fears: we hope to meet with many a poor prodigal and many an erring sister there, whom in our hard-heartedness, or in our despair, we had given over as lost for ever: we believe that among the happiest of all heavenly meetings shall such a meeting be.

Amen! amen!

Save in such bursts of kindness and hopefulness, there is no deviation from the ordinary Scotch orthodox theology,—which, let us be thankful, is now generally kindly and hopeful. Dr. Park seems to

have had no peculiar views. Yet the hearty recognition, at page 189, of the great Christian festival of Christmas would doubtless offend some good people who think it right to do honour to the birthday of the Queen, but think it sinful to remember the birthday of the Redeemer. And the strong expression of reverence for the material church at pages 268-9, would probably offend (I trust it will heartily) those Scotchmen who walk into a place of worship with their hats stuck on their wrong heads; and who judge such a place suitable for the drinking of tea, the eating of cookies, the making of jocular speeches, and the applause of umbrellas commingled with that of feet.

Let it be said here, that it is inexpressibly irritating and mortifying, visiting Glasgow Cathedral, to witness a multitude of boors walking about its grand interior with their hats stuck on their heads. Nave, choir, Lady Chapel, are pervaded by these unutterably offensive beings. Why do not the Glasgow magistrates, who ought to be intelligent men, try to enforce decency in their great church? Some months ago, the writer spent a spare hour in Glasgow, in the Cathedral. Two human beings entered the choir, each with his hat on his head. Only three were in that place. So the writer, embracing his opportunity, approached the human beings, and said, in kindly tones, 'Will you be so very kind as to take off your hats? You don't know how painful it is to many people to see people with their hats on in church.' The beings confusedly took off their hats, and moved a few yards off. There they conversed together, and recovered heart. Then they fairly stuck their hats on again, and regarded the writer with looks of defiance. What could one do? You can't make a silk purse out

of a sow's ear. You cannot make a vulgar offensive cad conduct himself as a gentleman. Yet it is comforting to think that, even in Scotland, a hat on a head, in church, is an unmistakeable sign. It marks either the ignorant blockhead, or the flippant vulgarian. Happy for the two beings at Glasgow Cathedral, that I was not the Emperor of Russia, and that they were not my subjects. For then, wisdom would have been added to them by the subtraction of epidermis.

This is my last quotation :

Antiquarians, searching among the old tombs of the Etrurian kings, have told us that, when they opened for the first time one of these receptacles of royalty, they beheld with astonishment (through the hole in the wall, and amidst the dimness of the sepulchre), the figure of a monarch seated upright upon a throne, in magnificent robes, and with a circlet of shining gold upon his head; but only for a moment, only for a moment! For, whenever the light and air entered, the mummy suddenly began to shake, and slowly crumbled down in dust upon the ground, as if the thing were ashamed that the light of heaven should behold in it so wretched a mockery of long-departed greatness.

I do not quote the analogy traced. But is not that vividly graphic?

Now let us turn to that ablest, gentlest, simplest, kindest of Scotch Churchmen, who served in one metropolitan cathedral church, and who now rests under the shadow of another.

I wish exceedingly that I could persuade any reader of *Fraser* to carefully read Dr. Robertson's posthumous volume of *Sermons and Expositions*. And most earnestly I wish that in perusing the hearty and graceful memoir by the accomplished incumbent of Monifieth (a memoir which does high credit to Mr. Young's head and heart), each reader would understand that every word said in Dr. Robertson's praise is to be construed literally. In Scotland, you may not unfrequently find preachers of the smallest pos-

sible merit, described in print as among 'the most eminent members of the Church.' But when Mr. Young thus speaks of his friend, he says less than he might. In some respects, Dr. Robertson was unquestionably the first of Scotch theologians. And heartily as Mr. Young sets forth his merit, you may see, all through the memoir, a certain reserve, which testifies the writer's resolution not to outrun the reader's sympathy, or incur the faintest suspicion of extravagance. He has thoroughly succeeded. Sel-dom will you find a more touching story of a hard student's uneventful life.

There is a little Prefatory Note, written by one who above all others is desirous that these discourses be justly appreciated. Mrs. Robertson says:

The sermons have been printed exactly as they were left by their author, with the exception of a few inconsiderable verbal changes. In reading and judging of them, it should be kept in remembrance that none of them were written with a view to publication—that they were laid aside immediately after being preached, and never revised, or altered in any way.

Then comes the memoir, extending to 74 pages. Then some discourses written while incumbent of a country parish in Forfarshire. Next, some written while incumbent of Glasgow, and preached at the Cathedral; finally, some *Thoughts and Expositions* designed to have been wrought into a solid theological work.

John Robertson was born at Perth, in April 1824. He was the only child of his mother, and she was soon left a widow. Robertson came from the same humble rank of society which has yielded many of the greatest Scotchmen. He was a wonderfully precocious and industrious boy, never joining in the sports of other children. At school, he gained several friends, whose influence was of value to him as he grew up. He soon became

an admirable classical scholar, and a first-rate mathematician, while his acquaintance with English literature was great, and his knowledge of French such that he read Molière as easily as his own tongue. Having acquired the reputation of a prodigy at Perth, he proceeded to the University of St. Andrews, where, in every department of study, Robertson was easily first. Soon after his entering the University, his mother died, and he was left with hardly a relation in the world. His modesty was equal to his merit, and disarmed all envy: the simple, cheerful, unpretending student, who carried off all attainable honours, was universally beloved. Before taking orders, he had laboured hard to form a good English style: and such was his maturity of mind, that the crudeness and extravagance which generally deform the earlier sermons of those who ultimately prove the best preachers, never appeared in him. A fact is stated as to Robertson's appointment to his first living, which will seem strange to English readers. The patronage of Mains and Strathmartine belongs to the Crown. But when the people of a Scotch parish, with something like unanimity, petition the Crown in favour of anyone they please, the Crown almost invariably presents to the living the man of their choice. So when a vacancy occurred, the people of Mains and Strathmartine appointed a committee (it may be presumed) of their wisest men, and these desired to hear Mr. Robertson preach.

After making careful inquiries, the committee of the congregation of Mains requested Mr. Robertson to preach before them; and accordingly he preached by arrangement, forenoon and afternoon, in the parish church of Liff, where the committee were present to hear him. The forenoon sermon delighted the committee. During the interval, one of the members of the congregation at Liff, who knew Mr. Robert-

son, congratulated him, telling him the impression he had produced, and that the committee were particularly pleased that he had used *no paper*. 'Well,' he said, 'I am so glad you have mentioned this, for I am determined that I will accept no parish with an understanding that I am to use no paper. I am quite prepared to repeat the afternoon discourse; but I shall now read it, that the deputation may not be misled in any way.' It was a characteristic instance of honesty and integrity. Fortunately for themselves, and the parish they represented, the deputation from the Mains liked the afternoon sermon also, though it *was* read; and Mr. Robertson was forthwith recommended to the Home Secretary as the choice of the parishioners of Mains.

For the enlightenment of the Saxon reader, Mr. Young should have explained what the rustic Scotchman means by USING PAPER: though the sense may be gathered on a diligent perusal of the passage. *To use paper*, means to take your manuscript sermon with you to the pulpit and read it to the congregation. *To use no paper*, means that either you preach extempore, trusting to the inspiration of the moment for the words in which to express what you have previously thought out; or that you write your sermon and commit it laboriously to memory, and then go and repeat it as though it were spoken extempore. In former days, the prejudice against *the paper* was extreme, especially in the west of Scotland; and almost all clergymen repeated their sermons from memory. Growing intelligence has removed or abated that prejudice; and most of the Scotch clergy now *use the paper* freely.

Robertson was very popular in his country parish. The Scotch peasantry are commonly so well educated, that most of them can in some degree appreciate good preaching: and the frank, kindly manner of the new minister gained the hearts of his parishioners. Like most of the wisest, best, and most efficient ministers of the Scotch

Church, he was a silent member of the Church Courts:

He seldom spoke more than a few words in the Assembly, and in church courts at all times he preferred to leave the speaking to others.

This is how he prepared his sermons. Not that it will be of the least use as a rule for other preachers. For each man's mind is a machine with its own peculiar likings, and must be worked in the way that suits itself:

His ordinary method of preparing for the pulpit was, after selecting a text, to think over it during the greater part of the week, never losing sight of it when going about his ordinary parochial work, or even when engaged in conversation the most remote from the train of thought he was pursuing. Then, when the subject was fully arranged in his mind, he sat down to write, very often not until Saturday morning. There was often a difficulty with the first few sentences, which he would arrange and rearrange many times; but when once fairly commenced, he wrote with great ease and rapidity, seldom altering a word; and it was his custom not to stop, if possible, until he had finished his discourse, as he was accustomed to say that those sermons were best which he had completed at a sitting.

And this is how he preached:

He had few of those gifts and graces of oratory which make a powerful though transient impression on the multitude. He used very few gestures, and those he did employ were neither energetic nor graceful. He read with considerable closeness; and, above all, his voice, though good, was neither sonorous nor powerful. And yet, wherever he went, particularly when he preached to an intellectual and cultivated audience, he produced an impression not to be forgotten, which was confirmed and strengthened the more frequently he was heard.

He was fond of rural pursuits, and took great delight in his garden and his flowers. Repeated offers of further preferment failed to withdraw him from his beloved country parish. But at length, in 1858, he accepted the important charge of First Minister of Glasgow: and at the age of 34, received from the University of St. Andrews

the degree of D.D. His duty, besides the pastoral care of a large parish, was to preach twice each Sunday at the Cathedral Church, whose beauty was a never-failing delight to him.

One unfailing source of admiration and delight to Dr. Robertson was the venerable and beautiful Cathedral church. He had always an eye for architectural beauty and grandeur, and felt himself at once elevated and solemnised by the contemplation of it. He was proud of the noble structure which he was privileged to call his own church, and witnessed during his ministry, with the most lively interest, its gradual restoration. He saw it almost every week growing in beauty, as one magnificent stained glass window after another was inaugurated, till at last the work was completed, and he found himself surrounded by a 'dim religious light;' and though he was by no means so easily reached through the ear as through the eye, he was not insensible to the singular charm of the singing in the Cathedral, where the sound is so refined by the lofty roof and towering pillars, and where the harmonies seem to gain some strange hidden power to arrest and satisfy the listening ear.

But Dr. Robertson's day of duty was to be brief. Repeated attacks of heart-disease laid him aside from much of his beloved work; and in the autumn of 1864, in the hope that a lengthened period of rest might restore him to health and duty, he went to St. Andrews, to the house of his father-in-law, Dr. Cook, Professor of Church History in St. Mary's College. But restoration was not to be. And on January 9, 1865, he died, not having reached the age of 41. The grief of those among whom he laboured, and of all who heard him, was true and deep, and he did not leave a single enemy.

The funeral day was the 14th of January 1865, the last day of the second week of the new year. It was one of those sombre gloomy days so common in our climate, and there was something in the feelings of those who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed in harmony with the aspect of nature. Many had come from great distances to be present—from Glasgow, from Dundee, from Perth. In St.

Andrews, the professors of both colleges in their robes, and the students in their gowns, joined the funeral procession, thus distinguishing and honouring the memory of one of the most gifted and able students of their ancient University. Along the streets leading to the place of interment the shops were closed, and many of the townspeople were to be seen among the mourners. Around the grave, at the south-east corner of the burying-ground, to lower his honoured remains into their last resting-place, there met a group that suggested many touching memories; his relatives by marriage were there, four of his elders from Glasgow and the Mains, his old teacher, Mr. Crichton, a fellow-student, and one distant blood relation, the only one he had; but he had gone to his heavenly Father's house, to join that great, loving, united family of whom our blessed Lord has said, 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.' And so he was laid to his rest, not within the precincts of his own noble church, amidst the din and bustle of that great city where he had last held the ministerial office, but within the solemn shadows of what had once been a far mightier and more renowned cathedral, with nothing new to disturb its stillness but the murmur of the great ocean that rolls beneath.

Dr. Robertson was a much younger man than Dr. Park; and a much more advanced theologian. And while Dr. Park had doubtless done the best he was to do, those who mourned Robertson felt that no one could tell how much promise of further excellence was cut short by his death. His removal was a heavy blow, not merely to those nearly connected with him, but to all interested in theological thought in Scotland. I have heard him preach several times. He was calm, dignified, wonderfully pithy and forcible and clear. You felt that not a word in his discourse could be altered but for the worse. Manly strong sense, and perfect taste in the choice of language, were what struck one. And that slow circulation, which appeared latterly in a pulse of 25, had doubtless something to do with his remarkable composure in preaching. Once I was in my own vestry before service, with Robertson, who was

to preach. I remarked how calm he seemed, and contrasted his coolness with the extreme nervousness of a yet more distinguished preacher, who had taken the same duty in the same church a few days before. 'O,' said he, with a smile, 'I don't know what to feel nervous means; but that is because I am crass—Bœotian!' The simple beauty of his prayers was remarkable. Each minister of the Scotch Church has to prepare these for himself; and it is frankly to be admitted that occasionally they may be found very bad. Robertson's were evidently, in great measure, very carefully composed. His opinion was very decidedly in favour of a partial liturgy. Here are his own words:

It would be a great pity and a great loss were the liberty of free prayer to be withdrawn: but I have stated from this pulpit more fully than I can do now, that, in my judgment, the reasons in favour of a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable. It seems an evil, certainly, that, in respect of what is so solemn and important as the expression of their feelings and desires before God, a congregation should be entirely at the mercy of a man who may be narrow-minded or unsympathising, or deficient in sense or taste, or perhaps, however generally well fitted for the duty, not at the time in a frame of mind for happy utterance. Very beautiful devotional expressions may sometimes indeed flow unpremeditated from the heart; but it can hardly be denied that, as a rule, our public prayers, in order to be really good—that is to say, connected, well expressed and solemn, as well as suitable to the wants of an assembled body of men—would require to be at least as carefully prepared as the sermons. It seems hard to understand why it should be thought more necessary to study carefully beforehand the words we are to address to our fellow-creatures than those we are to address to our Maker. And I may add, that if this anxious preparation is requisite, and that, too, in a kind of composition which all men of taste and sensibility find very difficult, two sermons a week, and four or six prayers, are more than any ordinary man can continue to produce.

Mr. Young gives no account of Dr. Robertson's appearance. He had a very pleasant face: large and

extremely animated eyes: good features, and a dark complexion. Nothing could be more natural and unaffected than his entire address: nothing more genial and kind. He kept up a thorough acquaintance with all kinds of literature. Doubtless religion had much to do with his unruffled amiability and goodness; but there was a noble foundation to build on, in a nature from which all bitter and malignant feeling seemed to have been entirely excluded from the beginning. Let me sum up what I have to record of him, by saying what (unlike a certain conspicuous Anglican clergyman) he never would have said of himself, that he was a great and good man. Read his volume carefully, and you will think so too.

You may likewise read another volume, called *Pastoral Counsels*, published by him a very little while before he died. Unlike ordinary sermons, you will find Dr. Robertson's remarkably readable. He certainly wrote as though remembering Sydney Smith's great principle, that *every style is good, except the tiresome*. Dr. Robertson is never tiresome. He leads one through tracks of thought so difficult, that in other hands they would have been repulsive: yet interest never flags. And if you read a discourse on *Sunday*, in the *Pastoral Counsels*, another on *Places and Forms of Worship*, another on *Martha and Mary*, or *Religious Diversities*, and another on *Progress*, you will find specimens of the most advanced religious thought now current in Scotland.

It is difficult to select extracts from Dr. Robertson's sermons, they are so evenly good, and their merit lies so much in the sustained elevation of each as a whole. Yet let us take a few lines from a sermon, full of exquisite and pathetic beauty, on *Jairus' Daughter*:

But his growing trust receives a terrible blow. While the Lord is still conversing

with the woman, tidings arrive. 'There came from the ruler's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?' The great change had taken place. She had entered that unknown world, from within whose mysterious portals no human tears nor human prayers can bring back a friend. What an awful event is death! How strange and solemn the alteration it produces! There may be little outward difference to distinguish the last moment of sinking life, from the first moment after the soul has departed. Yet what a real, what a mighty change! Last moment there was a living spirit here, this moment there is nothing but unprofitable clay; more beautiful, perhaps, than it was before, beautiful in its marble paleness and statue-like repose, but beautiful with a beauty no longer of this world, a sad and touching beauty that moves to tears. Men feel that they are in a presence in which it behoves them to tread softly, and speak in whispers.

Mature and admirable as Dr. Robertson's early sermons are, there is no doubt that his mind had grown, when he wrote those preached at Glasgow Cathedral. Or if some may object to its being said that the manifest change in some of his theological views is an improvement, as growth is, it may at least be said that the whole man had moved to another position. You see how the spirit of the age had affected one of the sharpest observers of the progress of human thought. There is a sermon on *False Views of the Nature of God*, in which there are many passages setting forth views identical with those in a famous paragraph of Mr. John Stuart Mill.

If you attempt to answer, or rather to silence, these questions by the reply, that righteousness, goodness, and mercy as they exist in God, or rather as they are said to exist in God, are something wholly different, not only in degree, but in kind, from righteousness, goodness, and mercy as they exist in man, then, indeed, you may so far gain your object, but it is at a terrible cost; you may silence the sceptic, but it is by an argument which would put an end not only to scepticism, but to faith,—which would put an end to all theology, whether natural or revealed, to all possibility of any knowledge of God.

You may tell me that though God is often spoken of in common language as having hands and eyes and other bodily parts, He has not such bodily parts really, but that the language is a mere accommodation to our human way of speaking. You may tell me this, and this I can understand, without its being implied, that we have, and can have, no real knowledge of God. You may go higher;—you may tell me that when we speak of the Divine understanding there is much in this language too that is mere accommodation to our human weakness: and that God has a cognition of His works, which must be so far different in kind from that which is open to the human intellect, I can imagine also, and yet that God may be known in a real sense. But if you tell me that mercy and goodness, and the other moral attributes of the Most High, are wholly and essentially different from those in man which are known by the same names, then I cannot see how religion is to be preserved,—how God can be known at all,—how I can even be sure that there is a God,—above all, how I can possibly be in fellowship with Him,—how my spirit can have true communion with His Spirit,—how I can be in any living relation to Him as a spiritual being.

From a noble sermon on 'That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' these extracts are taken:

In the first place, I do not think that as Christians we are at all required either to ignore or to undervalue the good there may lie beyond the pale of our own faith. We are not bound to say that what are apparently good actions are evil, and must be so, when done by heathens or unbelievers; that what seems to be noble is really nothing but splendid sin; and what seems to be just and true, only the mask which Satan puts on to disguise himself when he would pass for an angel of light. On the contrary, we are at liberty to hold, I may say we are required to hold, the very opposite. Wherever there is anything that is apparently good and noble thought or felt or done by man, we are not to try to make out that it is not good and noble at all, but has only the delusive appearance of being so; we are to admit that it is what it looks; we are to rejoice in the light that shineth even in dark places; we are to trace it to its origin in the Sun of righteousness; we are to say with grateful hearts, 'This, though they know it not; this, though they may deny it; this is of Christ our Lord; by this He is testifying for Himself; by this He is claiming these people as His own; by this He is declaring Himself the Lord

and Head of them, as of all other human beings; this good is of Him, and witnesses for Him; and we are to be thankful for it, and give Him glory.'

The Anglican reader may contrast this teaching with that set forth in the thirteenth of the Thirty-nine Articles, which treats of *Works before Justification*; and the Scotch reader may consider in what sense it is to be reconciled with the seventh section in Chap. XVI. of *The Confession of Faith*, which speaks of *Works done by Unregenerate Men*. The eloquent author proceeds:

It seems to some to be detracting from the honour due to Christ when we venture to hold the liberal and hopeful views to which I have referred. When one ventures to think that there may be some good even beyond the pale of the Christian Church,—that perhaps not all the millions of the heathen are lost,—that perhaps those of them who live humbly and earnestly according to the light they have may arrive at brighter light hereafter, and may join in the anthem which shall be raised by that great company which no man can number, gathered from all nations and kindreds and tribes and tongues, to Him, of whom an apostle said, 'Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him;' when one ventures to hold such ideas, it seems to some that he is derogating from Christ's glory. It seems to me the very contrary is nearer the truth by far. Surely it is to exalt the Saviour greatly when one believes, with St. John, that there is a light which is more extensive than Christendom; and that this light, wherever it shines, is of Christ. I cannot see that it is possible to glorify Christ more than by claiming for Him that He is the author of all the good that is anywhere in the world.

A passage on *The Ministry of Reconciliation*:

'Reconciling the world.' Mark the liberality of the expression. Mark its comprehensiveness. Reconciling the world. As I said before, the apostle did not perplex himself practically in the vain attempt to arrive at definite, logically-bounded conceptions on those deep things of God, touching election and the like, on which much unprofitable discussion has often been bestowed, and which probably in this world will never be unravelled. His view

was that God's object and desire was to reconcile the world, Jew and Gentile—all men everywhere. People should be diffident in their judgments on such high matters as the decrees of the Almighty, and should remember the great possibility of error, the absolute impossibility of certain knowledge, in regard to them. But people need not be diffident in holding that all men are invited to become partakers in the benefits of redemption. Our faculties go far enough to enable us to see quite clearly that that is what the Scriptures say in the most distinct terms, and the principle they always go upon even when it is not expressed. 'God will have all men to be saved.' So it is written, and the same thing is written in other words in a hundred other passages. And I do not believe that it is written because we do not know who the elect are, or, in other words, who those are whom God will have to be saved; but I believe it is written because it is the simple truth, and I believe therefore I am to preach Christ to you freely, because Christ is free;—to you all, because it is the honest fact that He is offered to you all, and not for the reason that no one can tell to whom.

There are two discourses on *The Indwelling Christ*, which treat a matter which would have been mystical in other hands; but which Dr. Robertson has made so clear, that whether you agree with him or not, you will certainly understand him. The *Thoughts and Expositions*, which form the second part of the volume, are full of original and ingenious thinking: but there is not space to give examples. Here is the last paragraph of a little paper on *Peace*:

As I write, the evening darkens down, and I am forced to come to a conclusion. O Thou, who sendest night and peace upon the world, send peace, I pray Thee, into my heart, and the hearts of all I love; but not the peace which cometh with darkness—that rather which cometh with the knowledge of Thyself, and faith in Thy beloved Son, to whom, with Thee and the blessed Spirit, be honour, and praise, and glory, for ever. Amen.

May I be permitted, closing this notice of sermons preached in the midst of a non-liturgical service at churches once archiepiscopal, to assure the Anglican reader that non-liturgical prayers may yet be

very decorous ones? The days seem almost gone, in which the prayers in Scotch churches were dissertations, or statements of doctrine and duty, spoken to the Almighty, but spoken at the congregation. A volume of *Prayers for Social and Family Worship*, the very first printed prayers authorised by the Scotch Church, is in some degree the cause, but in a greater the consequence, of this improvement in taste. This volume, which is at least *bigger* than the Book of Common Prayer, is well worthy of being read. And a beautifully printed volume of *Family Prayers* has lately been issued by the same authority. Both these books of devotion, though bearing to be prepared by a large committee of clergymen and laymen, are mainly the work of Dr. Crawford, the learned Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Robertson took much interest in their revision, and furnished many valuable suggestions. If you look at the first of the *Prayers For Sailors and Persons at Sea*, you will find as happy an imitation of the true liturgical style of prayer as you are likely to see in any modern work.*

This Saturday, as the chill December afternoon was closing in, and the light fading, I went to see the graves of the two good men of whom I have been writing. They are not far apart. A tablet of red granite, surmounted by a little Gothic canopy, marks where Dr. Park rests, in his own churchyard. And opposite his resting-place, built against the massive outward wall, through the arrow-slits in which there was the cold gray sea, there are two larger tablets, also of red granite, set in a lofty gable of freestone, surmounted by the cross (for we have outgrown fanatic prejudice), and bearing the IHS, which has sometimes proved so fatal to the peace of worthy Presbyterians, who probably would have had no objection to V.R. There sleeps the minister of Glasgow Cathedral, taken away from great usefulness and greater hope. Of course, it is but a little sphere within which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland can be known or valued. All that we understand. But in these pages a Scotch clergyman has sought to tell something of two of the most eminent of his class to some who, if they had known, would have valued them.

A. K. H. B.

* Both these books of devotion are published by Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh.

ELEMENTS OF THE MILITARY BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE.

OF all species and varieties of statistics, none are so difficult to deal with, none so liable to induce error and defeat the labour of the operator, as those connected with the estimation of the military force of a given country. Such an estimate, if complete, should be the expression of the total value of the nation, physical, moral, intellectual, and financial. Is it possible to work out such a problem for one State? And if we are justified in asking this question, how nearly impossible must it be to do so for several; or to attempt to construct a system of comparative military statistics where the definition of each one of its elements is surrounded with so many difficulties.

But it is a matter of great interest and importance that this subject should be understood. There is a continual outcry about the burden of standing armies and the amount of military budgets. Sometimes we persuade ourselves that trade and commerce will ere long render warfare unnecessary; and straightway we plunge into a war for the sake of pushing our trade. Again, we are told that the progress of science has rendered warfare impossible; and, lo and behold! it has brought us back again to hand-to-hand combats and wholesale massacre with the bayonet. One set of theorists tell us that money is the one thing needful to carry on the war; and Garibaldi, without a dollar in his pocket, overthrows a Government whose 5 per Cents. are at 107. Others, again, say that men alone can do the business; and we see the Emperor of Austria, with a huge army at his disposal, compelled to sign away a fair province at Villafranca.

Yes, reader, it is just as you say, or were going to say: there is

a little truth in each of these assertions, opinions, and tendencies; the whole truth lies in the balance, if we could only manage to strike it. But there is also a good share of falsehood, misapprehension, and misrepresentation mixed up with this modicum of truth, and it is important to eliminate all this in the first instance.

'The simple plan, that those may take who have the power, and those may keep who can,' is at the bottom of the whole business. The poet says very plainly, *take*; he does not say a word of acquiring, earning by our industry, nor does he mention the legitimate fruits of commercial enterprise. It is to take, to keep, to can, as Mr. Carlyle very felicitously points out; and this is human nature at large, although not agreeable to the style of expression of City articles. The Austrians and Prussians invested a certain quantity of blood and iron in a Schleswig-Holstein speculation, for the purpose of getting hold of good harbours wherewithal to extend German commerce and trade, and for other purposes, and certain people with us were unreasonable enough to threaten them with bayonets, Armstrongs, and a brigade of Guards; but we had not so much blood and iron on hand as the others, and so we left our correspondent at Copenhagen to compound with his creditors as well as he could. Here we have a keen encounter of interests, nearly leading to a war between two members of the great Teutonic family, which is precisely that most given to trade in our days, and only prevented by one of the parties withdrawing from the contest. But there are other nationalities, which certainly neither have the same capacities nor feel the same voca-

tion for mercantile pursuits, and some of these will always resist, more or less, the attempt to convert them into modern Carthaginians, preferring the rôle of the ancient Roman, which will also lead to sharp controversies. The simple truth is, trade and commerce have of late made such progress as to enable the champions of nationality and sectarianism to attack each other with greater energy than heretofore, and large sections of the commercial community have found warlike stores to be a good investment for speculation.

Science has certainly done wonders of late. Let us enquire for a moment into the probable tendency of this as regards warfare, premising that the immensely increased facility of communication and transport is still more remarkable than the improvement of weapons of destruction. In 1805, Napoleon I. gave up his plan of attacking England, and determined on a campaign in Germany towards the 20th of August, after Villeneuve had suffered himself to be blockaded in Cadiz. All the orders and dispositions for the consequent movements of troops were issued between the 23rd of August and 1st of September. The first columns moved from Holland, then a French province, on the 2nd September; the capitulation of Ulm was signed on the 17th October, and on the 20th Mack with his troops laid down their arms. This was very marvellous celerity; and the battle of Austerlitz, in Moravia, was fought and gained on the following 2nd of December. Now, with the facilities afforded by well-devised strategical lines of railroad such as they exist in France, but scarcely to the same extent in any other country, the first decisive rencontre of the two armies would probably take place about the 15th or 20th September, near Linz, and a battle of Austerlitz

would be spared. This proves, however, that a general disarmament is nearly an impossibility until another period of exhaustion shall have arrived; for who will venture to lay down his arms when he is liable to attack, as it were, overnight?

And as regards the engines of destruction. These would, if left to themselves, sleep very tranquilly in arsenals and storehouses; they have no innate action of their own, independent of human skill and energy; the relation between the two is, therefore, scarcely disturbed at all. The friction is, indeed, almost greater than it was hitherto, for the weight of our small arms ammunition, and still more that of our field artillery, is enormously increased—out of all proportion to the increased efficiency, or, rather, destructiveness.

But enough has been said to show that it will never do to attempt the working out of the problem before us in the same manner as a common statistical question of population, and we go on to lay before our readers a sketch of the plan on which we intend to proceed.

In the first place, then, we have in almost every large European State a certain figure which is *supposed* to represent the total strength of the army as it should exist on the war footing, and, serving as a basis for this, the actual peace establishment of the moment, as it appears in the military budget. The most usual way of computing this 'should-be army' is by multiplying the number of conscripts or recruits, as the case may be, annually enrolled, by the number of years representing the term of service, and the product *should* give us the sum required. But from this large deductions will have to be made: in the first place, for what the French term 'non-valeurs,'—that is to say, non-combatants, artisans, sick and feeble individuals, deserters, &c.—

and for this we may safely assume the same general per-centage for all armies, although the component items may vary in each case; secondly, it will be necessary to eliminate the cavalry, because the proportion in which it enters into the composition of armies varies according to the theatre of war;* the artillery, because this arm is estimated by guns and not by men, whose relative number varies according to calibre and other circumstances; the engineers, train soldiers, and pontonniers, because they do not enter into the number of bayonets, or infantry soldiers properly so called, which remain after all these deductions have been made, and form the real nucleus of every army.

Here we might draw a line and say, this is the actual military force expressed in bayonets, &c.; but to find that available for actual warfare in the field, further deductions must be made—that is, thirdly, for permanent garrisons abroad, in colonies and the like; fourthly, for the interior service and the home fortresses.

This last is a very ticklish item. To begin with ourselves: we must have a certain force in Ireland, and having admitted this, and knowing that the Holstein regiments in the Danish army proved very unworthy of reliance, it will be no offence to say that certain portions of the Austrian army, for instance, may be supposed to have predilections and prejudices not participated in by the remainder of that force; and something similar, although not to the same extent, might be applicable to portions of the Prussian army.

If we succeed in bringing our quantitative estimate thus far, we may conceive ourselves to have

ascertained the numbers that the State in question can bring into the field for offensive and defensive purposes, and we may then proceed to a qualitative estimate. And here we shall have to take into consideration what may be termed moral elements: as, for instance, the composition of the army as it depends on the mode in which its ranks are filled—by conscription, which is equivalent to the armed force being in all respects a fair representative of the nation—a national army, in fact; or by voluntary enlistment, which is—quite a different affair; or by something partaking of the nature of each, as in the French army. And here we may as well say that the conscription, which was first introduced by absolute Governments, contains within itself a strong democratic element; whilst voluntary enlistment has, *ab initio*, an equally strong tendency to demoralisation. What the combination of both effects we shall have occasion to advert to further on.

Next to the composition of an army, the most important element is the time of service, and especially that during which the soldier is actually present with the corps to which he belongs, and the method of instruction pursued, as also by whom imparted. The British officer and the Continental one perform functions so wholly different, and occupy, in consequence, so different a position in this respect with regard to the rank and file of the army, that a comparison between them would be very difficult indeed.

As regards theoretical instruction, there is perhaps less difference to be observed than in most other respects; camps of exercise are everywhere in use, although the method

* The absolute number of cavalry will be, of course, stated, as also the relative proportions demanded by various theatres of war; so that it will be easy to make the application, always allowing a large margin for horses below the establishment.

of instruction varies considerably. Of course, the opportunity for acquiring a practical acquaintance with warfare, and the period that has elapsed since each army last took the field, must be also considered.

In connection with this, the kind of duty which the troops are usually called upon to perform in peace time must be taken into account; and in this respect the British army is very peculiarly circumstanced, possessing as it does a greater degree of mobility than any other, and being more frequently moved from place to place, which is a great advantage; but being usually moved in very small bodies, which is quite the contrary.

It would extend this paper beyond its proper limits to go into greater details of a purely military nature than the above, which will be found sufficient to enable us to form a tolerably correct judgment as to the relative value of an army; and the next question that presents itself is, How long can it be kept in the field? which of course presupposes that it is in a position to move within a reasonable time, in consequence of its organisation.

This opens up two important questions—Finance and Population. It has been one of the great errors of the German States, in determining the strength of their military establishments, to look more to the possibility of obtaining a certain number of soldiers than to the cost of maintaining them in the field,—and hence the enormous difference between the armies existing on paper and those actually employed. Both Prussia, Austria, and, *à fortiori*, Russia, possess abundant raw material, and also a sufficiency of arms, ammunition, clothing, &c., to produce these paper armies, which have indeed a real existence, although many persons believe them to be altogether fictitious; but their finances are not on a scale to support their

immense armaments, and they might to all intents and purposes just as well not exist. The consequence of this system is a huge disproportion between the peace and the war establishments, and this involves an enormous expenditure and a great loss of time when it becomes necessary to pass from the former to the latter. And when this occurs, the draw on the treasury becomes suddenly so great that credit and the public funds are artificially depreciated, and the whole thing breaks down miserably.

The French system has been hitherto altogether different from this, the strength of the army in peace time (in consequence of Algeria, Rome, Mexico, Syria, &c.) being much nearer the war establishment, and the transition more gradual, and less a burden to the treasury. No doubt the ordinary budget of the War Ministry has been, in consequence, very heavy in France as compared with the other Continental States; but, on the one hand, the country is comparatively much richer, and, on the other, the difference between the war and peace budgets has never been so great as to derange the credit of the country in the way alluded to. But if France be rich in money and dead material, the live element, men and horses, is not so abundant as in the other States, as we shall presently see; and the consequence has been of late the adoption of the German system, in so far that the difference between the war and peace establishments has very much increased, and with it the amount of transitional expenditure—and it would seem to be against this in particular that M. Thiers' strictures have been directed in the Legislative Assembly.

We have seen that one probable effect of the progress of science on warfare will be to accelerate the pace at which armies can be moved, which will eventually result in a

shorter duration of campaigns, and consequent economy of money.* But this sudden transition to war-like action, and these sharp decisive campaigns, will require, for some time to come at least, that standing armies shall be kept, especially as regards cavalry and artillery (on account of the horses), very near the war footing. What this should be must be determined with reference, not to population or finance singly, but to both taken together. We might hope to see the strength of the standing armies on the Continent, as well as our own, reduced within certain limits; so that, although the permanent burden would be perhaps not very much less than what it now is, a large proportion of the sudden and casual expenditure would cease, and therefore the entire average be considerably lower. But here a disturbing element enters in the rule that sprung out of the necessities of the French revolutionary armies at the commencement of the present century, which *'makes the war feed itself.'* Every one, of course, hopes to be able to manage this for himself, and fancies his best chance to lie in the command of the *'gros bataillons.'* The hope indeed sometimes proves fallacious, as we have witnessed in the late Italian war; but the French console themselves with having purchased Savoy and Nice in this way: whether Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg will in the end be equally satisfactory acquisitions to Austria and Prussia remains to be seen.

From the above it will appear that the absolute revenue in peace time, and the proportion it bears to the budget of the War Department,

are necessary elements in the calculation we have undertaken—as also the absolute population, its relative density and its physical condition, so far as we can ascertain this latter; and to render this complete, it will be necessary to add a word on the system of recruiting, and the bodies of reserve which figure in all these statistical tables.

We also propose introducing some general remarks on railroads and navigation, considered merely as means of transport.

We must, as a matter of course, review in detail the armies of what are called the Five Great Powers; and Italy has now attained sufficient strength and consequence to justify her armed force being placed alongside of theirs. Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium may be considered as neutral States; the latter may, however, be eventually drawn into any general conflict. There is some difficulty about the smaller German armies. Properly speaking, they should be placed under the head of the German Confederation; and if German territory be attacked by a foreign Power—France, for instance—they should act together; on the other hand, in the case of a conflict between Austria and Prussia, they would range themselves as auxiliaries on either side. There is also a possibility, as things now stand, of a renewal of something like the Confederation of the Rhine, in alliance with Switzerland, if the recent visit of the French Emperor has not determined the Federal Government on preserving a perfectly strict neutrality. Spain, Sweden, and Denmark will range as auxiliaries, and do not therefore form

* This will only apply to cultivated countries and well-instructed old organised standing armies. Contests such as that which has devastated the North American Continent for four years will always remain tedious affairs, especially when all the science is on one side, and all the men and money on the other.

component parts of the great tableau.

The French Army.

There needs no apology for placing this at the head of the list; it is scarcely possible to conceive a European war going on without France taking a principal part in it, and moreover it deserves a very high place in consequence of its own intrinsic value.

If we were to take the otherwise valuable statistical tables of the *Almanac de Gotha* as a guide, we should find that the sum total of the French army is there made to amount to the enormous figure of 757,725 men, with 143,238 horses. No doubt this fairly represents what the war establishment *should be*, including gendarmerie, military equipages, the 'administration,' &c.; but we prefer taking the statements of French military officers—as, for instance, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin in the *Spectateur Militaire*, and General Allard on the part of the Government, during the debate on the budget. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin's calculation is as follows:—The number of conscripts levied annually is 100,000, and the term of service being seven years, the total strength of the army should be 700,000, from which he deducts one-seventh for losses and 'non-valeurs,' leaving 600,000 as the number really attainable.* The infantry he calls two-thirds the total effective strength, which it really is, and may be therefore estimated at 400,000,†—from which deduct 100,000 for the internal service, and there remains 300,000 infantry for active service abroad. This is merely a rough calculation. Let us now take General Allard's state-

ment, and some official documents in corroboration and explanation.

The annual contingent of conscripts is but *nominally* 100,000; in reality, in consequence of exonerations, sickness, &c., it only amounts to 75,000 (Martin deducts only one-seventh; here an entire one-fourth is knocked off), from which the naval conscripts are further to be deducted, leaving for the army 64,000 to 65,000. This multiplied by seven would give only 448,000 to 455,000 instead of 600,000. Now, there would be in addition to this a certain number of re-engagements and also of voluntary enlistments; but we suspect that, a strong opposition having been expected in the Assembly to the permanent drain of 100,000 conscripts annually, the Government was desirous of making the thing look pleasant, and somewhat understated the matter; for General Allard goes on to say that only about 25,000 are incorporated, 40,000 being left in the reserve—a new organisation, of which more hereafter—and only called out for three months' drill the first year, and two months the second year, by which he reduces the annual charge on the population to 25,000 men for the army, and 6,000 for the navy—in all 31,000 men.

This would, however, never suffice to keep up the peace establishment of 400,000 and war ditto of 600,000, which General Allard declares to be necessary; because Prussia has, as he says, a peace establishment of 200,000, but could on an emergency bring 780,000 into the field.

The detail of the proportions in which the conscripts are told off to the several corps, &c., for the present year (1865) is—

* The 757,725 men of the *Almanac de Gotha* includes the general staff, the gendarmerie, and some other bodies, as invalides, &c., that are not recruited directly, and therefore do not appertain to the regular annual conscription.

† The *Almanac* makes it 515,035, including dépôts, ouvriers, &c. &c.

		Men.	
Armée	de Mer.	Equipages de la Flotte	3,000
		Infanterie	2,600
		Artillerie	500
		Ouvriers d'Artillerie	130
		Total	6,230
	de la Terre.	Infanterie	78,410
		Cavalerie	8,000
		Artillerie	5,200
		Génie	660
		Equipages Militaires	1,500
Total		93,770	
Grand total		100,000	

The annual infantry contingent given above would, if multiplied by seven (for the duration of the service), produce 548,870, from which, after deducting one-fourth for non-valeurs, there would remain 411,653 infantry soldiers, or in round numbers the 400,000 of Lieut.-Colonel Martin.

This officer deducts only 100,000 for internal service, and leaves 300,000 men—infantry—disposable for the field; but for a European war this number could not be reckoned on, as things now stand and have stood for some time. It may therefore interest our readers to know what portion of the French force has been employed at certain periods out of the country.

In July 1863, when it seemed desirable to show cause why no intervention in favour of Poland should be attempted, an article, signed 'Assolant,' appeared in the *Courrier de Dimanche*, showing that 70,000 men were in Algiers, nearly 40,000 in Mexico, and 15,000 in Rome. Of these 125,000, 100,000 were probably infantry of the line; and there were also 20,000 men in China and Cochin China, and 10,000 men at Taiti, Nossi Be Magotte, Cayenne, and the Antilles, of which, however, by far the greater portion are marine infantry and artillery. In May 1865, according to the documents laid before the committee of the Corps Legislatif, the numbers stood as follows:—Of the

320,850 men under arms, there were—

In France	197,236
„ Algeria	79,826
„ Italy	13,041
„ Mexico	30,747
Total under arms	320,850

Now, the 79,826 men are not absolutely required in Algeria; they might be considerably reduced if peace were re-established there, which was no doubt the object of the Emperor's visit last summer. Indeed, since His Majesty's return, he has shown how the force in Algeria may be reduced to 50,000 men of all arms, including gendarmerie and non-combatants; and of these an increased proportion to be native troops. Of the 13,000, nearly half have been now got away from Rome; but the 30,000 in Mexico are a little too far off. Taking all in all, we conceive that 50,000 must be deducted from Lieut.-Col. Martin's 300,000 infantry, leaving 250,000 of that arm available for European warfare; and as the French cavalry has some 47,000 horses on the peace establishment, it can easily bring one-sixth of the above infantry into the field, which would be about the maximum required, and there would be also no difficulty about artillery, engineers, trains, and commissariat; but some 60,000 remounts would be required, some of which would, no doubt, be drawn

from Ireland, if we don't get into a Fenian mess ourselves.

But in order to complete our tableau, we must account for the remainder of the 400,000 on the peace establishment, in addition to those under arms. This consists of—Companies and sections *hors ligne*,* *personnel du service de santé*, and other non-combatants, 48,739; soldiers on furlough, 10,000; sick, or employed in powder-mills, arsenals, &c., 19,518—altogether, 79,277 men; which, added to the total under arms, shows the present peace establishment to be 400,127 men, or, added to those under arms in France, shows that there are 276,513 men of the entire army at home.

Again, if it be asked how the war establishment of 600,000 is to be attained to, we have 320,850, as above, under arms; 11,000 on furlough; and 214,002 men of the reserve—equal to 545,852, leaving a deficit of about 54,000, which would be perhaps covered by voluntary enlistments and re-engagements, which are always going on.

The reader will perceive that Lieut.-Colonel Martin's rough estimate is very near the truth; but it will be, perhaps, as well to show how things stood at the beginning of the Italian campaign of 1859. On the 1st January of that year there were present—

	Men.
Under arms	398,097
On furlough, immediately available (classes 1851—1854)	163,700
Total general available	561,797

This was the number available near the end of 1858; but about 45,700

of these would have served out their time or been otherwise exonerated on the 31st of December, which would have reduced the above sum total to 516,097 men. On the other hand, there were about 12,000 volunteers and re-engagements to be reckoned on, as also 49,100 conscripts of the class 1857 available after 1st January 1859, which would have brought the sum total up to 577,197 men; and the 62,000 conscripts of 1858 would have been further available, which would have carried the total up to 639,000 men, against which losses must be placed.†

On comparing the statement of 1859 with that of 1865, there is one important difference observable. In the former year the army could reckon on 163,700 old soldiers on furlough for its completion; in the latter there are only 11,000 of these, to be supplemented by 214,000 men of the reserve; and we naturally enquire what is this reserve, and how did it come to be created? This is a somewhat delicate subject to go into, but we hope that there can be no objection to our stating what has appeared in French official and semi-official documents. In the first place, it is to be observed that we have to do here with a complete change of system, and not merely with a different arrangement of figures. The French army hitherto augmented itself with old trained soldiers; now the mainstay has become young men, trained at home, on the Prussian system, which French military authors have so unanimously condemned and ridiculed.‡ There must have been some very cogent reason or reasons

* Tailors, shoemakers, &c., belonging to the regimental dépôts.

† *Campagne de l'Empereur Napoleon III. en Italie, 1859.* Rédigée au Dépôt de la Guerre. Paris: Dumaine. 1865.

‡ For instance, Lieutenant-Colonel Haillot, *Statistique Militaire*, tom. deuxième, speaking of the Prussian army, says—'On ne peut donner le nom d'armée à une réunion de recrues qu'on instruit au maniement des armes, qu'on garde au plus deux ans sous les drapeaux dans l'infanterie, et trois ans dans les armes spéciales, qu'on s'empresse de renvoyer dans leurs foyers quand elles sont à peine ébauchées, pour les remplacer, par

for so total a change of system as this, and they appear to have been the following. On looking back to the statement of the strength of the army in 1859, it will be seen that the furlough men belonged to the conscription classes of 1851-52-53-54; they had consequently been in their homes from four years to one; and with the inducements that exist to re-enlist, and the high bounty given, it may be fairly assumed that these men wished to remain in their homes, as they would otherwise have rejoined their regiments or never gone on furlough at all. In fact, it was found, and noticed at the time by the press, that the furlough men who had been long absent returned more or less reluctantly, and were by no means so enthusiastic as the young hands; and the same thing has been observed in other armies too. But this was not the only reason; and now we come to the delicate part of the business. The Emperor Napoleon wrote a letter, dated 7th March, 1856, to the Minister at War,* from which it appears that the 'Conseils de revision' charged with the examination of conscripts, in 1854, had assented to so many weak and otherwise unfit individuals that no less than 5,694 had to be *reformées*—that is, mustered out—at an expense of 1½ million of francs; and we find in a very interesting article, '*Travaux sur le Recrutement*,' published by Artigues, médecin-in-chef de l'hôpital militaire d'Amélie les Bains, in the June

1862 number of the *Spectateur Militaire*, that a large proportion of conscripts are wholly unfit for service at the age fixed by the law, and consequently die miserably from all sorts of disease.† Dr. Artigues—by the way, evidently an admirable specimen of what a military medical officer should be—recommends that the conscripts should be trained very gradually, and the abrupt separation from their homes and families, hitherto a consequence of the immediate enrolment, avoided as much as possible. Hence the introduction of the system of reserve now being carried out, as it would seem with great success, but not hitherto put to a real trial.

There was a double object to be obtained by the reserve system—time would be afforded to the weakly conscript to develop himself, and the number of hands annually abstracted from agriculture and manufacture would be diminished. It is impossible to conceal the fact that the physical development of the French nation has rapidly deteriorated of late years; here are the proofs, given in the debate on the budget by the Vicomte Lanjuinais:—'A few years since, the minimum standard of height for recruits was 5ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, English measure; it is now reduced to 4ft. 11 inches, because it is impossible to adhere to the higher standard.' [Our minimum is—for the infantry of the line, 5ft. 5 inches; and only for the military train, 5ft.

d'autres récrues plus jeunes encore, puis toujours et toujours aussi. . . . Il faut plus de temps pour former des véritables soldats, et pour préparer une armée capable de supporter les fatigues de la guerre et de la faire avec succès. La réserve de guerre, composée de jeunes gens que n'ont pu trouver place dans l'armée et de ceux qui en sortent avec une instruction précaire et bientôt oubliée, n'a pas plus de valeur que l'armée elle-même.—p. ix. Introduction.

* This is the usual routine in France.

† A bitter controversy has been carried on since June last between Mde. Girardin in the *Presse* and the *Moniteur* on this subject. It appears indisputable that the mortality is 13·38 per mille in the first three years, and only 4·99 per mille between the seventh and tenth years of service. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin is now fighting out the battle against the *Presse* in the pages of the *Spectateur Militaire*.

3 inches.] 'In 1820, 54 per cent. of the conscripts were below 5ft. 10 inches; now, 63 per cent. are below that height. In 1820, 15 per cent. were over 5ft. 8½ inches; now, there are only 11 per cent. But of the whole annual contingent, 33 per cent. are dismissed as under height (4ft. 11 inches), too weak or infirm.' This is a melancholy picture, but we fear a true one; and it reminds us that we have to make an admission—namely, that although trade and commerce may not prove powerful to prevent war, manufacture seems likely to do so in the end, by rendering whole nations incapable of bearing arms; for the decadence in France, although by no means confined to the manufacturing districts, is very great in them. No doubt the agricultural population is also seriously deteriorated, in consequence of the infinite subdivision of land and the system of spade tillage by peasant proprietors, that some of 'Our own Correspondents' have been writing up last summer; but the great towns and the manufactures are at the root of the evil.

But, however much the physical condition of the French populations may have suffered, it is quite certain that not only their brilliant courage in the field, but also that innate aptitude for military matters which have so long distinguished them amongst the European nations, remains as conspicuous as ever. The very exigencies of the population, indeed, tends towards the formation of an army of professional soldiers; the system of substitution having been now taken into the hands of the Government, the able-bodied soldier is frequently tempted to a re-engagement two years before his own period of service has expired—aye, and receives the large bounty too, which, however, has proved a fruitful source of demoralisation, and will be, it is hoped, modified in

some manner. Dr. Artigues tells us that of 794 convicts admitted into the military penitentiary at Besançon in the ten years between 1st January 1850 and 31st December 1859, there were 323 conscribed young soldiers, 272 volunteers, and 199 remplaçants (substitutes);—consequently the two latter classes amounted to very nearly 60 per cent. of the whole. But according to Lieut.-Colonel Martin, there are about 3,000 volunteers re-engaged annually *on an average*—in 1859, 12,000 were reckoned on in the prospect of a campaign in Italy—and they form altogether 10 per cent. of the army, and ⅓rd to ⅔th of the annual contingent of recruits. Now, this speaks very badly for the morality of the class of men who embrace voluntarily the profession of arms in France; but a large proportion of volunteers become officers and rise to high grades in the army—the truth being, that some of the best and some of the worst elements are to be found in this class. It is one of the great defects of our own system of recruiting and promotion that there is little or no opening with us for the good ones, and consequently no inducement for them to enlist.

Be this as it may, there exists a great facility for forming and instructing French soldiers in the really important parts of military discipline; they have naturally a turn for it, possessing as they do great quickness in 'seizing the situation and making a proper use of it.' They seldom attain *the painful precision* of other troops; it is not necessary to force this on them; indeed it would scarcely be possible to do so without injuring their naturally fine perception of the 'pourquoi,' and leading them into the same confusion between 'means and ends' that exists elsewhere. It is for this reason that their system of exercise, and the instruction afforded by their

camps of manoeuvre, are so frequently misunderstood and made the subject of pipeclay criticism of very feeble texture.

Above all, the French army possesses a most admirable general staff, and an abundance of officers of all grades who have seen European warfare on a large scale, and have had practical experience, although, perhaps, they may be less perfect in theoretical instruction than others. The usual routine of their service, too, is decidedly military, and sufficiently varied, which is a matter of great importance.

Let us now pass on to the purely statistical considerations of finance and population. It is not quite easy to ascertain the amount of budget really applicable to the French army, because on the one hand there are nearly 25,000 gendarmes annually chargeable to it; and on the other, the expenses of the general government of Algiers is separately stated. However, as the revenue derived from this latter country nearly balances the amount both of the ordinary and extraordinary budgets applied to it, we may leave it out of the question altogether; and we then find that the ordinary and extraordinary budgets of the Minister of War for 1865 amount to not quite 18 per cent. of the gross budget of the empire, which is made to balance, on paper at least, with a small surplus. If we add to the above the budgets of the Ministry of Marine and the Colonies, we arrive at a sum total which amounts to about 25 per cent. of the whole budget applied to war-like purposes.

The total population of France is 37,472,732 souls, with an area of 9,880 geographical square miles,* and the density is consequently 3,792 souls per geographical square mile; whilst the annual contingent

of conscripts amounts to not quite 3 per mille of the whole population.

The common railway map of *Bradshaw's Continental Guide* will serve to show the development of the whole system of railways in France, but it would require a separate article to show that the whole of this immense net has been constructed in strict subservience to the strategical exigencies of the country. It will suffice to say here, that all the principal frontiers, and the lines of operations based on them—as, for instance, the north-west, England; the north, Belgium; the east, Germany; and the south-east, Italy—are so connected with each other and with the great arsenals and other establishments in the interior, by means of railways abounding in rolling stock fit for the purpose, that the strength of the French army may be considered as trebled in comparison with what the same number was worth before this admirable system was constructed. No country in Europe possesses anything to be compared to this, as we shall have occasion to point out; and the means of military conveyance at the disposal of the French Government is completed by a powerful fleet of excellent transport ships, capable of accommodating 40,000 men and 12,000 horses, built especially for the purpose.

Since the above was written, the much-talked-of reduction has taken place in the French army. The saving to be effected ultimately is calculated at twelve millions of francs—1,500 officers and a large number of sous-officers and corporals being reduced. Is the army thereby reduced in strength? No! The reduction has been applied to the heavy cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The first-named arm

* At 15 miles to a degree, 1 geographical square mile = 21.26 English square miles. We adopt this, because we shall have to use it for other States.

is considered to be less necessary than hitherto, and would have required a large number of remounts for its completion to the war footing; it has therefore lost nothing. The change from smooth-bored to rifled guns, especially the adoption of the lighter French calibre, rendered it quite possible to reduce the artillery; it was desirable to do so on account of remounts; the efficiency of this arm is unimpaired. There remains the infantry; and here we must begin with an extract from the letter of the French Emperor to Marshal M'Mahon, '*Sur la politique de la France en Algérie: 'Les Turcos d'ailleurs, ne nous ont-ils pas rendu d'excellents services en Crimée et en Italie? 20,000 d'entr'eux, enrégimentés sous nos drapeaux, dispenseraient de service militaire 20,000 paysans ou ouvriers français. Dans ce but on retrancherait en France une compagnie par régiment d'infanterie.'* Two companies were reduced instead of one, and three new battalions of tirailleurs Algériens have been formed. Practically, the reduction of infantry will be confined to the dépôt battalion formed out of the three field ones; as in 1859, it will have only four companies instead of six. Our calculation, therefore, holds good.

The Austrian Army.

The difficulties we shall have to encounter in working out a fair estimate of the military strength of the Austrian empire are of a very different character from those that impeded our progress with the same task as regards the French army. There can be no doubt as to Austria possessing an abundance of able-bodied conscripts, and we shall, therefore, not have to deduct anything approaching the same proportion of 'non-valeurs' as in

France; but there are other difficulties, connected with the great question of nationality and religion, and, above all, the financial position of the empire, which are very perplexing in themselves, and require very delicate handling.

The annual levy of conscripts is, as far as we can ascertain, 85,000—at least this was the number actually apportioned off to the different provinces in 1862, as will be seen from a document which follows—and the term of service being eight years, exclusive of two years' reserve, this would give a total of 680,000 men of all arms, which tallies with the 'should-be' strength of the army of the war establishment, amounting to 630,388 men, including 11,653 gendarmes,* and leaving a margin of 5,000, or somewhat over 5 per cent. for non-valeurs, losses, &c. But we believe that 600,000 is about the utmost practicable figure, and of these four-fifths, or 480,000—say, in round numbers, 450,000—are infantry; and there seems little doubt that, as far as the living material is concerned, this number could be brought into the barrack-yard.

According to the plan we have proposed for our guidance, we should now proceed to make the deductions for home and foreign service, in order to ascertain what proportion of the above force is *really available for the field*; but we must deviate here, in the first place, into details of nationality, &c., that have to do with this question, premising, however, that 416,000 men was the peace establishment at the beginning of the past year, inclusive of the corps of occupation in Schleswig-Holstein, and some 60,000 to 70,000 men in Italy.

Here is the Austrian contingent of conscripts for 1862, of which

* This is less than one-half of the number of gendarmes employed in France and Algeria.

mention was made above, as published in the official *Gazette*:—

	Men.
Upper and Lower Austria and Salzburg	5,749
Styria	2,624
Carinthia	848
Carniola	1,222
Littorale (Gorizia, Trieste, Istria)	1,226
Bohemia	12,497
Moravia and Silesia	6,121
Gallicia and the Bukovina	13,285
Dalmatia	896
Tyrol	1,132
Lombardo-Venetia	6,417
Total	52,017
Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and Slavonia	33,000
Grand total	85,017

It appears, therefore, that the Hungarian countries and Italy, taken together, furnish upwards of 46 per cent. of the total number of conscripts; and applying this fact to the question before us, we may make the following rough estimate.

Any war in which the Austrian empire might become involved would present a favourable opportunity to Italy. This would necessitate immediately the employment of an active army of at least 100,000 men for the defence of the Quadrilateral and the line of the Adige, and 50,000 as an army of reserve somewhere near Trieste. Such is the calculation put forward in the German newspapers favourable to Austria, and it would evidently reduce the 450,000 at once to 300,000, for the above number are all infantry.* Now, we may fairly estimate the proportion of infantry furnished by Hungary and Italy at 200,000, and these would, in consequence of the political solidarity that has now been established between these two countries, be only available to a limited extent for operations in

Italy, and would form, consequently, nearly *two-thirds* of the remaining 300,000, from which at least 100,000 must be deducted as garrisons for the large fortresses, and for service in the interior of the country. If Austria can bring into the field for a European war 60,000 infantry, in addition to the 134,279 forming her contingent to the great Federal army, it is probably the utmost she can do; and a large proportion of these will be, as in 1859, troops recruited in Italy and the Hungarian countries, and not in those belonging to Confederate Germany.

We must admit that this is a new and somewhat offensive mode of estimating the probable strength of an army; but we are not answerable for it, as it has been frequently put forward since 1859, and, what is still worse, made the basis of certain political calculations that seem likely to be realised. In fact, there must exist the consciousness of some very great weakness to make the Austrian Government submit tamely to M. de Bismarck's dictation.

The period of service is in Austria eight years in the line, and two in the reserve; but the immense difference between the peace footing, 400,000, and the war establishment, upwards of 600,000, shows that the soldier must pass a considerable portion of his time on furlough; and as the cavalry and some other portions of the army are kept permanently on the war establishment, it is with the infantry chiefly that the period of actual service is reduced to some two to three years. The system of volunteering and re-engagement, as in France, also exists, and there seems to be a strong tendency to acquire the greatest possible number of men

* The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of January 1, 1861, stated the strength of the army of Italy—head-quarters, Verona—at 183,000 men, with a first reserve of 35,000 at Trieste, and a second ditto of same strength at Gratz; altogether 250,000 men.

who devote themselves exclusively to the military profession. The military budget of 1863 puts down upwards of a million of florins on account of volunteers and re-engagements. What their exact number may be we cannot ascertain. It is probably at least as great as that stated for the French army; and it appears that in 1859 some 33,000 volunteers offered their services.

Great pains are taken with the instruction of the troops, and, judging from the very admirable regulations that have been issued to the Austrian army since the year 1859, it would appear that this is conducted on very sound principles. The Austrian army has not, however, had the advantage (in a military point of view) of possessing an Algeria or a Circassia as a field of practice and training. From 1815 till 1848, with the exception of the Neapolitan business in 1821, it never took the field. The civil war that then ensued was anything but a good school; and numbers were so decidedly in its favour during the campaign against Sardinia, that a feeling of overweening confidence, which had much to do with the defeats of 1859, were nearly the sole result of its contact with foreign troops. It seems highly probable that, if an internal political pacification of the empire could be effected, the army would then resume its place as one of the first in Europe.

The financial condition of Austria is, as everyone knows, very unsatisfactory; there is a deficit in the general budget, which is, however, decreasing. The budget of the War Ministry amounted in 1860 to 182 millions of Austrian florins; it was reduced for 1864 to 106⁹/₁₀, and for 1865 to 105⁷/₁₀ millions. In 1864 it amounted to 21½

per cent. of the gross budget of the empire; and if we add to this the budget of the Marine (naval) Ministry, their united amount is somewhat over 23 per cent. of the same. Let us take the Austrian funds on the same 7th of June 1859, that we selected by chance for the French ones, and we find 5 per Cent. National Loan 68.70, and 5 per Cent. Metalliques 62.25 in paper money at Vienna, the exchange on London being for 10*l.* sterling 145.60;* at Frankfort the Nationals were then only 45½ in silver, now they are 65½. The supposed real value of the imports was not quite 27 millions sterling, and of the exports under 30 millions sterling in 1863.

But if the finances are not in a good position they may be made so, and, fortunately for Austria, its population, whose decadence would not be so easily remedied, is in a sound state. The total population was, according to the census of 1857, 35 millions odd, on an area of 11,762,004 geographical square miles—the average density being therefore 2,978 per geographical square mile, the annual contingent of conscripts being under 2½ per mille.

We now come to railways and other means of communication. These are comparatively very imperfect in the Austrian monarchy; there exists, in fact, only one great north-south line, beginning at the Silesian frontier and ending in Venetia, and two great east-west lines, commencing, the one in Lower Hungary, and terminating at the frontier of Upper and Lower Bavaria; the other commencing in Eastern Galicia, and terminating on the frontier of the Upper Palatinate and Saxony. There are several branch lines either in course of construction or completed, but the

* The rate for September 15, 1865, was at Vienna—National, 72.75; Metalliques, 68.15; exchange on London, 10*l.*, 109 10.

commercial relations of the empire are still in their infancy, so to say; capital is very dear, and the railroads, with their rolling stock, therefore in a very incomplete state, and, moreover, to a great extent in the hands of foreign companies, which is a serious drawback in case of a general war. The Danube, however, forms an excellent line of communication through the centre of the monarchy, but which is only available at certain seasons of the year. As compared with France, Austria is very inferior in point of means of transport and communication for warlike purposes.

The Prussian Army.

This is a subject that has been of late much before the public, in consequence of the constitutional struggle between the Government and the Chambers, and we must therefore endeavour to give a brief summary of the questions at issue, inasmuch as they involve political interests of the greatest magnitude. The old plan of organisation of the Prussian army (1814-15) was, reduced to its simplest terms, as follows:—The active army, properly speaking, was composed of two distinct parts: the line, with a war establishment of 170,000 men, and the first Ban of the Landwehr, of the same strength. Each was organised into separate regiments, with corresponding numbers, the line having a permanent organisation, and being, in fact, the school for drilling the whole; the Landwehr regiments having only permanent staffs, the whole of the rank and file being on furlough, and only called in occasionally for exercise. There was no annual contingent of conscripts, every able-bodied Prussian being liable to serve a training period at least, the legal term of service being in the line five years—three under

arms and two in reserve—after which the soldier was transferred to the lists of the first Landwehr class for seven years, at which period he was supposed to have completed his 32nd year, when he was transferred to the second class of the Landwehr—of which more anon—till his 40th year, and finally to the Landsturm or *Levée-en-masse*.

The second class of the Landwehr was intended chiefly for garrison duty in fortresses and the interior; so that, in fact, the 340,000 men of the line and 1st Landwehr were supposed to be nearly altogether available for service in the field.

Putting losses and casualties out of the question for the moment, it is evident that the line should have been always kept up to the war footing, in order to feed the Landwehr first class with the requisite number of men; or its strength might be reduced for economy sake, and the period of training curtailed in such a proportion that the requisite number of men might be trained with a small peace establishment. This was, in fact, what was adopted; the peace establishment of the line was made about four-sevenths of the war ditto, and the infantry soldiers were only kept one and a half to two years under arms, and a compensation was thus obtained which covered losses and casualties. This is a general but correct outline of the Prussian system, which has been so much admired, and so often held out as a pattern to the rest of Europe; it was, in fact, very ingenious, and answered perfectly *till it came to be tried*, when it broke down miserably on three occasions—namely, in 1848-49, when the great revolutionary movement took place throughout Germany; in 1851, when Prussia, not being able to get an army together, was compelled to cave in and sign the Olmütz Convention; and in 1859,

when the great armament against France was attempted.

When the present King ascended the throne, he altered the whole organisation. In the first place, the legal three years under arms were insisted on for all soldiers without exception; and secondly, the first class of the Landwehr* was to a great extent incorporated with the line, which led to a considerable increase in the number of regiments and battalions—254 of the latter instead of 145—there still remaining, however, 'en cadre,' 117 battalions of Landwehr, which included men of both the first and second classes.

Now, the struggle between the Crown and the Chambers comes in fact to this: the former wants to have an army that can be relied on, at least so far as to appear when called out, its ultimate object being the hegemony of Prussia in Germany, when some portion of the military budget would be transferred to the other States; the Liberal party in the Chambers wants to have Prussia swallowed up in some ideal organisation of Germany that is not yet fixed upon, and in furtherance of this object they want to have back the old Landwehr, *which wouldn't turn out* when called on, and the line, composed of two years' service men, who would not be likely to interfere too much with these wise plans. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the political question; but we may as well express our conviction that, in a military point of view, the Government is undoubtedly right, the Prussian organisation, as it hitherto

existed, being simply a waste of time and money; whilst, on the other hand, the Chambers would probably have done better to insist on some such control as our Mutiny Act confers, if they could manage to carry it, instead of meddling with details of organisation that are obviously out of the province of parliamentary bodies.

If the reader now demands what the present organisation and strength of the Prussian army is, we can only tell him what the Government wants to have; and we have an idea that *it will have it in the end*, notwithstanding all the doctors and professors. The last proposition made by the Minister of War was on the 8th February last, fixing the time of service in the line at seven years (instead of five), three to be under arms and four in reserve for completing to the war footing; † then follow four years in the first, and five in the second class of the Landwehr—in all sixteen years, instead of twenty, as formerly; moreover, only eleven years in the line and 1st Landwehr, the classes most likely to be called on, instead of twelve, as heretofore. This proposition was declined, and can scarcely be carried into effect without passing the Chambers; but the Government probably has sufficient power to adhere to its own organisation of regiments, battalions, &c., whether the Chambers assent or not. According to this latter, there would be in round numbers 250,000 infantry available for active service, in addition to 120,000 ditto of 1st Landwehr. Now, supposing these latter to be applicable for garrison

* It was precisely this portion of the force that could not be counted on for service either at home or abroad, especially the former. Very naturally, men who had served their time, as they thought, married and settled down, were unwilling to take a musket again, and political motives were made a pretext for purely personal ones.

† This is the reverse of the new French system, which makes the reserve consist of partially-trained recruits; here it consists of farloughed soldiers. We have already pointed out the why of the French system.

duty in the fortresses, &c., in addition to 50,000 infantry of the line, Prussia would be able to turn out about 200,000 infantry, with the necessary proportions of cavalry and artillery; that is quite as much as we have estimated for Austria, and nearly as much as France can bring into the field *on one frontier*.

What has been already said will suffice to show that the Prussian army will always consist of an admixture of three parts young soldiers, with four parts men recalled from furlough. If the Government knows six months beforehand that it is going to war, and if the *casus belli* be not too unpopular, we have no doubt of its doing well; but a sudden surprise of any kind might prove fatal. The Germans, and especially the Prussians, are deep and correct, although by no means rapid thinkers; but in warlike matters, rapidity of conception and execution are of more importance than absolute correctness. Indications of this tendency to formal propriety may be found in the conduct of the Prussians in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign; and this will probably always be the stumbling-block, as there can be no doubt as to the steady bravery and other admirable military qualities of this people. The officers are uncommonly well instructed, but have hitherto had little practice or experience; and we must confess that the whole Prussian system of organisation and instruction is too artificial to please us exactly.

Although there exists, as in Austria, a deficit in the general budget, the Prussian finances cannot be said to be in a bad state; the funds show this. There has always been a certain amount of treasure kept

in reserve, for the purpose of meeting a warlike emergency; and the Crown has very extensive domains, in addition to a large amount of property belonging to the royal family, which is, by the way, the proper way of accounting for M. de Bismarck's total *insouciance* as to the budget being voted or not; in addition to which, the taxes, once voted, may be legally levied, *ad infinitum*, without any further authorisation.* But this state of things cannot go on for ever; and with a deficit in the general budget, the army being on the peace establishment, what would be the case if it came to a war? The present peace establishment is about 190,000 men of all arms; the budget for its maintenance, ordinary and extraordinary taken together, amounts to 39½ millions of thalers (not quite six millions sterling), or near 29 per cent. of the general budget. Let us suppose the army on the war footing of 350,000 of all arms; the expense would amount to near 70 per cent. of the present resources of the country. If Prussia can manage to annex all or the greater part of Germany, the speculation may answer; otherwise, somebody is sure to come to grief.

We have not been able to ascertain the value of the Prussian imports and exports, but it must be very considerable, and will become still more so.

The total population amounted in 1861 to 18,490,000 millions of souls, on an area of 510,397 geographical square miles; the relative average density is therefore 3,623 per geographical square mile. Amongst the above are to be found 2,1½ millions speaking various Slavonic dialects, some Lettonians in the east-

* Both in Austria and Prussia—indeed, in most other German States—this system exists; but it is evidently very dangerous for a Government to go on long, as, in fact, it can never venture on the slightest alteration of its commercial and financial systems while resting on this basis.

ern and Walloons in the western provinces—altogether $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions not Germans, but more or less Germanised. The annual levy is about 63,000 conscripts, or under $3\frac{1}{2}$ per mille. Its physical condition may be considered very satisfactory in the eastern provinces; not so in the great manufacturing districts of the west, where there exists a great difficulty in obtaining the proportion of conscripts required to fill up the regiments; in fact, this cannot be effected without aid from the old provinces.

The Prussian railway system, in which must be included, for military purposes, those of the other Northern German States, is much better developed than that of Austria, but still nothing to compare with the great French strategical net. The Rhine will always form the line of collision in the first instance, and we believe the French (as things now stand) can always reach this quicker, and in a more favourable manner, than the Germans (Prussia included). New lines, however, are being constructed, which will improve the facilities of communication on the right bank.

The Russian Army.

As we progress towards the east and north, the difficulty of obtaining men and horses diminishes nearly to zero; that of procuring the 'means of carrying on the war' augments in nearly the same proportion; and in Russia another element, that of vastness of space, is introduced into the calculation. This very vastness is a two-edged weapon; it saved Russia in 1812, but it effectually prevented her from making use of all her great resources in 1854-56, and it will always, or at least for a long time, prevent her pressing so heavily on the west of Europe as has been hitherto feared. We may therefore

dismiss the question of men and horses in a few words, stating that Russia can bring out on the parade ground, on the complete war establishment, about 600,000 infantry, including chasseurs, and that the term of service is nominally fifteen years. One great difference between the new Russian organisation and those we meet with elsewhere, is that there are three graduations of peace establishment: *a.* The Cadre Establishment, 320 men per battalion; *b.* The ordinary peace ditto, 500 men; *c.* The reinforced peace establishment, 680 men; the war establishment being 900 men for the battalions of the line, and 720 for those of the chasseurs. These are much handier bodies than those of the former organisation, and the transition from peace to war is graduated, which, however, presupposes a system of furloughs and reserves, with the details of which what are called the sedentary troops are entrusted.

There are two points at which a large proportion of the regular army are permanently fixed, Poland and Caucasia. These must always be held strongly occupied; they form the extremities of the long line of the western frontier of Russia, and, distant as they are, a certain amount of reciprocity of strategical action exists between them. Russia has been attacked at both extremities of this line—in 1812 through Poland, in 1854-55 on the Black Sea, and simultaneously on the Baltic. She is open to attack again in the same way, whenever she provokes it; and hence arises the necessity for such a distribution of her entire force as will enable her to defend whichever of the two theatres of war, the northern or the southern one, may be attacked, without weakening too much the long central line that lies between. This is the reason why

we used the expression 'vastness of space entering into the calculation of the strength of the Russian army as a new element.'

The lamentable Polish insurrection led, towards the end of 1863, to diplomatic pourparlers which at one time assumed a complexion that rendered it advisable to sketch out a plan for the distribution of the Russian army, to enable it to meet eventualities, as our neighbours say, and so much of this transpired as suffices to give us a very good idea of the manner in which space absorbs even the most numerous armies. Here it is; but the reader will immediately perceive that the numbers given include all three arms, and are not confined to infantry alone:—

For Finland and the Baltic Provinces, 250,000 (of these, 100,000 guards and grenadiers would form a reserve at St. Petersburg); in Poland and Lithuania (permanent), 150,000; in the South-West and Bessarabia (General Lüders), 190,000; Odessa, Nicolajew, and the Crimea, 70,000; borders of the Sea of Asoph and Caucasia, 110,000: total, 770,000. To which must be added a reserve of 100,000 men for the south-western army, under Lüders, which was to be assembled at Moscow.

The plan of operations was *supposed* to be as follows; and although only a supposition, it is very like a probability:—

In the spring of 1864, an army of operation of 100,000 advances from Caucasia, by Gumri, on to the plateau of Turkish Armenia; this to serve as a *contre coup* to an attack on the coasts of the Baltic and Finland.

A second army of operation of 150,000 men (Lüders) advances from Bessarabia, occupies Moldavia and Wallachia, and supports the Servians, thus extending the strategic action nearly to the coasts of

the Adriatic, and isolating Turkey in Europe completely. The communication between these two armies would be secured by the 70,000 men between Odessa and the Crimea, bringing altogether upwards of 300,000 men to bear on the basin of the Black Sea, and leaving nearly 400,000, in two armies of 150,000 each, with a reserve for the northern theatre of war, including Poland.

The communication between the Caucasian and the Bessarabian armies would be, as we see, through the Crimea; an important link in the chain would be the fortified encampment at Kertsch. Here and at Jenikaleh, some 15 millions of roubles have been expended on fortifications, and 400 rifled guns of the largest calibre already mounted; at least three times that number are to be distributed between the fortifications at the entrance to the strait of Kertsch. Six millions of roubles have been expended on the fortifications of Nicolajeff, where one dock for ironclad frigates is already completed and another commenced, and a strong fleet of ironclad gunboats prepared, either to defend the passage into the Sea of Azow, or act offensively with the Bessarabian army on the Lower Danube.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything as to the *physique* of the Russian population or their density, nor can there be any doubt as to their fighting well. There exists, however, still an immense amount of friction in the Russian army, proceeding, to a great extent, from the unusual tendency to corrupt practices, which it seems almost impossible to eradicate, or even keep within tolerable limits. Were it not for this, the above figures would have an importance difficult to estimate.

Russia can, no doubt, manage to feed her armies without money on

her own territories, and even outside of them, as the Hungarians and Wallachians can testify; but, nevertheless, the state of her trade and finances cannot be altogether overlooked. The budget of 1864 was balanced by 18 millions roubles Exchequer bills and a $28\frac{1}{2}$ million loan; there must, then, be a deficit of nearly 50 millions, which is being expended at Kertsch and elsewhere, as we find upwards of 37 millions for extra military expenses in the budget. The budget of the War Ministry (ordinary and extraordinary) amounts, without the navy, to fully 36 per cent. of the entire budget; with the navy, to upwards of 44 per cent. of the same. Now, of the forty-seven divisions of infantry, twenty-eight have been placed since August 1864 on the reinforced peace establishment, and twelve on the ordinary peace establishment, six in the Caucasus, being probably on the war footing, and one unaccounted for. We may therefore assume that, to put the whole army on the war footing and keep it in the field, would devour 75 to 80 per cent. of the entire revenue. The $28\frac{1}{2}$ million roubles loan of 1864 is quoted now in London at $95\frac{1}{2}$; how would it look in case of such an eventuality?

But the commerce of Russia is very considerable: the exports were valued in 1861 at $26\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, and the imports at $25\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling; the latter had slightly increased, and the former diminished, as compared with 1860. What can we say about Russian railroads, except that there are a few inches constructed of the thousands of miles wanted some day.

The English Army.

This is a subject to puzzle a statistician fresh from the task of computing foreign armies, terms of

service, and conscription. Here all are volunteers; and it may be safely asserted that no other country in Europe could obtain anything like the same number of volunteer recruits that the population of the United Kingdom supplies without an apparent effort; and when we take further into account the numbers that Ireland has furnished to America of late years, the sum total is perfectly astounding, putting the navy, the police, and the Irish constabulary altogether out of the question.

Having exposed the weak points of the continental armies, it would be neither fair nor wise to attempt to conceal those of our own; in fact, we should be suggesting a false element of calculation if we did. The value of the British soldier is perfectly well understood, not only in Europe, but over the whole globe; it is a very positive quantity. But the relative value of the British army is a very different matter, and one most difficult to estimate. One thing is certain, that our military system would be an utter impossibility in any other country. The North Americans tried an imitation of it, which turned out a miserable failure. And there are good reasons why this should be so. There is always a certain relation between the political and social condition of a country and its armed force; the peculiarities of the former will always be found reflected, as it were, in the constitution of the latter; and the British army is full, not only of the living convictions of the present, but of the traditions of past and no longer really existing social and political institutions; nay, strange to say, much of its value, and perhaps some of its faults too, may be traced to the latter.

If the number of our volunteer soldiers far exceeds that which any other country in Europe could ever

hope to obtain,* so, on the other hand, the number of our deserters has in some years exceeded by far the sum total of all the desertions from all the European armies taken together; and of late years a new crime, that of shooting down superiors, has begun to make its appearance. These have been at all times the prominent crimes of armies recruited by voluntary enlistment; the elements of which they are composed require the enforcement of an iron discipline, which presses heavily on the young soldier, and tends to destroy that bond of mutual sympathy which should exist between the officer and soldier. The amount of personal liberty enjoyed by, and personal responsibility thrown on, the British soldier is at a minimum; he is more a mere machine than any soldier in Europe, perhaps the Russian excepted. No doubt, a consequence of this is, that both one and the other will repeat charge after charge, and stand to be shot down in a way that no other soldier will; but these advantages may be too dearly bought, and admirable as he often is in the field, the regular professional soldier is almost always more or less difficult to manage in garrison. There exist, possibly, means of mitigating the evils we here advert to, but we must reserve their consideration for another opportunity.

But we must hurry on to our estimate. Our infantry consists of—Foot Guards, 6,303; infantry of the line, 135,530 all told: about 120,000 effective rank and file. Of the 141 battalions of the line there are 40 at home, 46 in the colonies, and 55 in India. The total infantry at home is 35,700 men in battalions,

and 10,220 in colonial and Indian depôts—altogether 45,920 men; but the depôt men are, of course, not available for active service. We can scarcely bring an independent army into the field in Europe under these circumstances, and the people that talked so big about Holstein last year should have known this; next year we are to have 47 battalions at home, unless something should happen in Canada or elsewhere. It seems, too, that we are going to reduce two companies of each battalion, in imitation of our neighbours.

The British army is scattered over the whole face of the globe in the performance of its most arduous duties, which is very unfavourable to its instruction in field duties, and it was high time for the formation of camps of instruction. Great care should, however, be taken to prevent these degenerating into common garrisons and drill institutions, to which there is always a tendency.

The total amount chargeable to the imperial budget for the army, militia, &c., is upwards of 22 per cent. of the gross budget, besides a large sum chargeable to the Indian budget for the portion of the force there. Army and navy taken together amount to nearly 40 per cent., exclusive of India.

Let us take the total strength of the entire army at 220,000 in round numbers; about one-tenth of that number, or 22,000, will be the average annual contingent of recruits, which would be about one and one-third per mille on the population of the United Kingdom, 29 millions odd, which gives, on an area of 5,696·8 geographical square miles, a relative density of about 5,103 per geographical square mile.† It is scarcely necessary to

* Strange to say, the only other recruited armies in Europe within the last fifty years have been the Neapolitan and the Papal.

† With the conscription, the above population should give easily 45,000 to 50,000 recruits annually, or an army of 450,000 to 500,000 men if the finances would bear it.

say anything about either commerce or railroads.

The Italian Army.

We must not only wind up with this, but treat it very briefly. Strange to say, this ancient seat of European civilisation resembles in some respects more nearly the northern and north-eastern States than its next neighbour and near relation, France. There is a superabundance of fine population, as far as *physique* goes, but the finances are not in proportion. These may, and no doubt will, improve with time; but will the Italians ever become a warlike people like the French, or ever reach the standard of the Spaniards? The Piedmontese, the Lombards, the Romagnoles, and the Sicilians, are good soldiers even now, and there is no want of that kind of military talent that produces good Generals; in fact, Italy has produced a great number during the present century, not to mention the great captain, Napoleon; but the Italian population is generally not hard and reckless enough of life to make good soldiers, although individually brave. Under these circumstances, much will depend, of course, on the leader, and the issue of the first great engagement. Victor Emmanuel's personal bravery, which contributed much to the success of Palestro, screwed up his soldiers to the great effort at San Martino. With 50,000 French alongside of them, and the self-confidence they have now regained to a great extent, the Italians will probably do well in the next campaign.

The total of the Italian infantry, including grenadiers and sharpshooters, is 267,000—say 250,000 men. Of these, 100,000 at least will be required for the fortresses and the interior; 150,000 would therefore be about the maximum available for

an army of operation. It will require a French auxiliary force of the strength named above to enable them to attempt the conquest of Venetia. No doubt there exists a reserve of 70,000 men on paper, but this will be required to feed the war and meet unforeseen contingencies.

The Italian army consists of three classes of soldiers: 1st, What are called ordinance soldiers; in fact, voluntary enlistment men. These are not numerous. Term of service, eight years. 2nd, The first category of the annual conscription, forming the great bulk of the army. Term of service, eleven years in peace time, five of which present with their regiments, and six on furlough. 3rd, The second category of the annual conscription, instructed during forty days for the infantry, and then sent to their homes, where they remain available for five years as a reserve.

These two categories of the annual contingent amount, taken together, to 44,000 men, which would be two per mille on the entire population of all Italy, including Rome and Naples, which meanwhile are in other hands.

The general budget shows a considerable deficit; no doubt, part of this is for public works. In 1864 the ordinary and extraordinary war budgets amounted to about 25 per cent. of the whole budget; and adding the navy budget, the proportion would be 32 per cent. nearly. A war would drive this up very high. The total imports were in 1862 upwards of thirty-two millions sterling; the exports about nineteen millions sterling.

The Italian system of railways is very well devised for strategical purposes, both in the basin of the Po and outside of this. The military key of Italy lies in this basin, especially in the point of view of a struggle between Austria and

France for the domination of the Peninsula ; and it was therefore a very wise measure the removing of the capital from Turin—which was always the object of operation to both Austrians and French—to Florence, which lies in the flank of their respective lines of operation, and also within an easy distance of Bologna, which will be eventually the basis of operations against Venice and the Adriatic, by way of Ancona.

This paper has run to such a length that we cannot group the elements here described, or attempt to draw a balance as we should have desired to do. It would also be desirable, if possible, to go into

the question of field artillery, but this, properly speaking, should form the subject of a separate article ; and we can only say here, that all the foreign armies, without exception, are now furnished with rifled artillery, some to a greater, some to a less extent. It is, however, still a moot question whether it be advisable to get rid of the smooth bores altogether or not. The general impression is to the contrary ; and we should say that if any system of rifled gun effects the total abandonment of smooth-bores, it will be probably that very ingenious one invented by Mr. Mackay, or some modification of it.



THE DAWK BUNGALOW;

OR, 'IS HIS APPOINTMENT PUCKA?'

BY G. O. TREVELYAN.

Acted at the Residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Dec. 21, 1863.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. JUDKINS, Commissioner of Budgemahal.

The Hon. Mr. HORACE CHOLMONDELEY, M.P., a Gentleman travelling in search of facts.

Lieut. MAERDEN, of the B.N.I., Acting-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector of Bridges in the Public Works Department.

ABDOOL, a Madras Boy in the service of Mr. Cholmondeley.

The KHANSAUMAUN or STEWARD of the Dawk Bungalow at Muckapore Bikra.

Mrs. SMART, Wife of the Judge of Budgemahal.

Miss FANNY SMAET, her Daughter.

SUSAN THACKER, her European Lady's-maid.

ACT I.

THE CENTER ROOM IN THE DAWK BUNGALOW AT MUCKAPORE BIKRA.

A Bedstead and Table on opposite sides of the Apartment.

[*Enter CHOLMONDELEY and ABDOOL.*]

C.—Hi, there! Landlord! Landlord! Abdool, tell me the Hindoostanee for 'devil.'

A.—'Shaitan,' Sahib. Devil turkey,—turkey shaitan. Plenty wicked word that.

C.—Ho! where the shaitan is the landlord hi? Landlord, I say?

A.—Ho! Khansaumaun!

[*Enter KHANSAUMAUN.*]

K.—Salaam, sahib.

C.—Why the shaitan didn't you come before, you lazy old budzart? † Abdool, tell him to bring some soda-water.

A.—Ho, Khansaumaun—Belattee pawnee, ‡ brandy shrab!

C.—Abdool, let the landlord know that he had better make me comfortable. Tell him that I am an English gentleman of good family. Tell him, too, that I am related to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

A.—Ho, Khansaumaun! Sahib Burra Mahngee ke Bhai hi. § Sahib Belattee koolin brahmin hi.

K.—Bah Wah!

C.—Tell him, too, that I am a connection of the Postmaster-General.

* A large proportion of public servants in India occupy vicarious or 'acting' appointments. If they succeed in being 'confirmed' in their position, they become, in Anglo-Indian parlance, 'Pucka'—a term of general application, implying 'perfect,' or 'complete.'

† Base-born fellow.

‡ Literally, 'English water.'

§ 'Ho, Khansaumaun! the Sahib is the brother of the great barge. The Sahib is an English high-caste Brahmin.'

A.—Sahib Burra Dak Wallah Sahib ke betá hi.*

K.—Bah Wah!

C.—Now I flatter myself that I have impressed him sufficiently. Abdool, ask him whether there are any letters for Mr. Cholmondeley.

A.—Chulmungular Sahib ke wasti chittee hi?† [KHANSAUMAUN gives letter.]

C.—Here is a hand I ought to know. Why, it's from my old school-fellow Tom Blake, the Junior Secretary in the Home Department. Let me see what he says. [Reads.] 'Dear Chum,'—(Hum! familiar is Tom)—'Very glad you enjoy your tour. Sorry I can't join 'you. My chief keeps me tight to work. Takes no holidays 'himself. Gives me fewer still.' Tom's style is curt. I may say succinct. He is said to get through more work in a given time than any man in the secretariat; and, gad, I begin to understand how he earns his reputation. [Reads]—'I enclose a letter of introduction to old Judkins, the Commissioner of Budgemahal. Tell you more 'about Waste Lands than any man in India. Wrote a report so long that 'the Lieutenant-Governor would not read it, and gave him Budgemahal to 'get him out of the way. Telegraphed to you on Friday week to say I 'would not come.' Hullo, Abdool, has a telegraph come for me?

A.—No, master. Master not understand Indian system of telegrumps. Suppose Blake Sahib want send telegrump to master, he send telegrump Friday. Next Monday he write letter. Master get letter first: tell him contents of telegrump. Two, three day after telegrump done coming. Master then know what to expect. That way no mistake made.

C.—O! that is the case, is it? I'll make a note of that in my commonplace book. [Writes]—'Telegraph in India employed as auxiliary to 'epistolary communication.' Gad! I've neglected my commonplace-book lately. I must make up for lost time. But, while I think of it, let me settle my accounts. Abdool, what have you paid for me since yesterday morning?

A.—Master drive three dawks yesterday. Give syce three rupee, grass-cut two rupee. Three syce three grass-cut fifteen rupee. That make one gold mohur.

C.—That seems rather a high rate of tips, considering that the longest stage was under six miles.

A.—O, master plenty Burra Lord Sahib. Chota‡ Sahib one rupee give. Burra Sahib two rupee. Burra Lord Sahib three rupee.

C.—Well, the man's right. Gad, the man's right. But what did you pay at the bungalow where we stopped last night?

A.—Bungalow servants, three rupee yeight anna. Beer shrub, two rupee yeight anna. Master's bed, five rupee.

C.—Five rupees for the privilege of laying my mattress in an apartment shared by seven other individuals, where I was kept awake the first half of the night by two civilians discussing the respective merits of ryotwaree and village tenures, and the last half by two planters abusing the Secretary of State for India! Well, go on.

A.—Coolies, ten rupee.

C.—What! Ten rupees for carrying my baggage from the ghant§ to the dog-cart?

* 'The Sahib is the son of the head letter-carrier.'

† 'Are there any letters for Mr. Chulmungular?'

‡ Little.

§ Wharf.

A.—Master's bakkus plenty heavy. Wages plenty too much high. Coolies dig at Reproductertive Pubberlic Workus. Coolie now get three rupee a day.

C.—Gad so. Very true. [*Writes*].—'Labour market sensibly understocked. Impulse given to trade by demand for cotton. Unskilled labour out here paid higher than skilled labour at home.' Go ahead.

A.—Light for cheroot, yeight anna. Master's dinner, twelve rupee.

C.—Why, I'd nothing but one curried fowl, and that fowl had no wings or breast. And, now that I come to think of it, the fowl I had the day before yesterday had no wings or breast either. How's that, Abdool?

A.—Sahib, these Bengal fowl no wings got. Bad fowl these. Madras fowl plenty too much wings got.

C.—O, well, wings or no wings, I'm mortally tired of fowls. I've had nothing for the last week but those unlucky birds, except, indeed, a pot of preserved grouse which had been left by an officer who was quartered in these parts during the mutiny. [*Clucking heard outside.*] What's that?

A.—Master's dinner done killing.

C.—O Lord! another fowl! Well, what's the total of my account?

A.—Forty-nine rupee, twelve anna.

C.—Here's a fifty rupee note. Never mind the odd annas. You may keep them for yourself.

A.—O, master very kind. Plenty much thanks to master. [*Exit CHOLMONDELEY into Bedroom.*] Ha! ha!—Master plenty wise Sahib. He know plenty much about Indian institutions. He not know greatest institution of all. He never heard of dustoorie.*

[*Executes dance of exultation.*]

Whenever master spends a chick,†
I keep back two rupees, sir!
And though the money goes so quick,
The reason ne'er he sees, sir.
And so while I am growing rich,
He fast is getting poor, he
Laments a fact the cause of which
Is nothing but dustoorie.

We do not love the income tax,
Though less by one per cent., sirs;
And lighter far we felt our backs
When that infiction went, sirs.
And yet I'll confidently state,
And you shall be the jury,
That of all taxes, small and great,
The heaviest is dustoorie.

Wah! Wah! Here come one Burrah Mem Sahib, and one plenty pretty Missy Baba! (*Enter Mrs. SMART and FANNY, followed by SUSAN THACKER.*) Salaam, Lady!

F.—Law, Ma! what a well-dressed bearer! I wonder who he belongs to.

Mrs. S.—Kiska Nowkar?‡

A.—My master, Chulmungular Sahib. Plenty great Sahib he. Member of Council for making Laws and Regulations for Presidency of England.

[*Exit ABDPOOL.*]

* The commission pocketed by servants employed in making payments.

† A sum of four rupees.

‡ 'Whose servant are you?'

Mrs. S.—Good gracious, Fanny, this must be Mr. Cholmondeley, the young Member of Parliament, about whom Mrs. Foley wrote to us from Calcutta. How fortunate we are in having met him here! Now listen, my dear! I insist on your making yourself agreeable to him. Don't frown, Miss. I *insist* upon it.

F.—I don't know what you mean by making myself agreeable, Ma. If I try to make myself more agreeable than Heaven made me, that would be flying in the face of Providence.

Mrs. S.—Silence, Fanny. Since that young Marsden came to the station, your undutifulness has been past bearing. I wish he had been under the scaffolding when the roof of that new cutcherry which he was building fell in, and killed two mookhtars* and your Pa's principal Sudder Ameen.†

F.—How wicked of you to speak so, Mamma! I'm sure I don't know why you are always abusing that poor Mr. Marsden. I believe it's only because I care for him; and why shouldn't I care for him, I should like to know? (*Cries.*)

Mrs. S.—Why shouldn't you care for him, you abandoned girl? That I should live to hear *my* daughter ask such a question. Are you not aware, Fanny, that he is only *Acting-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector*? Do you imagine that I should give my child to a man whose appointment was not pukka?

F.—But, Mamma, is Mr. Cholmondeley's appointment pukka?

Mrs. S.—How can you talk such nonsense, child? One would think you only came out at the end of this cold weather, instead of during the rains before last. Mr. Cholmondeley is a landed gentleman, and draws twelve thousand rupees a month from his estates in Derbyshire, besides holding Government paper to a large amount.

F.—Well, Ma, I don't see what that matters to us. You don't suppose he came to India to look for a wife? He might have found plenty of girls at home who would endure to marry twelve thousand a month.

Mrs. S.—Choopraho!‡ You are a naughty, impertinent, self-willed girl. I have a good mind to counter-order the Europe ball-dress which is coming out for you by the first steamer in October.

F.—Why, Ma, you are always throwing that Europe ball-dress in my teeth. I hope and trust that before next October I shall no longer depend upon you and Papa for my wardrobe.

Mrs. S.—Well, Miss, if that means that you expect to marry young Marsden—However, I'll have no more of this. But, Choop! Choop! Somebody's coming.

[Enter CHOLMONDELEY.]

C.—Gad, what a pleasure there is in having a thorough cleaning up after a journey! I hate temporary measures. None of your basins in the waiting-room, with a piece of soap borrowed from the station-master, and a napkin abstracted from the refreshment buffet. One never feels so dirty as after a partial wash. Ladies, by George! (*Bows.*) Madam, I fear that it was with the reverse of pleasure you found a stranger already settled in the hotel.

Mrs. S.—O, sir, my daughter and I are much too old travellers to

* Attorneys.

† County Court judge.

‡ 'Hold your tongue.'

expect solitude in a dawk bungalow. As there is no third party, I shall take the liberty of introducing myself as Mrs. Smart, wife of the late Judge of Budgemahal.

C. (*bows and writes*)—‘Peculiarities of Anglo-Indian manners. Old ladies take the liberty of introducing themselves as wives of the late Judge of Budgemahal.’ Well, madam, since you have taken the initiative, allow me to present to your notice Mr. Horace Cholmondeley, of Paxton Park, Derbyshire.

Mrs. S.—Most happy, I am sure, to make your acquaintance.

C.—And, pray, who is the young lady with the bandbox?

Mrs. S.—That is our European lady’s-maid, Mr. Cholmondeley.

C. (*aside*).—A European lady’s-maid! What gigantic ideas of nationality people have in this country! I suppose I shall hear next of a Caucasian coachman and a Semitic flunkey.

Mrs. S.—This, Mr. Cholmondeley, is my daughter Fanny.

C.—My dear Mrs. Smart, your daughter? I thought she was your sister. (*Aside*)—Gad, I suspect I have offended the young lady more than I have pleased the old one. Miss Smart, I presume by your colour that you have only landed within the last month.

F.—Come, Mr. Cholmondeley, you can’t return so soon upon your statement that I looked like my mother’s sister. I came out during the rains before last, and two hot seasons have so altered me that I cannot wonder at strangers mistaking me for my own aunt.

C.—Two hot seasons! Good heavens, Miss Smart, what can the young men be about?

F.—Mr. Cholmondeley, the young men out here are much too *hardly* worked to allow them time for paying impertinent compliments. (*Walks across the stage*.)

Mrs. S.—Mr. Cholmondeley, my daughter had a long dawk, and is tired and feverish.

C. (*bows and writes*)—‘Peculiarities of Anglo-Indian manners.—‘When young ladies are rude they have had long dawks, and are tired and feverish.’ I trust *you* have not suffered from the journey, Mrs. Smart?

Mrs. S.—No indeed. I am of the old school, Mr. Cholmondeley. These young ladies will dance till five o’clock in the morning for a week together, but a night in a palkee is too much for their delicate constitutions. Well do I remember how I came up-country with Mr. Smart to our first appointment five and twenty years ago. I landed at Garden Reach on the Monday, after a rapid passage of a hundred and sixty-four days in the ‘Bombay Castle.’ On the Wednesday I met Mr. Smart at a ball at the Chief’s, and by Saturday evening we were in a budgerow on our way to Boglipore, which we reached after a pleasant voyage of seven weeks and three days. O, the delights of those days! My unwedded life in India was short indeed, for it extended only from the Monday evening till the Friday morning. But it was very sweet. I was acknowledged to be the belle of Calcutta; and a young gentleman was to have written me some verses in the *Friend of India*, but unfortunately I was married before the number came out. Ah, Mr. Cholmondeley! I was called the Europe Angel.

C.—Yes, the late Mr. Smart must have been indeed a happy man! You said the *late*, did not you? (*Sighs*.)

Mrs. S.—O no; not at all. I said the late Judge of Budgemahal. You must know, Mr. Cholmondeley, that a certain fatality has linked my

husband's destiny to that of a person of the name of Judkins. Their rivalry dates from Haileybury, where Mr. Smart obtained seventeen gold and three silver medals, while Mr. Judkins was forced to content himself with three gold medals and seventeen silver. During the early part of their Indian career they were constantly pitted against each other. At length their lines* diverged. Mr. Judkins went into the Revenue, and became Commissioner of Budgemahal; while my husband chose the Judicial, and was appointed to the judgeship at the same station. Mr. Cholmondeley, you will hardly believe the insults we endured for the last three years from that man and his low up-country-bred wife! Thank heaven, my husband has now risen in his own line out of reach of Mr. Judkins. He has been appointed within the last month to the Sudder Court at Agra, and my daughter and I are now travelling down to join him. O, Mr. Cholmondeley! you little know the depth of villany to which a thorough-bred Revenue officer is capable of stooping.

C. (*writes*)—‘Memo—To inform myself concerning the depth of ‘villany to which a thorough-bred Revenue officer is capable of stooping.’ I sympathise deeply, Madam. Pray accept my warmest congratulations on your removal from the sphere of the machinations of that serpent. But what means of annoyance did he adopt?

Mrs. S.—Well, Mr. Cholmondeley, you must know that he has abetted a protégé of his own, one Marsden, who has paid his addresses to my daughter—a young man in the public works, who (would you believe it, Mr. Cholmondeley?) has not even been confirmed.

C.—The young heathen! And is not Mr. Marsden aware of his awful condition?

Mrs. S.—No; extraordinary to relate, he shows the greatest indifference. And though he has plenty of interest, being, in fact, the son of a member of the Indian Council, he has not yet induced his father to use his influence to get him confirmed.

C.—Indeed! (*Writes*)—‘The official element so strong out here that ‘private influence is required to obtain the performance of the most ordinary rites of the church.’ A new phase of nepotism, by George!

Mrs. S.—But, Mr. Cholmondeley, what has brought you into these parts?

C.—Well, my dear Madam, I am on my way to the Sonepore meeting. I am told that I shall see more Indian life at the Sonepore Races in a week than during a year at Calcutta.

Mrs. S. (*with a bounce*)—Indian life, indeed! A hole-and-corner gathering of Bahar people. I assure you, Mr. Cholmondeley, that we North-westerners don't think so much of those down-country meetings. But to hear the Patna people talk, you would think Sonepore was the Derby and the St. Leger rolled into one. Indian life, indeed! Indian fiddlesticks!

C. (*aside*)—Gad, the old girl seems irate. I'll go to my bedroom, and write out my notes. *Au revoir*, Mrs. Smart. I wish you good morning, Miss Smart. [Exit C.]

Mrs. G.—Well, Fanny, I hope you consider you have behaved rudely enough to Mr. Cholmondeley.

F.—O, Mamma, I cannot endure a swell, even though his whiskers are pukka; and, upon my honour, I believe that Mr. Cholmondeley's are only an acting pair.

* The two careers open to the Civil servant in India are familiarly known as the Revenue line and the Judicial line.

Mrs. S.—How vulgar you are, Fanny! Why, Susan, what is the matter?

SUSAN.—Matter enough, ma'am! I have just seen with my own eyes young Mr. Marsden in the stable a-watching his horse having his gram,* and smoking his cheroot as cool as if the bungalow belonged to him.

Mrs. S.—Horrid young man! How can he have the face to come across us? I am quite certain that odious Mr. Judkins cannot be far off. Whenever you see Mr. Marsden, you may be sure that his patron is somewhere in the neighbourhood. They remind me of a pilot fish and a shark. Ha! ha! I should like to see Mr. Judkins with a piece of pork and a rusty iron hook in his mouth, and to have hold of the other end of the rope with my own hands. *[Retires to rear of stage.]*

SUSAN.—O, Miss, it is just what your Ma said, only I didn't dare to tell her so. That Mr. Judkins will be here in half an hour, and intends to stop till the cool of the evening. He is marching on a visit of inspection to the out-stations, to see that the roads are in proper order against the time that the members of Council go up to the Great Exhibition at Lahore. Mr. Marsden told me all that as free as might be, like a civil-spoken, handsome young gentleman as he is.

F.—Nonsense, Susan. But does Frank—does Mr. Marsden know that I—that our party is here?

SUSAN.—Yes, Miss. He said he knew it by the instinct of affection.

F.—He said a great deal of nonsense, I've no doubt. But silence. Here he comes.

[Enter MARSDEN. He goes up to FANNY, but Mrs. SMART steps in.]

Mrs. S.—Well, Mr. Marsden, I should have thought that you might have abstained from forcing yourself in our company during the last day we spend in this Division. Before another word passes, I must insist on knowing definitely what are your intentions?

M.—My intentions, Mrs. Smart, are very avowable. I intend to have a bath and my tiffin, a smoke in the verandah, and possibly a peg,† or even two. I certainly have no desire to force myself into your company; but, unfortunately, the number of dawk bungalows at Muckapore Bikra is limited.

Mrs. S.—After what has passed, sir, you might have spared us the annoyance of this meeting.

M.—My dear Mrs. Smart, what can I do? You can hardly expect me to sit in the sun throughout the hottest hours in the day in this attitude. *(Squats down like a native.)* The villagers would mistake me for a Sahib who had turned Fakeer.

Mrs. S.—Sir, sir, I cannot stay here to be the butt of your ribaldry. I shall retire to my own apartment. As for you, Fanny, you may remain or not, as you like. But mind this: I absolutely forbid you to address a single word to this very objectionable young man. Do you hear, Miss?

F.—Yes, Mamma.

Mrs. S.—Do you heed?

F.—Yes, Mamma.

[Exit Mrs. SMART.]

* The pulse diet, which is the Oriental substitute for oats.

† The Anglo-Indian slang for brandy and soda-water.

[FANNY sits down with her back to MARSDEN; MARSDEN with his back to FANNY.]

M. (*aside*)—So we are not to address a single word to each other, ar'n't we? Well, thank Heaven! no one can forbid us to soliloquise. (*Aloud.*) I wonder what Mrs. Smart meant by talking about this being her last day in the Division.

F.—Susan, I wish Papa had not been appointed to that horrid Agra. To think that I have seen dear, dear Budgemahal for the last time!

M. (*jumping up*)—Good heavens! what do I hear? The Smarts leaving Budgemahal! What a frightful blow to my hopes! By Jove! sooner than such a misfortune should befall me, I would consent to give up my appointment, and enter the Staff Corps. 'Pon honour I would.

F.—And to think of the pleasant months we passed there! The pic-nics! The balls! The ho-o-o-g-hunting parties! (*Cries.*) O Susan, I am so wretched.

M.—Heavens! what a fool I was not to yield to Mrs. Smart's wishes, and get my father to ask Strachey to confirm me in my appointment!

F. (*cries*)—O me! O me! How I do hate that word p-p-pucka! I wish all the pucka appointments in the country were at the bottom of the sea.

M.—I cannot bear this. Fanny! (*FANNY shakes her head.*) Dearest Fanny! how can you be so cruel as not to vouchsafe one word at this our last meeting? And yet why should it be our last meeting? (*Aside.*) I have it. (*Aloud.*) Hem! I should not wonder if Mrs. Smart's bearers were to strike work to-morrow morning, opposite the mango-tope* beyond the eighth mile-stone, on the Agra road. These fellows are so insolent with unprotected females. How fortunate it is that our camp is pitched in the precise tope! Mrs. Smart and Fanny will have somewhere to shelter themselves during the heat of the day. By Jove! I'll go at once and warn the bearers that they had better not strike work to-morrow morning, opposite the mango-tope beyond the eighth mile-stone, on the Agra road. [*Exit MARSDEN.*]

F.—O, I cannot, cannot part from him! O, Mamma, how could you be so cruel?

SUSAN.—Well, Miss, I don't wonder you're so fond of him. He is such a sweet young man, though he is cutcha. Thank goodness, my young man's pucka, though he is only a subordinate Government Salt Chowkie. However, he has great hopes of being promoted to be an opium godown.

[*Enter JUDKINS and KHANSAUMAUN.*]

J.—Miss Smart! Dear me, Miss Smart, I am very fortunate in meeting you once more before you leave my division. Budgemahal will long regret the loss of its fairest flower.

F.—O, Mr. Judkins, I am so glad to see you again. You have been always so kind to me.

J.—Glad to see me again, eh, Miss Fanny? I suppose that there are others of your family here who will not be equally enchanted? Eh, eh?

* Mango grove.

F.—Come, Mr. Judkins, you must not make jokes about Mamma. But,—O, how shall I ever thank you enough for—for—for—

J.—For doing my best to smooth matters with reference to a certain young gentleman? Is that what you mean? Eh, Fanny? Well, what should you say if I told you I had written a private note to my good friend, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, telling him exactly how the matter stands; and, from what I know of Drummond, I'll engage that we shall have some good news in a day or two. He always had a soft heart, had Drummond. So, if Frank is confirmed, he will owe it to you, and nobody but you; eh, Fanny?

F.—O, Mr. Judkins, how could you? You unkind, treacherous, inconsiderate—dear old friend! God bless you. [*Kisses him and runs out.*]

J.—Well, she's a darling, good girl. It is hard to say whether she takes less after her father or mother. Smart was the greatest fool among the Zillah Judges, and now will be the greatest fool in the Sudder Court; while the mother— But I don't trust myself to speak about the mother. Ho, Khansaumaun! Khana ke waste kya hai?*

KH.—Sub Kooch hai, Sahib.†

J.—Beefy steak hai?‡

KH.—Beefy steak Kahan se milega, Khudawund?§

J.—Unda Bakun hai?||

KH.—Bakun sub khrach hogyaa Khudawund.¶

J.—To Kya hai?***

KH.—Shyud moorghee hoga Sahib. Ham grill tyar kurrenge.††

J.—Acha, grill tyar kurro.‡‡ (*Exit KHANSAUMAUN. Enter MARSDEN.*) Well, young shaver, have you seen to the horses? How's the Waler's §§ off foreleg?

M.—No better than it should be, I'm afraid. How long do we stop here?

J.—Three or four hours, I suppose. We shall have dinner directly.

M.—What's the bill of fare?

J.—Oh, the usual thing. Sub kooch hai. Muttony chop nahin hai. Beefy steak nahin hai. Unda bakun nahin hai. Ducky stew nahin hai. Moorghee grill hai. (*A fowl runs on the stage with KHANSAUMAUN in pursuit. Soft music.*) By Jove! seems to me I've seen that sight before. (*Sings.*)

Will you come with me, my Chota Sahib,
To yon out-station far,
Where the dawks appear the longest,
And the roads all cutcha || are?
And every night and morning
The bobarchee ¶¶ shall kill
The sempiternal moorghee,
And we'll all have a grill.

Wait for the moorghee,
Wait for the moorghee,
Wait for the moorghee,
And we'll all have a grill.

* 'What can you give me to eat?'

† 'Anything you like, Sahib.'

‡ 'Have you got beefsteak?'

§ 'How are beefsteaks to be got, my Lord?'

|| 'Have you eggs and bacon?'

¶ 'The bacon is all out, my Lord.'

** 'Then what is there?'

†† 'Perhaps there's a fowl, sir; shall I grill one?'

‡‡ 'Yes, we'll have a grill.'

§§ The 'Waler' comes, as his name implies, from New South Wales. His speciality is buck-jumping.

||| 'Cutcha' is the reverse of 'pucka.'

¶¶ 'Chota Sahib' is the title of the subordinate officer; and 'Bobarchee' is a cook.

[Enter CHOLMONDELEY.]

M.—Hallo, Mr. Judkins, here's Lord Dundreary; or at any rate his brother Sam, come out in the Uncovenanted Service.

C.—Haw! Haw! Have I the pleasure of addressing the Commissioner of Budgemahal?

J.—You have, sir.

C.—Will you then allow me to present you with a letter of introduction from Mr. Blake, Junior Secretary of the Home Department?

J.—I shall be most delighted to serve in any way a friend of Tom's. I never came across so promising a subordinate. Ah, Marsden, you would do well to tread in his steps. (*Reads.*) So it appears, Mr. Cholmondeley, that you want to be put up to a thing or two about Waste Lands. Well, though I say it as shouldn't, you could not well have applied to a better man. Could he, Frank? Now, I'll tell you how we'll set to work. You shall commence your acquaintance with the subject by reading my celebrated Minute to the Lieutenant-Governor, which procured me my present appointment. It will give you a good general view of the subject in a small compass. It is a mere sketch. Perhaps about half again as long as Mr. Plowden's Salt Report.

C.—Why, my good sir, Mr. Plowden's Report served me for reading all the way from Marseilles to the Sandheads, and then I had only got into Henry Meredith Parker's letters.

J.—Well, well, I'll point out the passages best worth reading. And then, when you have mastered the outlines, we'll go into the details. Tell you what! If you'll join my camp for a week or so, you will have the opportunity of hearing my decision in several most important cases. We'll make you very comfortable, and perhaps we may manage to show you a little hog-hunting.

C.—O, sir, you are very good; very good, indeed, 'pon honour. I shall accept your invitation with great pleasure; that is to say, if it does not incommode you.

J.—Incommode me! Who ever heard of incommoding in India! Unfortunately, we have only one spare tent, and that is a fly: unless, indeed, you care to double up with Frank. Well, I must go and make myself decent. I'll leave you with Marsden. [*Exit.*]

M.—May I ask what has brought you to India, Mr. Cholmondeley? Did you come out for shikar,* eh?

C.—Well, Mr. Marsden, I came out in search of facts: in quest of political capital, Mr. Marsden. During my first week I went about incognito, under the idea that people would speak more freely with an obscure Mr. Smith than they would venture to do in the presence of a member of the English Legislature; but I found that I was generally mistaken for the commercial traveller of a leading military tailor in Dhurruntollah, to whom I happened to bear a casual resemblance. In consequence, I could not obtain the *entrée* of civilian society, and was forced to confine myself to the information which could be picked up in the dawk bungalows. Now, the political creed of the frequenters of dawk bungalows is too uniform to afford a field for the minute observer; for it consists in the following tenets—that the Modified Resolutions are the curse of the country; that Sir Mordaunt Wells is the greatest judge

that ever sat on the English bench ; and that when you hit a nigger he dies on purpose to spite you.

M.—So you ceased to call yourself Smith ?

C.—Yes, I ceased to call myself Smith, and adopted the title of Captain Jones, of the 4th Madras Native Infantry, travelling up-country to do duty with a Sikh regiment at Peshawur. Thenceforth I lived exclusively in military society.

M.—Well, did you get on better than before ?

C.—No, begad, I found that the political creed of the mess-rooms was even more simple than that of the dawk bungalows ; for it was confined to one article of faith, which appeared to include all others—that since the Amalgamation the Service had gone to the devil.

M.—So now you're travelling in your own character ?

C.—Yes. In my character of member of the English Legislature, I go where I like, am welcome everywhere, and obtain information from persons of all shades of opinion. Ah ! I've heard some facts which never come to the ears of you civilians. You think you know India, but, after all, you take good care to hear only what suits your book. I could tell you stories that would make you stare.

M.—Could you give me a specimen, Mr. Cholmondeley ?

C.—Well, it was only yesterday that I was dining at the house of an indigo planter, and he told me the following anecdote, which I am assured is well authenticated. A friend of his was desirous of purchasing some waste land which lay between the estates of two native Zemindars. He offered the Commissioner a certain sum of money ; and these two native fellows subscribed, and offered a larger : and (would you believe it ?) the Commissioner actually accepted their bid.

M.—Good heavens ! It is almost incredible.

C.—Ah, you civilians see only one side of the question. Wait till I take my seat again in the Commons House of Parliament. Wait till I rise in my place, and stand on the floor of the House, and say, ' Sir, when from the top of the Ochterlony Monument I looked down on the environs of the capital of India ; when I saw her stately river crowded with sails, her wharfs heaped with bales and casks, her network of railways bearing the products of her industry to every corner of that vast continent, from Barrackpore to Diamond Harbour, from Budge-Budge to Dum-Dum ;—then, Sir, I am free to confess that I took a solemn vow to exert my every power for the great principle of the Development of the Resources of India.' (*Knocks down the punkah.*)

[Enter ABDOL.]

M.—Hear ! hear ! That will have a grand effect in the House of Commons. Only I doubt whether they have any punkahs there.

C. (*very much excited*)—I assure you that you civilians know nothing about the country. (*Takes a chair, and sits astride opposite MARSDEN.*)—Look at the railways alone, sir ! What a field for the efforts of an enlightened Government ! Connect Benares with Allahabad, connect Agra with Delhi, and what results will follow ! The stream of passengers will flow up to the Punjab—(*Hits MARSDEN's knee one way.*)

M.—Don't, sir !

C.—And down to the Lower Gangetic provinces ! (*Hits it the other way.*)

M.—Have done, will you ?

C.—Our silver will pour from West to East! (*Hits MARSDEN's knee again.*)

M.—Confound you, sir!

C.—The produce of the looms of Cabul and the gorgeous fabrics of Cashmere will pour from East to West. (*In attempting the same manœuvre, he overbalances the chair and tumbles over.*)

M. (*picking him up*)—Hollo, there appears to have been a collision on the line. I hope the gorgeous fabrics of Cashmere are not damaged.

C. (*confused, and rubbing his leg*)—Ah! you civilians know nothing about the country.

M.—But, my good sir, I'm not a civilian.

C.—Well then, sir, you ought to be. You ought to be, if you're not. Sir, I wish you a very good morning. [*Exit CHOLMONDELEY.*]

A.—Master plenty excitable Sahib. Whenever master done say 'Develeropment of Soources of India,' then he talk plenty much and get plenty angry. I sing you song 'bout master. (*Sings.*)

My master is a great Sahib,
With whiskers fine and long,
And on a public question
He comes out very strong.
Judge Campbell of the High Court,
And Mr. Seton Karr,
Whene'er they see my master,
Invite him from afar:

'Walk in, Chumley, walk in, Chumley, pray,
'Walk into the High Court, this warm and sunny day;
'Walk into the High Court, this afternoon so fine,
'And listen to my reasoning on Ten of Fifty-nine.*

M.—Well, you are a droll fellow. Who taught *you* to sing English tunes?

A.—Missionary Sahib teach me to sing down Madras way. I learn plenty too many hymn tunes in Mission School. I Christian boy, master.

M.—Oh, you're a Christian, are you?

A.—Yes, Sahib, I Christian boy. Plenty poojah† do Sunday time. Never no work do. Plenty wrong that.

M.—No. I'll be bound you appreciate that part of our religion. Well, whatever your tenets may be, you are a funny dog. Here's a rupee for you.

A.—O, master too good: plenty too much good. I sing 'nother song to master:—

O come with me, my true love,
Down to the Lal Bazaar!
They're waiting there for you, love,
And it aint so very far.
Let's come through Cossitollah
A singing as we go;
And the Sahibs in a rage shall holla,
'You budmash, Choopraho.'

* Act Ten of 1859 embodied a most praiseworthy effort to grapple with the rent question—a matter too serious to be discussed in the note to a farce.

† Religious worship.

[Enter JUDKINS.]

J.—Hollo, Marsden, you appear to be having a tumasha* here on your own account. If it's all the same to you, I'll assume the liberty of sending this fellow about his business (if he has got any, that is to say, which doesn't seem probable), and taking a quiet snooze. Jao!† (*Exit ABDOL.*) Wake me when dinner comes; there's a good boy. (*Goes to sleep, with a handkerchief over his face.*)

M.—Well, what with that Madras boy and his master, I don't know when I have spent a more amusing time in a dawk bungalow. But I wish Fanny would come out again. If she has half the sense I give her credit for, she will find out that the coast is clear, and take her opportunity. I'll run the risk and tap at her door. No; excellent idea! I'll let off the cork of a bottle of Belattee pawnee against the panel, and then, if the mother comes out instead of Fanny, I can pretend that it was done by mistake. (*Takes a bottle of soda-water, and lets off the cork.*)

[Enter FANNY.]

F.—My dear Mr. Marsden, how very rash you are! How could you knock at our door?

M.—I protest, Fanny, that your suspicions are unworthy of you. I was making the preparations for a modest peg, when out you bolt, and charge me in the most gratuitous manner with knocking at your door. Knocking at the door! Do you take me for a species of Anglo-Indian old Joe? You'll accuse me next of kicking up behind and before. I assure you I feel your conduct deeply. (*Turns away.*)

F.—Well, well, Frank, I beg your pardon for my suspicions, though I cannot help thinking that they are not without foundation. But have you nothing pretty to say to me, now I am here?

M.—Nothing except what I've told you a thousand times already, that you are the dearest, sweetest of women; that you are a pucka angel; that I would die for you; that I would give up my accumulated arrears of privilege leave for you; that for you I would do unpaid duty with the East Indian Regiment at Dacca. In fact, everything that I have told you so often and so eagerly ever since that thrice auspicious night (you remember it, Fanny?) when the Station Ball was held in the Judge's Cutcherry, much to the disgust of your respected Governor. Shall you ever forget how we pulled a cracker together, and how I read to you the motto—simple verses, perhaps, Fanny, but dearer to me thenceforward than all Shakspeare, and Tennyson, and Tupper to boot?

I soon shall die unless I see
That you love me as I love thee;
For 'tis for you alone I live,
And nought but that can pleasure give.

F.—Well, well! I won't deny that we have talked a great deal of pleasant nonsense together. But I have a piece of news for you. Are you sure he's asleep? (*JUDKINS snores.*)

M.—He's not very wide awake at any rate.

F.—Dear old gentleman! Would you believe it, Frank? He has

* A musical or theatrical entertainment.

† Be off!

written a private letter to Mr. Drummond, telling him our whole story, and requesting that your appointment may be confirmed.

M.—Has he indeed? What a jolly old budzart it is!

F.—But listen, Frank. The answer has not come yet, and before it arrives we shall be at Agra, and you far away at some out-station making horrid bridges that will all tumble down next rainy season. Ah, me! what an unlucky girl I am!

M.—No, you are not, Fanny. An unlucky girl never has a devoted lover with hopes of a pukka appointment. I don't intend that you shall leave the district until Mr. Drummond's answer comes. Don't you remember that I expressed to you my apprehension lest your bearers should strike work opposite the mango-tope beyond the eighth mile-stone on the Agra road; in which case your mother and you would be forced to take shelter in our camp? Well! That apprehension has since been converted into a horrible certainty.

F.—Good heavens, Frank, do you mean to say that you have bribed the bearers?

M.—There! there! Don't speak so loud! Think on the enormity of the misdemeanour you have imputed to me. What would the *Englishman* say if it heard that an English official had been instigating natives to violate a contract after receiving a consideration? Conceive the tone of the leading article that would infallibly be written. 'It is confidently asserted that a young gentleman in the Public Works Department, who, though not a civilian himself, has been so long under civilian influence as to be imbued with the traditional policy of the class, has, in virtue of his high authority, used underhand means to induce the palkee-bearers' —Good heavens, here's your mother!

[*They start apart.*]

[*Enter Mrs. SMART.*]

Mrs. S.—What do I see? Fanny, have you no delicacy, no reticence? If I turn my back for ten minutes you disobey my positive orders, throw to the winds my maternal authority, and openly encourage the advances of an *acting* officer. And you, sir—do you consider it manly to presume on the unfortunate chance which has thrown you once more of necessity into our society? You allow me no choice. I must throw myself on the protection of the other visitors at the bungalow. Here is one asleep on a chair. Whoever he is, he has the heart of an Englishman, and will not see me insulted by a profligate—and, what is more, a profligate who is not even pukka. Sir, I appeal to you. (*Twitches the handkerchief off JUDKINS' face, who rises, and confronts her.*) Mr. Judkins! So you are the person who has arranged a meeting for these two young people to come off under your auspices! So you are the go-between in this precious love-affair! So this match is to be of your making! So, Mr. Judkins, after robbing me and Mr. Smart of our peace, you intend to rob us of our daughter!

J.—Good gracious, Mrs. Smart, I have no idea what you are driving at. All I know about the matter is, that I was enjoying a very sweet dream, and that I have awoke to an exceeding unpleasant reality.

Mrs. S. (*curtsies*)—O, Mr. Judkins, you are pleased to be sarcastic. Would you, however, if you can for a few moments rein in your satire, tell me in plain words why you thought fit to sanction by your presence an interview between my daughter and a young man of whom you know well I disapprove?

J.—Well, Mrs. Smart, I can only repeat that I was aroused from a slumber such as only the innocent can enjoy to find myself in the presence of two people looking very shy, and one looking very angry. That is all the part I have had in the affair. Not that I should have objected to play Friar Lawrence to so dashing a Romeo and so sweet a Juliet. (*Bows to FANNY.*)

Mrs. S.—Well, upon my word, Mr. Judkins, upon my word—Perhaps you won't call a daughter of mine names, though she has descended below herself on this occasion.

J.—After all, Mrs. Smart, I am surprised that you do not consider your daughter honoured by the attentions of so fine a young fellow.

Mrs. S.—Mr. Judkins, I have principles. It is not for nothing that I trace my origin on either side from old Indian families. I thank heaven that I have been brought up to know the difference between pucka and cutcha appointments.

J.—I have no doubt you do, Mrs. Smart—I have no doubt you do; and I have no doubt either that when you retire from the service Sir Charles Wood will at once offer you a seat in the Indian Council.

Mrs. S.—That, I suppose, would be considered wit at the Board of Revenue—a Board of which you doubtless count upon becoming the most brilliant light. You are an ornament to your line of the service, Mr. Judkins; you are indeed.

J.—My line! Bless the woman! My line! Well, whatever it may be, I cannot say it has at present fallen to me in a pleasant place.

[*Enter SUSAN, with tray. Sets it down on table.*]

SUSAN.—Never mind him, ma'am. I've made a nice basin of soup for you and Miss Fanny. After your long journey you won't be right again till you've had something to eat.

Mrs. S.—Well, Mr. Judkins, I am sorry that I so far forgot myself as to address you. Come, Fanny, and take your tiffin. Thank heaven, it is the last meal we shall eat in the same room with the present company. (*Mrs. SMART and FANNY sit down at the table.*)

[*Enter KHAUSAUMAUN and KHITMUTGAR* with dinner.*]

K.—Khana tyar hi, Sahib.†

J.—Khansauumaun, palanpur khana rucko.‡ Come, Marsden, we must rough it a little to accommodate the ladies. (*Aside.*) Horrid old woman! I should like to accommodate her into the middle of next week. (*JUDKINS and MARSDEN sit down at the bed.*) Marsden, I feel a little out of sorts. A cup of tea might do us both good. Ho, Khansauumaun! Chah banno!§

Mrs. S.—Well, I never! Tea for tiffin! What would an official of the good old school say if he heard a Mofussil Commissioner ordering tea for tiffin? Tea, indeed! Ho, Khansauumaun, beer shrub lao!||

J.—This moorghee is plaguy tough. Ho, Khansauumaun, aur kooch hi?¶

K.—Sahib, curry bat hi.**

* Footman.

† 'Steward, put the dinner on the bed.'

‡ 'Bring me some beer.'

§ 'Sir, there's curry.'

† 'Sir, dinner is served.'

§ 'Make me some tea.'

¶ 'Is there anything else?'

J.—Oh, bother curry bat! It's only the old moorghee under another shape. We'll have some eggs with our tea. Ho, Khansaumann, unda lao, toast banno.*

Mrs. S.—Tea, toast, and boiled eggs! There's a tiffin for a Covenanted Servant of five-and-twenty years' standing! Fancy a Senior Merchant† going without his curry bat. Ho! curry bat do!

J.—Well, I should have thought that the temper of some people was hot enough already without requiring to be warmed by curry.

Mrs. S.—Fanny, I repent more and more having been betrayed into an altercation with that man. However, I am resolved never to address another word to him.

J.—For these and all his mercies make us truly thankful!

Mrs. S. (*starts up*)—What is that, sir? What is this last piece of insolence to which you have given vent?

J. (*without turning*)—I was only saying grace after meat, or rather after moorghee.

Mrs. S.—Your brutality, sir, is only equalled by your impiety.

J.—Pray, sit down, Mrs. Smart. I have no intention of betraying you into a second altercation.

Mrs. S. (*sits down*)—Monster! Fanny, would that we were out of this dreadful place!

J.—The agreeableness of places generally depends on the state of our tempers. For my part, this bungalow seems quite a paradise. Thank Providence for having endowed me with an imperturbable tranquillity!

Mrs. S.—Hem! Fanny, did you hear what your papa said to the Lieutenant-Governor about the inefficiency of Revenue officers when concerned with a question of law? He told Mr. Drummond that during the past year, in a certain division, there was not one in ten of the Commissioner's decisions which would not have been reversed before the most ordinary tribunal.

J. (*starts up*)—To what division did he refer, Mrs. Smart? If he alluded to Budgemahal, he was knowingly guilty of a vile calumny.

Mrs. S. (*without turning*)—Pray sit down, Mr. Judkins. I have no desire of being betrayed into a second altercation.

J.—Mrs. Smart, whoever uttered that falsehood was capable of anything: even of marrying a low, uneducated, up-country-bred wife.

Mrs. S. (*starts up*)—Mr. Judkins, my father enjoyed the highest judicial appointments in the Covenanted Service; and my dear mother was grand-daughter of the first judge of the first settled district in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. No member of our family ever dabbled in Revenue.

J.—Ha! ha! ha! My dear Mrs. Smart, your mother's brother ended his career as Sub-collector of Shahabad; and devilish glad he was to get the appointment.

Mrs. S.—Go on, Mr. Judkins; pray go on. Thank heaven, I was brought up among people who knew the difference between pukka and cutcha appointments.

J.—Mrs. Smart, the last place which your father held was that of Acting Magistrate at Jessore—Acting Magistrate, do you hear, Mrs. Smart?

Mrs. S.—Base man, you never uttered a more contemptible slander:—a

* 'Bring some eggs and toast.'

† In days gone by, the Company's servants were classed as Senior Merchants, Junior Merchants, and Writers.

slander worthy of one who gained his present position by acting as stalking-horse to his Lieutenant-Governor.

J.—Mrs. Smart! Who schemed to get the Governor-General's Aide-de-Camp for her daughter?

Mrs. S.—Mr. Judkins! Who refused to subscribe to the new church on the pretext that the padre was a humbug?

J.—Who asked the Station to dinner, and allowed only one glass of simkin* to each guest—eh, Mrs. Smart?

Mrs. S.—Who tried to lead off the District Ball, and didn't know his steps—eh, Mr. Judkins?

[*They both speak at once. Curtain falls.*]

(To be continued.)

* Champagne.



REPORT OF THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT COMMISSION.

BY J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

IN June, 1864, I published an article in this magazine, which reviewed the whole subject of capital punishments, and replied to some of the arguments commonly used against them. That article also pointed out the respects in which, in my opinion, the law required alteration, and in particular insisted upon the importance of making such alterations in the present definition of murder, if it can be called a definition at all, as would bring it into harmony with popular feelings upon the subject. I was subsequently examined as a witness before the Commission, and explained at greater length and in more detail the views which I had stated in the article. The Commission has now made its report, and my present object is to make some remarks upon its recommendations.

On the main question of the abolition of capital punishment the Commissioners offer no opinion. It is obvious, indeed, that the question is more one of feeling than of facts; and the feelings with which men will regard the subject are not likely to be affected by the report of a Commission.

Their practical recommendations are four in number. I shall confine my observations to one only—that which suggests the revision and amendment of the law relating to murder. The definition which is at present given of this crime is so wide that it includes many acts which clearly ought not to be the subjects of capital punishment. The Commission accordingly recommend an alteration. Their recommendations are in the following words:—

8. We proceed to offer such recommendations as we think expedient for altering the present law of murder. It appears to

us that there are two modes in which the change may be effected.

9. The first plan is to abrogate altogether the existing law of murder, and to substitute a new definition of that crime, confining it to felonious homicides of great enormity, and leaving all those which are of a less heinous description in the category of manslaughter.

10. The other plan is one which has been extensively acted upon in the United States of America, where the common law of England is in force; this leaves the definition of murder and the distinction between that crime and manslaughter untouched, but divides the crime of murder into two classes or degrees, solely with the view of confining the punishment of death to the first or higher degree.

11. We have given both these plans our serious consideration, and we are of opinion that the required change may be best effected by the latter, which involves no disturbance of the present distinction between murder and manslaughter, which does not make it necessary to remodel the statutes relating to attempt to murder, and does not interfere with the operation of those treaties with foreign powers which provide for the extradition of fugitives accused of that crime. The object proposed can be attained by a short and simple enactment, providing that no murder shall be punished with death except such as are particularly therein mentioned.

These should be called murders of the first degree; all other murders should be called murders of the second degree, and punished as hereinafter recommended.

12. We recommend therefore—

(1) That the punishment of death be retained for all murders deliberately committed with express malice aforethought, such malice to be found as a fact by the jury.

(2) That the punishment of death be also retained for all murders committed in, or with the view to, the perpetration, or escape after the perpetration, or attempt at perpetration of any of the following felonies: murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy.

(3) That in all other cases of murder the punishments be penal servitude for life, or for any period not less than seven years, at the discretion of the Court.

No one who has considered the subject will be inclined to doubt that the Commissioners are perfectly

right in their wish that the law should be altered; but it appears to me that if their suggestion as to the mode of making the alteration is accepted, a most valuable opportunity of effecting a legal reform of the first importance will have been lost, and that the existing condition of the law, bad as it is, will have been involved in still greater confusion than exists in it at present. In order to set this matter in its true light, and to show its full importance, it will be necessary to say something, not only of the definition of murder in particular, but of the definitions of crimes in general which form a part of our law, and of the characteristics which are common to all of them.

No one can have paid much attention either to the study or to the practice of the criminal law without being struck, on the one hand, with the substantial narrowness of the field which it covers, and, on the other hand, by its enormous and unwieldy complexity and intricacy in practice. Leaving out of account those branches of the criminal law which come into operation only on rare occasions, and confining our attention to the common routine of criminal business, it will appear that the total number of crimes which lead to trials at the assizes or sessions may be reduced to surprisingly few heads. Murder, and the infliction of bodily injury; theft, with or without violence to the person or the habitation; arson, and other malicious injuries to property; forgery; and offences against the coinage, make up probably nineteen-twentieths of the whole list. If the separate offences falling under these five heads be again considered, and if they are compared with the cases which have been decided in connection with them, the reason of the excessive intricacy of our whole system of criminal law will at once become apparent. It may

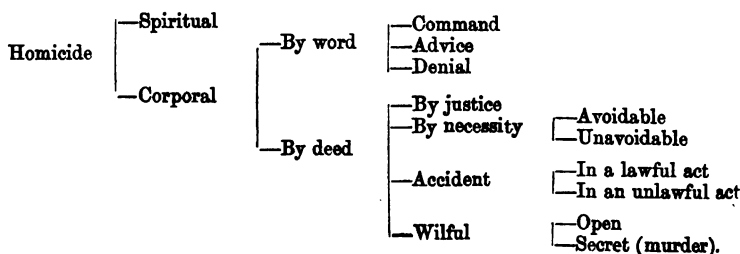
be described in a very few words, 'mala stamina vitæ.' The fundamental definitions of crimes have every fault that definitions can have, and until this fundamental error is recognised as such, until its importance and the ease of correcting it are fully understood, the law itself will never be coherent and rational, nor will its administration ever be practically satisfactory. I will now proceed to develop and illustrate these statements, and to show that the defects of the law of murder arise out of the way in which not only murder but all other crimes have been defined amongst us, and that those defects can be removed only by supplying new and sound definitions. I will then proceed to show that this is practicable, and indeed easy; and that the considerations which the Commissioners view in the light of objections are in reality so many strong arguments in favour of the proposal which they reject.

First, then, let us look at the general character and history of English definitions of crimes. Open any standard law-book on the subject, such as *Russell on Crimes*, or *Roscoe's Criminal Evidence*, and elaborate chapters on all the crimes mentioned above will present themselves to the reader, entering into distinctions of the most subtle kind, and crowded with discussions of which, without a special acquaintance with the subject, he will understand neither the method nor the object. The general result will be a vast mass of details, bewildering to the understanding and overwhelming to the memory. If all this intricacy is followed up to its source, and that which is inherent in the subject-matter itself divided from that which is the result of unskillful legislation, direct or indirect, it will be found that the whole system is ultimately built upon a set of vague descriptions—for they do not deserve to be called de-

finitions—of great antiquity, which have been supplemented and patched up from time to time by successive generations of judges and text-writers. Thus the present state of things has at last been produced by the isolated efforts of different people, each of whom endeavoured, without concert with the rest, to apply the rules which they had laid down to some state of facts which in all probability had never presented itself to the mind of the man who originally laid down the rule. In every part of the law, but especially in the criminal law, the judges for centuries past have been occupied in solving the problem what their predecessors would have thought of a state of facts which never was before them, if it had been brought before them. Having arrived at a conclusion, which again was always more or less modified by their own notions of justice or expediency, they declared that conclusion to be the law of the land. Thus all definitions of crimes—and especially the definitions of murder and theft which lie respectively at the bottom of the two great departments of the criminal law, offences against the person and offences against property—are exceedingly complicated aggregates. These aggregates are composed of the remarks of different people on a subject which those who originally wrote upon it were by no means competent to handle properly, and which those who brought greater ability to its consideration at a later time were not able to handle freely, because the limits within

which they were to consider it had already been prescribed to them by their predecessors. Thus, for instance, at an uncertain time an unknown person introduced into the definition of murder the word ‘malice.’ The first inventor of this phrase, whoever he may have been, probably attached no very definite meaning to it, and employed it without having the least idea of the number of intricate questions of which it would afterwards be made the centre. When he had once succeeded in introducing it into the definition of murder, the ingenuity of many subsequent generations of judges and text-writers was exercised in trying to adapt it to new sets of circumstances as they arose. The consequence of the continuance of this process for many generations has been the production of what the Commissioners justly call ‘arbitrary rules’ and ‘nice and subtle distinctions,’ of which ‘the practical result’ is ‘most unsatisfactory.’ In order to show fully how and why it is so unsatisfactory, and how much more unsatisfactory it would be made if their proposed alterations were adopted, it will be necessary to give in some detail an account of the law of murder and of its history.

The earliest definition of murder in English law is given in Bracton, and, like the greater part of his book, is taken, with certain modifications, from the Roman law. Murder, according to him, was one of the subdivisions of homicide, which he defines as the killing of a man by a man, and classifies as follows:—



Murder therefore was a secret, wilful, actual, corporal homicide; and in Bracton's time, and long afterwards, it differed in no material respect from what we now call manslaughter, for both murder and manslaughter were punished with death, and each were within the law of benefit of clergy. The peculiarity of murder was, that it entailed what was called a 'presentment of Englishry;' that is to say, unless the coroner found that the murdered man was an Englishman, he was presumed to be a Norman murdered out of spite; and the township in which his body was found was liable to a fine.

From the time of Bracton there were very few writers on the criminal law till the latter part of the sixteenth century. Fleta repeats what Bracton had said; the 'Mirror,' which is a book of little authority and uncertain date, is to much the same purpose. It is remarkable, however, that the expression 'malice aforethought,' appears in the 'Mirror' in a form given for appeals of murder; that is, for the civil action which was then the usual way of bringing murderers to justice. The appellor is made to allege that the appellee committed the crime 'upon malice forethought feloniously.' The expression also occurs in an early statute of pardon (13 Rich. II., st. 2, c. 1), in which murders 'with malice aforethought' are exempted from the list of crimes included in the pardon. The expression occurs also in a statute, 23 Henry VIII. c. 13, by which persons guilty of 'wilful' murder 'with malice prepense' were deprived of the benefit of clergy. The date of this enactment is 1533. Somewhat later, Standford and Lambard wrote upon the subject, and laid down that murder is homicide with malice prepense, whether the act is open or secret, and whether the person killed is or is not an Englishman. This is

clearly inconsistent with the Act of 1533, the wording of which obviously implies that there are some kinds of murder in which there is no malice aforethought.

It thus appears, upon the whole, that the present definition of murder is founded upon a vague phrase introduced no one knows when, why, by whom, or in what sense. All that can be said of it is, that it is entirely different from the original sense of the word murder, *i.e.* secret killing; and that it contradicts the earliest Acts of Parliament in which the phrase 'malice aforethought' was used, for by treating 'murder with malice aforethought' as a peculiar species, not of homicide, but of murder, these statutes plainly imply that in some kinds of murder malice aforethought was absent.

The next step in the history of the law of murder is Lord Coke's account of it. He defines murder thus: 'Murder is when a man of sound memory, and of the age of discretion, unlawfully killeth, within any country of the realm, any reasonable creature *in rerum naturâ* under the king's peace, with malice forethought, either expressed by the party or implied by the law, so as the party wounded or hurt, &c., die of the wound or hurt, &c., within a year and a day after the same.' He goes on to explain what malice means, and says: 'Malice prepensed is when one compasseth to kill, wound, or hurt another, and does it *sedato animo*. This is said in law to be malice forethought prepensed.' He then adds, that malice is implied by the law in three cases. 'First, in respect of the manner of the deed. As if one kill another without any provocation the law implieth malice.' So poisoning (which, he adds, may be done four ways—*gustu, anhelitu, contactu, and supposito*—and by divers poisons, as the powder of diamonds, the powder of spiders, &c. &c.) implies malice.

Secondly, in respect of the person slain. If a magistrate or known officer is slain in the execution of his duty, the law implies malice. *Thirdly*, in respect of the person killing. A. tries to rob B. B. resists, and A. kills him. 'This is murder by malice implied, albeit he never saw or knew him before.' 'If a prisoner by the duress of his gaoler cometh to untimely death, this is murder in the gaoler, and the law implieth malice by reason of the cruelty.' 'If the sheriff, where he ought to hang the party, burn or behead him, or *e converso*, the law implieth malice in him.' 'If a lieutenant or other that hath commission of martial authority, in time of peace, hang or otherwise execute any man by colour of martial law, this is murder, for this is against Magna Charta . . . and here the law implieth malice.'

It is out of this doctrine of Coke's that the whole modern law of murder, as we have it, has taken its form; and it is worth while to attend with some particularity to its character. In Bracton we see two different elements at work. On the one hand, there is the rough brutality of an almost barbarous age, which punished with death almost every description of homicide. On the other side, there is the ingenuity and love of classification, for classification's sake, which are the special characteristics of the Roman law,* from which this part, like nearly the whole of Bracton's work, was taken. This trivial ingenuity altogether passed away and was lost sight of in the interval between Bracton and Stanford, and by degrees a rough classification obtained which divided killing into murder if there was, and manslaughter if there was not, 'malice aforethought.' The natural meaning of those words was a personal grudge, and a positive set-

tled intention to kill, on the part of the criminal. Experience, however, soon showed how rough and inadequate this distinction was. In many cases where the moral guilt was obviously of the deepest dye—as in the case of a robber killing in order to effect a robbery—there was no settled hostility, and no deliberate intention to kill. These cases showed that the crime had been ill-defined, and that neither malice, in the common sense of the word, nor premeditation, nor both together, were the proper tests by which the worst kinds of killing might be distinguished from those which were less bad. The proper course would have been to have discarded the old phrase, and to have chosen a more appropriate one upon a full examination of the subject: but English lawyers have never taken this course. Parliament was never a very suitable theatre for discussions about the proper use of words; and in Coke's time, and long afterwards, the common law was regarded with a sort of idolatry, as something much too wise and good to be rudely questioned and reformed. Hence it had to be adapted to common sense by a set of fictions, of which the fiction of implied malice is a good illustration. The phrase is worth examining. It is murder, says the law, to kill with a premeditated intent to kill, proceeding from ill-will towards the person killed. It is also murder to kill with an *implied* premeditated intent to kill, proceeding from ill-will towards the person killed. What sense is there in these words? What state of mind is an 'implied' premeditation? The first word does not modify the second. It is like talking of a green premeditation, or the square root of a premeditation. A meaning might no doubt be given to the expression, by interpreting it to relate to the question of evidence,

* In an account of the definitions of the Roman lawyers on the subject of homicide, in Adolphe and Hélie's *Théorie du Code Pénal*, iii. 385, &c. ch. 46.

and so asserting that, by the law, certain facts were taken as conclusive proof of a premeditated design to kill. This would do pretty well for Lord Coke's first case of implied malice. It is reasonable enough to say that to kill deliberately, without any apparent provocation at all, or by means which, like poisoning, involve art and contrivance, 'implies' or suggests the existence of premeditation and ill-will; but it is an abuse of language in such cases to say that the law implies malice. The malice is in these cases a real fact, of which other real facts are the evidence. It would be as reasonable to say that the law 'implies' that a man cuts another's throat in cases in which six unprejudiced witnesses swear that they saw him do so. It is impossible, however, to make any sense at all of the doctrine of 'implied' malice in connection with Coke's second case of implication. A robber kills his victim in order to carry out the act of robbery. Here, says Coke, the law 'implies' a premeditated intention to kill, arising out of personal ill-will, in order to punish so atrocious a crime in a proper manner. Why could not the law, or, to speak more properly, the legislator, punish the crime as it deserved without making a false statement about it? Why say malice aforethought shall mean something quite different from what it really does mean, because malice aforethought is an essential element in murder, and this kind of killing is as bad morally and politically as killing with malice aforethought? This is to be at once a slave and a tyrant to words—a slave to the sound and a tyrant to the sense.

After discussing the subject of murder—and introducing into the subject, or at least recording, for the misfortune of his successors, the fiction of implied malice—Coke, in his usual disorderly manner, goes on to homicides in general, under which head he considerably en-

larges the definition of murder by a set of distinctions which are inconceivably absurd. The whole of his chapter on this subject is confused and disjointed in the extreme. He says: 'There is no difference between murder and manslaughter, but that the one is upon malice forethought, and the other upon a sudden occasion, and therefore is called chance-medley.' He then mentions in the most cursory way one or two cases of manslaughter, and afterwards goes on, so confusedly that it almost seems as if part of the chapter must be lost, to describe justifiable homicide, homicide *se defendendo*, and homicide *per infortunium*. He defines this last thus: 'Homicide by misadventure is when a man doth an act that is not unlawful, which, without any evil intent, tendeth to a man's death.' Upon the word *unlawful* he adds: 'If the act be unlawful it is murder.' . . . 'So if one shoot at any wild fowl upon a tree and the arrow killeth any reasonable creature afar off, without any evil intent in him, this is *per infortunium*, for it was not unlawful to shoot at the wild fowl; but if he had shot at a cock or hen, or any tame fowl of another man's, the arrow by mischance had killed a man, this had been murder, for the act was unlawful.' In these chapters Coke says nothing of manslaughter by negligence.

Hale was the next writer of eminence on the criminal law. He treats it far more philosophically than Coke, but follows in the road which Coke had marked out, as indeed he was obliged to do. He distributed the subject in a rather different manner, and by doing so introduced into the law a considerable modification, which still forms a part of it. He distinguishes murder and manslaughter as Coke distinguished them, as being killing 'of malice prepense,' and 'upon a sudden provocation and falling out.' He also divides malice into express and

implied; and, after illustrating the meaning of express malice, he gives, as the first kind of implied malice, cases 'where the homicide is voluntarily committed without provocation,' and in connection with this he enters upon the question of the degree of provocation which will reduce murder to manslaughter. The elaborate intricacy of this, and the great change quietly effected by it in the law may not be immediately perceptible, and may require explanation. Coke had put the case of one man killing another without provocation, as an instance in which the law would imply malice. Hale transforms this, by the rearrangement of the subject just described, into the modern doctrine that all voluntary killing is presumed to be murder, unless the person who has done the act succeeds in proving the existence of a sufficient provocation to reduce it to manslaughter. He then goes on to describe what the sort of provocation is which has this effect. Blows are such a provocation, but words of insult are not, unless possibly the violence which causes the death is of a kind which was not likely to cause death. This was a moot point in Hale's time, though it was developed at length by Foster, and is now a well-established part of the law. This doctrine, when combined with the definition of manslaughter given afterwards, makes the law coherent, but throws its phraseology into strange confusion. Manslaughter is defined as 'the voluntary killing another without malice express or implied.' But, by the doctrine just stated, malice is always implied in the case of a voluntary killing, unless provocation can be shown. Thus the word 'malice,' with its various divisions into express and implied, becomes a mere alias for provocation. If it is always implied unless there is a provocation, the presence of express malice becomes immaterial, and the second and third cases of implied malice—i.e. when the homicide is 'done upon a min-

ister of justice,' and when it is done by a person that intends 'a theft or burglary, &c.'—also become superfluous. The law of malice, as stated by Hale, might be thus parodied:—

Bread is either leavened or unleavened.

Leaven is either express or implied.

Express leaven is the substance called yeast.

Leaven is implied in three cases:—

First—It is implied in all white bread.

Secondly—It is implied in all brown bread.

Thirdly, and lastly—It is always implied in every sort of bread, unless the person denying its presence can show that the bread in question contains no yeast.

Surely this is rather a cumbrous way of saying that there either is or is not yeast in a loaf of bread. Yet all Hale's elaborate apparatus comes to this, that if one person intentionally and culpably kills another, he either does so without provocation, which is murder, or with provocation, which is manslaughter.

Sir Michael Foster stands at about the same distance from Hale as Hale from Coke. His work on the Crown Law consists partly of a report of certain cases which he considered important; and partly of several 'discourses' on different branches of the law, including in particular one on high treason and another on homicide. The discourse on homicide appears to me to be far superior both to Hale and to Coke. It enters into a variety of particulars about homicide by necessity, *per infortunium*, and the like, which are foreign to the present question, and are more or less complicated with curious antiquarian subtleties now laid aside. The great merit of the discourse is that it gets rid of the fiction of implied malice, and substitutes for it a reasonable definition or rather description of malice

as 'such circumstances as are the ordinary symptoms of a wicked, depraved, malignant spirit.' In other words, Foster views malice as being synonymous with wickedness, and then enumerates the various circumstances which are considered by the law as such symptoms. He remarks with great good sense: 'Most, if not all the cases which in our books are ranged under the head of implied malice, will, if carefully adverted to, be found to turn upon this single point, that the fact hath been attended by such circumstances as carry in them the plain indications of a heart regardless of social duty, and fatally bent upon mischief.' This is obviously the simplest and most perspicuous way of treating the subject, and the criminal law appears still to have retained enough of the character of a science depending on principles of its own, in Foster's time, to have been susceptible of a good deal of moulding in the hands of a really able writer who happened also to be placed in a conspicuous, and especially in a judicial, position. Still, however, the opposite character was so strongly impressed upon it that the most absurd of all the rules of the law of England upon the subject of murder is repeated by Foster from Coke, without criticism, though no one was more alive than he to Coke's great defects. After laying down his general principle about malice, Foster says: 'A shooteth at the poultry of B. and killeth a man; if his intention was to steal the poultry, which must be educed from circumstances, it will be murder by reason of that felonious intent; but if it was done wantonly, and without that intention, it will be but barely manslaughter.' It is a curious proof of the power of dyslogistic epithets, that the word 'felonious' so completely overpowered Foster as to make him take it for granted that every felonious act showed 'a heart regardless of social duty, and fatally

bent upon mischief,' in respect even of the accidental consequences of the act itself. His perceptions, however, were probably somewhat blunted by the cruelty of the criminal law in his time.

Foster's simple and reasonable way of considering the subject has unfortunately not prevailed. Since his time the criminal law has fallen almost entirely into the hands of reporters. During the whole of the present, and part of the last century, a succession of reports of Crown cases, and of treatises on criminal law, which are little more than digests of the reports intended almost entirely for the practical purpose of being quoted in court and referred to in argument, have followed each other with so much rapidity that the criminal law, like every other branch of our jurisprudence, is swollen to an immense and unwieldy size and shape. In order to give some sort of notion of the degree in which the subject is overgrown with authorities, I will give a short account of the way in which it is treated in the last edition of Sir William Russell's standard book on crimes and misdemeanours. The chapters on murder and manslaughter fill 216 very large and closely printed 8vo. pages, which comprise nearly everything that has ever been said upon the subject by any text-writer or judge, or in any court of justice. The subject is opened by a definition of murder quoted from Coke, which is followed by Foster's definition of malice, and next by Hale's division of malice into express and implied — an unfortunate arrangement, as one of Foster's objects was to do away with the subtleties about implied malice recorded, if not invented, by Coke. After this come several cases about the person killing; then many others as to the person killed, bearing on the whole subject of infanticide; then various illustrations of the different means by which death may be caused, in-

cluding many cases as to homicide by neglect; as to the responsibility lying on parents, guardians, the masters of apprentices, &c., as to providing for children or apprentices; as to homicide by *mala praxis*; as to suicide and as accessories. All this occupies between forty and fifty pages; after which the author observes:—

A statement of the several instances of gross and direct wilful murder cannot be thought necessary, but there are a variety of cases of a less decided character, and some upon which doubts have arisen, which may properly be here considered. An apt arrangement often is a matter of some difficulty, yet the following order seems to be appropriate:—1. Cases of provocation. 2. Cases of mutual combat. 3. Cases of resistance to officers of justice, &c. 4. Cases where the killing takes place in the prosecution of some other criminal, unlawful, or wanton act. 5. Cases where the killing takes place in consequence of some lawful act being criminally or improperly performed, &c.

This is followed by a full abstract of as many cases on these subjects as fill upwards of forty more pages. A chapter is then interposed on the indictment, trial, and evidence in cases of murder; after which the subject of manslaughter is treated with the same immense enumeration of cases arrayed under precisely the same heads, and occupying this time about 100 pages. Here and there general rules are laid down as the result of the cases. For instance, after a great number of cases have been detailed, it is said:—

In all cases of slight provocation in which it may be reasonably estimated, from the weapon made use of, or from any other circumstance, that the party intended to kill or to do some great bodily harm, wilful homicide will be murder.

After another long detail of cases it is said:—

From the cases which have been stated in the former part of this section, it appears that malice will be presumed, even though the act be perpetrated recently after the provocation received, if the instrument or manner of retaliation be greatly inadequate to the offence given, and cruel and dangerous in its nature; for the law supposes that a

party capable of acting in so outrageous a manner upon a slight provocation must have entertained a general, if not a particular malice, and have previously determined to inflict such vengeance upon any pretence that offered.

Further on, after a variety of cases about resistance to lawful apprehension, it is said:—

Where persons having authority to arrest or imprison, using the proper means for that purpose, are resisted in so doing and killed, it will be murder in all who take a part in such resistance.

There are other rules in other parts of the treatise in question, but these are enough to illustrate the form into which the law has fallen in course of time, and under the influence of unlimited and unregulated reporting. That form is a strange mass of precedents, principles, and rules, of which the precedents form very much the largest part. It may, however, be said with some confidence that the subject is at length exhausted; and that rules free from all fiction (like those quoted above) have at length been established, by which the meaning of the unlucky word 'malice' has been reduced to a certainty. Indeed, so fully has the subject been discussed, and so very complete is the collection of illustrations, that for the last twenty years and more no single case has been decided which materially varies the law upon the subject. The authorized reports from 1844 to the present time are those of Dennison, Dearsley, Dearsley and Bell, Bell, and Leigh and Cave. None of these contain any case which affects the definition of murder. As hundreds of trials for that crime have taken place during the period in question, it is obvious that the law may be considered to have taken its final shape, and our experience on the different ways in which, and circumstances under which, men may take away each other's lives may be said for all practical purposes to be complete. The shape of the law is cumbersome in the extreme, and, as the

Commissioners have found, it is to a considerable extent unsatisfactory. But there can be little real doubt as to what it is.

In this state of things, the question is how the law is to be altered. Its faults are obvious enough. The most important of them are that no importance is attached to provocation, except the provocation of considerable personal violence and the actual sight of adultery committed by a wife; and that the law goes too far in considering that the fact that an act which causes death was done in the commission of a felony is conclusive evidence of that malice which constitutes murder. The case mentioned by Foster and others, about the man who shoots at a fowl with intent to steal, and accidentally kills a man, is an extreme case of this principle; and though it is doubtful whether in the present day the extreme severity of such a rule would not prevent it from being acted upon, several cases have occurred at no very great distance of time in which men have actually been executed in accordance with it. Not very many years ago, for example, a burglar was hanged at Lincoln for murder, in having killed an old lady, rather by fright than violence. He broke into the house where she was, and threw a pillow over her, not with the intention of killing or even of injuring her, but probably as a sort of threat. The effect on her nerves was such that she immediately died. A similar case happened perhaps about the same time, or rather earlier, at Warwick. Three boys went out to pick pockets. One gave a blow to an old man to make him lean forward, snatched his watch from his pocket, and passed it to his accomplices. The old man was fat and weak, and the blow killed him, though it was not a severe or apparently dangerous one. All the three boys were convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. So, too, the rule which makes it murder to kill

any officer of justice in the execution of his duty, without reference to the means employed or the intention of the criminal, is exceedingly harsh. Take, for instance, the case of a thief tripping up a constable who tries to arrest him, and accidentally killing him. Would it not be monstrous to treat such an act as murder? yet murder it undoubtedly is by law. 'The law implies malice' in cases of resistance to lawful authorities. So, again, suicide is murder; and if two persons attempt to commit suicide together, and one escapes, the one who escapes is a principal in the murder of the other. It is easy to see that in all these cases the law is far too wide, and it is obvious enough that it came to be too wide by the generality of the original definition, 'murder is wilful killing with malice aforethought,' which generality many generations of judges reduced to a definite shape, acting upon the view which they happened to take of the particular facts which chanced from time to time to come before them.

Such being the defects of the law, and such its general condition, the Commissioners have had before them two proposals for its alteration. On the one hand, it was recommended that the law should be recast, and the crime of murder redefined. On the other, it was proposed that the law should be left as it is, but that an Act should be passed providing that sentence of death should not be passed in cases of murder unless the jury found, as a fact, the presence of express malice aforethought, or unless the murder were 'committed in, or with a view to, the perpetration, or escape after the perpetration or attempt at perpetration, of any of the following crimes—murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy.'

In considering these recommendations, I will first examine the suggestion made by the Commissioners, and give my reasons for objecting

to it, and then show that the other course is perfectly practicable and easy, and that it would be attended with many advantages which would be lost by adopting the proposal of the Commissioners.

In the first place, it must be observed that the proposal to leave the law unaltered, but to split the crime into two degrees, is obviously a proposal not to simplify the law, but to make it much more complicated than it was before. All the 'nice and subtle distinctions' of which the Commissioners justly complain will be left just as they are, to take the most favourable view of the case; and the question will be complicated by the further question of the two degrees of murder. It is, however, too much to hope that the law will be left as it is, with the addition of an extra complication. It will be rendered far worse, as I now proceed to show. At present the distinction between express and implied malice has in practice become obsolete. Though it still to some extent perplexes the subject, a series of positive rules, which are at all events intelligible and complete, have practically superseded it. For instance, when a judge has to deal with a case of death inflicted in the commission of a felony, he does not explain to the jury the difference between express and implied malice, but tells them broadly that to inflict death in the commission of a felony is murder, and the same course is taken in the case of resistance to officers in the execution of their duty, &c. In short, though the law has not been expressly codified, it has worked itself by degrees into a system which has some of the advantages of a code, as it admits of being thrown into the shape of a set of positive rules which have been established by a vast number of cases. Pass an Act of Parliament declaring that 'express malice aforethought to be

found as a fact by the jury' is to be a necessary ingredient of murder in the first degree, and this advantage will be entirely given up, and the old legal fictions will all be revived. Let us consider what 'express malice' means. Whatever else it is, it is not 'implied malice.' But what are Lord Coke's cases of implied malice? Poisoning, he says, is a case of 'implied malice.' So is a murder committed either without any assignable motive, or in the execution of another crime, such as robbery. The Commissioners propose to provide specially for the case of murders committed in the execution of another crime, and therefore their recommendation is that if A. kills B. without any precise assignable motive 'to be found as a fact by the jury'—as, for instance, if he secretly poisons him, and no motive appears—this is to be murder in the second degree. If this is not their meaning, they use the words 'express malice' in a different sense both from Lord Coke and Lord Hale; for Coke expressly says that poisoning, where no special grudge is proved, is a case of implied malice; and Hale says that malice is implied in all cases, unless its absence can be shown. Hence, if Coke and Hale are to be authorities at all, the law as proposed to be altered by the Commissioners will be that all murders are to be assumed to be murders in the second degree, unless the particular grudge between the parties can be proved, or unless the crime is committed in the perpetration of one of the other crimes mentioned. Surely this is an absurd result. If, however, it is the result which the Commissioners wish for, their recommendation, instead of using the obscure phrase 'express malice aforethought,' should substitute its equivalent, when their recommendation would be expressed thus: 'The punishment of death should be retained for all murders deliberately committed, for which there can be

assigned some definite motive of ill-will towards the person murdered, to be found as a fact by the jury.' A definite motive of ill-will must be what Coke and Hale meant by express malice, or they would never have defined implied malice as they did. When the proposition is thus stated in plain words, it implies, in the first place, that murders may be deliberately committed without any definite motive of ill-will against the person murdered (which seems remarkable); and, in the second place, that the punishment of a murderer is to depend on the degree of knowledge which the jury may be able to attain of the state of his feelings before he did the act. Surely common sense tells us, that if one man deliberately or intentionally kills another, it does not matter what his motive is. If it were benevolent—if he wished to send the man to heaven, or to rid him of a painful and lingering disease—that ought to make no difference, unless every one is to have the power of life and death over all his neighbours.

It may indeed be that the essence of the Commissioners' recommendation lies not in the words 'express malice,' but in the words 'to be found as a fact by the jury;' and it might perhaps be held, by a sort of analogy to the law of libel, that the effect of the proposed enactment would be to remit it to the jury, in every particular case, to say whether or no the circumstances of that case exhibited what they would call express malice aforethought. It appears probable that this was their meaning, as otherwise they leave the question of provocation just as it is. If this is the intention, the effect would be very similar to that of the French system of extenuating circumstances, which is one of the worst and weakest parts of their law. If such a power were given to the jury, they would become, not judges of the fact, but depositaries

of the Crown's prerogative of mercy, and this they would have to exercise under the pressure of vehement and eloquent appeals to their passions. In a case, for instance, like Townley's, the trial would no longer be an inquiry into facts. It would consist principally of vehement appeals to the sympathies of twelve small shopkeepers or farmers chosen by chance, and called upon to decide, not on the question of fact as at present, but on the propriety of hanging A. B.; and this decision would have to be given on the bare evidence admissible for the purpose of examining the facts, and under the excitement of the moment. The present mode of exercising the prerogative of mercy is most unsatisfactory in every possible way, but it is at least calm, dignified, and deliberate. In determining on the fate of a man convicted of murder, the Home Secretary takes his own time. He inquires into such collateral facts as may appear to him to be relevant to the question whether it is desirable to hang a particular person, and which could not have been admitted in evidence on his trial. He is known to the public, and is responsible in various ways for the advice which he gives. He is also a Cabinet Minister, and may thus be presumed to have some acquaintance at least with the principles on which punishment ought to be administered. None of these things are true of a jury. They cannot travel out of the evidence before them; they must decide on the spot; they have no special acquaintance with the administration of criminal justice; and their number is just large enough to shield them from any sort of responsibility. The system of extenuating circumstances incorporates for the time being popular sentimentality, whether in the fierce or in the tender mood, as the case may be. It is, in short, a device intended solely to shirk a difficulty which the Legislature ought to face and solve,

by throwing the solution of it on a body which is particularly unfit to bear it.

If proof of this is required, it is to be found in the way in which the law relating to extenuating circumstances has worked in France. It is a constant occasion of ignominious compromises. The jury constantly convict with little or no evidence when their passions are aroused; and find extenuating circumstances in cases of the worst kind of guilt, if their sensibility happens to be worked upon either by the speeches of advocates, or by any romantic circumstances in the case itself. The introduction of sentiment and romance into the administration of any branch of the law is an immense evil, and this would be the direct and inevitable consequence of introducing into our own system the change proposed, if I have rightly conjectured its meaning.

The objection which I have been illustrating may be put very shortly as follows. If 'express malice aforethought' is made a necessary ingredient in murder in the first degree, and if those words are construed as meaning what Coke and Hale say they mean, many of the worst kinds of assassinations will be treated as murders of the second degree, so long as the motive of the murderer is not brought to light.

If the words 'to be found as a fact by the jury' mean that the jury, without being guided by any rule at all, are to decide whether the particular circumstances proved in a particular case do or do not constitute 'express malice aforethought,' then the French law of extenuating circumstances, with all its evils and weaknesses, will be introduced into this country.

It may be added that it is altogether uncertain which of these two things the recommendation of the Commissioners means. The use of the well-known technical words 'ex-

press malice aforethought' point to the first meaning. The use of the words 'to be found as a fact by the jury' points to the second; for by the law as it stands, malice, whether express or implied, must always be found as a fact by the jury.

I now come to the second class of crimes, which the Commissioners propose to describe as murders of the first degree. These are murders committed 'in, or with a view to, the perpetration, or escape after the perpetration, of murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy.'

This is an adaptation of the old rule that malice is implied when the death is caused in the commission of a felony. The Commissioners felt, and felt justly, that this was far too severe. The cases which have been mentioned above, of the man shooting at a tame fowl with intent to steal, and the like, are instances of this excessive severity. Their recommendation appears to me to be quite as arbitrary as the old law, and to be likely to work great injustice both in what it includes and in what it excludes. In the first place, the list of crimes to which the rule applies appears to be far too small. Murder committed in, or with a view to, the perpetration of high treason, is surely as bad a crime as murder committed in, or with a view to, robbery. A Fenian brother deliberately shoots or poisons the sentries at Dublin Castle, in order to prepare the way for an attack on it. According to the Commissioners, this is murder in the second degree only. There is no 'express malice aforethought,' for the prisoner had no personal ill-will to any particular man, and the object of the murder was neither to perpetrate, nor to escape after perpetrating, murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy. The object was to commit high treason, and therefore the prisoner, if tried on a capital charge at all, must be tried for high treason,

with all the cumbrous incidents attached to such a prosecution, and the murder must be laid as an overt act of treason. To vary the illustration let us suppose that the victims were officers of a gaol, and the object to rescue a powerful leader of rebellion from lawful custody. A more atrocious crime could scarcely be conceived, yet the same remark would apply, unless by some quibble the breaking into the prison were viewed as burglary. This, however, would not be the case if the victims were the judges on the bench, the counsel, and the officers in court. A general massacre of all these persons, for the sake of rescuing a prisoner, would only be murder in the second degree.

Take another case of a similar kind. It is a felony riotously to demolish or begin to demolish a house. It is also a felony for more than twelve persons to continue riotously assembled together for more than an hour after the Riot Act has been read. It is also a felony to wound with intent to do grievous bodily harm; and if, in the commission of any of these felonies, death is wilfully caused, the crime is murder, and the punishment at present is death. Let us suppose the recurrence of such a scene as the Bristol riots. The streets are full of armed mobs; the Riot Act has been read; houses are being burnt or pulled down on all sides; several soldiers are shot dead whilst attempting to disperse the crowd; a clergyman who interferes to persuade the rioters to go home is deliberately shot through the leg by a drunken ruffian, and dies of his wounds. In one of the houses which is being pulled down are several people, who are thrown out of the windows for remonstrating, and killed on the spot; and in one of the houses which is being burnt an old man is pushed roughly on one side, falls down stairs, and dies some time afterwards. The persons guilty of these various crimes

are all apprehended and convicted. As the law now stands, they were all guilty of one and the same offence, namely, wilful murder; and some might, and probably would, be executed, and others respited, according to circumstances. Under the new provisions proposed by the Commissioners, one man only, and he the least guilty of all, would be guilty of murder in the first degree—the person, namely, who pushed down the old man in the burning house. This criminal would have committed murder in the perpetration of arson. The man who shot the soldier would be a murderer in the second degree only, as his crime would have been committed without express malice against the soldier, and in the perpetration of the felony of being assembled riotously after the Riot Act was read. The persons thrown out of the windows of the houses demolished otherwise than by fire would have been murdered in the perpetration, not of arson, but of a special statutory felony. The clergyman—the worst case of all—would have been murdered in the perpetration of the felony of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm. So long as there is no definite intent to kill, but only an intent to take the chance of killing by acts of atrocious personal cruelty, the crime would be murder in the second degree.

Let us pursue these illustrations a little further. It would be murder in the first degree to kill a man by a slight blow or push given for the purpose of taking his watch by force, or for the purpose of preventing him from apprehending the robber as he ran away. It would be murder in the second degree to kill a child by setting a ferocious dog at it for sport; or to kill a woman by the most brutal kicks in the stomach and blows on the head, given not with the intention of killing, but with the intention of doing grievous bodily harm, and with utter indiffer-

ence whether death was inflicted or not. By way of compensation for this leniency, if a pirate were to fire a gun to bring a vessel to in order to rob her, and if the gun were to burst and kill one of his companions, this would be murder in the first degree. A., B., C., D., E., and F. are in custody—A. for a night poaching affray in which several keepers and poachers have been maimed for life; B. for extorting money by threats; C. for wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm, having cut out a man's eyes; D. for setting fire to a stack of beans in a solitary field; E. for a burglary, consisting in opening the door of a shop at 9.15 on a summer's evening to steal a penny loaf; and F. for robbing a drunken man of a shilling when he himself was drunk. They find means to break out of prison, and escape together. They meet a warder, who opposes them. One pushes him down, and he dies. The push in law is the push of all, and the crime is murder in the second degree in A., B., and C., and in the first degree in D., E., and F.; and this is the result of a proposal intended to mitigate the unreasonable severity of the law as it exists.

I will make at present only one general observation on the cause of this absurd result. The Commissioners have altogether left out of consideration the character of the act by which death is caused, and the intention of the man who causes it. They have looked only at the fact that it is part of a series of actions ending in serious crimes. Surely this is a great mistake. If a murderer, in the act of committing one murder, undesignedly, and by some strange accident, kills another person, he is not more guilty morally in respect of the second death than he would have been if he had not caused the first. You might as well hang a murderer for the tres-

pass he commits in entering his victim's house without leave, as on account of an unintentional homicide accidentally connected with the principal offence. Men ought to be punished for their crimes, not for matters accidentally and unintentionally connected with them.

I pass now to another consideration connected with the proposed change. It is self-evident, that to multiply legal definitions is a great evil. Wherever there are two crimes which closely resemble each other, there will be a number of hard cases, because crimes between which there is not much substantial difference will be very near to each side of the boundary. Most of the intricacy of the criminal law would be removed if the distinctions between theft, embezzlement, and false pretences were done away with, and the explanations already given show how many 'nice and subtle distinctions,' to use the Commissioners' own words, have arisen in settling the boundaries between murder and manslaughter. The fact is that there is no use in distinguishing cognate crimes unless a distinction is to be made in the punishment to be awarded, or in the court competent to try the offence. Tried by this principle, which is self-evident, why distinguish between murder in the second degree and manslaughter? Murder in the second degree will be punishable with penal servitude for life, or not less than seven years. Manslaughter is punishable with penal servitude for life, or any less term; or with imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for two years or under. Why there should be a minimum punishment in the case of murder in the second degree I cannot imagine. Many cases of murder by way of implied malice may be put in which seven years' penal servitude would be an absurdly severe punishment; as, for instance, where a thief trips up, and so kills, a policeman who

is trying to apprehend him. There is only one other case in which a minimum punishment is now prescribed by law,* and experience has shown that such punishments are exceedingly inconvenient, and perfectly useless when the judges can be trusted. Take away this slight difference, and murder in the second degree and manslaughter become identical. Each consists in culpable homicide, punishable in precisely the same way. Why, then, retain a difference in name which might frequently embarrass the administration of justice? If the proposal of the Commissioners is adopted we shall get the following strange result:—

Manslaughter is wilful killing without malice.

Murder in the second degree is wilful killing with implied malice.

Murder in the first degree is wilful killing with express malice, or in the perpetration of certain crimes.

N.B.—The presence of implied malice makes no difference.

Is not this a strange way of simplifying and improving the law?

The last objection I have to make to the suggestion of the Commissioners for the alteration of the law of murder is of a general character, yet I believe it to be quite as weighty as the others on which I have already enlarged. Men are to a great extent the creatures of words and names. When, therefore, it fortunately happens that the name of a crime is connected with terrible associations, and is regarded with universal horror, nothing can be more foolish than to weaken its effect. The word 'murder' at present is associated with all that is horrible, and exercises a powerful influence over the imaginations of

mankind. This is because the popular conception of it is simple. Split the crime up into murder of the first degree, and murder of the second degree, and teach people that there are many murders which involve comparatively slight punishment, and the whole moral effect of the present association is destroyed. Conceive what an effect for evil it would have if, after receiving a sentence of seven years' penal servitude for murder, a man were to come back to his native place, and afford to its inhabitants a daily illustration of the fact that, owing to alterations in the law, the mysterious horror which used to surround the name of murder was now dispelled. The loss of such an association would do far more harm than would counterbalance the good to be obtained by an alteration of the law.

Such are my objections to the change which it is proposed to make. I now proceed to consider the arguments which have induced the Commissioners to give it the preference over the other scheme which was proposed of abrogating the present law of murder, and starting afresh with a new definition. These arguments are three in number.

The first is, that the measure proposed by the Commissioners 'involves no disturbance of the present distinction between murder and manslaughter.'

This would be an excellent and indeed conclusive argument if the distinction in question were sound; but considering that the unsoundness of the distinction is the foundation of all the proposals of the Commissioners, it is difficult to understand the force of the argument. They observe that 'arbitrary

* The case of crimes against nature. This is a very peculiar case, affording no analogy for any other; for the guilt consists in the act itself, independently of all other circumstances. It may thus be susceptible of aggravation, but not of extenuation, beyond a certain point, and so is a proper case for a minimum punishment. I know of no other crime of which the same can be said.

rules have been introduced into the law' (as to the distinction between murder and manslaughter) 'which most materially restrict its beneficial operation.' They refer to the 'nice and subtle distinctions which prevail upon the subject' of provocation. They declare that the practical effect of this state of things 'is most unsatisfactory.' They have 'unanimously arrived at the conclusion that this portion of the law requires revision and amendment;' and they conclude, not by recommending that the 'arbitrary rules' should be abolished, and the 'nice and subtle distinctions' taken away, but by treating the 'disturbance of the present distinction between murder and manslaughter' as a positive evil. Unless 'murder' and 'manslaughter' are something more than the names of crimes—unless they are real substantial entities, whose interests are to be carefully protected, and whose relations are on no account to be disturbed, I confess myself utterly unable to understand what this can possibly mean. I should have thought that if the present distinction between murder and manslaughter was arbitrary, intricate, and unreasonable, it ought to be 'disturbed' at once to any extent that might be necessary to make it natural, simple, and reasonable. On no account, say the Commissioners. To 'disturb' an existing distinction is unreasonable, and an evil in itself. The right way to get rid of its inconveniences is to set up a second absurd distinction, the effects of which will probably, or at least possibly, neutralise those of the first.

The second argument is, that the proposal in question does not make it necessary to remodel the statutes relating to attempts to murder.

This at least has the advantage of being an intelligible argument. No doubt a new definition of murder would imply an alteration in the law relating to attempts

to murder, and in this there would be a certain degree of trouble. In order to show the amount of trouble which the alteration would cause, and the importance of making the alteration, it will be necessary to say a few words on the law relating to attempts to murder. A very little attention to this matter will show that the argument put forward by the Commissioners as an objection to the scheme is in truth one of the strongest arguments in its favour.

If murder had been properly defined in the first instance, all attempts to murder might have been punished as crimes involving the same or a similar amount of guilt; but the extreme latitude of the definition of the offence itself led to one of the strangest and most characteristic results in the whole range of our criminal jurisprudence. In very early times it seems that the rule '*Voluntas pro facto*' applied in this matter, and that an attempt to murder which failed by accident was punished as a murder. At some unknown period this rule fell into disuse, and attempts to commit murder fell back into the general class of misdemeanours. Some peculiarly atrocious crimes of the kind having attracted notice, particular Acts were passed—like the Coventry Act and the Black Act—which made certain forms of personal violence capital felonies, and these were slightly generalised and enlarged, until at last the law fell into its present shape, which is as follows. Attempts to murder fall under the provisions of ss. 11–15, both inclusive, of the 24 & 25 Vict. c. 100:—

S. 11 punishes with penal servitude for life or less, or imprisonment with or without hard labour for two years or under, the administration of poison, or wounding with intent to murder.

S. 12 inflicts the same punishment on those who, with the same

intent, destroy or damage a building with gunpowder.

S. 13 inflicts the same punishment on those who, with the same intent, set fire to or cast away a ship.

S. 14 inflicts the same punishment on those who, with the same intent, attempt to administer poison, or shoot or attempt to shoot, or attempt to drown, suffocate, or strangle.

S. 15 inflicts the same punishment on those who, with the same intent, 'shall by any other means than those specified in any of the preceding sections' attempt to commit murder.

This is the statute which the Commissioners do not wish to 'remodel.' If there were not other instances of the same sort of ingenuity in the other Consolidation Acts, it might perhaps be a pity to abolish what would deserve to be considered as an unrivalled specimen of the art of botching. But it is only as a curiosity of clumsiness that the present law deserves any kind of respect. The way to remodel it is simply to repeal it altogether, and to substitute for it the following enactment:—'Whoever shall attempt to commit murder or manslaughter shall be guilty of felony, and shall,' &c.

If murder were reasonably defined, there could be no objection to this. Whatever be the definition adopted, there can be no attempt to commit murder except in cases of premeditation and design. A man cannot attempt to do what he does not intend to do. He cannot try to kill a man unintentionally or negligently. If he tried to kill him under strong provocation, that would be an attempt to commit, not murder, but manslaughter. This crime at present, or under the alteration suggested by the Commissioners, would be punishable only as a misdemeanour; but surely an attempt to kill a man

under provocation is a most serious matter, and if the law as to provocation is to be relaxed, it will become still more serious than it was before. It is very remarkable that the Commissioners object to the severity of the law of murder as it stands, and yet propose to leave the law as to attempts to murder unaltered. Thus a man, driven to frenzy by the grossest insults, shoots another dead. It is hard, say the Commissioners, that he should be hanged for this; nevertheless, let us continue to call the act itself murder, though we mitigate the punishment, in order that the attempt may be punished with sufficient severity.

The third argument is, that the proposed change will not 'interfere with the operation of those treaties with foreign powers which provide for the extradition of fugitives accused of that crime.'

It has been lately decided that the law which is to be applied in the case of extradition, is the law of the country which delivers up the criminal. Hence, if the Americans demanded the extradition of a person accused of murder, it would be necessary to consider whether he was a murderer by our law. As the law at present stands, they would have the power to claim extradition in thousands of cases to which it is morally certain that the treaties were never meant to apply. Suppose, for instance, a political refugee, in escaping from prison at New York, were to trip up and so kill a policeman who was in chase of him, this by our law as it stands would be murder, and the extradition of the offender could be claimed; yet such an act, though within the words of the treaty, would certainly not be within its spirit. This is not mere speculation. The case of John Anderson, the runaway slave, who was claimed by the Americans in 1861, was a case of constructive malice; and if the matter had not

been settled by the course of events without the necessity of a decision from our courts, the looseness and width of our definition of murder might have involved us in most serious difficulties. It cannot surely be seriously contended that the treaties with France and America bind us not to modify in any degree those parts of our municipal law to which the treaties refer. If this were so, by what right did we in 1861 recast the whole of our law of bankruptcy, and especially alter entirely all the provisions constituting offences against the bankruptcy law when we had a treaty with France for the extradition of 'fraudulent bankrupts'?

Such are my reasons for objecting to the change which the Commissioners propose to make in the present state of the law of murder, and for thinking that the arguments by which they support their proposal are unsatisfactory. I will now proceed to state my reasons for thinking that the other course suggested—namely, the re-definition of the crime of murder—would be highly beneficial and perfectly easy.

I have given elsewhere* at length an account of the common law definitions of crime, and have shown that by far the greater part of the intricacy and technicality with which the criminal law is justly chargeable arises from their insufficiency, and from the manner in which successive generations of judges have cobbled them up to make them meet, if possible, the requirements of successive generations. The great defect of the law, indeed, is that the great leading crimes have never been defined at all in an authoritative manner. There is, indeed, one exception to this statement. By far the best and most scientific Criminal Code that has ever been composed is little more than an abstract of the

criminal law of England, altered in some particulars, but preserving its principal outlines. I refer, of course, to the Indian Criminal Code, the practical success of which, I believe, has been fully equal to its theoretical merits.† In the article which I published in this magazine in June 1864, I proposed the adoption of its provisions in this country; and in my evidence before the Commissioners I entered upon the subject more fully, and pointed out one or two modifications which I thought might be advantageously made in it. I still think that this course would be the best which could be taken; besides, it is one which is already sanctioned by experience, and by the authority of the eminent lawyers who prepared the code in question. Suppose, however, that for any reason the particular definition in question is objected to, still the importance of having some definition, and the general character of the definition to be adopted, admit of illustration. I will now discuss these subjects in their turn.

As to the importance of having a definition, there can, one would think, be no doubt of it. The many scores of reported cases, which encumber our law books are, after all, only substitutes—and singularly clumsy and unserviceable substitutes they are—for a regular and careful definition. When a certain number of them have been decided, the law upon the point to which they relate is said to be well settled, and to admit of no further discussion; and when matters have once been brought into this shape, the particular cases by which a given rule has been established, and the special facts on which the rule was founded, are for the most part forgotten. Thus, for instance, it is perfectly well settled that no pro-

* See my *General View of the Criminal Law of England*, chapter iv.

† See upon this, the evidence of Sir Mordaunt Wells before the Commissioners.

vocation except considerable personal violence, or the sight of the act of adultery by a wife, will reduce the guilt of murder to that of manslaughter. Indeed, if nothing else were required than to codify the existing law, it would be easy to throw the cases already decided into the shape of a series of propositions which would express all that they decide. That such a step would be an immense convenience in the administration of justice and in popularising the knowledge of the law, is a self-evident proposition. How anyone can doubt it who does not also doubt whether the Latin syntax ought not to consist entirely of an indefinite number of examples to the total exclusion of all rules, is to me incomprehensible. Whoever may object to definitions, the authors of the suggestions under examination cannot consistently do so, for they recommend that murder of the first degree should be defined. Hence the question is not between defining and not defining; but between one definition and another.

Since, then, it is obvious that, if the law is to be altered at all, there must of necessity be a new definition of some sort, what is it to be? The natural division of the subject is simple and obvious. All homicide is either criminal or not criminal. If it is not criminal, it is either accidental or justifiable. If it is criminal, the criminality must arise from the nature of the intention with which the act causing death was done, and this again will generally be inferred from the nature of the act itself. The cardinal points, therefore, are the intention with which the fatal act was done, and the nature of the act as evidence of that intention. As the question of evidence is exclusively for the jury, the only point with which the definition need be concerned is the intention. What, then, are the intentions with which acts which destroy life may be done?

They may be done either with or without an intention to kill. If done without an intention to kill, they may be done with or without an intention to inflict bodily injury likely to kill; and that intention, if it exists, may or may not be coupled with indifference as to the result. In either case they may be done with or without provocation. I will give a single illustration of each case.

1. A. cuts B.'s throat from ear to ear with a razor, B. being asleep in bed: A. robs the house. Here there is an intent to kill, shown by the character of the act and the subsequent conduct.

2. A. robbing B.'s room, B. wakes up and tries to arrest A.; A. strikes at B. with a knife and cuts B.'s throat. Here there is no intent to kill, but there is an intent to do personal injury likely to kill, and coupled with indifference whether death follows or not.

3. It would be possible to put a case of an intent to do personal injury likely to kill, coupled with a wish not to kill; but this is a mere speculative possibility. No jury which acted on the rule that a man intends the natural consequence of his actions would ever find the existence of such a state of facts.

Substitute for the motive assigned in these cases some gross outrage by B. against A., and you have the case of killing, or doing an act likely to kill, with provocation. The remaining cases of criminal homicide are killing by negligence, without any intention to inflict dangerous bodily injury; and killing by bodily injury intentionally inflicted, but not likely to kill. This is obviously very near the case of killing by negligence. I would therefore lay down the following propositions, not as definitions, but as illustrations of the ease with which a definition might be framed. A formal definition would require further explanations and provisos,

such as are contained in the Indian Code. The propositions which follow are intended to exhibit the broad outline of the subject according to its natural arrangement.

1. Homicide is either accidental, or justifiable, or criminal. Accidental and justifiable homicide are sufficiently ascertained by the law as it stands.

2. Criminal homicide is either murder or manslaughter.

3. Murder is criminal homicide committed without provocation, and either with an intention to kill or with an intention to inflict bodily injury or violence likely to cause death, coupled with indifference whether death is caused or not.

4. Manslaughter is criminal homicide committed without either of these intentions, or with either of these intentions, but under provocation.

5. Provocation is conduct likely to cause uncontrollable passion in an ordinary man. Acts are said to be done 'under provocation' only if the person committing them is, in fact, thrown by them into an uncontrollable passion, and does the act whilst so deprived of self-command.*

I will now proceed to contrast these propositions and the outline which they draw with the recommendations of the Commissioners. In the first place they get rid of two expressions introduced by the Commissioners into their definition of murder in the first degree—'deliberately,' and 'express malice aforethought.' It appears to me that this is a great advantage. It is common to consider premeditation and deliberation as necessary ingredients of the worst kinds of murder, and this appears to have been the view taken by the Commissioners; but surely there are other cases of murder, which are at least as bad in a

moral point of view, and quite as dangerous to society. A person who suddenly conceives and immediately executes the resolution to kill another for some unlawful reason, not amounting to provocation, appears to me to be rather worse, if anything, than the man who decides to do so only after long deliberation. Suppose, for instance, that a person were to be discovered in the commission of an indecent or immoral action, and in order to prevent disclosure were instantly, without further provocation, to kill the person who so discovered him, would not this show greater wickedness and a far more dangerous temper than the same crime committed after long hesitation and reflection? Yet the one would be a case of premeditation, and the other a case in which there was no premeditation. A policeman meets a thief or vagrant whom he has a right to search, and offers to search him; the thief or vagrant pulls out a pistol and shoots him through the head, forming and executing the design on the instant.

Why is this to be treated as murder in the second degree? According to what test of the criminality of an action is it less criminal than a planned assassination, or than a murder committed in the course of a burglary? Consider again the indefiniteness of such a word as 'deliberately.' Is five minutes time for deliberation, or two, or one, or an hour? If it be replied that this depends on circumstances, this no doubt is true, but it proves that intention and not deliberation is the test, and that deliberation is important only as showing intention.

Contrast, again, the propositions in question with the second class of murders, for which the Commissioners purpose to reserve

* Further rules on this point are laid down in the Indian Code, which I omit here for the sake of simplicity.

capital punishment—murders that are committed in the perpetration of certain specified crimes. I have shown already that the atrocity of such murders depends principally on the intention of the murderer, and that it is altogether arbitrary and unreasonable to punish a man for accidentally causing death in the act of committing some other offence for which he is already liable to be punished with extreme severity. Burglary, robbery, piracy, and arson are already liable, and justly liable, to be punished with penal servitude for life. If death were inflicted by any means likely to cause death in the commission of any of these offences, this, by my propositions, would be murder, inasmuch as the facts would furnish the strongest possible evidence that the crime had been committed either with an intention to cause death, or at least by the intentional infliction of bodily injury likely to cause it, coupled with indifference as to whether it was caused or not. It is impossible to suggest a case falling within the Commissioners' definition and not falling within my definition, which, if it stood alone, anyone would wish to punish capitally; for in all such cases death must, of necessity, be caused in the commission of one of the crimes in question, under circumstances not showing either of the intentions referred to—i.e. death must be caused by some accidental circumstance not showing any greater wickedness of disposition in the criminal than was already shown by his commission of the collateral offence. But for cases of this class the wide discretion as to punishment already vested in our judges is surely sufficient. If a burglar, in the commission of burglary, accidentally destroys life, this may be taken into consideration in apportioning his punishment; but it surely is extremely harsh to make a mere accident a substantive offence

of the highest degree known to the law.

To show the unreasonableness of this rule, it is enough to trace it to its source. This is to be found in the old definitions of murder to which I have so often referred, and which are given by Coke and Hale. According to them, murder is bounded—so to speak—not only by manslaughter, but also by accidental homicide. Accidental homicide is divided by Bracton into homicide in a lawful and in an unlawful act. Coke and Foster make accidental homicide in a felonious act murder. This might be tolerable in days when men were liable to be hanged for every sort of petty crime which was included under the name of felony, but surely the time for such a doctrine is now past.

These remarks show that my propositions are not open to objections which may be urged against those proposed by the Commissioners. I will now proceed, by comparing them with past experience, to show how they stand related to the existing law. I will refer for this purpose to the last edition of *Russell on Crimes*, in which, as I have already shown, the subject is exhausted.

Chapter I. begins by an account of malice, and an explanation of the different senses in which the word is used. These would all be swept away by the substitution of the plain word 'intention,' for the ambiguous and technical term 'malice.' In substance, as I have already shown, this change has actually been effected; for the scores of cases decided on the subject have resulted in defining malice to mean an intention to do one or the other of several specified things. It would therefore be a clear improvement to drop the technical phrase, with its intricate and subtle distinctions, and to substitute for it the plain meaning which has by degrees been affixed

to it. Passing over some cases relating to the possible subjects of murder (infants in the womb, &c.), which have no special reference to the definition of the crime itself, we come to cases as to the sort of acts which would amount to murder, such as not providing food for children. These cases may be summed up by saying that they establish that 'wilful neglect, so gross and wilful as to satisfy the jury that the prisoner must have contemplated the death of the deceased,' would amount to murder. This is exactly the intention to destroy life specified in my proposition. These are followed by cases about physicians, or persons acting as such (St. John Long's case), which prove that 'gross negligence and gross rashness' causing death, in medical treatment, amount to manslaughter. This falls within my second proposition. The death is caused by an act neither justifiable nor accidental; it is therefore criminal. There is no intention to cause death or dangerous bodily injury; therefore it is not murder. It is, therefore, manslaughter. This is followed by some cases on suicide, in which people went out to commit suicide together. One died, and the survivor was held guilty of murder. For simplicity's sake, I have not gone into this topic; but in my evidence before the Commissioners I did so, and recommended that suicide should no longer be considered as murder, but that assisting a person to commit suicide should be made a substantive offence. 'After these come various cases as to the law of principal and accessory in murder, which are not relevant to the definition of the crime.

We next come to cases of provocation. In these it is admitted that a considerable change in this part of the law is necessary. The way in which the Commissioners propose to deal with the subject is by no means clear—unless their proposal, that

'express malice aforethought, to be found as a fact by the jury,' means that the jury are in every particular case, and without any direction whatever from the judge, to say whether or not there was sufficient provocation to reduce the crime from the first to the second degree. If this is intended, the result will be to attach a most unreasonable degree of importance to the momentary impressions of ignorant and inexperienced men, under the influence of the excitement of a novel position, of a grave responsibility, and of powerful appeals to their feelings. Surely they may fairly expect some guidance from the Legislature. The law of provocation, as laid down by the Indian Code, goes far in this direction—I should have thought too far; but at least it expressly requires that the jury are to decide as to what constitutes 'grave and sudden provocation,' and it lays down a variety of wholesome rules, adopted from English decided cases, as to what shall not be provocation. It declares that if murder is to be reduced to manslaughter, 'the provocation is not to be sought or voluntarily provoked by the offender as an excuse for killing or doing harm,'—that the provocation 'is not given by anything done in obedience to the law, or by a public servant in the lawful exercise of the powers of such public servant,' and that it 'is not given by anything done in the lawful exercise of the right of private defence.' None of these explanations are proposed by the Commissioners. Under the general words 'express malice aforethought, to be found as a fact by the jury,' anything and everything may be accepted by the jury as an excuse for reducing an offence to murder to the second degree. They need not even find that there was any provocation at all; still less that it was either grave or sudden; and thus they will be at liberty, if they like,

to make the very motive which caused the crime, and which under the present law is taken as proof of malice, an excuse for it. The Indian Code, whilst allowing considerable and, I think,* undue latitude to the jury on this point, does subject them to considerable restrictions, and furnish them with rules by which, if they wish to discharge their duty properly, they can always be guided.

Passing from this we come to the cases relating to mutual combat, which is either deliberate, as in the case of duelling, or upon a sudden quarrel. Broadly, the result of these cases is somewhat as follows. Where there is a deliberate combat to fight with deadly weapons and death ensues, this is murder. If my propositions were adopted, it would also be murder; for there would certainly be an intent to hurt, and indifference whether death were caused or not. A duel might be imagined (and no doubt many such duels have occurred) in which one combatant unluckily killed the other when trying to miss him, having come out merely to satisfy the opinions of society. If, from circumstances, the jury took that view of the case, they might, under the propositions which I have proposed, convict of manslaughter. As for combats on a sudden quarrel, the law as it stands is, that if the circumstances show that both parties were in hot blood, so that each gave provocation, it is manslaughter; if there was deliberation and express malice, it is murder. This would not be altered either by the Commissioners' propositions or by mine. A mutual combat is a mutual continuing provocation. The

Indian Code meets this by an express rule.

The next class of cases noticed by Sir William Russell† are those of resistance to officers of justice, to persons assisting them, and to private persons lawfully interfering to apprehend felons or to prevent a breach of the peace. He thus sums up the law on the subject:—'Where persons having authority to arrest or imprison, using the proper means for that purpose, are resisted in so doing, and killed, it will be murder in all who take part in such resistance.' According to the Commissioners, it will be murder in the first degree only if there is 'express malice found as a fact by the jury,' whatever that may mean. According to my propositions, the question of murder or manslaughter would turn on the intention to kill or do grievous bodily harm, as there would be no provocation. To shoot a policeman dead with a pistol when he tried to restore peace, would be murder; to kill him by a blow neither likely nor intended to cause death, would be manslaughter. According to the suggestions of the Commissioners, all these cases, however atrocious, would be murders in the second degree.

The remaining sections relate to the cases of criminal, unlawful, or wanton acts, and lawful acts improperly performed. These are the cases to which I have so often referred of felonious or other illegal acts. It appears to me that no part of the law is more irrational, and that there is none in which the question of the intention with which the act is done, to be gathered generally from the nature of the act itself, is so important. The proposal of the

* I addressed a paper on this point to the Commissioners, but it is too special to be referred to here in detail.

† It is hardly necessary to say to the legal reader, though it is right to inform others, that perhaps the greater part of the present value of this book is derived from the fact that it has been carefully edited by Mr. Greaves.

Commissioners, as I have already observed, lessens the extent of the irrationality, but leaves the principle itself untouched.

I have thus compared the propositions which I suggest with the cases decided and with the proposals of the Commissioners. There can be no more searching test of their soundness; at all events, the comparison will enable anyone to judge for himself as to the present

state of the law, as to the degree in which it is likely to be improved by the adoption of the suggestions of the Commissioners, and as to the degree in which it ought to be improved by a change which, if it looks a little bolder, is in reality much more prudent (witness the question of provocation), and more likely to put the whole matter on a simple and rational footing.



AN ALPINE STORM.

IN every Alpine valley, the tales of disaster wrought from time to time by the tempest or the avalanche are amongst the most firmly rooted matters of local tradition. The landslip, the snowfall, the whirlwind, the storm, have written their story in indelible records almost everywhere beneath the shadows of the higher mountains—sometimes in isolated fragments which tell of a purely local catastrophe, sometimes in the more ample chapters of a history which covers a national misfortune. Of elemental outbreaks of the more general character, the inundations of 1853 afforded a striking example. For three days in succession, wherever an Alp reared its head, or a snow-basin lay couched in a mountain-hollow, the rain fell with a steady and persevering energy which, to those who knew the country, had something in it more ominous than the bursting of the wildest tempest. Without pause or variation of intensity, without break or gap for hundreds of square miles, and rendered infinitely more potent by a temperature high without precedent under such circumstances, the waters streamed down from the skies over a thousand mountains and their intermediate depressions, and, with their volume swollen to an incredible extent by the *débris* of rock, glacier, and snowfield which they bore with them to the devoted valleys and lowlands, committed an amount of general ravage and destruction such as no living memory could parallel, and such as all the luxuriance of Alpine vegetation could not hide for years. Such disasters are overwhelming from their magnitude and universality. But the cause is at least obviously adequate to the effect, and the re-

sult foreseen as the inevitable consequence of a continuance of the downfall long before the waters rise to their full height. Local and partial inundations have often a peculiar intensity, not to say ferocity, of their own; and mischief such as in 1853 it took three days of bad weather to bring about, is sometimes the work of an hour. A remarkable outbreak of this kind occurred during the past summer, in the little valley of Sixt, which, it is believed, afforded an example of rapid destruction and of merely local activity rare even amongst similar phenomena, and may therefore deserve a passing notice.

The village of Sixt is situated at the confluence of two mountain torrents—the Bas Giffre and the Haut Giffre. The Bas Giffre drains a valley six or seven miles long, the upper part of which is well known to tourists as the Fond de la Combe, and receives the outpourings of several small glaciers clustered about the base of the Pic de Tinneverges, the principal one being the glacier of Mont Ruan, where Jacques Balmat, the pioneer of Mont Blanc, met a tragical death. The valley of the Haut Giffre is of about the same extent, but leads to mountains more generally known—the Buet, whence the traveller gazes on one of the noblest prospects to be found in the Western Alps, with the Col de Léchaud crossing its western shoulder, and westward still the rocky chain of Les Fys, terminating in the magnificent Pointe de Salles, and flanking the Col d'Anterne by a range of precipices which can scarcely be matched for abrupt and awful grandeur in Switzerland or Savoy. The valley penetrates into the very heart of the Buet, and is blocked at last by an

amphitheatre of crag and precipice not unlike one of the well-known 'Cirques' of the Pyrenees, on a much larger scale. The rocks rise tier above tier and wall above wall, with only here and there a narrow band of shelving verdure between one set of precipices and the next, from the bed of the watercourse to the glaciers by which the Buet is crowned, some five thousand feet above. Near one extremity of the horse-shoe, a beautiful slope of mingled grass and firwood is banked up against the terraced structure of the mountain, in the form of an irregular cone, and presents a delightful contrast of colour with the ever-changing shades of grey and brown and black that flit athwart the sombre mass as the clouds chase one another across the blue sky, or as the varying rays of morning, mid-day, or sunset play into the amphitheatre—sometimes concealing in a blaze of sunlight, sometimes exposing by the heavy shadows that attend them, the infinite intricacies of mountain architecture. At the base of this green buttress of the Buet, the valley forks again, the watercourse on the right descending straight from the Col de Léchaud, and that on the left receiving the far more considerable drainage of the great mass of the Buet itself. Two or three hundred feet above the confluence of these two waters, a little plateau breaks the uniformity of the grass slope, and here is nestled a little collection of chalets called Les Fonds, in front of which, on the very edge of the plateau, an English gentleman has built his 'Eagle's Nest,' a beautiful mountain home, forming a conspicuous object from many parts of the path from Sixt to the Col d'Anterne. It was here that the tempest burst in its full violence.

The following particulars have been collected, partly by conversation with a considerable number of

people in the neighbourhood, and partly by personal inspection. There was one source of information which appeared to be most comprehensive. A young *prêtre-aspirant*, who had just donned his official costume, and whose *soutane* of the newest and glossiest black cloth shone in the sunlight as it never will shine again till polished into supernatural brightness by the friction of many years, paid a visit to the writer, accompanied by two or three of his seniors, and related many details. He was wound up like a piece of mechanism, and you had but to touch the spring and off the wheel-works went. He was brought up every now and then by an untimely interruption from one of his associates; but on these occasions he quietly bided his time, with more or less of patience, and then took up his parable again just where he had left off, until he was fairly run down. But as his narrative began with an assurance that the atmosphere had a strong smell of sulphur, and as the writer's look of surprise was met by a ready explanation that 'On prétendait qu'il y avait là-haut beaucoup de pierres soufreuses,' his anecdotes have been received with caution, and used but scantily.

Early in the afternoon of the 22nd of September, it was evident that a heavy storm was gathering. As far down the valley as Samöens—nearly eight miles below the Chalets des Fonds—it was so dark at three o'clock that the agent-voyer, Monsieur Barbier, who was at work in his office, was obliged to light his lamp; and the upper parts of the Buet, of the heights running from the Buet to the Col d'Anterne, of the Chaîne des Fys, and of the Pointe de Salles, were shrouded in one dense mass of impenetrable black cloud. To those who were in it, however, it does not appear to have been so thoroughly opaque

as many a lighter mass of vapour; for the people who were in the Eagle's Nest speak of having seen the Châlets des Fonds, though of course obscurely; and, as will presently appear, when the storm was at its height they were able to distinguish the lower crags of the Buet at a much more considerable distance. The storm did not fairly burst till between four and five, and then while it lasted there was no lack of light either where it was actually raging or lower down the valley, for it is said that the lighting was to all appearance actually and absolutely continuous for half an hour together. The fall of water is described as having borne no resemblance to ordinary rain, but as having descended in sheets as if poured out of pails or tubs. Men who were at work mending the mule-path to the Col d'Anterne, at a height of between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, say that it fell upon them in spouts, like great *douches*, four or five inches across, which pitted the ground wherever it was struck. Fortunately the Châlets of Grasses Chèvres were at hand, or they might have found themselves hardly dealt with by the elements.

A very few minutes after this deluge of water began to fall, two women who were at the Eagle's Nest observed a black cataract burst, as it were, out of the clouds, and come falling down a gully on the side of the Buet where it approaches nearest to the Châlets des Fonds. From this gully a watercourse, called the Ruisseau des Fonds—often dry in summer—leads down to that arm of the Haut Giffre which descends from the Col de Léchaud and in its lower part forms the boundary of the ground belonging to the Eagle's Nest. Along its side the owner has enclosed his property by a very substantial wooden palisading, built

with a strength and solidity which prove that the difference between an Alpine and an English climate has been felt and appreciated. In some places this fence is strengthened by heavy walls of rough stone several feet in thickness; in others, the natural rock and soil have appeared to afford sufficient hold. Above the fence the ground rises very sharply till the little plateau on which the house stands is reached. Higher up the Ruisseau des Fonds, near to the place where the cataract was seen suddenly to emerge from the clouds, a huge withered pine had been felled for firewood for the inmates of the Eagle's Nest. It was of enormous growth, and the stem which remained, after being topped and lopped and dressed, is said by a very intelligent man, named Claude Gurlie, a sort of major-domo at the Eagle's Nest, to have been 80 feet long. It lay on the bank of the Ruisseau des Fonds, not longitudinally—parallel with the stream—but with the thick end near the bed of the watercourse and the top above the bank, leaning against the steep side of the ravine. The flood of water caught the butt end of the pine stem, and rolled the whole piece over till it fell into the torrent and was hurled down as if it were a plaything. At the same time a heap of logs ready cut for firewood, and stacked some twenty or thirty feet above the bed of the stream, were reached by the water and hurried away. The first obstacle the great pine tree met was the palisading of the Eagle's Nest, at an angle in the stream; of course it was swept away like so much gingerbread, and but for the stout wall at its base, the bank above must also have been assailed, and it is difficult to say how much might not have been swept off by so irresistible a torrent, so charged with rocks and stones, and trees and

timber. The Ruisseau des Fonds is perhaps the very smallest of the affluents of the Haut Giffre, but the marks along its sides showed that the water must have risen between twenty and thirty feet above its bed, and all observers concur in saying that the waters attained their full height in a few minutes.

Where the Ruisseau des Fonds joins the Haut Giffre that stream flows, or rather falls, by a set of rapids and cascades through a gorge of the wildest and most romantic description. Massive crags, of great height and perpendicularity, hem it in on either side, and almost meet in places. In one spot they are spanned by an old tree, which has fallen across, and almost forms a bridge, a hundred and twenty or thirty feet above the water. In ordinary times it is a stream that you leap across if you cannot walk over it dryshod, but on the present occasion the water rose to within about fifty feet of the top of the gorge, so that the stream at this point must have been seventy feet in depth. Higher up, the ravine is shallower on one side, and the depth of the actual cut through which the river flows not above thirty or forty feet. The set of the stream, over a beautiful fall a little way above, is against this side; and ten days later the alder bushes and young firs which cover the steep slopes above it were so full of mud left by the swollen flood that the writer was half smothered with dust in pushing his way through them—certainly a hundred feet above the then level of the water. Lower down, and below the narrowest part of the gorge, is a fir tree growing just on the edge of a shelving bank ending in a drop of about thirty feet into the river. This fir tree is so bruised, and battered, and barked, to a height of about six feet above the ground by the trees and *débris*

hurled past it, that it is doubtful if it can ever recover.

But if this was the condition of the smaller arm of the Haut Giffre, what was the volume pouring down the other arm, which receives the real drainage of the Buet? It is not easy to give a notion by description of what it must have been. But there was a bridge by which the path to the Châlets des Fonds and the Col d'Anterne crossed the river, just above the junction of the two confluent. Its highest point was about fifteen feet above the stream, which is not confined to a very narrow gorge like the smaller arm, but has abundant room to spread. This bridge was carried away, and the water-line was unmistakably traceable along the rock and in the shrubs and grass about twelve feet still higher. Not a hundred yards higher up, where the sides of the water course are a little more contracted, the marks of the flood were not less than fifty feet above the bed of the stream. In this place the flood must have been fifty feet deep and at least a hundred wide. People who saw and heard the waters about two miles below, where the bed of the Giffre is still contracted, and before it had met with anything like a plain to overspread, say that when standing five hundred feet above it they felt the ground tremble beneath their feet as if they had been close to a railway train at its full speed.

Before reaching the point of junction with the Bas Giffre, which is a few minutes' walk below the village of Sixt, the river passes by a small but very fertile plain or delta of alluvial soil; and a village named Fée is planted close to the water-side. There is a blacksmith's forge, worked by the stream, and several houses are also close along its banks. The rush of the water upon these devoted buildings is described as having been awful in the extreme.

The blacksmith, Michetti, a provident and industrious man, who has been utterly ruined by the calamity, described to the writer how there was a cry that the water was coming—how he rushed to the door, which happened to face up stream, and saw a black wall of mud higher than himself sweeping down upon him with the velocity of an avalanche, and how he was splashed by the spray of the advancing torrent as he hurried up the bank above him. Two seconds later, escape would have been impossible, and he must have perished with all that belonged to him. In another moment the wheels and hammers were smashed to pieces, or far on their way towards Samöens, and an hour after his workshop was one mass of mud, which had to be dug out as the ashes are dug out of Pompeii. The neighbouring houses, of course, fared no better, and their inmates were happy to have saved their lives.

Sweeping past the hamlet of Fée, the torrent spread itself over the low-lying fields, and soon covered a great extent of land; but it appeared not yet to have spent the velocity of its current sufficiently to deposit the vast stores of mud and grit with which it was charged. It ploughed a deep channel through the soft soil for nearly half a mile, and even this was fairly silted up only at its lower extremity. The full measure of its destructive power was reserved for two smaller plains just below the junction with the Bas Giffre, separated from one another by a most remarkable gorge called Les Tines, where the Giffre flows through a narrow ravine cut in the course of ages through the solid rock—varying from twelve to twenty feet in width and about 150 in depth—a dark, sunless chasm, at the bottom of which the stream glides on out of sight, and in ordinary times out of hearing. This

gorge of Les Tines saved the people of the rich plains below from infinite mischief, for it is so narrow that it speedily arrested the great trunks of trees and blocks of wood which the torrent brought down. Ten days after the storm a heap of logs and timber fifty or sixty feet high was still collected against the entrance of Les Tines. It dammed back the water, ponded it on to the little plain above, and let it out to the plains below far more gradually than it otherwise would have come. But a little flat just below Les Tines, stretching on both sides of the stream, and one of the most fertile spots in this fertile valley, was nevertheless buried, like its neighbour above, three or four feet in grit and sand and *débris*. Houses that stood near the water side were half filled with mud, and humble homes made desolate for many a day to come.

All this ruin was the work of half an hour. The violence of the storm had spent itself in that time, and what rain fell afterwards would not have been exceptional among the Alps. In that short time every bridge, large and small, between the Col de Léchaud and the gorge of Les Tines was swept away, and an amount of damage done, not great according to English notions, but disastrous in the extreme to the poor peasants who suffered from it. Skilled persons, directed by the Government to investigate the mischief done, assessed it at little short of 100,000fr. That it was not far greater was owing partly to the peculiar nature of the course of the Giffre, which flows for a great distance between high and steep banks where it cannot do any great harm, and partly to the remarkably circumscribed area of the storm. It was confined in its violence almost to the Buet itself. The Bas Giffre was scarcely swollen—a little plank bridge not

four feet above the water, and within 200 yards of its junction with the Haut Giffre, was not disturbed. The region of the Col d'Anterne felt only the outskirts of the storm. The 'Graignier de la Commune de Sixt,' a mountain which furnishes some of its water-courses with a provision of huge stones and boulders so extensive and destructive that they are always called '*des plus méchants*,' was hardly touched by the tempest; and so the stream, swollen as it was, lacked the ruinous power given to such torrents by the presence in their waters of the boulders with which they are often charged. The neighbouring valleys on the other side of the Buét and the Col d'Anterne were visited by no unusual downfall.

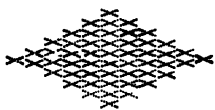
Most readers probably know the kind of exaggeration that a Swiss or Savoyard peasant indulges in when any misfortune that affects himself or his neighbours is in question. The good people of Sixt are certainly no exceptions to the general rule in this respect. Amongst the happy results of French rule, an increased sense of self-reliance is certainly not to be counted. The wildest rumours were afloat as to the extent of the disaster. '*Tout est perdu!*' resounded on all sides, and Samöens was filled in an incredibly short time with a clamorous crowd, besieging the authorities and people of influence to procure for them the assistance of Government. Amongst the first rumours that were extensively circulated was that of the complete destruction of the Eagle's Nest. Gurlie, mentioned above as the major-domo of the establishment, was at Sixt when the alarming intelligence was brought in, by witnesses whose testimony would have placed the fact beyond a doubt had not cross-examination elicited that they had

neither been near the spot themselves, nor seen anyone who had been. Gurlie sent at once to Vallon, a village an hour's walk down the valley, for his son Louis to accompany him on an expedition to ascertain the true state of the case. While he was waiting the arrival of Louis, fresh witnesses came in, who reduced the disaster to the annihilation of some of the '*dépendances*.' By-and-bye Louis arrived, having exercised his powers of observation by the way, and narrowly inspected the *débris* and broken timber cast up by the flood at the entrance of Les Tines. Louis's observations still further modified the gloomy anticipations of his father. '*Il n'y a pas tant de mal*,' he laconically observed. 'I have seen no timber such as would have come from the Eagle's Nest; some of the palisading is gone—that is all.' And Louis's predictions were fully borne out by the facts.

The Government help so anxiously clamoured for came in the shape of a subsidy of 1,500 francs, which, by all accounts, was to be distributed *pro rata*, giving to each of the sufferers an absolutely useless dividend of about threepence-halfpenny in the pound. Of course, some of those whose land was injured were perfectly able to take care of themselves, and were not proper objects for any kind of assistance; whilst to others, who were utterly ruined, the pittance that came to them in the general scramble was so small as to be utterly valueless. But the sacred principle of equality was preserved. So many pounds of loss, so many sous of subvention. What could be fairer or more admirable? An anecdote which came under the writer's notice is too characteristic of the people to be omitted. Some few families, specially recommended by the curé and the maire as being reduced by the inundation to the greatest straits,

were saved from utter destitution during the coming winter by the bounty of a passing traveller. One of them, an old wretch of the name of Michand, was not forthcoming for some minutes when sought by the stranger. He had spent the time in hastily collecting together all the neighbours he could find at so short a notice, and on receiving the somewhat liberal benefaction bestowed upon him, scarcely thanked the donor; but introducing to him all the bystanders, asked if

he would not do the same by each of them. The heads of two other families similarly rescued from the prospect of starvation, immediately gave out to all their neighbours that they had received just one-third of the sum which had really been given to them. They were afraid the traveller's charity might be taken into account against them when the dividend of threepence-halfpenny in the pound came to be distributed!



SUNDAYS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THERE is no point in which the every-day life of England differs more from that of other countries than in the observance of Sunday. Abroad it is a day of excitement and recreation. Theatres are open, horse-races are held, and public amusements of every kind are even more frequented than on weekdays. Protestantism itself, on the Continent, is free from English austerity, and the most respected citizens of Calvinistic Geneva while away the Sunday evening with cards and chess. In England everything like recreation is forbidden, or looked upon as impious and vulgar; and as we go northwards the severity increases, till in Scotland it reaches the extreme.

This result is commonly attributed to the Reformation, and it is believed that, in Scotland especially, the influence of Knox had much to do with it. But the truth is, the movement in favour of Sabbatical austerity was a thing quite apart from the Reformation. It began at a much earlier period, yet had produced little or no practical effect long after the Reformation had been fully established. We must therefore look for its first cause before the sixteenth century, and for the causes of its triumph at a later date.

The inquiry into this subject has a peculiar interest at the present time. Within the last few years questions have been raised in each part of the United Kingdom respecting particular modes of observing the day—whether public gardens and museums should be open, whether bands of music should be allowed to play, and whether railway trains should be allowed to run. In Scotland the great question of Sunday trains has had the effect of opening up the whole subject; so that the arguments, both of religion and expediency, have been

far more fully discussed than they ever were before, and the entire theology of the Sabbath is beginning to assume an aspect quite unlike that in which it is still too commonly presented.

That railways should affect theology need not appear a marvel. When all their good effects come to be reckoned up, it will perhaps be found in another generation that they have produced a third Union between England and Scotland. Greater than either the Union of the crowns under James, or the Union of the kingdoms under Anne, will be that Union of the people under the Iron King. Even now it seems as if a barrier were removed, and the great tide of human intercourse pours healthily through the island,—not *all* from north to south, as was jestingly said of yore. Scotland has happily lost her geographical and social isolation: she is no longer an *Ultima Thule*, left to work out her own social problems unheeded by the rest of the world. She receives the visits of Englishmen, and listens to their comments. She sends forth her sons to travel, and profits by their observations. It is undeniable that within the last twenty years English opinions and habits have made in Scotland quite unprecedented progress; and the necessity of improved intercourse with England has been the chief cause of the relaxation, now evidently begun, of the severity of the Scottish Sunday.

It is not that there is much difference between the two countries in their ideas of Sabbatical observance. The Common Prayer Book of the Church of England treats the Decalogue as a code no less binding upon Christians than it was upon the Jews of old. This is the view of the great majority of Englishmen, and a higher could not be taken by

the most rigid Presbyterian. The difference between the Englishman and the Scot appears most in the degree to which they carry out their principles. The former, for the most part, easily satisfies himself with the reflection that there must always be a difference between theory and practice. With a happy inconsistency, he can drive to church, employing both servants and cattle unnecessarily, pray devoutly that the Lord may incline his heart to keep the Jewish Sabbath, and at dinner express his contempt for the Pharisees in the north who try to prevent Sunday travelling. But the Scotchman, if it were only for appearance sake, must make some attempt to reconcile his principles and his practice; and if he sincerely believe the former, he will try his best not only to act up to them himself, but to promote their observance by others. Hence the inquisitorial tyranny of Kirk-sessions, which public opinion in Scotland at one time tolerated. Hence the warm struggle which we witness there at present, between new and old ideas on the Sabbath.

Scotland is, in fact, at present trying to make up its mind whether the Sunday be a divine or human institution. A few years ago the answer would have been almost unanimous from the whole country, that Christians were bound no less than Jews to 'remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' But a few years have made a great difference, and the constant ventilation of the subject by those who have long contended for freedom from Sabbatical constraint has at length begun to

affect the ideas of the whole community. The opinion is now expressed both by divines and laymen that the Christian Sunday is not a substitute for the Jewish Sabbath, and that its observance must be governed by expediency, not by the Mosaic law. The opposite party, indeed, are still in a majority, but they differ with courtesy, and like men who know that it is an open question; while the views of those who repudiate the Jewish ordinance are daily gaining ground. The striking speech of Dr. Norman Macleod, delivered in the Glasgow presbytery in November last, in which he denied that the Decalogue was binding upon Christians, except in so far as it accorded with the law written in men's hearts by nature, is not the least remarkable sign of the times. Dr. Macleod, the accomplished editor of *Good Words*, is well known as a very orthodox, albeit a very liberal divine. Two of his brethren in the presbytery expressed their concurrence with his views; and it is not unknown that others of the Scottish clergy have of late proclaimed the same opinions from the pulpit.

Some, perhaps, may be of opinion that England has little reason to interest herself in this Scottish controversy. From the general tone of London newspapers and conversation, whenever the subject is mentioned, it is evident that Englishmen in general believe they have not much to learn from studying it. They laugh at Scottish superstition, and thank God they are not so steeped in bigotry as their northern fellow-countrymen.* We cannot

* Even so intelligent a newspaper as the *Spectator*, in commenting upon Dr. Norman Macleod's speech above referred to, spoke of it as a thing that must have required a degree of moral courage in the speaker almost equal to that of a martyr; and that it would have been nothing wonderful if the reverend doctor had been assailed with stones or vitriol in the streets for his boldness. We are far from denying that it must have required real courage of a very high order on Dr. Macleod's part to make such a speech; but to talk of it in such a fashion is about as absurd as the late Mr. Buckle's expressed fear of drawing upon himself 'the enmity of a whole nation' by his criticisms on Scotch peculiarities. Railways and penny postage notwithstanding, it is wonderful how little even at this day the two countries really understand each other.

think this feeling is a just one. What both countries have to unlearn is that Puritan theology of the Sabbath which turns what should be a day of cheerfulness into a day of gloom, and against which the reaction has visibly commenced, even more decidedly in Scotland than in England. How this austere theology arose in such a country as ours, how long it was resisted, and how, ultimately, it triumphed over opposition and fastened its bitter yoke upon the nation, are among the most curious phenomena in English history. Mr. Cox's recently published work on the 'Literature of the Sabbath Question'* gives a complete catalogue of all that has been written on the theology of the subject from the earliest times down to the present day, with an analysis of every important treatise, by means of which the subject can be very thoroughly investigated by anyone who will devote to it a little leisure. We purpose, in the following remarks, only to give a few illustrations.

It is unquestionable that the writings of the early Fathers, and of the philosophers and theologians of the middle ages, universally speak of the Jewish Sabbath as abolished with the other Jewish institutions. Notwithstanding this, some have weakly contended that it is still possible they might have believed in the continued existence of a Sabbath instituted at the creation. But as they confess themselves unable to quote a syllable in support of such a view, it seems unnecessary to give it serious attention. The only Christian

Sabbath which the Fathers recognised was a spiritual one, consisting either of rest from evil works, or the rest that remained to the faithful in a future life. These, indeed, were Sabbaths to Christian souls, of which the primeval and the Mosaic Sabbath were but types. The Lord's Day they regarded as an independent institution, commemorative of the resurrection of Christ, but not instituted by His authority or that of His Apostles. It was simply an ordinance of the Church, resting, not upon the scriptural foundation alleged by Protestants,—for Scripture really says not a word about its institution,†—but upon the Church's own authority and traditional observance. And so it was regarded also throughout the Middle Ages.

We know too little of the social life of those ages to be able to state minutely the points of usage wherein Sunday differed from other days. But in times when religion was more showy than it is now, a day of a specially religious character could not have appeared gloomy. Fairs and markets were held on Sunday, the former being an institution originally of a half sacred character, celebrated in the immediate vicinity of the church, sometimes in the churchyard. In the churchyard, also, tournaments were held. Plays were acted in the church itself, though forbidden by the canon law;‡ but considerations of place apart, no law whatever forbade their being acted on Sunday. Kings were almost invariably crowned on Sunday, or on some high festival

* *The Literature of the Sabbath Question*, by Robert Cox, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart.

† The attempt to seek a scriptural authority for it in the Apocalypse (Rev. i. 10)—'I was in the spirit on the Lord's day'—only shows the miserable weakness of the argument which would plead such warrant for observing Sunday instead of Saturday. It can hardly be doubted that the 'Lord's day' here (ἡ κυριακὴ ἡμέρα) is synonymous with 'the day of Lord' (ἡμέρα Κυρίου) spoken of elsewhere, that was to come like a thief in the night, and that St. John is describing himself as beholding spiritually what was going to take place upon that day. But even if this be not the meaning, it is manifest that the text will not bear the weight of the argument.

‡ Stevenson's *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon*, preface to vol. ii. p. lxxxiii.

like Christmas or Ascension Day.* For all kinds of merriment and for all kinds of pageants, Sunday was regarded as a most appropriate day. Nor had the practice altered in this respect in the age of the Reformation. Let us look at it in the country now proverbial for Sabbatarian strictness. 'Sunday, indeed, in that age,' says Mr. Joseph Robertson, whose remarks have special reference to Scotland, 'was the day generally chosen for mirth and revel. It was on a Sunday that the Reformed Commendators of Holyrood and Coldingham, both of them Lords of the Congregation, rode at the ring in women's clothes. It was on a Sunday that the Reformed municipality of Edinburgh gave its grand banquet to the Queen's French kinsfolk. Knox travelled on a Sunday, wrote letters on a Sunday, and had the Duke of Chatelherault and the English Ambassador to sup with him on a Sunday. The Gaelic translator of Knox's *Forms of Prayers*, the Reformed Superintendent of Argyle, and the Bishop of the Isles, feasted the Queen and the Ambassador of Savoy on a Sunday. For more than twenty years after Knox was in his grave, Robin Hood plays were acted on Sundays, and the King of May held his gambols on Sundays, in Scotland; as in England, masques and interludes

continued to be performed before the Court on Sundays, throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James.'†

With regard to industrial occupations, there was probably a very general, though not universal suspension of labour, both on Sundays and on other holidays of the Church. Among the Anglo-Saxons, indeed, we find laws against marketing, hunting, and various kinds of servile and agricultural labour on Sundays.‡ Among them the day was at first reckoned to begin on Saturday evening, and afterwards was counted from noon on Saturday to the dawn on Monday!§ But after the Norman Conquest the practice became less strict, as the almost total absence of legislation upon the subject might alone suffice to indicate. The usage was probably much like that of the ancient Roman holidays, on which, as we learn from Virgil, certain kinds of labour were recognised as permissible.|| Until we come to the days of the Lollards, the only piece of Sunday legislation on the Statute-book is an Act of the 28th year of Edward III. (cap. 14), which provides 'that showing of wools shall be made at the staple every day of the week except the Sundays and solemn feastdays of the year.' But within a century from that date, Lollard earnestness

* The following were the coronation days of the kings of England from William the Conqueror to Edward III.:—William I., Christmas Day 1066; William II., Sunday 26 September 1087; Henry I., Sunday 5 Aug. 1100; Stephen, Thursday 26 December (being St. Stephen's Day, whose name the king bore) 1135; Henry II., Sunday 19 December 1154; Richard I., Sunday 3 September 1189; John, Thursday 27 May (being Ascension Day) 1199; Henry III., Friday 28 October (Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude) 1216; Edward I., Sunday 19 August 1274; Edward II., Sunday 25 February 1308; Edward III., Sunday 1 February 1327.

† Preface to *Inventaires de la Roynie d'Escoce*, published by the Bannatyne Club, p. lxxix.

‡ Thorpe's *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, pp. 17, 45, 131, 136, 139, 147, 157, 298, &c.

§ *Ib.*, pp. 17, 112, 157, 298, 450.

|| See *Georg.*, lib. i. v. 268:—

Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt. Rivos deducere nulla
Religio vetuit, segeti prætereundum sepem,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.'

had begun to tell even upon churchmen. In 1444, Archbishop Stafford decreed that throughout the province of Canterbury no fairs or markets should be held in churches or churchyards, or on Sundays and feastdays, except during harvest time. In the same year the first attempt appears to have been made—and a miserable failure it proved—to institute a Puritan observance of Sunday in the metropolis. An Act was passed by the Common Council, as we learn from Fabyan, 'that upon the Sunday should no manner of thing within the franchise of the city be bought or sold, neither victual nor other thing, nor none artificer should bring his ware to any man to be worn or occupied that day, as tailors garments, or cordwainers shoes, and so in likewise of all other occupations; the which ordinance held but a while.'*

That this movement in favour of a more strict observance of the day arose out of Lollard theology is a proposition that we have taken for granted without any direct evidence of the fact; for, strange to say, Pecock's elaborate answer to the Lollards contains not a word upon the subject of Sunday. The reason may be that Pecock's object was only to defend the ordinances of the Church, not to rebuke superstitious observances on the part of the Lollards themselves. But the probability is that the Sabbatarian doctrine had not as yet become of sufficient consequence to call for an examination. The Church unquestionably had always observed one day in seven in a specially religious manner. The Lollards, who asked of every ordinance, 'Where groundest thou it in Scripture?' could not overlook the injunction contained in the Fourth Commandment; and it was easy for an age of little theology to confound the Christian festival with the Jewish Sabbath. Un-

questionably, if the Lollards had regarded the observance of Sunday as resting only on the authority of the Church, they would have taken special pains to violate it in the most flagrant manner. They would have classed it with the other abuses of tradition—with Saints' days, pilgrimages, images in churches, and all those other noxious superstitions which they were anxious should be thoroughly rooted out. But here were most positive words of Scripture enjoining the keeping of one day holy, and the clear tendency of Lollard teaching was to carry out the scriptural command to the letter.

Nor is it at all improbable that this uncritical view may have spread beyond the limits of the Lollard sect. It would almost seem, from the manner in which it was denounced by Luther and the other Continental Reformers, that the Catholic world itself had become impregnated with this doctrine to some extent; but, however that may be, it is certain that the progress of practical Sabbatarianism before the Reformation was extremely slow. In 1449 an Act was passed, similar in effect to the decree of Archbishop Stafford, that 'considering the abominable injuries and offences done to Almighty God and to his saints, owing to fairs and markets being held on Sundays and Saints' days, no goods should be in future exhibited for sale at fairs on such days, except 'necessary victual.' This prohibition, however, was not to apply to 'the four Sundays in harvest.' Those lords of manors and others who were empowered by old charters to hold fairs on Sundays and holidays were permitted by this Act to hold them three days before or three days after. They do not seem to have all at once availed themselves of the permission, and it was a question for some time

* Fabyan's *Chronicle*, p. 617.

how the law was to be understood. But it was ruled by Justice Bryan, in the time of Edward IV., that no sale was valid that was made upon a Sunday, even though it took place in a fair or open market. A century later, in the reign of Elizabeth, Poydon was of opinion that the lord of any fair or market kept upon a Sunday might be indicted for allowing it.*

In the fourth year of Edward IV. an Act was passed touching the making of shoes, which was mainly directed against the ridiculous fashion of wearing long peaks at the toes. By one clause, however, it was enacted 'that no person, cordwainer of the city of London, or within three miles next about the same, upon any Sunday of the year [or] in the feasts of Nativity or Ascension of our Lord, or Corpus Christi, should sell, command, or make to be sold, any shoes, boots, or *galoges*, or upon any of the said Sundays or feasts should put upon the feet or legs of any person or persons any shoes, boots, or *galoges*, upon pain to forfeit and lose 20 shillings sterling.' An invidious proviso was, however, inserted that the Act 'should not extend to the damage or prejudice, nor in any manner be hurtful to the dean and chapter for the time being of the free Chapel of the King of St. Martin's-le-Grand of London, nor to any persons dwelling in St. Martin's Lane in London, or within any place or places within the precinct, fee, or franchise of the said dean and chapter.' St. Martin's-le-

Grand was a noted sanctuary, and the effect of the proviso could only have been to extend to debtors and fugitives from the law privileges which were denied to the loyal citizens of London—an injustice that was so strongly-felt that the Act was repealed in Henry VIII.'s time.

This is all the Sunday legislation that appears upon the statute-book prior to the Reformation; and, judging from these indications, it must be owned that the feeling as yet was by no means strong in favour of a general suspension of labour. Even weaker was the feeling against Sunday recreation. Here and there, perhaps, even in that early time, a few might have kept the day more strictly than their neighbours. It was remarked as a specially religious feature in the conduct of James IV. of Scotland that he never rode on Sundays, even to mass, and never ate meat on Wednesdays or Fridays.† But if any one who adopted such austere views had endeavoured to make others also conform to them, he would assuredly have met with the Shakspearean rebuff, 'Dost think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?' Not only was this the spirit that prevailed during the age of the Reformation, but it was that which actuated the leading Reformers themselves. Luther, in particular, denied most emphatically the authority of the Decalogue as a law to Christian men.‡ And Melancthon, Calvin, Cranmer, and, as we may presume from his con-

* Heylin's *History of the Sabbath*, ii. 231.

† Bergenroth's *Calendar of State Papers relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain*, i. 169.

‡ 'The Ten Commandments,' says Luther, in treating of the authority of the Lord's-day, 'do not apply to us Gentiles and Christians, but only to the Jews. If a preacher wishes to force you back to Moses, ask him whether you were brought by Moses out of Egypt.'—See Cox, ii. 383. Again:—'The Gospel regardeth neither Sabbath nor holy days, because they endured but for a time, and were ordained for the sake of preaching, to the end God's word might be tended and taught.'—Luther's *Table Talk* (Bell's Edit.), 357.

duct, Knox, all held with him that the Sabbath was only a part of the ceremonial law of Judaism which was abrogated by Christianity. Calvin even declared his opinion that the Church was not bound to number its days by sevens, and that a community might alter the day from Sunday to Thursday if it pleased.* It was at a somewhat later date that, in England, Aylmer, Bishop of London, was accused of breaking the Sabbath by playing at bowls, and justified the practice by saying that if a man might have his meat cooked that day for the sake of his health, it could be no sin to exercise his body for the same cause.†

The estimation in which Sunday was held at the beginning of James the First's reign is shown by a proclamation which he issued on the 7th of May 1603, stating that 'whereas he had been informed that there had been in former times a great neglect in keeping the Sabbath-day; for better observing of the same, and for avoiding of all impious profanation of it, he straitly charged and commanded that no bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, common plays, or other like disordered or unlawful exercises or pastimes be frequented, kept, or used at any time hereafter upon any Sabbath-day.'‡ Abuses like these were of old standing. Twenty years before this—on Sunday, the 13th of January 1583—eight spectators were killed and many hurt by the sudden fall of the scaffolds in Paris Garden.§ The city of London, indeed, which seems always to have taken the lead in the movement for a stricter observance of the day, had, three years before this occurrence, obtained from Queen

Elizabeth power to prohibit plays from being acted that day within its liberties; but as the Lord Mayor had no control on the other side of the Thames, Londoners in search of Sunday excitement had only to cross the water and see beasts fighting and tearing each other to their hearts' content. The degrading character of such spectacles must have added considerable weight to the arguments of those who protested against the violation of the day; so that it is no wonder the royal authority was appealed to on this, among other subjects of ecclesiastical importance, in the conference held by James I. at Hampton Court, in the beginning of his reign.

But meanwhile a set of men had risen up who looked upon all forms of recreation on Sunday as sinful, and sought to put an end to a number of innocent amusements in which the people had been accustomed to indulge from time immemorial. 'It is almost incredible,' says Fuller, 'how taking this doctrine was, partly because of its own purity, and partly for the eminent piety of such persons as maintained it; so that the Lord's-day, especially in corporations, began to be precisely kept, people becoming a law to themselves, forbearing such sports as yet by statute permitted; yea, many rejoicing at their own restraint herein. On this day the stoutest fencer laid down his buckler; the most skilful archer unbent his bow, counting all shooting beside the mark; May-games and morris-dances grew out of request; and good reason that bells should be silenced from jingling about men's legs, if their very ringing in steeples were adjudged unlawful.|| Some

* Heylin, ii. 175, 181.

† Strype's *Aylmer*, p. 142.

|| Dr. Nicholas Bound, who was the first clearly to enunciate the Sabbatarian principles of the Puritans, in a treatise published in 1595, maintained, among other things, that the ringing of more bells than one on a Sunday was not justified.

‡ Heylin, ii. 257.

§ Holinshed, iii. 1353.

of them were ashamed of their former pleasures, like children, which, grown bigger, blush themselves out of their rattles and whistles. Others forbore them for fear of their superiors; and many left them off out of a politic compliance, lest otherwise they should be accounted licentious.*

Unhappily, however, this praiseworthy self-denial was accompanied by strong efforts on the part of those who practised it to restrain the liberty of others. When King James, after his visit to Scotland in 1617, was returning southwards through Lancashire, complaints were made to him that, through the indiscretion of magistrates and puritanical clergy, the people were debarred from the enjoyment of lawful amusement and recreation upon Sunday afternoons. On this the King took counsel with Dr. Morton, the bishop of the diocese, rebuked the meddlers, and drew up an ordinance for the regulation of Sunday pastimes, to prevent their interfering with Divine Service or becoming a public nuisance. After public worship, every man was to be free to enjoy himself. Men and women might dance; May-poles might be set up; archery, Whitsun-ales, and morris-dances were not to be forbidden. At the same time, bear and bull-baitings were strictly prohibited, together with other unlawful sports, among which, we read with some surprise, was one 'in the meaner sort of people by law prohibited—bowling.'

Such was the purport of the celebrated *Book of Sports*, an ordinance which has been absurdly represented as commanding, instead of merely permitting, Sunday recreations. The reason which induced the King to issue it, as stated in the document itself, was that the unwise interference with these sports was calculated to produce two evils; first, to bring discredit on the

Church of England and hinder the conversion of many from Catholicism, under the impression that the religion of the State was opposed to innocent mirth; and second, that the lower classes would have no opportunity for such exercises as would fit them to become good soldiers when the King had occasion for their services; in default of which they would be driven to tittle in ale-houses, get drunk and talk sedition. There were many, however, to whom the *Book of Sports* was offensive, especially when, at the suggestion of Laud, it was re-issued by Charles I., and ordered to be read in churches. Several of the clergy refused to read it, and were suspended or deprived of their livings; and the people, who had for more than a generation been taught to respond in church to each of the Ten Commandments, sympathised more and more with the tender consciences.

Thus Sabbatarianism became one of those popular sentiments which Charles I. unwisely outraged and turned against himself. The Sabbath became henceforth one of the leading doctrines of Puritan theology, and with Puritanism it must now stand or fall. Had the controversy been left in peaceful times to the dispassionate appeal of reason, the growth of the new doctrine would certainly have been less rapid; but in the heat of a great struggle men cannot accept everything upon its own merits. All that was good in Puritanism, and all that was bad in it, was equally called upon to do battle with what was good and bad in the principles of the opposite party; and the only course which any man could pursue amid the heat and tumult of events was but to choose his side and stick to it through thick and thin. Still, during the few brief years before the outbreak of hostilities, attempts

* Fuller's *Church Hist.*, v. 214, 215.

were made to bring the Puritans to reason by better arguments than the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission. The ablest theologians of the day wrote in defence of Christian liberty, and the literature of the Sabbath controversy soon became voluminous. Between the re-issue of the *Book of Sports* by Charles the First in 1633, and the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, the question was discussed in various treatises by Bishops Prideaux, White, Sanderson, and Ironside; by Heylin, in his learned *History of the Sabbath*; and by Dr. Pocklington, in a sermon which excited much attention, entitled, 'Sunday no Sabbath.' So thoroughly was the subject exhausted by these writers, that in all the literature of the last two centuries it would be impossible to point out a single fact or argument bearing upon the authority of the Sabbath which has not been fully discussed by the divines of Charles the First's time. But when the Long Parliament met, he would have been a bold man who ventured to write against the puritanic Sabbath. Dr. Pocklington's sermon and treatises of the like description were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman; and those who disliked Sabbatarian austerity were obliged to hold their peace.

From this time the national observance of the day was altered. There was an end to merry Sunday games and gatherings round the Maypole. Small cause, indeed, had anyone to be light-hearted in the days that were at hand. But when the civil war was over, the strict keeping of the Sabbath was for the first time enforced by Cromwell's Parliament. The Sunday Act of 1657 forbade all travelling and resort to ale-houses, dancing and playing on instruments, 'profane walking'

and carrying burdens, besides the pursuit of men's ordinary callings. Its authors had even introduced words against 'idle sitting, openly, at gates or doors,' and had proposed to give constables power to enter men's houses to see that the Act was observed at home as well as in the streets;* but the former clause was rejected as too severe, and the latter was restricted in its operation to the inspection of public-houses and tobacco shops. Even with these abatements the Act was severe enough; but considering the opinions entertained by some, it could not be called extreme. Nor did the severity of legislation even at that time pass without protest. 'These laws,' said Colonel Holland, in the debate, 'are always turned upon the most godly.'

. . . The last bill for the Lord's-day, I remember, was passed on a Saturday, and carried on with great zeal. Then I told them they had tied men from coming to church by water and coach. Next day I, coming to Somerset House to sermon, had my boat and waterman laid hold on for the penalty.' Subsequently, on the question whether Sabbath should be counted from midnight to midnight, the same speaker remarked:—'I am not satisfied in the time. Divers godly people are unsatisfied about the institution of the day. And as to time, it is likewise scrupled by many godly men, who think that only twelve hours is the Sabbath-day.'

. . . I was once when I would have gone to six or seven sermons a day. I am not so now. I do not make so much conscience of it now, but do think that I may serve God as well at home with godly servants and other people.†

Even under Cromwell the austerity was not so great as that of the sects which had just before those days emigrated to the New

* Burton's *Diary*, ii. 267-8.

† *Ib.* 262, 263, 264.

World, for freedom to worship in their own way. The following enactments,* we are told, were contained in the first draft of the laws of Massachusetts, as drawn up by John Cotton, a Puritan minister, who had emigrated from Boston, in Lincolnshire :—

Whoever shall profane the Lord's-day by doing unnecessary work, by unnecessary travelling, or by sports and recreations, he or they who so transgress shall forfeit forty shillings, or be publicly whipped; but if it shall appear to have been done presumptuously, such person or persons shall be put to death, or otherwise severely punished at the discretion of the court.

No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to or from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath-day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's-day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the magistrates.

Some of these extraordinary enactments appear actually to have been included in the early laws of Connecticut, where it was also ordained that the Sabbath should begin at sunset on Saturday. Thus did men who rebelled against even the shadow of ecclesiastical authority, forge to themselves chains out of the letter of the Scriptures. They were determined to make their commonwealth the very opposite of Laud's ideal. The Bible was to be their only rule of life. All mere traditions of the Church were to be abolished; all customs, even of the most harmless kind, that had no Scripture warrant, were to be prohibited. It was made penal to keep Christmas, or even to make mince-pies. No minister of the gospel was to join people together in marriage;

the civil magistrate must do it, to prevent scandal to the Church.† Out of such rebellion against ecclesiastical tradition grew the bitterness of Puritan Sunday.

It is remarkable how exclusively English was this idea of making the Decalogue a law of Christian morality. It was not, as we have seen, either Lutheran or Calvinistic; and, as we shall presently show, it was not, at the outset, even Scotch. On the Continent, the Sabbatical view of Sunday came after a time to be imported from England, but could never be enforced. Sir William Brereton, who travelled through Holland in the year 1634, was scandalised at the practice at Rotterdam. 'Here,' he says, 'is little respect had to sanctify the Sabbath: the young children, girls, walked all the Sabbath, in the afternoon, with cups or tins in their hands. They were about five or six years of age; others elder, about ten, and thirteen, and fourteen years of age, guided these little ones, and sung, screaming, and squeaking, and straining their voices. Such as they met gave them money, which they put in the cups, which was intended to buy a wassail cup—a carouse. This they continued all Monday.‡ Further on he remarks:—'Mr. Peters, the minister of the English here, informed me, a religious burgomaster two years ago endeavoured to reform the profanation of the Sabbath, and imposed and collected, by distress or otherwise, one guilder from every man trading or working on this day. At length the brewers, whereof are abundance in this town, made a head, came into the Stadthaus, and in a mutinous manner told the burgomaster that they would not be

* Quoted by Mr. Cox in his earlier work entitled *Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties*, pp. 561-2. See also a note by him as to the genuineness of these enactments in *Hessey's Bampton Lectures*, p. 467.

† *A General History of Connecticut* (1781), pp. 65-68.

‡ *Chetham Society's Remains*, vol. i. p. 6.

subject unto his new laws ; and hereby quashed all formerly effected, and the hoped-for reformation came to nothing.*

With regard to Scotland, we have the evidence of Heylin, writing in the time of Charles the First, that Sabbatarianism was imported into that country from England, and was by no means at that time so firmly established in the northern kingdom as it was south of the Tweed. 'However in the greater towns,' he says, 'they do observe the Sunday very precisely, according as our men [the Puritans] would have it; yet in the villages and smaller places of the country they keep it not with that solemnity as the common people do with us. For in many of those villages and the like places, they have not only no public meetings at the church in the afternoon, but spend the whole time either in their businesses or their pleasures, as occasion is: whereof I have been well assured by sundry natives of that kingdom, of good faith and credit.'†

The slow progress of Sabbatarian ideas in Scotland is further attested by documents. 'From the date of the Reformation downwards,' says Mr. Cox,‡ 'the records of the Town Council of Edinburgh afford many proofs of the difficulty with which the people were drilled into abstinence from work and recreation on the first day of the week. For many years the civic ordinances are directed against such occupations in time of public worship only; but ultimately, even walking in the public parks and on the Castle Hill at any hour on Sunday was strictly prohibited, though, it appears, with very incomplete success.' Mr. Cox goes on to quote the very words of these ordinances, of which we will

here briefly note the effect. The first, dated 30th October 1560, is a general prohibition of Sunday marketing and traffic, to prevent which the flesh and cattle markets, hitherto held on Sunday, were to be henceforth on Saturday and Thursday respectively. All taverns were to be closed, and 'all persons astricted to be present at the ordinary sermons as well afternoon as before noon, and that from the last jow of the bell to the said sermons to the final end.' In 1581 is a proclamation against games and plays commonly used on Sunday, 'such as bowling in yards, dancing, playing, running through the High Street of hussies, bairns, and boys, with all manner of dissolution of behaviour.' In 1583 the 'neighbours of this burgh' were forbidden, under a penalty of 10*l.*, to attend the Sunday markets of Tranent, Musselburgh, and Dalkeith. In 1584 all freemen and their wives were enjoined, under special penalties, to be found henceforth in their own parish kirk every Sunday, and not absent themselves, going to their pastime or to other kirks. From 1585 to 1587 are no less than five new ordinances, but only against irregularities 'in time of preaching,' which continued notwithstanding previous enactments. In 1588 the town trumpeter was ordered to prison and put in irons for passing to May-plays on Sundays at Kirkliston.

In 1591 we meet with another attempt to put down Sunday taverns and marketings; in 1592, a proclamation against playing at golf, archery, 'row bowls, penny stane, kaitchpullis,§ or sic other pastimes;' and another against travelling on Sabbath with wares for Monday's market. In 1611 the

* *Chetham Society's Remains*, vol. i, p. 10.

† Heylin, part ii. chap. viii. § 12. Quoted by Cox, i. 475.

‡ *Literature of the Sabbath Question*, i. 468.

§ 'Penny stane—a flat stone, used as a quoit.' 'Cachepole or Catchpule—the game of tennis.' (Jamieson's *Scottish Dict.*)

gathering of reapers in the streets on Sundays to be hired was considered a cause of the day being profaned, and these meetings were ordered to be held outside the West Port. In 1648 a proclamation was ordered to prohibit excessive banquetings on Sunday, at christenings and on other occasions. In 1650, 1659, and 1693, are ordinances against strolling in the streets and other irregularities.

But what gave the Sunday in Scotland its special severity was the inquisitorial power of a Presbyterian Church. In England the Reformation was the work of the Crown, and by placing the Church in complete subjection to the State, soon divested it of all real power. In Scotland it was the work of the people, and every step in the Church's progress has placed it more and more under popular control. Great and beneficial as the results have been in the development of the national character, they have not been altogether an unmixed good. With a democratic Church came some of the evils of democracy, and the opinions of an unenlightened majority too frequently tyrannised over the wiser few. When Presbyterianism became the established religion, these evils of course increased. Kirk-sessions obtained the awful power of domiciliary visitation, and were able to hand over offenders against their ordinances to the civil magistrate for punishment. Parents and housekeepers were admonished to keep their children and servants within doors on the Lord's-day, and elders and deacons patrolled the streets in time of public worship, accompanied by a beadle and officer, armed with powers to visit all houses in which they might suspect anything amiss.*

Such were the causes which have made Sunday, even to this time, a

day of greater sternness in Scotland than in England. We repeat that it was not so originally, and we think we see evidence that it will not be so much longer. It is becoming more and more apparent that the severity with which the day has been observed in past times was neither countenanced by Scripture, supported by history, nor blest by experience; and in the face of this conviction the rigidity of former discipline is happily giving place to the spirit of Christian liberty. And in England, too, the same change is going on.

But, though based on principles the most erroneous, Puritan Sunday has been of undoubted service to us in the organisation of our social life. Dull and cheerless as it was, and cruelly as its heavy discipline was maintained, it has been attended with an amount of good which has more than compensated the worst evils it has wrought. We do not say this to apologise for its continuance. The severity of former times cannot now be renewed, that of present times even cannot well be maintained, without a breach of the first condition under which it has proved a blessing. The great boon of the puritanic Sunday has been a lesson of self-denying earnestness which sprang from strong and well-defined convictions transmitted from father to son during the last two hundred years;—a rich inheritance, which I trust we may yet preserve amid the growth of new ideas and the remodelling of opinions. To be worthy of it, we must not shut our eyes to facts, or pretend still to hold tenaciously a faith which fuller knowledge is eradicating. Our forefathers believed without a doubt the Sabbath to be imposed on them as much as on the Jews. 'The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men

* See a Scottish Ecclesiastical Act passed at Edinburgh 7 June 1709. Quoted by Cox in *Sabbath Laws*, 149.

everywhere to repent.' It will not do to imagine we are doing God service in putting down Sunday trains or fining Sunday haymakers. Let us diminish Sunday labour as much as possible ; but for man's sake, not for God's.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether this great practical good, so important in a country like England, where industrial energy and the desire of accumulation hardly leave men either souls or bodies which they can call their own,—that every man has a right to immunity from labour at least one day in seven,—could have been secured

to our people to the extent it has been without the strong convictions and iron will of our Puritan forefathers. We need not fear, however, that the boon thus given can ever be taken from a people that knows its value. Our English Sundays need not henceforth be less to us than they have been. As we better appreciate the true character of the day, they ought rather to be more. Let them still be what they were so beautifully described by Henry Vaughan in the seventeenth century, in words which Dr. Hessey has adopted as the motto of his *Bampton Lectures*—

Bright shadows of true rest ! some shoots of blisse ;
 Heaven once a week ;
 The next world's gladness prepossest in this ;
 A day to seek
 Eternity in time ; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight.

J. G.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1866.

THE JAMAICA PROBLEM.

IN the absence of that Report from the Commission of Inquiry which cannot reach us for a month or two yet, it would be unjust and rash as well as premature to say a word upon the mode in which the recent insurrection in Jamaica was suppressed by Governor Eyre and the instruments whom he employed, or more than a word upon the immediate causes of the outbreak. The time will shortly come for discussing those painful subjects with far fuller and more competent knowledge than anyone can now pretend to, and therefore, one would hope, in a fairer temper of mind and with greater profit. Meanwhile, a question lies before us on which we fear the Commissioners will only be able to throw partial and incidental light—a question still graver and darker, and of more national if of less personal concern,—what is the condition of Jamaica and its inhabitants; how that condition has come to be what it is; and by what measures we must strive to amend what is deplorable, and to atone for what is disgraceful in the state of one of our fairest colonies and our largest negro population? To the essential points of this question we propose to devote a very few pages; and we do so at once, not because we are not painfully conscious of the very imperfect and vague nature of all the information which is

extant on the subject, but because we see no earlier or directer means of eliciting fuller and more authentic knowledge than by a concise statement of the problem to be solved, of the facts which may be considered as admitted or ascertained, and the points upon which further and clearer light is wanted.

We have no intention of discussing the justice or injustice of the treatment which the Jamaica planter has met with at the hands of the mother country, nor the consistency or inconsistency of the course which England has pursued in reference to slavery and its collateral questions. Our purpose is political rather than judicial—to discover what course to steer for the future, rather than to award sentences of condemnation or acquittal on the actors in the past. It must, we apprehend, be admitted on the one hand that emancipation did deprive the planters of that *command* of continuous labour without which the sugar cultivation is impossible and sugar estates valueless, and that the compensation money allotted to them made up for a very small portion of the damage inflicted. It must be admitted also that the admission of slave-grown sugar to our markets in 1846, on the same terms as the West Indian produce—plausible as were the arguments adduced in its

favour at the time—did frightfully lower the price,* and exposed our islands to a competition for which they were alike unfitted and unprepared—a competition the terms of which were manifestly unequal and unfair. It must be conceded further, we fear, that in this proceeding Great Britain was guilty of a strange inconsistency—sacrificing her anti-slavery principles, which were slightly blunted, to her free-trade principles, which were then in the heyday of their ascendancy; and there can be no doubt that she did, by this lapse from her previous policy, give renewed activity and most disastrous extension to the Cuban slave trade,† and exhibited to the world a specimen of that national illogicality which foreigners always unjustly attribute to a moral instead of an intellectual defect in our character, and deserved all the derision which was cast upon her for maintaining her suppressive squadron on the African coast to put down the traffic, while she was at the same time holding out to Spain irresistible inducements to prosecute it with remorseless vigour. On the other hand, it must be conceded with equal unreserve that the Jamaica planters were ruined almost to a man before either emancipation or free-trade gave them the *coup-de-grace*; that nothing but the restoration of the slave-trade—if even that—could have regained or preserved their pristine prosperity; that their negroes were dying out; that their properties were mortgaged to excess; that production was carried on without either energy or science, and could scarcely, without protection, have kept its ground against Cuba

and Brazil, even if they had labour as abundant and as cheap. In a word, independently of all injurious or mistaken legislation, they had neither succeeded nor deserved success; and, though treated with injustice, the justest treatment could not have saved them. Long years of slavery and monopoly—of affluence without exertion, of security based not on inherent strength, but on overshadowing protection—had generated habits which even made slavery and monopoly combined unequal to the task of maintaining them in prosperity. Both failed—as in combination they were certain to fail, because certain to enervate—and no one would now dream of restoring either.

Neither in 1834 nor in 1846 did England think much of the planter. She emancipated the slaves to discharge her conscience; she equalised the sugar duties to relieve her wants and to extend her trade. But by the former measure she intended in her heart to benefit the negroes—to rescue them from grievous wrongs—to secure for them steady progress and a brighter future; and for a long time she was assured, and believed, that she had done so. Has the Jamaica negro been improved and made happy by emancipation? Has he gone upwards or downwards in the social scale? Is he now retrograding or advancing? Are the results of our grand self-sacrificing measure—to which so many Pharisees among us habitually point as an effort of virtue that places us far ahead of other nations in national morality—such as we ought to be proud of or content with? In fine, has emancipation succeeded? And if not, why not?

* During the six years preceding that measure, the average price of British plantation sugar was 37s. 8d. per cwt. For the six years succeeding it was only 25s. 2d.

† Average annual number of slaves landed in Cuba and Brazil:—

1842—1846	30,500
1847—1851	43,300

In 1845 6 there were imported into Cuba only 1,719, and into Brazil 69,800.
In 1848 9 there were imported into Cuba 2,950, and into Brazil 114,000.

It is acknowledged on all hands that the production and export of sugar in Jamaica is only half what it was under the old system; that the planters are irretrievably ruined; that the whites are gradually leaving the island, and are now scarcely more than one-third of their former numbers. But all this would weigh little in our minds if the coloured population were growing prosperous, moral, educated, and contented; rising in civilisation and well-being; a blessing to themselves and their co-mates elsewhere; a credit and a joy to their admirers and protectors;—since emancipation was enacted for their good, and not that sugar might be grown or that planters might be wealthy.

It will not, however, do to say, as some cynics and disappointed philanthropists are beginning to say, 'Never mind if the negro is idle. All men, even Anglo-Saxons, will be idle under a tropical sun. Why should the negro work, if he can live without work? If the climate predisposes him to indolence and languor—if nature is so bountiful that she furnishes him gratuitously with all that is indispensable for comfortable existence—if his wants are few, and easily supplied, why seek to multiply them artificially, and thus to render life more difficult? If he prefers contentment with the bare necessities of life, it may be that he is a truer philosopher than we who reprove him and would stimulate him. If he chooses to be lazy, he has a right to be so. It is sufficient that he is free, and that we have secured to him his rights.'

In our judgment it is *not* sufficient. It was not for this that we purchased his liberty and sacrificed his master. If this be the result, emancipation must be admitted to have failed. It may be assumed, and must be conceded, that content with the minimum that suffices for bare life, naked inaction, basking

indolence, the animal enjoyment and dreary vacuity of barbaric ease, were not the purposes for which even Africans were created, or in which they were designed by Providence to remain; that savage existence—*mere* existence, vegetable life, life amid yams and plantains, with a cloth round their loins and a thatch over their heads—is not a condition into which England can or ought to allow half a million of her subjects, *whom she has taken in hand*, to sink; that if this be the result of our work, we have done our work very ill, and must set to work at once to do it better. The negro must be civilised—brought up, that is, to such a stage of civilisation as he is capable of reaching, and to a higher and higher stage as years roll on and generation succeeds to generation. We cannot acquiesce without great guilt in his relapse into savagery. *He has no right to be a savage*; God made him and all men for advance; he must improve, or die out; earth is not made for mere *fruges consumere nati*—least of all, British earth in the nineteenth century. If the negro can rise and civilise, however slowly, by himself and under his own guidance, by all means leave him to himself, and give him time; if he cannot, then help him, guide him, control him, compel him; but never dream of sitting down helplessly content with a failure of hopes and prophecies and duties so signal—so fatal to him, so discreditable to ourselves.

Now, two things are, by universal admission, essential to civilisation,—industry in one form or other, and a raising, not a lowering, of the standard of comfortable life—a multiplication, rather than a reduction, of our wants. To be satisfied with what is sufficient to maintain life, to propagate life, even to enjoy mere animal life, is to be a brute or to be in the way of becoming one. Man cannot live by bread alone: beasts

can and do. If the negro is to be a man and not a beast, he must have decent clothing and a decent hut; he must have some religion, some education, some aspirations; he must wish to better himself, to marry, to have property of some sort; the present generation must desire to be better off than the last, and to see their children improving on themselves. They must work. It is not at all necessary that they should work for wages, or work on sugar plantations, or work for others; but if they are to civilise—if they are to fulfil prophecies and expectations—if they are to justify their existence or even to sustain it, they must work either at a trade, or on a sugar or coffee estate, or on their own grounds. And they must do this because industry is the first condition of civilisation. We think we need waste no more words on this thesis. We may safely assume that Great Britain is not going to allow those for whom she is responsible, who are still her subjects and her citizens, to become what their ancestors were in Africa, what the savages of Congo are yet. She will civilise them by some means—by persuasion and instruction if she can; by control and compulsion if such should be found necessary. She will not give up the struggle as hopeless, or as too much for her; she will solve the problem, or hand over the island to those who can. Jamaica was meant to be a paradise; we can never suffer it to be made a pigsty—not even if it can be shown that the pigs are really happy and very fat.

‘The really important question is, What is our duty towards the negroes in Jamaica? Are we morally bound to try to make them industrious and civilised beings; or ought we to be satisfied, and think that we have done whatever it is necessary for us to do, as soon as we have secured life and property? In a word, is *laissez faire* to be our rule in the West Indies as it is in

England? Suppose it to be proved that the black likes to be a savage. Nature certainly enables him to be a savage if he likes with perfect ease and comfort. Are we to let him take his “time” in peace, and even say grace for him over his pumpkins? or are we to try—as we should call it—to raise him to our level, although he thoroughly dislikes the process? If so, on what principle?

‘It certainly is our decided opinion that we ought by no means to be contented to let the negro ideal of life take its course, and that we ought by all reasonable ways and means to do our very utmost to give the negro the wants of civilised life, and also to give him the virtues which are cultivated by making provision for those wants. We think that if the black population really is relapsing into savage life, they must have been very ill-governed, and we must have grossly neglected our first duties towards them. The mere fact that they like to be savages is no more a reason why they should be allowed to be savages than the fact that a boy likes play better than work is a reason why he should be allowed to play when he ought to be working.’

Now, what, as far as can be ascertained from the somewhat scanty information and the very conflicting statements extant and available, is the condition, past and present, of the black population of Jamaica? Are they improving in morals, in comfort, and in industry, or are they retrograding in these important particulars, which comprise nearly everything of importance? The impression which we believe will be left upon the minds of most readers by an impartial consideration of the evidence is that, on the whole, a tolerably encouraging account could be given of the position and progress of the negro for the first twelve or fifteen years subse-

quent to emancipation, perhaps up to 1848 or 1850; but that since that time there has been a marked and deplorable retrogression. We do not guide ourselves mainly either by missionary, or planting, or official testimony, but by the most reliable portions of each sort which we can collect; and from these we gather that during the first years of freedom, the planters were far more to blame than the negroes for the difficulty of obtaining efficient and continuous labour. The masters too often endeavoured to enforce work by threats of ejection, and unfairly to reduce the promised wages by the extortion of extravagant rents for huts and provision grounds; they often paid their labourers with disheartening irregularity; and by these proceedings and other fiscal regulations, indirectly and unintentionally made it the interest of the negro to work for himself rather than for his employer. Still there is ample evidence that when the wages offered were fair, when these wages were regularly forthcoming, and when the general treatment was good, the negroes would usually work with reasonable steadiness; and that up to 1848 at least a better feeling between the employer and the labourer was springing up; and that, where the industry of the negro was sagaciously directed and vigilantly supervised, it was far from being inefficient or unprofitable. In many of the free negro villages, where the peasantry lived on their own lands and laboured for their own behoof, the accounts were most encouraging. Dr. King, in 1850, described them as both more industrious and better housed than the Scotch Highlanders (perhaps this is not saying much); and they were said by some to be growing nearly as frugal and penurious as peasant proprietors elsewhere.

Even as late as 1854, Sir Henry Barkly, than whom no one is more entitled to be heard with confidence, while by no means looking at the condition or prospects of the island as a whole with a very sanguine spirit, writes thus:—‘Altogether, these mountain villages, which put one somewhat in mind of those of Switzerland in respect to situation and construction, have a decided air of progressive civilisation and comfort about them; and it is quite clear, whatever may be the case elsewhere, that their inhabitants are not retrograding either in moral or physical condition.’*

As to other matters, we find Lord Stanley affirming in 1842, as ‘unquestionable facts,’ that since emancipation ‘the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have raised their manner of living and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and infrequent; that their morals have improved; that marriage has been more and more substituted for concubinage; and that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion.’ No doubt this picture is somewhat coloured by the well-known temperament of the writer, then Colonial Minister, as well as by a natural disposition to think well of the results of his own measure; but the statement was not without warrant. A year or two later, Mr. Philipppo, after describing the increase of schools, goes on: ‘During slavery, the sanctities of marriage were unknown; but now, out of a population of 420,000, not fewer than 14,840 marriages annually take place, being a proportion of one in twenty-nine. Indeed, everywhere marriage is now the rule, and con-

* Another gentleman, travelling over the island ten years later, gives a very different account, which we shall quote in due time.

cubinage the exception.'* And, to conclude, Lord Howard de Walden, an extensive Jamaica proprietor, when asked, in 1848, before a Committee of Inquiry—'Can you speak to the moral improvement of the negroes in Jamaica, as respects education, habits, dress, and marriage?' replies, 'I believe they have amazingly improved in every respect since emancipation; everybody agrees that the change has been very remarkable.' The accounts of crime, too, were on the whole very favourable; and making fair allowance for difficulties and an inevitably slow rate of progress, there seemed every reason to believe that emancipation had succeeded, and was gradually raising the African into a higher stage of civilisation in all essential particulars; and that, though he grew much less sugar than formerly, yet he was, as a rule, both moderately industrious and more than moderately comfortable. Mr. Bigelow, an American, who visited Jamaica in 1850, and who speaks with all an American's irrepressible disgust of the indolence, inefficiency, wastefulness, and want of enterprise of the capitalists, declares that the number of small coloured proprietors of land, holding from three to five acres each, is upwards of 100,000,† and that they seem wonderfully happy, care-free, and industrious.

A freehold of four or five acres gives them a vote, to which they attach great value; and it enables them, with two or three months of labour for wages in crop time, and one day in each week devoted to their little farms, to live in comparative ease and independence. . . . Their properties average, I should think, about three acres. They have a direct interest in cultivating them economically and intelligently. The practice of planning their own labour, encouraged by the privilege of

reaping its rewards themselves, exerts upon them the most important educational influence, the results of which will soon be more apparent than they are now. Of course it requires no little self-denial and energy for a negro, upon the wages now paid in Jamaica, to lay up enough to purchase one of these properties; but if he does get one, he never parts with it except for a larger or a better one. The planters call them lazy for indulging in this feeling of independence; but I could never see anything in the aversion of the negroes here to labour which was not sanctioned by the example of their masters and by instincts and propensities common to humanity.

Now let us turn to the picture, drawn by unexceptionable witnesses, of the *present* condition of the lower classes of Jamaica. Thanks to Dr. Underhill's letter, and to the answers it has called forth, we have now before us the most ample testimony on all points. Never perhaps was a larger mass of evidence as to the social and moral state of any people brought to light. Seldom, assuredly, has evidence so voluminous been at the same time in the main so consentaneous. In reply to the circular of Governor Eyre, we have replies from bishops, clergymen, Wesleyan and Baptist ministers, American missionaries, physicians, chief justices, judges, magistrates, custodes, churchwardens—from nearly everyone qualified by position and means of observation to give information on any of the various points on which information was demanded. We do not propose to load our pages with a mere series of extracts; but we will endeavour to give our readers the net results with as much conciseness, clearness, and accuracy as we can; we will do this with all the fairness we are masters of; and we shall find the task the less difficult, inasmuch as there is really scarcely any differ-

* *Jamaica: Past and Present*, p. 232. *West. Rev.*, April 1853. The figures here are obviously a reckless exaggeration. Since there must be two persons to each marriage, they would imply that one-fourteenth of the population was married every year. One in 100 is a high marriage rate. In England it is about one in 121.

† Mr. Clarke, the Baptist missionary, gives the number as 60,000. Probably both are guesses, as we cannot find that any authentic returns have ever been published.

ence of opinion among the witnesses as to the facts they depose to, and but little (with a few silly exceptions) as to the explanation of these facts. But, first, we must quote Dr. Underhill's statement in his letter to Mr. Cardwell:—

33 Moorgate Street, E.C.,
Jan. 5, 1865.

Crime has fearfully increased. The number of prisoners in the penitentiary and gaols is considerably more than double the average, and nearly all for one crime—larceny. Summonses for petty debts disclose an amount of pecuniary difficulty which has never before been experienced; and applications for parochial and private relief prove that multitudes are suffering from want little removed from starvation.

The immediate cause of this distress would seem to be the drought of the last two years; but, in fact, this has only given intensity to suffering previously existing. All accounts, both public and private, concur in affirming the alarming increase of crime, chiefly of larceny and petty theft. This arises from the extreme poverty of the people. That this is its true origin is made evident by the ragged and even naked condition of vast numbers of them; so contrary to the taste for dress they usually exhibit. They cannot purchase clothing, partly from its greatly increased cost, which is unduly enhanced by the duty (said to be 38 per cent. by the Hon. Mr. Whitelocke) which it now pays, and partly from the want of employment, and the consequent absence of wages.

The people, then, are starving, and the causes of this are not far to seek. No doubt the taxation of the island is too heavy for its present resources, and must necessarily render the cost of producing the staples higher than they can bear, to meet competition in the markets of the world. No doubt much of the sugar land of the island is worn out, or can only be made productive by an outlay which would destroy all hope of profitable return. No doubt, too, a large portion of the island is uncultivated, and might be made to support a greater population than is now existing upon it.

But the simple fact is, there is not sufficient employment for the people; there is neither work for them, nor capital to employ them.

The labouring class is too numerous for the work to be done. Sugar cultivation on the estates does not absorb more than 30,000 of the people, and every other species of cultivation (apart from provision growing) cannot give employment to more

than another 30,000. But the agricultural population of the island is over 400,000; so that there are at least 340,000 whose livelihood depends on employment other than that devoted to the staple cultivation of the island. Of these 340,000, certainly not less than 130,000 are adults, and capable of labour. For subsistence they must be entirely dependent on the provisions grown on their little freeholds, a portion of which is sold to those who find employment on the estates; or perhaps, in a slight degree, on such produce as they are able to raise for exportation. But those who grow produce for exportation are very few, and they meet with every kind of discouragement to prosecute a means of support which is as advantageous to the island as themselves. If their provisions fail, as has been the case, from drought, they must steal or starve. And this is their present condition.

There is no reason to suppose that Dr. Underhill is not a good and sincere man,—none to suppose that his intentions have been other than benevolent. But it will soon become clear that a series of more fallacious and deceptive misrepresentations has seldom been given forth to the world; so much so, that it is difficult to account for them otherwise than on the assumption that he has been the somewhat easy dupe of local partisans. The wretched condition of a considerable part of the population is undoubtedly true, though what is partial and comparatively recent is represented as chronic and universal; but the general colouring and the causes assigned are singularly incorrect. The Governor undoubtedly went too far in ascribing to Dr. Underhill's statements, and the meetings held in different parts of the island to discuss them, so large an influence in producing the late rebellion; but it is equally indisputable that their operation was, and could not fail to be, mischievous and misleading in a very high degree. Having said thus much on the personal part of the matter, we shall drop that subject altogether, and proceed to the far more important one—the actual state of the Jamaica population.

1. That the condition, moral and physical, of the lower classes has rapidly deteriorated of late years, and that this deterioration still continues, if even it does not accelerate, scarcely anyone denies or doubts. On this point the testimony may be said to be nearly unanimous. It is clear also that in some places, and among some classes, great destitution and absolute misery exists, and that this has been in certain districts much increased by recent droughts. But these droughts, as is always the case in Jamaica, have been merely local; and the destitution complained of is to be found almost exclusively among the following sections of the people, and depends upon the causes here assigned. First—Among the inhabitants of towns, who are somewhat above the lowest class; among small tradesmen, who cannot recover their debts; among respectable families, once rich, but now reduced to squalid poverty by the general ruin which has overtaken the staple production of the island; among the female population, which is considerably more numerous than the male;* and especially among those who, like the sempstresses and washerwomen, depend for employment and remuneration upon the prosperity of the community at large. Secondly—Among the aged and infirm throughout the island, *who are habitually and universally deserted by their children*; and among the illegitimate and unacknowledged children, *who are about as universally deserted by their parents*. Thirdly—Among those of the peasantry in the country whose provi-

sion grounds, otherwise adequate to their support, are so constantly plundered by the idle pilfering vagrants who swarm throughout the island, that they cannot reap the fruits of their industry, and in very many instances have given up the cultivation of their land in absolute despair. With these exceptions—putting out of view a few very isolated and peculiarly situated localities—there is no physical distress or want that is not purely voluntary, and does not arise from the inveterate idleness or profligacy of the sufferers.

2. Indeed, it stands to reason that it must be so; and that it is so is affirmed in the plainest language both by the Governor and by nearly every competent witness who speaks upon the subject. Abundance of fertile land is to be obtained in every part of the country by any labouring man who wishes for it. It can be had on rent at 10s. to 20s. an acre; it can be purchased in fee-simple at prices varying from five dollars to five pounds,† and large quantities have been so purchased by the negroes. Nay, it can be had, and is had, in most parts without either rent or purchase—by mere occupation; and it is not uncommon for an unauthorised squatter to *sublet* to other negroes plots to which he himself has no title beyond simple residence. It is certain that a month's steady industry will enable anyone who pleases to purchase an acre of land. It is equally certain that one day's work in the week will, on two acres, if not on one, produce food enough to maintain a family throughout the year.‡ Under

* Among the *browns* there are 38,000 males and 42,000 females. Among the *blacks*, 167,000 males to 179,000 females.

† They are nearly all freeholders in this district (St. Mark's, Portland). I may mention that in the last twelve months properties have been bought by some of them to the extent of nearly 600 acres, at a cost of about 400l.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 39 (1866).

‡ I have it from the peasants' own lips that one acre of land, for which they pay a rent of 12s. to 21s., yields them, when in good cultivation, from 12l. to 15l.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 98.

Evidence to this effect is overwhelming, and extends back for thirty years and more.—See *Papers*, pp. 8, 27, 69.

these circumstances, it is idle and wrong to affirm that there is or can be any general distress except such as arises from wilful indolence. 'I cannot understand,' says Mr. Salmon, 'how increasing distress can be predicated of a people who will not give 20 days' labour on their grounds in a year, which labour would provide each person with food enough and with clothes.'

3. Nor is it true that employment cannot be procured by those who are anxious for it, or that the wages are in any fair sense low or inadequate. On these points the evidence is overwhelming, and wonderfully consentaneous and detailed. There are not, as Dr. Underhill recklessly affirms, only 60,000 persons engaged in the staple productions of the island, but at least 120,000;—the whole adult population of both sexes, exclusive of whites and wealthy coloured persons, being about 200,000. The average wages for *six hours'* work is a shilling to eighteen-pence; and those who watch the labour given for this sum are of opinion that it is highly paid. By task-work a man can earn 2s. per task, or at least 3s. or 4s. for a full day; but he never will do more than one task.* The negro always takes three weeks' holiday at Christmas and the same in August, and as soon as he has earned the sum he needs for his immediate wants, can seldom be induced to continue in the hope of more; and he perpetually leaves his employer at the most critical moment, thus driving the latter to seek coolie and immigrant labour, not as being more effective, but as being more reliable.† That labour is not ill

remunerated in Jamaica is further proved by the fact that there, as elsewhere, the coolie, who is a less able workman than the negro, saves and grows rich on earnings which the negro grumbles at, and carries back considerable sums to his native country. Lastly, it is true that the abandonment of a vast number of sugar estates has diminished the demand for labour in several districts; but this abandonment has been chiefly caused by the impossibility of obtaining reliable labour.

4. It is proved beyond question that such distress as exists in Jamaica does not arise from the high price of imported provisions, since that price has not materially risen, and is certainly not much higher than in other West Indian islands where the negroes are flourishing enough. Moreover, a land that can grow nearly everything, like Jamaica, has no excuse for importing provisions at all, unless it can plead that it does so either because other crops are more remunerative or because labour is defective. Nor can the alleged distress arise from the asserted increase in the price of ground provisions, inasmuch as such enhancement of price, if the fact, must benefit and not injure a population every family of which is, or might be, a grower and a seller, not a buyer, of those articles. Nor, finally, can the distress be traced, as Dr. Underhill so unwarrantably alleges, to unequal or excessive taxation, since no case of unfairness is specified by Dr. Underhill or can be discovered to exist (this is distinctly affirmed by the most qualified witnesses); ‡ and since the taxation, though in

* Carpenters, masons, and other skilled labourers earn from 2s. to 3s. a day; and when the quality of their work is taken into consideration, these wages are high.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 96.

† Moreover, it is the opinion of many of the best qualified witnesses that no increase of wages would benefit the negro so long as his present character and habits continue unchanged; since he would only work so many fewer days or hours. And there can be no doubt that this would be the case.

‡ There may have been formerly, but these cases have been rectified.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 10.

our judgment sometimes unwise enough, is not so high as in most other colonies. Thus, it averages, according to Mr. Hosack, at

The Cape of Good Hope	55s.	per head.
Canada	28s.	"
Guiana	34s.	"
Trinidad	45s.	"
Jamaica	14s.	"

5. With reference to the alleged raggedness of the people, described by Dr. Underhill as approaching to nudity, and as greatly attributable to the increased taxation upon articles of clothing—which taxation he states to have been raised from 12½ per cent. *ad valorem* to 38 per cent.—there is some truth and much falsehood in his statement. It is true that raggedness is on the increase; but one reason—the chief reason—is, that owing to the enhanced price of calicoes, consequent on the American war and the cotton famine, it requires a greater degree of industry than formerly to buy the necessary amount of clothing; and the negro and negress, on the whole, prefer being naked to being industrious. Another cause is specified by some witnesses—viz., that as display in dress is one of the very strongest passions of the Africans of both sexes—and one gentleman, a clergyman, declares it to be almost the only remaining and most-to-be-cherished link which still binds them to civilisation—they, as a rule, insist upon being gorgeously and extravagantly dressed on Sundays and holidays, and, in order to obtain this end, are content to be ragged almost to indecency during the rest of the week. But when it is remembered how few yards of calico are needed for decorous and even comfortable clothing in a tropical climate like Jamaica, and that this calico is procurable even now at from 6*d.* to 1*s.* per yard, and that a week's work

could, therefore, at any time procure a dress, we cannot for a moment admit that deficient clothing is anything but a voluntary evil.* And as to Dr. Underhill's statement about the taxation on clothing, it is simply an inexcusably reckless or inexcusably wilful untruth. The duty on calico has not been raised: it is still 12½ per cent., as it always was; and the utmost effect it can produce would be to raise plain goods from 6*d.* to 7*d.*, and printed ones from 12*d.* to 14*d.* Indeed, this is an outside statement. But Dr. Underhill and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, his colleagues also, appear to have been ready to accept, without inquiry or reflection, whatever assertions were sent home to them, and to have put them forth to the world endorsed by an authority which can never be relied upon again.

6. One of the worst features in the material condition of the negroes of Jamaica is the wretched state of their habitations. It would almost seem as if strong enough language could not be found to describe the insufficiency, filthiness, airlessness, and habitual overcrowding which prevails. Dr. Milroy's elaborate report to the Board of Health, after the cholera in 1851, speaks of those in Kingston, and nearly all the towns and many of the villages, as shocking and beastly beyond parallel; and though some of his statements and much of his colouring were declared by Governor Darling to be exaggerated, yet we are bound to say that they are fully confirmed and borne out by the Report of a Committee (in 1857, we believe) addressed to the Government by the Council of the Royal Society of Arts—a body comprising many of the principal inhabitants in the island. This document is given *in extenso* in the papers lately laid before Parliament.

* Moreover, the price of 'Osnaburghs,' a chief article of habitual clothing among the blacks, has only risen from 4½*d.* to 7½*d.* a yard.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 96.

The passages we refer to are too long to quote; but nothing can be worse or, we fear, truer than the picture they draw. In the country districts the evil is not nearly so bad, simply because they *are* country districts; but even there, as a rule, the dwellings are not such as decent people should or would inhabit.*

7. When we turn from the physical to the moral condition of the black peasantry of Jamaica, the accounts given are far more discouraging and appalling, and yet more consentaneous, if that be possible. All witnesses, with scarcely an exception, agree that crime is rapidly increasing, especially the crime of petty larceny, and principally from provision grounds; that summary convictions have doubled within the last four years is proved by the official returns; the prisons are full, and seem to present no deterring aspects to the criminals; and that the spread of larcenous habits and offences against property is in no degree traceable to want or destitution, is made clear by the unanimous testimony of the magistrates, the gaolers, and indeed of all classes, to the fact that the offenders are almost invariably

active, able-bodied, and well-fed. 'The young and the strong of both sexes are those who fill the gaols, and they almost universally come in good condition. The old, the decrepid, or the emaciated, are seldom to be met with in a Jamaica prison.' Nor is it only theft that is on the increase: crimes of violence are becoming more and more common. Sin, too, is advancing as well as crime, and even faster, and sin of all sorts—sins of omission, and sins of commission. All affirm and deplore the decrease of marriages; the habit, almost universal, of concubinage, beginning from the earliest puberty; the nearly invariable neglect, moral and material, of children by their parents; the quite invariable neglect and desertion of parents by their children; the systematic abandonment of the sick and the infirm by their relatives and neighbours; the absence of all principle; the dying out of nearly all kindly feeling. Education is despised, and the services and duties of religion are falling more and more into decay. In short, the moral deterioration seems general and progressive; and not one single bright feature in the prospect is discernible. This sounds

* The following is an extract from the Report of a person of high authority, who two years ago made a tour throughout the entire island:—

'The dwellings of the peasantry are for the most part of a very wretched description. Situated generally amongst closely-growing trees or other rank vegetation, often in damp situations, and without any attempts at drainage, or at the preservation of cleanliness around them, they are usually most unhealthy. Large families are crowded into small hovels, and all ages and sexes promiscuously occupy the same apartment. The natural and necessary result is that all sense of propriety or decency, all morality, and all cleanliness are utterly wanting in the labouring population as a body, whilst the absence of the common requirements for the preservation of health leads to much illness at all times, and in times of epidemics to almost a decimation of the population. Until a radical improvement can be effected in the dwellings of the peasantry, as well as in their social habits, but little hope can be entertained of their real or permanent advancement in civilisation or morality, and I took every opportunity which offered of endeavouring to impress upon them the importance of attending to these essential particulars. At present, there is the singular anomaly presented of a people, who for the most part are comfortably off, possessing lands, carts, horses, mules, and other property, who profess to be members of religious bodies, and who on Sundays and holidays are always well dressed, being at their own homes and in their social habits and relations little better than absolute savages. Whilst making this sweeping charge against the peasantry as a body, I must add that there are pleasing exceptions, where the dwellings are of a superior description, and considerable efforts made to render the exterior and surrounding premises clean and neat.'

like extravagant delineation; but 300 pages of the most unexceptionable testimony leave us no loophole of escape from the conclusion that it is in the main a faithful representation of the truth.

8. But the worst remains to be told. All parties concur in stating that the rising generation is incomparably the worst part of the population—the most depraved, the most profligate, the most ignorant and vicious, and the most incorrigibly idle. The civil, the industrious, the tolerably steady, the tolerably decent, are almost invariably the *freedmen*—those who were trained and disciplined under slavery.* A generation has now grown up since emancipation, and that generation is incomparably worse than its predecessor. This is terrible, and most disheartening. But, say all the witnesses, how should it be otherwise? The discipline and obedience formerly enforced by masters has been replaced by no parental training or control; the children grow up in the pigsties above described, without education, without supervision: idle, because they can live without work; lewd, because the means of lewdness are always at hand, and there are no motives to self-restraint; uncontrolled by others, and utterly unfit to control themselves. 'And' (conclude the writers who draw this fearful picture), 'These boys and girls are destined to be the men and women, the parents of the next generation; and it is fearful to contemplate what shall then be the state of society, when the spring-time of youth has issued in the harvest of matured adult villany.† We had marked a number of passages confirmatory of the above statements; but they are too long to transfer to our columns, and our readers must be content with the condensed sum-

mary we have given in these few lines.

To sum up the whole matter thus far:—The black peasantry of Jamaica, which for a while after emancipation appeared to be improving both in habits and in comforts, in morals and in decency, have now for many years been receding in all these particulars; and of late this deterioration has been marked and rapid. There is misery, but only among the vicious and the idle, and those who suffer from the idleness and viciousness of those around them; there is crime, with no excuse for it in the pressure of external circumstances; there is flagrant, spreading, cancerous immorality among a population that might easily, as far as the absence of obstacles and temptations go, be the happiest and most well-conducted in existence. In a country where everyone is free, where land may be had for the asking, where the soil is fertile and the climate good, where a month's labour will buy an acre, and a day's work each week will make that yield enough to support a whole family, there is yet great poverty, frequent distress, general squalor, and common raggedness; theft and crime are making rapid progress; the criminals are the vigorous and the young; profligacy of the worst sort is the rule and not the exception; and, most deplorable of all, each generation is growing manifestly worse than the preceding one. It is not a case of slow progress towards good, for which every allowance should be made: it is a case of rapid proclivity towards evil—of degeneracy, of advance to barbarism—for which there can be no excuse, and in dealing with which there must be no delay, no dawdling, no toleration of folly,

* *Jamaica Papers*, p. 116.

† *Ibid.* p. 144.

no tenderness to crime. A little more sleep and a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the arms to rest; a little more pausing in apathy, as we have been doing session after session, and Parliament after Parliament; a little more wilfulness in denying facts, a little more cowardice in facing cant, a little more feebleness in assuming the responsibility which belongs to high station and to solemn obligations; a little more shrinking from duty and cowering before clamour, and the last chance of saving the negro race from ruin, and the principles of freedom from dishonour, will be gone for ever. The interest awakened by the late rebellion and its terrible repression; the completeness and promptitude with which Jamaica has thrown itself upon the mother country for rescue and salvation; the real comprehension of the subject which has for the first time been made possible,—all combine to offer us one golden opportunity for redeeming the past. It remains to be seen whether we have yet among us manhood and statesmanship equal to the task, and capable of rising to the greatness of the emergency.

Now, to what cause are we to attribute the social and moral deterioration of the emancipated population of Jamaica? To what influences, negative or positive, is it owing in the last resort that freedom has not brought those results with it that were confidently prophesied as its inevitable, if gradual, consequences; and that the negro peasantry, who for a time appeared to be improving and advancing, have of late been so indisputably retrograding? Clearly not to their poverty; for their poverty, it is proved,

even when the fact, is nearly invariably wilful, and is an effect and a sign and not a source of their moral deficiencies. Not to the recent bad seasons; for these have only produced local distress, and under sounder conditions would not have produced serious distress at all. Not to the high price of imported provisions; for this price appears to have varied little if at all, and can scarcely be said to have had any decided operation. Not to the high price of ground provisions; for this, where it existed, must have benefited rather than injured the peasantry who are the growers of them. Not to low wages, for wages are not low to any industrious labourer; they are even high for the amount and quality of work rendered; they are higher even than an English peasant can earn in the same number of hours, while the cost of living is much lower; they are higher than in Barbadoes, where the people prosper; they are in fact seven shillings a week habitually, and sixteen when the workman wishes. Not even to want of employment; for this is only exceptional, and is caused entirely by the irregularity with which employment is sought or accepted: planters are clamorous for labour that can be relied upon; they import it at vast expense from distant countries; they are being ruined by hundreds for the lack of it. Not to excessive or unfair taxation; for no unfairness has been or can be pointed out, and the taxes per head are lighter than in almost any other of our colonies. Not, finally, as Dr. Underhill vaguely but positively affirms, to unjust tribunals,* unequal laws, and a denial of political privileges; for he does not even attempt to specify or make good any

* We by no means wish, however, to deny that, since a most unwise and niggard parsimony led to the supersession of the stipendiary magistrates, justice, as administered by the planters who succeeded to their functions, has not often been most faulty. On the contrary, we are fully prepared to admit that much well-founded discontent may be traced to this source.

of these charges, and all the best-qualified witnesses give them the most positive contradiction.

The cause of the evil—the *fons et origo mali*—lies patent to sight. It is simply that a people peculiarly in want of wise guidance and of firm control, have been left to grow up and to go on without either. The negroes had just been set free from slavery, which is about the most demoralising and incapacitating sort of antecedent that any race can suffer from, and they needed the most judicious and careful management and direction during the first years of freedom. They are a docile, naturally obedient, genial, jovial, well-disposed, irascible, excitable, ignorant, deludible, volatile, unpersistent, *childish* race, and their first and paramount need was of superior intelligence, steady direction, strong control, compulsory education, to govern and to guide them. Instead of this they were left to themselves, to bad advisers, to irritated and impatient masters, to inefficient government, to injudicious friends, and to injurious example. The superior race, that ought to have been their leaders and rulers, were placed in a position of antagonism and often of animosity towards them. The largest proprietors were non-residents; the residents, always embarrassed, and utterly ruined by the competition of slave sugar, gradually abandoned the island, till the white population, once 30,000 among 350,000, had dwindled down to 14,000 among 450,000. In the days of slavery, the masters all exercised some controlling influence over their dependants; the good masters exercised an improving and civilising influence as well; and regular industry, even when enforced by coercion, has some good effect both over character and habits. Under freedom,

there have been but few proprietors competent to act as 'captains of industry,' or qualified to gain ascendancy by power of character over a race which they could no longer coerce by mere force of will. In the days of slavery, again, the missionaries and ministers of the gospel had great influence over the blacks, and this influence was in the main a most excellent one. The negroes felt that these men, the Baptists especially, were their friends, their defenders, their benefactors; they learned to love them and obey them, and look up to them as superior beings; and when emancipation came, gratitude and confidence made them ready to contribute in the most liberal manner to their support, as well as to the erection of schools and chapels—for in the early days of emancipation the negroes were comparatively rich, and were lavish of their riches. Proud of this liberality on the part of their flocks, and confident in its continuance, the Baptist missionaries severed their connection with the Home Society—as far at least as maintenance was concerned—and threw themselves entirely on their native congregations for support. But by degrees the first flush of zeal declined; the negroes began to be idle, and to find their contributions a burden; like all meagre and semi-civilised natures, they had looked up to those who assisted and supported them, but began to look down upon those whom they had to support; the tables were turned, and the negro who paid his minister grew to consider himself as the patron, and the minister as his dependent, and thus of late the influence of these missionaries has lamentably fallen off.* Their place has been a good deal taken by the 'Native Baptists'—a set of negro preachers, ignorant and silly to the last degree,

* There are said now to be only twelve regular European Baptist ministers left in Jamaica.—*Jamaica Papers*, p. 124.

the effect of whose preaching is almost unmixed evil; and as their revenue has decreased, they have not unnaturally been disposed to attribute this decrease rather to the poverty than the wickedness of their flocks. Those who remain, as well as the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the clergymen of the Church of England, do what they can, but their number is very inadequate to their task: the provision for the education of the peasantry is lamentably insufficient, and the influence of the religious element is grievously on the decline.

In addition to this, and operating in the same direction, the conduct of the Assembly, and the proceedings and mode of life of the upper classes generally, have exercised, and were sure to exercise, a most injurious effect upon the negro population. The administration—both municipal and insular—has too often, not to say generally, been inefficient and negligent; sanitary arrangements, even the most obviously essential, have been habitually put aside; crime has neither been prevented nor repressed; till recently, imprisonment was the only punishment provided by the law, and the prisons, from the absence of strict discipline, enforced labour, and corporal infliction, were places rather of attraction than of terror; while the jobbery, selfishness, corruption, absence of patriotism, prevalence of personality and passion, to be found in all public bodies, and in the House of Assembly more even than elsewhere, have had the worst possible effect upon the people. Add to this, that the morals of the upper classes, especially in reference to indolence and licentiousness, have been such as to make their example a grievous power of evil to those over whom they ought to rule, and little more is needed to explain the state of things.

We give an extract from the written testimony of Mr. Bower-

bank, Custos of Kingston, than whom no man can be more qualified to speak, to show that our language is not a whit too strong:—

My own belief is that this state of matters is by no means a new or sudden one, but that it has been gradually going on for years past, till now it has assumed a magnitude that strikes the attention of every one; and I myself have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that this appalling state of things is due in a great measure to the example set by those of the upper to the lower classes.

It is painful to be obliged to confess it, but nevertheless it is true, that in no community is there so palpable and evident a want of principle in guiding men's actions as in this.

I believe that the conduct of magistrates and others in authority in assuming duties they do not faithfully perform, and in using their authority or influence to the interest of themselves and their dependents, injuriously influences the conduct of the lower orders;

That the generally acknowledged inefficiency of our courts of law in respect to juries, and the consequent too frequent and evident failure of justice, influence the lower orders;

That the laxity and improprieties committed by public boards in the performance of their duties, and in executing the trusts committed to them, influence the lower orders;

That the gross and unblushing bribery and corruption often practised by persons of the upper class at elections influence the lower orders;

That the licentiousness and gross perversions of the truth so common in the newspapers of the island, under the plea of upholding the independence of the press, and which are in too many instances conducted by men whose station in society, their antecedents, their social and moral relations, unfit them to act as censors for the public, influence the conduct of the lower orders;

That the want of principle and integrity which causes gross abuses to be overlooked and denied in the carrying out of our public institutions, till men quarrel and expose the shortcomings of each other, influences the conduct of the lower orders;

That the looseness and *laissez-aller* system in which many of our laws are carried out, as regards the collection of taxes and the revenue, the punishment of perjury, the justness of weights and measures, &c., influence the lower classes;

That the disgraceful bickerings and brawlings for office, and the gross personal and party jobs committed by the House of Assembly, influence the lower orders;

And my opinion is, that so long as the present unsatisfactory state of matters is allowed to remain, so long will crime increase.

It is unreasonable to expect that so imitative and cunning a class of men as the lower orders of this community will see their betters in their own way set at defiance all law, justice, and religion to obtain their own ends, and that they will not in their own way follow the example set them to serve their own purposes.

I feel confident that the clergy of Jamaica of all denominations have done their best to stem the torrent, and the present Governor and his several executive committees have striven at progress; but alas! as things are at present, we must all be swept away, unless the British Government will intercede, and put an end to the present condition of matters.

Jamaica never can and never will be better till the present constitution is done away with.

The deplorable state of this parish is preferable to want of municipal government. The very law constituting the corporation of Kingston is a dead letter, and the common council itself a mere shadow, but under the gloom of which injustice is practised and jobbery committed.

The downward condition of this island I am thoroughly convinced is owing to the existence of the House of Assembly—a branch of the Legislature for which, in these days, the material to form it does not exist in the island.—*Papers relating to Jamaica*, p. 74.

.In conclusion, does it not seem as clear as the daylight that the negro race, capable, docile, physically strong, and intellectually by no means despicable, cannot be expected to stand by its own strength, to walk by its own light, or to govern and guide itself by its own wisdom and self-control, but needs the presence and the rule of more enlightened and civilised elements; that emancipation could only succeed where good example, firm government, wise laws, efficient restraint, enforced education, and sagacious industrial tuition were provided, either by the administration or by the upper classes of the

community; and that all these indispensable conditions have been wanting in Jamaica?

Let us now turn to inquire briefly, as far as the extant information within reach can assist us, in what degree this conclusion is confirmed by the condition and history of the emancipated negro in other islands and under various positions. The evidence is no doubt far more imperfect than could be wished, but it appears all to point in the same direction and to lead to the same inference.

The negroes naturally, and wherever placed in tolerably favourable circumstances—nay, even when these circumstances, according to our estimate, are not favourable—are a singularly prolific race. They appear to be so in Africa, where slavery is nearly universal, and where their position is often harsh and severe. They were so beyond all question in the Slave States of America, as to which our knowledge is more full and accurate. There, they habitually multiplied at least as rapidly as the whites (immigration apart), increasing steadily at the rate of *three* per cent. per annum. Even in Jamaica, as far as figures can be relied upon, the natural increase of the black race seems to have been unquestionable and considerable, in spite of a large infant mortality and two terrible visitations of small-pox and cholera, the latter of which, in 1851, was believed to have swept off nearly 40,000 souls. The census taken in 1844 was believed to be defective, but it gave a total of 293,000 blacks, while that of 1861 made them amount to 346,000.

Now, what is the movement of the negro population in other places? In the smaller islands, taken as a whole, it would seem about to maintain itself, but scarcely more: there is so much inter-migration among them that we should probably do

wrong to draw any conclusions from the bare numbers recorded. When we come to the more important colonies, we find a different and less encouraging result. In TRINIDAD, the increase between 1851 and 1861 was 5,000 only (when the Indian and Chinese immigrants are deducted), on a total native and European population of 84,000, or less than *one* per cent. per annum, instead of *three* per cent. as in America. But this does not represent the *actual* state of things. How it was before 1859 we have no means of knowing; but since that date the population must have been decreasing rapidly, the deaths being always largely in excess of the births; the excess, in fact, averaging 350 per annum. The marriages also are on the decline :—

	Births	Deaths	Marriages
1859	2,425	2,701	374
1860	2,444	2,479	479
1861	2,447	3,090	385
1862	2,413	2,868	309

The population of BRITISH GUIANA ranks next to that of Jamaica among the West Indian colonies. It was (exclusive of the aborigines) 125,000 in 1851 and 148,000 in 1861, showing an increase of 23,000. But we find that in the decade the number of coolie immigrants in the colony had increased by 17,000; that 11,000 immigrants had been introduced from Madeira, the Cape de Verd Islands, and elsewhere; and 9,300 from Africa—captured negroes, we presume. These numbers together amount to 37,000; so that, if the previous census be correct, the native negro population must have decreased by at least 14,000 out of a probable total of 90,000, or at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yearly. In ANTIGUA, the decrease of population has recently become still more alarming. This island used to be considered a rather prosperous one.

The numbers were in 1851, 37,136; in 1861, 36,412. But it is the proportion of deaths to births that has of late been so menacing here as well as in TRINIDAD :—

	Births	Deaths	Marriages
1857	1,518	1,346	144
1858	1,273	1,311	not given
1859	1,346	1,241	253
1860	1,298	1,344	185
1861	1,328	1,403	197
1862	1,072	1,738	150
1863	1,407	1,734	163

If now we turn to MAURITIUS, we find, in the Government Report for August 1863, the remark that the Indian agricultural population is likely in a few years to 'replace the old Creole emancipated negroes, who are fast dying out.' From the confusing and constantly changing manner in which the statistical returns are given, both in the Colonial blue-books and in those issued by the Board of Trade, it is difficult to say precisely what the negro population of Mauritius now is; we only know that it has largely decreased and is still decreasing. By the last census, taken previous to 1829, according to a Parliamentary return, the number of slaves was 76,774. At the time of emancipation, 1834, it is stated officially by a stipendiary magistrate to have been about 60,000; and this is confirmed by Pridham, who gives it in 1832 at 63,000. In 1846, the 'ex-apprentice' population (i.e. the former slaves and their families and descendants) were only 49,365, and in 1851 they had diminished to 48,330. In the last returns, those for the census of 1861, the 'ex-apprentice' section of the population is no longer kept distinct, but is merged in what is termed the 'general,' as distinguished from the 'immigrant Indian' population. Now, in 1859 the general population was 96,600; and if the miscellaneous had continued to increase as it did

between 1846 and 1851, it would have reached by that time 56,600, leaving only 40,000 for the numbers of negroes now remaining, which we have little doubt will be nearly correct. If so, they would be decreasing at the rate of about 1,000 a year, or *two* per cent. This conclusion is, we fear, placed beyond doubt by the following return, which relates solely to the negro section of the population:—

	Births	Deaths	Marriages
1859	1,940	2,445	219
1860	1,817	2,478	161
1861	1,696	2,312	156
1862	1,545	2,711	167

If we attempt to investigate the causes which may be supposed to lead to this undeniable and apparently general tendency among the British negro population in these important colonies to die out, we cannot specify anything much more distinct than the somewhat vague terms of profligacy and idleness. We certainly find an increase of promiscuous intercourse, and a disinclination to regular marriage; we hear intimations of still worse vices and propensities; and the change of social habits on the part of the negro is nearly everywhere described in identical words. In all colonies where he can, he has ceased to labour on the sugar estates, and indeed to labour *regularly* for wages at all.* His labour is now only regarded by the planter as a *supplementary* resource, not as his chief reliance. He *supplements* the Chinese and the coolie and the Madeira immigrant—working occasionally only, and seldom or never for long together. This is so to some extent even in the smaller Antilles: it is still more so in Trinidad and Guiana: it is peculiarly so in the

Mauritius. There, where our statistics are more accurate than elsewhere, we find that in 1851 there were only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the 'ex-apprentices' employed on sugar estates. Their mode of life is thus described in 1845 by the stipendiary magistrates, in their answers to Lord Stanley's official inquiries:—

Many of them cultivate small patches of ground, and live upon the produce; others make a living by hawking vegetables, fruit, firewood, grass, &c.; and a considerable number frequent the sea-side, either fishing themselves or buying fish to sell again; others, being artisans, live by working at their several trades, with more or less application as their wants demand—the high rate of wages and great facility in gaining a livelihood *naturally tending to discourage habits of continuous labour*. There are others, again, employed in loading and discharging ships in the harbour, or as labourers on the wharf; whilst not a few, I regret to say, live by theft—robberies of poultry, vegetables, fruit, &c. &c., being of almost nightly occurrence.

As for their progress in knowledge and wealth, I think it will be admitted that the negroes occupy themselves very little about either the one or the other. Like all indolent or half-civilised people, they hate being compelled to think, or to exert either their bodily or their mental faculties; and as knowledge and wealth are to be acquired only by one or other of these modes of exertion, the black would willingly forego both rather than take any pains or trouble to attain them.

In 1847, the Governor of Mauritius, Sir W. Gomm, wrote thus hopefully of the negroes there:—

There can be no doubt, as I have affirmed in my earlier despatches, that they are at this hour a *thriving and improving class* of the colonial population, and in a great measure filling a middle station between the common field labourer and easy employer, as small independent cultivators, as artisans, overseers, foremen of workshops, and others, with fair profit to themselves and advantage to their community.

No one would write thus cheerfully or sanguinely now. The present Governor, Sir Henry Barkly,

* It also appears, from testimony we have been able to collect from miscellaneous but trustworthy sources, that he usually leaves the cultivation of his small freehold, and often all hard jobs, to the women.

says 'they are fast dying out;' and a recent letter from a resident on the island, an officer and not a planter, describes them as—

Given up to idleness, squatting on Government lands, or retiring to small properties in the interior and less frequented parts of the island. Among the habits of these people, that of intermarriage, or, to speak more correctly, interconnection among blood relations, has tended as much as anything to render them effete. They are without energy, and very superstitious; and even among those professing Christianity, these superstitions lead them to put more faith in the charms of the sorcerer than in a regular medical practitioner when sick. They have many filthy and debasing habits; but beyond these and their native indolence, which has left them, as it were, behind the rest of the community, I can trace no cause for their gradual extinction.

Of the comparison between the past and present condition of the emancipated blacks in Trinidad and British Guiana, we are not able to give any distinct evidence in quotations from official and reliable reports.* We only know generally that they give little continuous labour on plantations; that they are jealous of the preference shown to the immigrants, who will do what they will not; and that they follow more and more the prevalent tendencies of their race, seek for chance jobs, become freeholders, poultry-keepers, market-gardeners, and artisans (deplorably careless and unskilful often, but earning

high wages nevertheless); but, as a rule, leading always and in all things a *desultory* life, and morally and socially tending downwards rather than upwards. In reference to ANTIGUA, we crave attention to the following two reports from respective Governors, at intervals of seventeen years:†—

[1847.] Here, as in other islands, the material condition of the emancipated race is most satisfactory. They are abundantly supplied with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life. They are well fed, well housed, well clothed; the passion for fine dress in both sexes continues unabated. The poorest can command good medical attendance. The number of labourers withdrawing from estates and settling in detached villages, where they purchase or rent small independent holdings, continues to increase. By acquiring a direct and personal interest in the soil, the negroes became more and more identified with it, and will sooner become sensible of the duties as well as the rights attaching to property. . . . I am unable to pronounce an opinion on the spiritual and moral enlightenment of the emancipated race with so much confidence as on their social and physical improvement; although I have no reason to doubt that gradual progress in these most essential points is being made, and more perhaps than is immediately perceptible. The peaceable and orderly demeanour of the rural peasantry, and their general propriety of conduct in paying attention to religious observances and deference to the laws, entitle them to high commendation.

[1864.] The native population has decreased since last census by 1,068, or nearly one per cent. per annum; the deaths of

* Comparatively little is now said about them; they are evidently regarded in a considerable degree as in course of *supersession*. Up to 1847, all the reports spoke of 'gradual improvement in habits, morals, and condition.' Now, we only meet (1865) with such casual remarks as 'The creole population, which is chiefly located in villages, must always be a source of the deepest anxiety.' The proprietors evidently have learned to think chiefly how they can do *without* negro labour, since they cannot command it or rely upon it. A gentleman, who from position and long residence is peculiarly qualified to speak, informs us that there are nearly 60,000 freeholding negroes in Guiana (including their families, of course); that many of these became joint purchasers of abandoned estates; but that in a great number of instances they have so allowed the sea to encroach upon their properties (as it will do in Guiana, as in Holland, unless guarded against by constant vigilance and industry) as to nearly ruin them; and that they are indisputably on the whole deteriorating in all essentials. He also states a remarkable fact, viz. that the *immigrant* Africans (those captured from slave ships) who are located on small freeholds or in villages are favourably distinguished from the creole or emancipated negro by their industry, cleanliness, and orderly and quiet habits.

† A similar contrast in the case of Jamaica may be seen by comparing the text with the note at p. 287.

children under one year of age had reached 40 per cent. in 1863; the illegitimate were 59 per cent. of the total births, and the still-born 13 per cent. The number of marriages, which between 1840 and 1844 averaged 480 a year, have for the last five years averaged only 192. Upwards of one-half of the labouring population live in what are called 'free villages.' In these villages, 80 in number, most of which were established immediately after emancipation, some neat and well-ordered cottages, belonging to tradesmen, small shopkeepers, and head-workmen, are to be found; but in the majority of instances the plot of land purchased rarely exceeds 40 square feet in extent; and on a portion of this a wretched hovel is erected, often containing only one room, and that unfloored and imperfectly ventilated, in which, not unfrequently, five or six persons, adults and children of both sexes, sleep together at night. The position of the labourer located on the sugar estates is somewhat preferable, both in regard to his dwelling and his habits generally. Notwithstanding the endeavours on the part of those in authority to raise the moral and sanitary condition of the people, the annual returns exhibit the unaccountable but undeniable fact that, instead of improvement there has been a positive retrogression in both these particulars. The labourer seems insensible to the advantages which would accrue to himself and family from free ventilation, cleanliness, and an adequate supply of clean water, and will not willingly contribute his labour or his money for either of these purposes. It has been found impossible to induce those residing in the villages to give even a couple of days' work to cleaning the ponds in the immediate vicinity of their dwellings; hence the ponds have either to be cleaned at the expense of the general revenue, or from want of cleaning get filled and become useless.

Considerable light might be thrown on the question of the negro's capacity for self-management and self-improvement, and a distinctive and separate civilisation, if we had any recent and full and authentic accounts of the state of the population in Hayti since it threw off the French dominion—now a period of more than three-quarters of a century, or nearly three generations. We may infer that the negroes of Hayti belonged to an unusually energetic race of blacks, for they effected their

independence with great promptitude and completeness, and have maintained it against all attempts with considerable heroism and entire success. They have also produced some chiefs of remarkable vigour, of whom Toussaint l'Ouverture is by far the best example. But, unfortunately, it is not easy to determine the present condition of the Haytian negro with any absolute certainty. All that is generally known is, that the history of their island since 1791 has been one series of bloody and unprofitable revolutions; that commerce has sunk to a low ebb, and indeed is insignificant; that white settlers are not only discouraged but forbidden to hold property; and, on the whole, that the island, which used to be one of the most wealthy and flourishing in the West Indies, is now about the most wretched and unproductive. The best and latest account of it we have been able to meet with is that of Victor Schœlcher, who wrote his book in 1843. He appears to have been charged with a mission of inquiry by the French Government, and visited nearly all the islands; he personally liked many of the Haytians, and was an enthusiastic abolitionist and negrophile. But the picture he draws of the poverty, ignorance, inertia, and desolation of the people is lamentable in the extreme. We give a few extracts:—

La nation haïtienne est une nation mal vêtue, gardée par des soldats en guenilles, habitant avec indifférence des maisons en ruines, et disputant des rues de fumier aux chevaux, aux ânes, aux cochons et aux poules, qui cherchent pâture dans des villes sans police. Les Haïtiens sont à peu près tombés dans l'engourdissement; ils ne s'aperçoivent même plus du délabrement de leurs cités, de la misère de leurs foyers. Ils soupçonnent à peine qu'ils manquent de tout. J'ai vu des sénateurs logés dans des maisons de paille, des instituteurs et des députés sortant avec des habits troués aux coudes. Tout le monde, en un mot, subit l'influence d'une sorte d'atonie générale qui,

des choses matérielles, a passé par une relation intime aux choses spirituelles. . . . Il faut que Haïti le sache, l'homme qui arrive des pays civilisés est frappé, en abordant l'ancienne St.-Domingue, d'une profonde tristesse à l'aspect de cette dilatation de toutes les fibres sociales, de cette inertie politique et industrielle qui couvre l'île d'un voile ignominieux. La république est un corps que la dissolution gagne chaque jour. . . . *Tout en ces lieux justifie ce que les antagonistes de la race noire disent contre elle* (ii. p. 180).

Nous ne pouvons nous dissimuler que l'éducation n'est pas assez répandue dans les classes aisées, et que les masses sommeillent encore dans la plus affligente ignorance. *Elles n'ont point avancé d'un pas depuis le jour où elles se sont affranchies de la servitude* (ii. p. 207).

After stating that the population does not increase, that the cultivation of sugar is almost extinct, that all the useful public works, roads, aqueducts, &c., of the French have been allowed to go to ruin, the author continues:—

D'un côté personne ne cultive avec suite, parceque les vols de cannes et de fruit que fait un peuple sans direction morale au milieu d'un pays sans police, découragent tout le monde. . . . Le laboureur vit dans la paresse plutôt que de se livrer à un travail mal rétribué, tandis que le propriétaire, privé de revenus, ne peut lui offrir un salaire capable de stimuler son intérêt. Haïti n'ayant aucune organisation, aucune consistance politique, formant une agglomération d'hommes plutôt qu'une société, est abandonnée par l'argent. . . . Les cases des pauvres ne sont encore que des huttes d'esclaves; quelques branches d'arbre arrangées, treillagées et maçonnées en terre; souvent percées au jour, *bien au-dessous d'une cabane d'Indiens*, sans meubles, sans utensils de ménage, sans chaises. . . . Sous leur beau ciel, ils ignorent les choses devenues nécessaires à notre vie, ou s'en passent sans le moindre regret; ils subsistent avec un peu d'eau et cinq ou six bananes. . . . Ils n'ont pas encore senti la nécessité de se créer les besoins qui enfantent l'industrie, obligent au travail, et en développant notre sensibilité nerveuse, raffinent nos jouissances. Négativement heureux, ils existent au jour le jour, et grâce à la liberté, ils sont gais et contents malgré leur indigence. Mais on ne doit pas les en plaindre moins; car une pareille vie nous éloigne de tout mouvement spirituel et nous ramène à l'état bestial' (ii. 265-266.)

There is, however, one colony

from which none of the disheartening accounts of the emancipated population which we have been reading appear to come—a colony where the negro is increasing in numbers, is prosperous, is tolerably contented, is regular in his habits, and is improving in morals, in education, and in industry. In Barbadoes—and, as far as we can discover, in Barbadoes only—emancipation seems to have succeeded both for planter and for negro; the sugar production has increased, and the free black has shown no tendency to relapse from civilisation. The export of sugar, which, on a comparison of the last six years of slavery with the six of the latest years of freedom (1829-34 with 1855-61), fell off in Jamaica from 1,356,628 cwt. to 464,697 cwt., rose in Barbadoes from 338,793 to 656,485 cwt. And while in the former island we hear of nothing but distress, idleness, vagrancy, irritation, and degeneracy, in the latter we hear usually of comfort, industry, increase of marriages, attendance at church and school, prevalent content, and general though slow progress upwards. Now, to what are we to trace this difference? There is no difficulty whatever in assigning the cause, nor any doubt as to the inference to be drawn. It cannot arise from the political constitution of the colony, for both islands have similar charters and institutions, councils and assemblies. It cannot be owing to 'the denial of political rights' to the negroes of Jamaica which are possessed by their black brethren in Barbadoes; for few negroes in Barbadoes have votes, and many have them in Jamaica, and nearly all might have votes if they wished. It cannot be that wages are high in Barbadoes and low in Jamaica; since the very reverse is the case, for they are twenty per cent. lower in Barbadoes. It cannot be that provisions are dearer in Jamaica; for the Bar-

badians live much more exclusively on imported food than the Jamaica peasantry, and pay as nearly as may be the same prices for them; while 'ground provisions' are, or ought to be, much cheaper in Jamaica. It cannot be owing to inordinate taxation, for the taxation per head is 12s. in one case and 13s. in the other. It is owing to three distinct but combined causes, all pressing in the same direction, and all helping to bring to bear upon the Barbadian negro the influences which were necessary to keep him in the path of civilisation. (1.) At the time of emancipation all the land was cultivated, and all was private property; there was no waste land on which the negro could squat; if he wished to purchase, he must pay a high price: if he wished to lease, he must pay a high rent;* he had, therefore, no resource except to work, and to work steadily, for wages; his choice lay between labour and starvation: accordingly he did work, and worked steadily on the whole; and the transition from slavery to freedom was effected with little disturbance and with no mischief, because it brought with it scarcely any change of habits or of system. In Jamaica, as we have seen, the case was almost reversed: waste land was to be had *ad libitum*, and the negro, therefore, need not work for wages unless he wished. He first ceased to labour for his master, and then, by a natural step, soon ceased to labour for himself. (2.) The population in Jamaica was very sparse: that in Barbadoes was very dense. In the first island there are only 69 inhabitants to the square mile; in the latter there are 920: and the wholesome pressure brought to bear upon the lower classes by all the incidental influences of a dense population can scarcely be over-

rated. The demand for labour, especially for every sort of miscellaneous and handicraft work, is increased; the necessity for industry becomes inescapable; churches, chapels, schools, and other elements of civilisation are possible in the one case, and almost impracticable in the other. (3.) The proportion of whites to blacks, of the superior to the inferior race, is very different in the two colonies. In Jamaica there are thirty coloured persons to one white: in Barbadoes, only nine. The number of whites in Jamaica, too, has long been rapidly diminishing: the number in Barbadoes is steadily increasing. Thus the Barbadian negro has bearing upon him the combined influence of inevitable industry; public opinion, the operation of a crowded population, many of whom are well conducted and all orderly and decent—an operation peculiarly strong upon a vain and imitative race; and lastly, an upper class comparatively numerous, powerful, and wealthy, and in a far higher stage of civilisation than himself. The Jamaican negro is destitute of these influences, or has them in a far slighter measure.

The general conclusions, then, forced upon the mind by this inquiry appear to concur with those which we should have been inclined to draw *à priori* from a knowledge of human nature as a whole, and of negro nature in particular. They are these, and they appear to us neither disputable nor necessarily disheartening. The negro needs guidance, stimulus, control, and will assuredly deteriorate and barbarise without these. He requires, more even than most other races, whether Asiatic or European, the coercion of circumstances or the coercion of command to make him

* It is stated that the negroes often pay 7l. per acre rent for provision grounds (see *Slavery and Freedom*, by Charles Buxton, p. 56. In Jamaica they pay 12s. to 16s.

labour as much and as systematically as is requisite to keep him in comfort, in decency, in civilisation—in an improving as distinguished from a degenerating condition. He shrinks from thought, from foresight, and from toil; if left to his own choice and his own guidance, he ignores the future, he neglects his duties both to himself and his children and his parents—that is, he does so and will do so in his present state of culture. He imperatively needs the direction and government of a superior race, and will degenerate if he is denied it or allowed to escape from it. He cannot stand by himself, or rule himself, or raise himself, and will not be able to do so for generations. But since he is docile, quick, and imitative; since, whenever he is brought into contact with a superior race, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, he does improve; since, by general admission, the American negro, two generations even from the slave ship, is, physically and intellectually, even morally—nay, even in the conformation of his brain—superior to his African forefathers; since remarkable and satisfactory specimens here and there show what he may become;—since he multiplies and improves in Barbadoes, and degenerates and brutalises and dies out in Hayti and Mauritius, we see dimly how he ought to be treated, and how he may be saved.

We have now only to improve what we have learned, and apply it to the practical solution of the problem before us. In what way must we deal with Jamaica so as to save it?—if, indeed, there is sense and manhood enough in the English race to save it, and if the remedy do not come too late. We speak merely of the *people* of Jamaica—the 440,000 inhabitants—and think only of sugar and of sugar planters in so far as they are constituent elements

or collateral incidents of the question. Our conviction is that Jamaica and the negro race, in our colonies and elsewhere, *might* be saved—our belief is that they *will* not be saved—and that Exeter Hall, and that Exeter-Hall element which enters so largely into the constitution of Englishmen generally, will prevent their being saved. If, indeed, in the late outbreak the blacks had massacred the whites to a man, then we apprehend we should have taken them in hand in the right fashion, and have rescued and restored them. But since, unhappily, the whites have been rather the more massacring body of the two, there is too much reason to fear that our sympathies and our actions will go the other way. However, a grand opportunity is placed in our hands.

There are two opposite directions in which the improvement and rehabilitation of the Jamaica peasantry may be sought—the restoration and recovery of sugar cultivation, or the extension and perfection of the system of peasant-proprietorship. Between these two plans the preferences of thinkers and spectators are divided; and between these two we have virtually to choose. We may *either* endeavour to replace the negroes in the condition—their actual condition in Barbadoes and some partial districts elsewhere—of labourers for wages, under supervision and direction, and perhaps under contract, and thus develop in them the habits of industry, subordination, regularity, and discipline, which belong to what Mr. Carlyle calls ‘regimented labour,’ and the moral virtues which directly or indirectly spring from the relation between employers and employed;—*or*, we may establish them even more universally and systematically than at present as possessors of small freeholds, and thus hope to develop among them the qualities and habits which in Europe are

found to pertain to peasant-proprietors—viz. frugality, patient and unremitting industry, independence, self-restraint, foresight, and pride in a decent and improving condition. We believe that either plan might, *under other circumstances*, succeed. The first would answer if the British nation were scientific or statesmanlike in any moderate degree, and could be relied upon for the *persistence* in one line and in one administrative system which alone could attain success, and if they could be induced to apply to the negro race that degree of *compulsion* from laws, circumstances, or supreme will, which has been found wholesome and efficient elsewhere. The second would answer if the negro were in any respect or moderate degree endowed with the qualities or advanced to the same point of culture as the Swiss or Belgian peasant, or if we could place him under adequate guidance and coercion for two or three generations, till he has *approximated* to the condition of the Swiss and the Belgian peasant. But it will be seen that success in either line involves a large 'postulate'—and a postulate which will not be granted us.

Sir Henry Barkly, some time Governor, and perhaps the wisest and most sagacious Governor Jamaica ever had, at the conclusion of a searching personal inquiry into nearly every part of the island, gave it as his deliberate opinion that in the preservation and restoration of sugar cultivation lay the only prospect of salvation for Jamaica. 'Without wishing (he writes)* to give undue prominence to one species of industry at the expense of others, it seems to me no exaggeration to assert that *the issue at the present moment lies between Jamaica with its sugar cultivation resuscitated, and Jamaica reduced*

to the condition of desolation and semi-barbarism from which St. Domingo, after the lapse of half a century, shows but a glimmer of revival.' Every consideration we have given to the subject brings us, we confess, to precisely the same conclusion. But the embarrassment of the problem lies here: that Sir Henry Barkly and all who at that time thought with him, and nearly all who take his view now, looked to the restoration of sugar cultivation, not by forcing or inducing the negro population generally to engage in it for hire, but to superseding their labour by a large immigration of coolies and Chinese. Now, there can be no doubt that, under a wise and firm Government, life and property might be made secure in Jamaica; there is no doubt that a large Indian immigration might be made to pay; there is no doubt that by this means such a supply of continuous and reliable labour might be secured as once more to tempt English capital and English enterprise (or American) to try its fortune on that magnificent and fertile field. It is, too, by no means an irrational hope that, by the extinction of the slave trade and the ultimate abolition of slavery in Cuba—neither of which events we think are very far off—the price of sugar may be so raised as to make its growth a most profitable business even in Jamaica. But all this, though it may save Jamaica as a colony, and the large Jamaica proprietors as a body, saves them by *giving the go-by* to the negro. The basis of the plan is to supersede the negro—to leave him to one side—to give him up as a bad job—to surrender him in despair to squatting, to pilfering, and to savagery. It does not solve the problem: it evades it. It appears to anticipate, and would probably result in, making Jamaica a second Mauritius,

* *Papers relating to Jamaica*, 1854, p. 55.

with the native race degenerate, decadent, and moribund. Sir Henry Barkly indeed appeared to hope that the effect of a large immigration would be to stimulate the competition of the negroes and make them *seek for work* (as was said at first to be the case in Trinidad and Guiana); but he does not express himself very clearly on this point; and most certainly this has not been the result elsewhere. Nearly everywhere where there has been coolie or Chinese or Portuguese immigration on a large scale, the immigrants have superseded negro labour, not goaded it to activity and rivalry. More and more as immigration has increased, and as sugar cultivation, fed by immigration, has prospered, the African race has withdrawn from regular estate labour, and become artisans, hawkers, poultry-keepers, gardeners, cultivators of provision grounds, at first; mere scratchers of the soil, loafers, dawdlers, at last.

The negroes even in Jamaica might, we incline to think, be forced to work, and work regularly, on the sugar plantations at a fixed and liberal tariff; but only by a system of strictness and almost coercion which an English Parliament could hardly be induced to sanction. We find even now, from the concurring accounts in the tours of Sir H. Barkly and Governor Eyre (in 1854 and 1864 respectively), that in those districts where the soil is unfit for provision grounds, the negroes do work on the plantations, and that there the proprietors get on pretty well. If, in those districts where the negroes *will not* cultivate their provision grounds so as to make them yield a sufficiency, they were compelled to labour on the adjacent estates; if all vagrants and petty pilferers now in gaol were apprenticed to sugar or coffee plantations; if *shirkers* were sent to prison, and prisons were made scenes of hard labour; if, in a word,

the negro were given merely the choice of 'Work for yourself, or work for a master whom the State will provide,'—something might, perhaps, be done; but what prospect have we of any effective legislation of this kind? And, failing this, how is the suicidal and demoralising inertia of the free black to be counteracted?

Those who take a more sanguine view than we are able to do of the negro character and capacities—who do not realise how completely he is a child, whose childhood seldom ripens into anything like maturity, an undeveloped man who stops at a very early stage of development, not only an uncultivated peasant but an uncivilised and immature brain—are inclined to turn legislation and administration in a different direction, and to make him a proprietor, and trust to the hidden magic of property to improve him into something like a European. They think that hitherto this experiment has not, in Jamaica at least, been fairly or fully tried; that though he has been able to obtain land easily and at a cheap rate, he has seldom been allowed to get absolute legal possession of it in fee simple—a secure ownership, which should bring with it all the motives and affections of ownership. This view has been recently put forth with considerable ingenuity of reasoning, but without due cognizance of facts, by a writer in the *Economist*, whose scheme appears to be to make the conveyance of land so simple and cheap that each negro should become possessor of acres enough for the decent and comfortable maintenance of a family, and that the adequate cultivation of this property should be induced, or secured, or enforced, by requiring the payment of a heavy land-tax—so heavy that it could not be paid without moderately steady industry—which tax should take the place in a great measure of indirect taxation

and of Customs' dues, so as to leave trade as free as possible. We should be very glad to see the experiment tried, and tried with patience and with every appliance to aid it. But we cannot be sanguine of its success in raising the Jamaica negro into a thriving and industrious yeoman or even labourer, for the following reasons. In the first place, actual proprietorship with a good legal title is far commoner among the negro holders in Jamaica than is supposed. Their practice is to *buy* one or two acres, and to *squat* on three or four in addition. We have no authentic record of the number of actual freeholders : they are stated by Dr. King to be 60,000, and by Mr. Bigelow to be 100,000. Both statements are probably exaggerations ; but they are certainly numerous. Land cannot well be cheaper than it is, nor titles very easily.* 'I know,' says the Custos of Vere (and the case is one of scores), 'of 600 acres of good provision ground in the mountains sold the other day for 160*l.*, after having been long offered at 200*l.* Where titles are cheap (a *printed one*, which is commonly used, and which any educated person can fill up, costs 10*s.*), where there is no tax on the land but the quit-rent of one penny an acre, what better state of things for a labouring people could exist in any country?' But we do not find that, even under these favourable circumstances, the peasants, *as a rule*, show any of the virtues supposed to spring out of peasant proprietorship—viz., frugality, industry, patience, or ambition. It is true that there are thriving settlements of negroes in many parts (as the last witness we have quoted mentions), where the people live in decency and comfort, and even remind Sir H. Barkly of Swiss villages ; but these are the exception ; and we believe (but cannot

state with certainty) that in the great majority of cases, if not universally, these villages will be found to be inhabited by *negroes who were formerly slaves*, whose habits of industry were formed under slavery, and who obtained the means of purchasing their lands either by extra labour when slaves or apprentices, or by unusual energy during the year or two succeeding complete emancipation ; and who by this fact alone gave evidence of *exceptional* qualities. And the unfortunate and undeniable state of things which we have seen to exist, not only in Jamaica, but in Antigua and Mauritius, and, though to a less extent, in Guiana and Trinidad, where negro proprietorship is general, forbid us to entertain any sanguine hopes from an extension of or perseverance in the experiment. We believe that the secure possession of an adequate amount of land, which develops the Belgian or the Frenchman into a thrifty, sober, indefatigable labourer, will only develop the less advanced and civilised negro into a lazy, reckless, naked savage. At least the preponderance of evidence, and we fear of probability also, points to this conclusion.

'But (it is said) the experiment has not been tried under wise conditions. Let us see what can be done by *enforcing* industry on the peasant proprietor by exacting so high a land tax (as in Hindostan) that he cannot pay it without frugality and steady toil.'—The scheme is theoretically good : it must, however, fail on this account—that the climate is so favourable, and the soil so fertile, that no amount of taxation that could be seriously proposed would *compel* industry. One day's labour in the week would pay any rate that could be fixed. It is as if, when the tax-gatherer came round with his demand, the negro

* *Jamaica Papers*, p. 113.

had nothing to do but to turn up a turf in his garden, and find the necessary coin. The person who of all now living probably knows the West Indies most thoroughly, some years ago, with a view to this very suggestion, made a calculation, the result of which was, that in order to render the negro a regular, moderately industrious labourer for six days in the week, it would be necessary to tax him to the extent of 30*l.* per acre per annum; since any smaller sum he could earn, over and above all the requisites of life for himself and his family, by less than six days' work!

But supposing even, for the sake of argument, that some such enormous tax were imposed, how could it be enforced? By turning the negro out of his holding if it were not paid? This would only make him once more the vagrant he now is! By imprisoning him and keeping him to hard labour? Perhaps. By apprenticing him for a term of years to a planter? Yes: that might answer; but would either of these plans be sanctioned by a foolish and illogical British Parliament—notoriously prone to insist upon its servants making bricks without straw, and to demand results, and refuse the only means of securing them? When once we are prepared to compel the negro to labour, the problem becomes soluble immediately: there are several schemes feasible, and almost any scheme will answer. Till we are prepared for this, no scheme is worth much thought, for none offers even a prospect of success.

Let us, in conclusion, once more realise distinctly what the negro problem is, and what are its conditions. You have to reclaim the emancipated creole to civilisation, —to retain him in civilisation,

—to advance him to a higher and more assured civilisation. You have to produce this effect on a race singularly volatile, indolent, and childish; capable of great and brief effort for an immediate object, and under strong excitement of hope or fear; incapable, or little capable, as a rule, of being acted upon by any motive which lies far in the future, or which demands sustained exertion. You have to instil into this being the habits and the tastes befitting an orderly and industrious and moral community, while he lives in a land and under a climate where fertile acres can be had in abundance, and for the asking—where *one* day's labour in the week suffices to supply him with all accustomed comforts and necessities, both of food, of clothing, and of shelter,—in a word, to enable him and his family to live according to their standard of happiness; where *two* days' labour will give him, in addition, all the luxury and means of display which the most prosperous of his race (the 'head-men' of the time of slavery) have ever yearned for or achieved—a horse, silk dresses, varnished boots, and occasional wine;* where, in consequence, after he has supplied all his wants, he has five days to himself, with no need to employ them at all, with no motive to employ them industriously, with no tastes or culture which should enable him to employ them well, with no social or political ambition to induce him to employ them in self-elevation; and we have to imagine, moreover, the effect which five days' idleness coupled with two days' industry will produce on the habits and character of such a man—how soon the industry will become irksome and intolerable—how surely and insidiously the idleness will encroach on the whole week. We

* In fact, an amount of leisure and luxury and comfort which no English or European peasant can ever hope to reach.

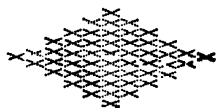
can conceive few things more fatally demoralising than a present of five days' leisure each week bestowed upon an ignorant, unambitious, uncultured, and naturally indolent race. Finally, you have to solve your problem, to perform your task, to work your miracle, in a community where the superior race is in numbers to the inferior as one to thirty; where the upper classes, both white and mixed, are far less superior than they ought to be; where they are not many, not wise, not good; where their superiority has not been judiciously exercised nor kindly manifested; where their example has not been improving; where, in a word, they are not much loved nor much respected; and where, in consequence, their influence is neither as strong nor as beneficent as it might be.

Under such circumstances, and looking the problem fairly in the face, it appears clear what course we should pursue, but by no means clear what the result of that course will be. Happily, we can now do pretty much what we like. The Jamaica Assembly, long the curse of the island (according to the strong terms of one of its members), has at last abolished itself, and the colony has surrendered itself unreservedly, and apparently in hope and confidence, to the management of the mother country. The first thing to be done is to establish a paid magistracy, in whose justice the peasants can believe and trust, and a powerful and numerous police, whose vigilance will be dreaded by the ill-disposed and relied upon by the orderly and decent. Prisons must be made places of punishment, not mere asylums for temporary sequestration. Crime must be repressed with unflinching and merciful severity. Education must be made compulsory, and must be placed in the hands of a very superior and liberally paid set of teachers. Children must be taken out of

the hands of parents who either neglect them or mislead them. The erection of decent dwellings must be enforced, and they must be kept decent by adequate regulations. On the young at least industry must be made obligatory; must be enforced in schools up to a reasonable age; and thus good habits may be formed, and *may* endure. The number of ministers of religion must be increased, and the individuals must be well selected;—in a word, we must supply *artificially* that superior class in the community which does not exist *naturally*: the people must have among them men who can command their respect and can influence them for good. All this will cost money; but there is no need to hesitate on this account: under proper management the present taxation would probably suffice, and if not it might easily be doubled. Thirty shillings an acre would yield all that could be wanted; and thirty shillings an acre in such a country would be scarcely felt. Any industrious peasant could pay it with ease, and still live in a degree of comfort to which few English labourers attain. When all these things are done; when property is secure; when tranquillity is assured; when political and municipal squabbles are at an end; when towns are drained and streets are cleansed, and mendicancy and vagrancy put down by a strictly administered law, there is a chance that English capital and enterprise may once more seek those island shores, and find there a harvest and a recompense—especially if Cuban slavery is drawing to a close. But it will only do so in case steady industry can be secured at fair wages; and if it does not, we should not be disposed to augur well of a mere community of black peasant-proprietors, even with all the appliances we have named brought to bear upon them. When we have done these things we shall have

done all we can ; but we cannot say that we think we shall, even then, have succeeded. We fear it is too late : our course has been too thoroughly erroneous, and we have persevered in that erroneous course too long. It is too probable that the negro race in the British colonies—possibly in the United States also—is doomed to die out, and to die out in and by degradation ; to starve in the midst of inexhaustible plenty ; to degenerate amid all the surroundings of an energetic and luxurious civilisation ; to pass away neglected and unutilised in an age of unmatched benevolence, of awakened justice, of rapidly advancing political wisdom ; and to undergo this sad fate simply because, in our passion and our prejudice, we refuse to recognise patent facts—to acknowledge and proclaim that the negro is a child, and must be taught as a child, governed as a child, coerced for his good as a child, borne with as a child—because, in fine, with a great duty and a heavy responsibility towards him, entailed upon us by our ancestral sins and

our own sins against him, we have guiltily thought to discharge the one and free ourselves from the other by giving him his liberty and setting him adrift. Selfishly and sinfully we enslaved him for our profit : selfishly, lazily, and almost as sinfully we set him free for the relief of our tardily-awakened, impatient, intemperate, and unenlightened conscience. By generations of servitude we utterly unfitted him for self-government and self-guidance ; we then suddenly and without preparation threw him on his own resources and his own control ; made him ‘ Lord of himself—that heritage of woe ;’ and have ever since held ourselves up to the admiration of the world as the only nation capable of so generous and sublime a sacrifice ! If our prognostics should unhappily be realised, and the creole negro shall disappear, his ruin and extinction will lie at our door, and may be about equally divided between those who were his masters and those who claimed to be especially his friends.



CONCERNING BEARDS: BEING THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS. SPECIALLY IN SCOTLAND.

THE edition of *Friends in Council* possessed by me, bears on its title-page the date 1852. The present time is January 1866. It is therefore evident that less than fourteen years have passed since that book was published. A certain passage in it brings strongly before the thoughtful mind the fact, that great changes in ways of thinking and acting may come about in fourteen years. In things small and things great, inveterate prejudices may be overcome in less than fourteen years; and people may come to do things which once they would have said they never could do. Sensible and natural habits may be adopted by individuals who seemed stiffened into rigid unchangeableness. That which Mrs. Grundy once severely blamed, Mrs. Grundy may be found to warmly approve. Here is the passage:

MILVERTON. Well, I think we do waste a good deal of time and energy to make ourselves ridiculous in the matter of beards.

LUCY. But is nobody with me: Uncle, what do you say?

DUNSFORD. I cannot see, my love, why, in itself, any costume would not become a clergyman, which so many old divines (have you ever noticed their portraits in my folios?) look well in.

LUCY. I see you are all for beards: but then, if it would not be presumptuous in a girl like me to say so to such reverend company, are you not rather cowardly in not doing what you all think would save you so much trouble, and be so becoming?

DUNSFORD. What would be thought of it, dear Lucy, in the parish? As it is, your mother often tells me that she is sure Mrs. Thompson will say that I do things like no other person.

LUCY. And you, Mr. Milverton?

MILVERTON. Why you see, my pet, I say a great many things in books which are not perhaps quite according to rule, and which I know the potent Mrs. Thompson would pronounce against: and then I do a few odd things to please myself and have my way, and I cannot afford to do any more. Each of us has a certain amount of allowable

eccentricity (some more than others): I have no savings, and have indeed rather overdrawn than otherwise. Besides, authors, artists, players, are all an outcast race: my doing it would not further the matter: some very respectable, judicious, safe man must set the example.

LUCY. I turn, then, to Mr. Ellesmere.

ELLESMERE. Why you see, Miss Daylmer, I am a lawyer, and we lawyers love to cherish custom: if we were to upset that, we do not exactly see what would happen. It might be that people would come to omit giving us the customary fees. Nevertheless, some day after a long vacation spent in the East, I am not sure that I shall not appear in court with a beard. You may be quite sure I shall not do this till I have secured what is called a competency.

So you see that fourteen years ago, a daring lawyer durst not appear in court with a beard, till he had made himself independent of his profession: after that day, the stream of briefs would set to his chambers no more. Dunsford, the clergyman, dreaded what might be said in his parish, especially by Mrs. Thompson. And even Milverton, who had written the praises of eccentricity, thought that to grow a beard would be rather too bold a step. Fourteen years ago.

Now, Scotland in some things lags a little behind the comparatively bleak and desolate country that lies south of the Tweed and the Sark. We have our weather here a little later than they have it in England. If there be stormy weather in the region round London, stormy weather follows in a few days in the region round Edinburgh. So with fair weather. The principle of the thing is expressed in the words, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. We adopt our fashions in like manner: in dress, in the hour of dinner, in the style of entertaining. I do not mean to say that we imitate the English: but merely that somehow the wave takes longer to reach us.

And in things more important than dress or entertainments, the case is so. The influence is in the air: and it affects people, who are far apart, and who have no communication with each other. Thus, while many in the English Church are eager for a developed ritualism, and go in for incense, low and high masses, copes and chasubles, processions and cross-bearers, there are many in Scotland who are humbly aiming at a point which is not nearly so advanced as the point whence these ritualistic Anglicans took their departure. To kneel at public prayer, instead of standing or (to speak accurately) lounging: to stand at public praise, instead of sitting: to have the help of the organ in the services of the church: such, so far as I know, are the few and simple things which are aimed at by the ecclesiastical innovators of Scotland. And while some Anglican people are advancing with alarming speed in doctrinal matters, and breaking loose from the old moorings, a few Scotchmen, affected by a milder form of the same distemper (as cow-pox is to small-pox), have recently been heard to say that the Decalogue is abrogated, that the Jewish Sabbath is not obligatory on Christians, and that the Creed signed by Scotch divines might with advantage be a good deal shortened and perhaps a little loosened.

From these facts I judge, that if beards are to be found in Scotland, even among the clergy of the Established Church, they are sure to be still more common in England, both among laity and clergy. And it may be esteemed as certain, that half the men under forty in this country do now wear beards. When I look from my pulpit each Sunday towards a seat of dignity, a high place in the synagogue, where sit three Professors of Divinity, the Head and two of the Professors of a famous college in a famous University, I remark that two of the three

dignitaries, all of whom are ministers of the Scotch Church, appear in the native dignity of beard and moustache. And, to speak frankly, they look remarkably well. It has indeed been suggested, that one of those Doctors of Divinity, who is the head of the Jewish Mission of the Scotch Church, appears in a beard by way of compliment to the Race with which his mission is concerned. But the other has no such shadow of a pretext for difference from the common rule; and it is probable that his beard is there, merely because he deems it comfortable and decorous. Doubtless his dignified predecessors would be startled, if they might behold him. Yet it may be doubted whether among those who in departed days filled the chairs of the bearded professors, there could be found abler or more amiable men.

Surely Ellesmere may now go into court in his beard, without injuring his chances of the Great Seal. Surely Dunsford, no longer dreading Mrs. Thompson, may now enter his church on a Sunday morning bearded. Most wonderful of all, doubtless Mrs. Thompson now thinks it all right, nor has her attention distracted from her devotions by the clergyman's unwonted aspect. As for Milverton, *that* is nothing: for authors at all times have been allowed to do eccentric things. The point is, that now the wearing of a beard has ceased to be deemed eccentric. I have beheld a dean, not inferior in learning and eloquence to any in the Anglican Church, preach in a long grey beard. And as I very seldom hear Anglican deans preach, I conclude from that experience that others may be found like the Dean of Canterbury. An English bishop did, indeed, a few years ago, caution his clergy against extravagance in the matter of hair: but the tide of events has wiped out his caution. For that is not an extravagance

which no one deems such. A clergyman, with his heart in his work, would deny his taste for a beard or for anything else, if he found that a beard would hinder his usefulness in his parish. But the days have passed in which a man's parochial work would be either hindered or helped by the presence or absence of a beard.

Yes, we in this country are in many ways wandering from the old paths. For better or for worse, we are drifting from the old moorings. It was a symptomatic fact, that the Duke of Argyle, at a public meeting in Glasgow, said, within these few days, that no man now believes all that is written in the *Confession of Faith*. Therein the Duke was wrong. I know men, more than one or two, who, after a careful study of that document, leave off by believing all that it contains. Doubtless there are in it things hard to be believed: but in stating these the *Confession* does merely state manifest facts, against which you may indeed shut your eyes, but which you will see to be there if you open them. But considering that each minister of the Scotch Church signs that lengthy creed, and (I believe) all the ministers of the Free Kirk too, the Duke's statement was a strong one. It means that some thousands of educated Scotchmen have declared their belief in things they do not believe. And it looks very awkward, that such a statement, publicly made, should not have been very boldly or heartily contradicted.

Then, ritually, there is a general upheaving. We build handsome Gothic churches now, instead of flat-roofed barns. The dissenters aim at spires. Stained glass is present wherever it can be afforded. Passages are laid with tiles of black

and red. The Commandments may be read on the walls of some Scotch churches, in antique letters of gold on a ground of ecclesiastical blue. Within Scotch churches you may read the letters I H S. Crosses, of diverse shapes, surmount gables. The psalms may be heard, chanted in the prose version. When the writer once expostulated with a young divine as to his ritual improvements, and asked what his covenanting forefathers would have said had they seen them, that young man, in tones that made the writer's blood run cold, used the awful words, 'Bother my covenanting forefathers!' In eight churches under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Glasgow, organs are either in use or in process of erection. And there is even one parish church in Edinburgh where the prayers are read by the minister from a printed book, which is also in the hands of the congregation. The incumbent of that church, however, repudiates the charge of using a liturgy. Here are his own words, from the preface to his Prayer-book:—

It may be proper to add, in order to prevent misconception, that these prayers are not designed to form a ritual in any sense: the author leaving to himself full liberty to add, omit, or alter, as he may judge convenient, and not attempting to interfere with the liberty of anyone who may occasionally assist him in conducting public worship. He desires that the following prayers may be regarded as strictly aids to devotion for himself or for any of his brethren who may choose to avail themselves of them, either as to ideas, arrangement, or language, as they have an unquestionable right to do, if they think proper, to any extent.*

But while Dr. Lee is careful to declare that his Prayer-book does not set forth a liturgy, and while he gives no hint that he judges a liturgy to be a desirable thing, there are

* *A Presbyterian Prayer-Book and Psalm-Book; or, Aids to Devotion in Public and Social Worship.* By Robert Lee, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, and Minister of Greyfriars. Edinburgh: 1863.

other Scotchmen who speak out more plainly. Dr. Robertson, of Glasgow Cathedral, perhaps the first of Scottish theologians, has put on record his conviction, that 'the reasons for a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable.' In a former paper in this magazine, I have quoted his words at length.* And just this morning, I received a volume by Lord Kinloch,† a most able, amiable, and pious Scotch judge, an elder of the Church of Scotland, a man of clear head and cool judgment, in which, among other things indicating a great change in Scotch ways of thinking, you may read as follows:—

There are many obvious advantages in a Book of Common Prayer. There is therein a great security against feebleness, inappropriateness, or eccentricity, in devotional exercises. There is a barrier raised against individual peculiarity and ambitious rhetoric. There is secured, in every church you enter, an edifying and ennobling act of worship. The very familiarity of the coming prayer makes it easy for the mass to fall into the current of devotion: whereas, in the case of extemporised supplication, the novelty of the utterance is an impediment to sluggish souls, and is apt of a conscious suppliant to make a mere vacant auditor. There is a direct participation in the devotional exercise on the part of the congregation which meets the grand aim of public worship, and which no truly devout heart should find monotonous or unimpressive. There is a bond of union in jointly uttering the same audible expressions before God, which is but feebly imaged in united listening to words from without. But, on the other hand, the very nature of a liturgy, as a prescribed form of worship, beyond which no one can go, involves a want of accommodation to special exigencies. With the great mass there is a risk of the whole service becoming a vain repetition. A well-framed liturgy may be adapted to the dull routine of every-day piety, but it is comparatively inefficacious either for times of declension or seasons of revival. It may preserve an equable and chastened devotion, but has nothing to startle the careless, to warm the cold, to quicken the dead. BUT WHY SHOULD THERE NOT BE A COMBINATION OF THE BENEFITS OF EITHER

SYSTEM: of the general supplication with the occasional prayer: of the worshipping assembly with the interceding pastor: of the fixed form with the varying aspiration: of the devout harmony of the congregation with the sole earnest utterance of the leader in Israel?

The days have been, in which one of the most eminent of Scotch elders would not have been found to utter so frankly these judicious and moderate views. But Lord Kinloch has more to say: here is something on the once bitterly-discussed question of Presbytery and Prelacy:—

It is permitted, as I think, to an individual Christian to perceive advantages on either side in rival systems of church polity, such as raise a strong impression that a combination of the systems would operate more advantageously than their isolated action. There is an element in episcopal government and the distinction of ranks in the clergy which exhibits a striking analogy to the principle which pervades the divine government of the universe: for this is carried on by degrees and orders, subordination and superiority, reaching from the meanest of God's messengers up to the archangel nearest the throne. There is a permissible and wholesome ambition created by diversity of ranks. There is a quietness, and gravity, and concentration of authority in episcopal rule which has much of the features of apostolic administration. Yet the system has serious defects. It hangs too much for its efficacy on individual character. Its quietness is occasionally somnolence. Its massive architecture is sometimes little more than ornamental. Heresy lurks undetected, or rears the head unchecked. A system is made a superstition, by force of its gorgeousness and ancient descent. There is a freedom in the very roughness of Presbytery: an energetic action in the intellect: a swift detection of error and abuse: an intercommunication of spirit between clergy and laity: a bold publicity of discussion: a corresponding interest in the public mind: to which Episcopacy does not attain, or attains in a much inferior degree. WHY SHOULD AN UNION OF THE SYSTEMS, IN THE BEST CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH, REMAIN AN HISTORIC DREAM OF THE VERY CHIEF OF OUR REFORMERS?

Lord Kinloch knows why: but the English reader does not. Here

* *Fraser's Magazine*, Feb. 1866, p. 133.

† *Studies for Sunday Evening*. By Lord Kinloch. Edinburgh: 1861.

is the reason. Because each clergyman of the Scotch Church, at his ordination, must solemnly reply in the affirmative to this among other solemn questions:—

Are you persuaded that the Presbyterian government and discipline of this church are founded upon the word of God, and agreeable thereto: and do you promise to submit to the said government and discipline, and to concur with the same, AND NEVER TO ENDEAVOUR, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, THE PREJUDICE OR SUBVERSION THEREOF, but to the utmost of your power, in your station, to maintain, support, and defend the said discipline and Presbyterian government by kirk-sessions, presbyteries, provincial synods, and general assemblies, during all the days of your life?

Now you must see that the man who, with all the solemnity of an oath, has said 'YES' to that question, cannot feel himself perfectly free to use any active means for episcopising the Church of Scotland: whatever private convictions he may reach on the comparative claims of Presbytery and Episcopacy. I do not judge others, in the matter of such oaths: but I confess that for myself, even if I thought (and I do not think) Episcopacy decidedly the better of the two, I see not how I could open my mouth to say so. Yet it is curious how easily the very best men take what appears to others the violation of a plain oath: of course, they see it differently. Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candlish, and the other eminent and good men who seceded from the Scotch Church in 1843, and founded the communion calling itself the *Free Church*, had all solemnly answered 'Yes' to the following question:—

Do you promise ——— that, according to your power, you shall maintain the unity and peace of this Church against error and schism, notwithstanding whatever trouble or persecution may arise; and, THAT YOU SHALL FOLLOW NO DIVISIVE COURSES FROM THE PRESENT ESTABLISHED DOCTRINE, WORSHIP, DISCIPLINE, AND GOVERNMENT OF THIS CHURCH?

How these worthy men reconciled

their secession from the Church with their obligation under this oath, I cannot in the least see. Yet who but a fool would call them perjured persons, who had broken their ordination vows? I believe, as firmly as I believe anything, that they saw, to the satisfaction of their own minds, that they were free to take the step they did. Yet charges of perjury, violated oaths, broken ordination vows, and the like, are sometimes bandied about in Scotland just now, in a fashion that shows great lack of sympathy, charity, honesty, and common sense in those who make them. If I find a man, at least as wise and good as myself, taking a course which I cannot see he is justified in taking, it is only fair to suppose that he sees what I do not. Yet there are those who would drive out of the Scotch Church, and out of the Anglican Church too, the best men in either, by vulgar and malignant accusations of dishonesty and perjury.

The following words of Lord Kinloch are interesting, because we find him making a statement which is substantially identical with one which caused a brief but furious uproar, when made by Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews:—

Great errors have unquestionably been committed in the construction of creeds and confessions. They have for the most part attempted too much: more of clearness of information on mysterious topics, than God has allowed: more of definiteness of statement on doctrinal points, than human intellect can accomplish. They have at times become snares for over-sensitive minds; which substantially value the doctrine, and yet cannot conscientiously adopt its precise form of expression. They have too frequently been made a theological argument against a particular heresy; and have thrown in consequence the whole of Christian truth behind the shadow of a single dogma. By endeavouring to expand the truth, not merely in its general expression, but its minute ramifications, they have run into apparent inconsistencies; such as always arise when a finite mind attempts to possess itself of the whole of its subject of contem-

plation. They are, many of them, works of great mental vigour: the products of gigantic intellect: composed by men both of piety and learning: a noble study, an illustrious monument. Yet it is always to be remembered that they are human compositions: liable to criticism as such: and not to be deferred to, when they contradict, or go beyond, the teaching of Holy Writ. It is to be wished that they more imitated the simplicity of their Divine model, and were comprised in a few general propositions, expressed so clearly as to bear the undoubted stamp of orthodoxy: at the same time so comprehensive, as to be capable of being held along with avowed diversity in essential points and collateral metaphysics.

Upon the doctrine of the Atonement, we have words, true and wise:—

To engage in idle discussions of our own intellect on the subject of the Atonement, its nature and necessity, and precise mode of operation, is a course full of peril to faith, both in its simplicity and stability. In regard to the Divine mysteries, it is generally by limitation of range that we maintain clearness of perception. The simple Bible truth, which is seen clearly when steadfastly looked at by itself, becomes obscure and confused when followed out on all sides into the ramifications of human philosophy. It is in this way that systematic theology has at times been of injury to religion. The mind, which rested secure on one grand Scripture thought, has had its faith broken into difficulties and doubts, when carried into metaphysical expositions, which, because they dealt with subjects beyond human depth, could not but prove unsatisfactory; and, because they were the product of the finite endeavouring to scan the infinite, could construct a system of supposed completeness only by means of propositions, which produced reconciliation at the cost of apparent contradiction.

Lord Kinloch has some striking remarks on Inspiration, setting forth somewhat advanced views on that subject. And those Scotchmen who would, if they could, 'make a ghastly idol of the Sunday,' find no countenance from the devout and enlightened judge:—

To the great mass of those on whom is laid the duty of Sabbath observance, it is impracticable to maintain a whole day of unflagging spirituality of frame; and to these there must necessarily come, and will come without impropriety, the interruptions of harmless converse, and kindly

intercourse. Few things can be conceived more accordant with the conception of a hallowed day of rest than the enjoyment, under fitting limitations, of the pure air, and fair face of nature, in innocent domestic companionship, when the religious duties of the day shall have been accomplished. There is nothing to be found in Scripture to countenance a morose or gloomy observance of the Sabbath. It is a Christian festival: to be observed by all with the cheerfulness proper to such.

Let us be thankful that such wise and temperate notions are now held by almost all intelligent people in Scotland. For I can remember the day, on which a good clergyman said from the pulpit, that whenever, on a summer Sunday evening, he beheld the people of a certain Scotch town quietly and decorously walking on a great green expanse by the shore of the sea, he always thought of Sodom and Gomorrah, and prayed that fire might not fall from heaven to burn up the Sabbath-breakers! And as a boy, there was nothing I believed more implicitly, than that it was a sin to take a walk on Sunday. How we have advanced since then! There is now no part of the week pleasanter to me, nor enjoyed with more assurance that the enjoyment is lawful and right, than the hour after afternoon service on each Lord's-day, when you may see a great part of the population of this ancient city quietly walking on the beach or the bent, and feeling an influence from all around them for which only the very hardened can fail to be the better. We all hold the value of the *Shorter Catechism* still: but we have come to interpret differently the following statement contained in that excellent treatise:—

The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days: and *spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship*, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Doubtless that last clause, which

speaks of *necessity and mercy*, always served as a very wide back-door. But there were many parents who really tried to make their children *spend the whole time in the public and private exercises* above named, and who failed to discern that a decorous walk after church, and the enjoyment of domestic quiet in the evening, are most truly of the nature of *God's worship*, properly understood and rightly enjoyed. Therefore they made their children go to church, to services of enormous length, and without a vestige of interest for a child; and then they devoted the rest of the day to examining them in the *Shorter Catechism*. The natural effect was, to make the children hate both the Catechism and the Sunday as long as they lived. A word as to length of church services. While a Scotch sermon now, if preached by a good preacher, rarely exceeds half an hour in length, and the entire service lasts just an hour and a half, I remember the days when the sermon was an hour or more, and sometimes you had two of the fearful compositions at one service. Yes, it seems nearly as strange to me now as it will to an Anglican reader; but many a time have I entered church at 11 A.M., and been present at a service lasting till 2 P.M.—three mortal hours! And certain it was then as now, that the worse the preacher, the longer was the sermon sure to be.

Now, what is the meaning of all the change which has been set forth?

Such as look favourably on the movement, reply, that it comes of a conviction that the Scotch Reformers cut down the church-service too far, and showed too great a spirit of contrariety to all that had gone before: and that the time has come when, without any peril to anything good gained at the Reformation, a better and more deco-

rous worship may be introduced. No doubt, the Scotch Presbyterian worship does look inexpressibly bare and bald to Christians of any portion of the Catholic Church out of Scotland. No doubt, the greater number of Scotch parish churches are disgraceful for ugliness and meanness. No doubt, it is a mockery to call by the name of music the sounds which in many churches take the place of praise. No doubt, one recalls with heaviness of heart the discourses which one has heard in the form of prayer. No doubt, Scotch public worship is capable of being much improved. It may be granted, indeed, that it is not the greatest work of the parish priest to improve his music or decorate his church; and that you may train your parishioners to habits even better than that of silently asking God's blessing for a moment on entering church, and pausing for a moment's silent prayer after the blessing is pronounced, instead of instantly sticking on your hat and rushing out as though the building were on fire. But one may hope, that where much attention is given to the lesser proprieties of worship, all this is no more than a comparatively unimportant addition to great diligence in preaching and in pastoral work. On the other hand, nothing that concerns God's worship is unimportant: and side by side with diligent endeavours for the moral and physical improvement of his parishioners, a zealous clergyman may well spend thought and pains on the improvement of the music in his church, or on breaking people (where he can) of walking into church with their hats on their heads. Some people talk as though in attending to the æsthetic, you must of necessity neglect what is admitted to be a thousand times more important. Why spend money on a stained window, when there are millions of heathens who have got no Bibles?

why think of church music when Infidelity is overspreading the land? Such are the ordinary objections. But surely one need not neglect the greater duties, while giving some measure of care to the lesser. And abundant experience has shown that the man who suffers a slovenly neglect about his church and its worship, is just the man to neglect weightier things. 'He which is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' And the argument from the Heathen, and the tide of Infidelity, goes too far. Why think of getting your clothes to fit properly, or of painting your house, or selecting carpets of pleasing pattern, when there are the Heathen and the Infidelity?

So much for the favourable way of looking at the Scotch ritual movement. There are less favourable ways of regarding it. In a recent debate in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, it was declared by a very good man, far advanced in life, that it was his profound conviction that the ritual innovations (in conjunction, we presume, with the doctrinal uncertainty of sound) are of the instigation of the devil. It thus appears that a movement of which its worst enemies can say no worse than that it somewhat obliterates the differences between the Scotch and English national churches, originates in the worst possible quarter. One would say that no one has a right to say that if you differ from him you are inspired by the devil, unless his own infallibility is assured by special revelation. At the same time, I am not prepared to join in the severe strictures which have been made on the good man who said this. All evil is helped and perhaps inspired by the devil, no doubt; and if you honestly think a movement tends to evil, you have a right to say that such is your opinion. Still, when we think a friend wrong, our desire ought to be rather to bring him

right, than to hit him severely; and it may be doubted whether, in telling an honest and earnest man that he is instigated by Satan, you are adopting a course likely to conciliate and mend him. And a promise, publicly made, to pray for a man who differs from you, appears to imply, in a somewhat offensive way, that he must certainly be wrong and you certainly right. To publicly express a very unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature,—even though that opinion be couched in the form of a prayer for him,—is not, generally, a friendly thing. And it may be doubted whether it is even a purely Christian thing.

But people who do not say that the desire for an organ, for kneeling at prayer and standing at praise, and even (as Lord Kinloch) for a partial liturgy, is inspired by Satan, are yet found to take up another ground of opposition to it. They say that whatever improvement the Scotch Church service may be capable of, the ministers of the Scotch Church are precluded from even thinking of any change; forasmuch as one of the questions they have all answered affirmatively at their ordination runs thus:—

Do you sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith approved by the General Assemblies of this Church, and ratified by law in the year 1690, to be grounded upon the word of God: and do you acknowledge the same as the confession of your faith; and will you firmly and constantly adhere thereto, and to the utmost of your power assert, maintain, and defend the same, and THE PURITY OF WORSHIP AS PRESENTLY PRACTISED IN THIS NATIONAL CHURCH, and asserted in Act 15, Assembly 1707, entitled 'Act against Innovations in the Worship of God?'

On the strength of these words, I have heard a clergyman who had introduced kneeling at prayer and standing at singing into his church, with the full approval of his congregation, denounced as a perjured person. Was he so?

Well, unquestionably he was a

very pious and exemplary man in other things; and if he was indeed a violator of solemn vows in this matter, it was very unlike his ordinary walk and conversation. And further, *he* did not think himself perjured, even on this point; for, when told of the grave accusation, he replied with a tranquil and amiable face, 'That is rank nonsense!'

Let me confess, that I have never heard any innovating Scotch clergyman set clearly out the *rationale* of the way in which he reconciles his ritual innovations with that vow about maintaining *the purity of worship as presently practised in this national church*. Such men, in my hearing, have either laughed at the charge, as one not deserving serious notice; or have got angry and expressed indignation at those who uttered it. But I suppose the ground that innovators would take up, if brought to book, would be this: that their changes and improvements do not affect the *purity of worship as presently practised*. What is designed by the vow in question, is the exclusion of superstitious rites and ceremonies, such as those laid aside at the Reformation. And it is naturally remarked, that some of those who are very bitter against the innovations now introduced, did not scruple to introduce innovations which pleased themselves: such as the singing of doxologies and anthems, the ceasing to intone each line of the psalm before singing it, the abolition of public penances, such as I have myself seen in a Scotch parish church, the private celebration of the sacrament of baptism, and many such like. And it is specially curious that good men, who habitually break the law of the Church in the matter of baptism in private, and seem quite happy though so guilty, have been heard vehemently to accuse those of their brethren who have administered the Holy Communion

in private, to persons unable to come to church from illness. Yet, in the nature of things, it seems infinitely more reasonable to dispense the latter sacrament in private than the former. And as for the law of the Scotch Church, I should be interested in knowing how any man of plain sense can evade the meaning of the following words from *The Directory for the Publick Worship of God*:—

Baptism is not to be administered in private places, or privately, but in the place of public worship, and in the face of the congregation, where the people may most conveniently see and hear.

Scotch Church-law makes no mention at all of instrumental music, or kneeling at prayer, or standing to sing: in these matters there is nothing violated by the innovators but lengthened usage. But baptism of children in private is expressly forbidden. Yet excellent men, who systematically break the law about baptism without a pang of conscience, are ready with the howl of perjury against men equally excellent, who have brought organs into their churches. Let me say, that I believe the accusations of perjury are as injudicious as they are uncharitable. A timid man here and there may be bullied into concealing his tastes for an orderly worship: but a spirit of resistance is awakened in ten times as many, by the attempt to bully. The writer is a Scotch clergyman who has made no innovations in the worship of his parish church. Plenty of instrumental music has been in it, indeed: plenty of incense, masses, processions, and vestments of all colours and degrees. But that was centuries since: and the simple worship of the Scotch Church may now be found in it, untouched and unimproved. And if the writer meditated any change, there are venerable and wise men whose kind cautions, and dread of imminent evil, expressed with a fatherly au-

thority, would make him stop. But as for the accusations of perjury, one snaps the fingers at them.

On Wednesday, December 27, 1865, the Presbytery of Edinburgh was engaged, as it has often been before, in considering the case of that Edinburgh minister who has introduced printed prayers. The newspapers mention, that 'there was an unusually large attendance,' doubtless both of members and of the public: so much so, that the Presbytery had to meet in that handsome hall where the General Assembly holds its sittings. Several times, within the last few years, have dense crowds in that hall shown the lively interest felt by many people in the whole question of innovations in worship. On this occasion—

Mr. Stewart rose to make the motion of which he had given notice in the following terms:—'Whereas the using of a book of prayers in the celebration of public worship is contrary to the laws and usage of this Church; and whereas it is generally reported that this practice is followed by the Rev. Robert Lee, D.D., minister in the church of Old Greyfriars, and that, notwithstanding a judgment of the General Assembly, of date 24th May 1859, ordering Dr. Lee to discontinue the practice, and to conform in offering up prayer to the present ordinary practice of the Church, it is moved that a committee be appointed to make all necessary inquiry as to the use of a book of prayers in the conducting of public worship in the church of Old Greyfriars, and to report that the case may be dealt with according to the injunction of the last General Assembly.'

Mr. Stewart, who is a most estimable clergyman of more than forty years' standing, is far too amiable and good a man to show much of polemical bitterness: yet he supported his motion in a speech of considerable keenness of temper. He lamented the infraction of

that uniformity of worship which, till the days of Dr. Lee, has been a distinguishing characteristic of our Presbyterian Church in Scotland—a form of worship at once pure, spiritual, and simple, which, though sneered

at by some, has contributed most effectually to the spiritual welfare of our people—towards the promotion of that vital godliness which it is the great design of our holy religion to promote, and which is at the same time calculated to guard against that mere formality in religion which is, alas! too prevalent in the present day, and which, we believe, it is the tendency of set forms of prayer to increase and to strengthen.

And he thus concluded:—

Let us to-day show that, while we would hail with pleasure the announcement from Dr. Lee that he was now ready to obey the laws and to obtemper the judgments of the Church, and to return to that form of worship to which he solemnly swore he would adhere, and to which while a minister at Arbroath, while a minister at Campsie, and to which for some time after he became a minister in Edinburgh he did adhere, and thus aid in promoting the peace of the Church, and not disturb it, as he is now doing, undermining the Church's influence, preventing her from presenting a united front to her enemies, and from putting forth her undivided energies towards the furtherance of that great cause for which she was established, and which it is designed she should further in the land and over the world. But, if otherwise—if to gratify his own taste, or to pander to the tastes of some fashionables in our great cities—(a laugh)—he disregards his ordination vows, sets the laws and usage of the Church at defiance—he must be prepared to abide by the consequences. If there be individuals within the pale of the Church of Scotland who have a conscientious preference to read prayers and a liturgical form, I would say to such, with the best feelings, let them join the Church of England, where they will find a venerable and approved liturgy, and not the spurious and irresponsible article which has been introduced of late into Greyfriars' Church. (A laugh.) These are not the times when the laws and authority of our Church are to be allowed to be set at nought with impunity, when not only the outworks of our Zion are assailed by the innovating practices of Dr. Lee and others, but when the very citadel itself is being attacked—when attempts are being made to shake the very foundations of our Zion—to undermine the pillar and ground of truth itself—when the great fundamental articles of our most holy faith are called in question, are assailed, not by the open and avowed enemies of religion and of our Church, but by those whom we had been accustomed to regard as her ablest defenders, and whom we would have thought would have sacrificed everything that was most dear and valuable on earth rather

than have apostatised from the faith once delivered in its purity to the saints of old, and to which they had in the most solemn manner declared they would adhere—rather than have given their names and their influence to sentiments and views which, unless checked and put down by the authority of the Church, bid fair to sweep away that beautiful fabric which our venerable forefathers reared amid their tears and with their prayers, and after years of toil and suffering unparalleled, left to us as a legacy to be by us transmitted unimpaired to our latest posterity—that Church which has hitherto proved such a signal blessing to the people of Scotland, which has been the grand bulwark of civil and religious liberty in our land, and which was designed to remain a perpetual testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, amid surrounding infidelity, superstition, and immorality, and to stand firm on the Rock on which her great Head founded her amid the ever-fluctuating waves of human opinion. (Applause.)

The apostates thus keenly censured, are doubtless Dr. Norman Macleod of Glasgow, who has declared that while holding the obligation of the Lord's-day, he esteems it as a Christian rather than a Jewish festival; and Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, who had the boldness to declare that the Confession of Faith, though an admirable and venerable document, is the composition of uninspired men, affected by the usual influences which affect human beings.

A remarkable speech was made by Mr. Wallace, minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, in support of a motion to let Dr. Lee alone. Mr. Wallace is one of the ablest of the younger Scotch clergy; and coming to Edinburgh a few years since to undertake the charge of a nearly empty church, he has crowded it with a large congregation. Some of the clergy have precisely reversed that process. Said Mr. Wallace:—

Now, I hold that the reading of prayers is not contrary to the law and usage of the Church; and not only so, but has already been constructively authorised by the most competent of all judicatories, the General Assembly. I say, first of all, the reading

of prayers is not contrary to the law and usages of the Church. I may be told, indeed, that it was so decided in Assembly 1859. But I am perfectly entitled to plead that that decision misstated the law, and to express my conviction that were the Assembly better instructed, it would decide differently, the more especially that subsequent Assemblies have, as I shall have occasion more fully to remark, virtually cancelled that decision by declining to enforce it. I repeat, then, that reading prayers is not contrary to the law and usage of the Church. I never heard of a law against a minister reading his prayers if he chose. The moment such a law is produced, and shown to me to have passed the Barrier Act and become law in a regular manner, I shall alter my opinion; but not till then. As for the usage of the Church, I deny that the usage of the Church forbids a minister to read his prayers from a book. The usage of the Church permits a minister to read his sermons, and it cannot consistently forbid him to read his prayers, because the two stand on the same basis of principle. If there be any arguments sufficient to condemn reading prayers, they are equally good to condemn reading sermons; and if there are any reasons for allowing sermons to be read, there are also reasons for allowing prayers to be read. Our Church usage has been determined in the great preponderance of instances to the alternative of not reading prayers very much by a historical accident. Our Church is a Church of Puritan extraction, and once in the history of Puritanism a strong and partially authoritative movement was made to force ministers to read prayers which were not their own. As a recoil from this and protest against it, our ministers placed themselves at the opposite extreme, and prayed extempore, to make it clear that their prayers were their own; and in subsequent generations of the Church the popular prejudice engendered by witnessing this practice has made many conform to it who did not share the prejudice, but who loved peace too well to admit of their bearing the resentment of molested ignorance. But the genius of our Church usage does not compel the adoption of the one alternative of not reading prayers: it equally admits the other alternative of a minister's reading his prayers if he thinks fit. For what is the genius, the idea of our Church usage? It is the idea of free prayer. We are continually boasting of our privilege of free prayer; and I admit it is a great privilege. But what does it mean? Why, by free prayer I understand, for one thing, the freedom of every individual minister from the bondage of a compulsory liturgy—liberty to pray in his own words, and not

in words prescribed for him by external authority. But free prayer means more than this. Freedom does not mean freedom on one side merely, but freedom on every side; and free prayer does not mean merely liberty for a minister to pray in whatever words he chooses, but also in whatever manner he chooses—with or without paper, as he feels most conducive to his satisfactory performance of the exercise. For it must be remembered that extemporaneous speech is not the freest mode of utterance to every one. Very often extemporaneous prayer is the bitterest bondage to the man who attempts it, making him to labour under the twofold burden of an excessive nervousness and an excessive vacuity. (A laugh.) And as for that sham extemporaneous prayer which consists in reciting what has been previously written and got by heart, or what has through the slow accumulation of years encrusted itself upon the tablets of the memory, I hope nobody will profess himself able to believe that there is any difference between this and honest reading from a book, except what may be implied in the absence of a little paper and the presence of a good deal of pretence. (Laughter.) Some may pray freely extemporaneously, but most will pray most freely from manuscript, just as preaching. And I maintain that reading prayer is just as much free prayer as prayer not read, and is as much in consonance with the genius of our Church usage in this matter. It is only when you take up our Church usage as a blind meaningless custom—a dark irrational prejudice—that you can say it prohibits reading prayers. Whenever you put an idea and a meaning into it, that idea compels you to admit that a minister is at liberty to read his prayers if he finds that best, provided only they are his own, either by origination or adoption. On these grounds, I hold that the reading of prayers is essentially in agreement with the law and usage of the Church.

And thus his speech ends:—

I feel assured that the best arrangement for Church prosperity is when each individual minister is not shackled and fettered by unnumbered laws and usages, but left to the spontaneous and self-regulated development of whatever originality is in him. In this way I believe the Church is surest to get the full benefit of whatever gifts are in her pastors; and while at all times of the Church, I think especially at the present day, it is disastrous to impose shackles on freedom of clerical utterance in any form; and therefore let the Act of 1865 apply to whomsoever or whatsoever it likes, it does not apply to Dr. Lee or anyone who chooses to read his prayers. I therefore, upon the

whole, come to the conclusion that there is no order of the Assembly compelling me to interfere with Dr. Lee in this matter of reading his prayers; and I am glad that it is so. For I am convinced that nothing can be more disastrous for the prosperity of the Church of Scotland than at the present day to pursue a policy of repression in opposition to a policy of emancipation. The temper of the times and the thoughts afloat are such that men will more and more require of their religious teachers that they be men thinking and acting out of their own independent individuality, and not mere semi-mechanical organs of traditional ideas and usages. The Church that recognises and meets this want will live, flourish, and do incalculable good; the Church that blindly and obstinately sets its face against it must speedily become little better than an antiquarian curiosity, and have the destiny of such like things. (Oh, oh!) And because this liberty of reading prayers, if a minister seems so inclined, seems to me to be a contribution—a very humble contribution it may be, but yet a contribution—to the work of general ministerial emancipation, I wish to see it protected; and therefore it is with satisfaction that on this occasion I find myself legally entitled, as I am morally glad, to oppose its discouragement. (Applause.)

On the other side, there was a speech from Dr. Muir, the venerable and excellent minister of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. Dr. Muir is a man of blameless life, and great ability and dignity, who for more than fifty years has done the work of the ministry with a zeal and devotion above all praise. And indeed, looking at that thoughtful and sad, but beautiful face, with high and perfect features, shaded by a profusion of white hair,—a face that expresses pure intellect and feeling, without a vestige of animalism,—one feels that Dr. Muir ought to have been an archbishop. He would have been one, if the Scotch Church had such dignities: for many years, he exercised almost archiepiscopal influence in it. And neither of the two archbishops on the other side of the Tweed could stand a moment's physical comparison with him. Let it be added, that, if high moral principle is to be found in this world, you have it in Dr. Muir. If

you knew him, you would know a man whom no worldly bribe could tempt from what he esteems the right path. Indeed, one cannot even imagine Dr. Muir as actuated by any mean or sordid motive. Even such as differ from him most decidedly are constrained to respect him. And such as do in the main agree with him look up to him with unfeigned reverence. Here is part of what he said: and extreme as the words sound, never were words said in deeper sincerity:—

I don't wish to be thought a terrorist. I don't pretend to be prophetic, but it is to me most evident that the work that has been begun and carried on so far, has been begun and carried on under the sinister influence of the great enemy of the Church—that enemy who has always set himself in opposition to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the work of conversion—I mean Satan himself. It is my firm conviction that, proceeding as we are now doing, this blessed institution of ours, which through grace has been so serviceable generation after generation, is about to be destroyed. Sir, I love to bear my protest on the side of the precious standards of our Church—those standards which, in my opinion, are the most exact voice of God's Holy Word. I love to have the opportunity of bearing my testimony to our precious system of public worship. Simple in the form of it; nothing in it to come between the soul and Christ, the object of the soul's worship; but all in it that, away from intricate liturgical ceremonial, will lead to the accomplishing of that which our blessed Saviour has told us we are to aim at in public worship—the worship of God, who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth. (Applause.) I own to you that my heart has been deeply oppressed by all that has been going on amongst us, under a thorough conviction that it is a plan instigated by the great enemy of evangelical truth for the purpose of destroying in our land that which has been the main bulwark of the truth, and the main instrument of circulating it and impressing it on the minds of the people. I love, therefore, to have the opportunity of bearing thus my public protest, and I have come to-day for the purpose of doing so. I know well—and we have had an echo of it in the room to-day—that the views I now suggest are considered to be views that shackle men's minds, and prevent what is called progress—yea, that there is a great deal of illiberality and tyranny in any one man attempt-

ing to set up his views and his practices for the purpose of compelling another to adopt these views and follow these practices. Sir, that is what I would express my utter detestation of. The right of private judgment is a most sacred thing. Inquiry on the part of individuals as to doctrinal views—inquiry on the part of individuals as to what may be improvements in the forms of public worship—such inquiry is legitimate. The right of private judgment ought never to be interfered with; and I consider that with the sentiments I have now expressed with regard to our precious standards, and with regard to our forms of worship, I am still at perfect liberty to make inquiry again and again, and should I see reason to change the opinion I have this day expressed, no man would prevent me from altering that opinion; and no man has a right to endeavour to force me into compliance with his views or practices. Allow me, then, to say that I offer no obstruction to the individuals who are making these movements. I regret the course they are pursuing, and mourn over the results that are impending. If they succeed, our Church is gone; but still I maintain that the right of private judgment is to be defended, and that no man has any title to force others into his views or practices. But, sir, I have to put this very serious question—Is a man who has taken solemn oaths to maintain the doctrines of our Church, to maintain its simple ritual, and to follow no divisive courses—is a man who has made this engagement, and who, on the faith of that engagement, has been ordained and inducted to a benefice in the Church, is he entitled to make changes—serious changes, in the doctrines, principles, laws, or worship of the Church? or, if he does so, is he to continue within the bounds of the Church? I don't trammel the minds of any one: I maintain the right of private judgment; but I say that man is not the right man in the right place. (Laughter and applause.) There is, I suppose, room enough for him without—(laughter and applause)—and without he may meet with those who thoroughly conform to his opinions, and sentiments, and practices. (Hear, hear.) I beg it to be understood that I am not calling in question the sincerity of any one who follows the course which, after serious investigation, he considers to be the right one. But I say his mind cannot be at peace if he keeps within the bounds of this Church—('Hear,' and applause)—where, because of his declared opinions, opinions tested by an oath, he has been inducted into a benefice, and is entitled by law to draw his stipend. No doubt we may lament secession, but sincerity and honesty, and a regard to oath, demand that

these things be not done within the limits of the Church of Scotland. (Hear.)

A smart observation was made by Mr. Gray, incumbent of an Old Town Edinburgh parish:—

He was sure they would all agree with what Dr. Muir had said as to the right of private judgment, but he felt it might perhaps be well to carry it a step farther than the reverend doctor had done, and leave to every minister the right of judging for himself whether he could remain within the Church of Scotland or no. (A laugh.)

Here seems to be the kernel of the question, in a speech by Mr. Cumming, a prominent and able member of Presbytery:—

Although he confessed that the ground had always seemed to him most narrow; although he confessed his feelings were strong that, after they gave permission in the Church to a man to prepare his prayers at home and repeat them from memory, they had no sufficient stand-point to prevent him who did that from reading his prayers; if they gave him permission to read his prayers, as Dr. Chalmers no doubt did—and did, he believed, when Moderator of the General Assembly—from manuscript, he felt they had not a sufficient stand-point to prevent him reading them from print; and if they gave a man permission to read his prayers from print, he did not see where they had a stand-point to prevent a man printing them for himself, and those who in the Church might wish them.

Finally came Dr. Lee, the great heresiarch himself. Wonderful are Dr. Lee's fluency and cleverness. And indeed, so consummate a master is he of logical fence, that his manifest ease lessens the impression he makes, by taking away the appearance of earnestness that comes when a speaker seems possessed and overwhelmed by his subject. A little floundering for words,—a little look of being unequal to express what he feels,—might add to the impression made by this speaker. Dr. Lee is a Scotch Broad-Churchman: and through his peculiar position and views is able to reach and influence many not usually very impressible by clerical influence. I quote some passages from his speech:—

As to the liturgy, one would expect in an argument like this some definition of what a liturgy is. According to my understanding, it is a public document sanctioned by authority, and imposed on all ministers of the Church. So I would understand by a liturgy. I should like to know what the gentlemen who have spoken to-day understand by a liturgy? They seem to think that the reading of prayers is a liturgy. Such confusion of ideas is astonishing in a Church court. It is astonishing among sensible men; much more is it astonishing among clergymen of the Church and lawyers. We know what the liturgy of the Church of England is. It is a set of prayers and services, made and sanctioned by public authority, and which every minister is obliged to use. John Knox's liturgy, though not enforced with the same strictness, has the same character, and every liturgy has the same character. Does the fact of a man reading the prayers of his own composition, which he changes as often as he likes, and uses some one day and others the next, which he deals with as he chooses, constitute a liturgy? I really feel ashamed to reply to such confusion of ideas, to give it no stronger term. Suppose you succeed in violating the laws of the Church, and take from me that liberty which I now enjoy of reading my prayers, what do you make me do? You compel me to make a much closer approximation to a liturgy than now exists. I should then be compelled to do what other gentlemen do whose consciences I suppose are free from the sin of liturgising, and learn off one of my Sunday's prayers, and repeat it perpetually. I would be compelled to do what some of my brethren do, repeat the same prayer from Sunday to Sunday without one syllable of variation from January to June, and from June to January, during their whole incumbency. (Laughter.) I should think the essence of a liturgy, if it is not to be defined, as I have said, is sameness—the continual repetition of the same thing. I maintain, Moderator, that the disuse of reading prayers has had this effect extensively. I do not blame the men who act in the way I have said. There are many men who are not able to speak extempore, and not able to learn off what they have written, and so they are forced to adopt that mode of proceeding which Mr. Wallace so pointedly characterises, and in fact to approximate to a liturgy through their very horror of read prayers. I say read prayers are not contrary either to the laws or constitution of the Church, or, properly interpreted, to the traditions of the Church. It is very remarkable that while Knox's Book of Common Order was read for seventy or eighty years, there should not have been one syllable in your proceedings or acts

condemning this; while, on the contrary, the reading of sermons, now a general practice, is directly opposed to the traditions of the Church, and never was heard of till a late period, when the subject was brought before the General Assembly, and when something was said regarding it, to which I beg to call your attention. So late as the year 1726, the Assembly remitted to its Commission an overture anent the method of preaching; and in a representation and petition, signed by twenty-four influential ministers, laid before the Assembly in 1732, reference is thus made to it:—‘There appears much more need for it’—that is, for such an overture or ordinance—‘every day, by reason of several innovations both in the method and strain of preaching introduced by some strangers and young ministers, very displeasing to God’s people, and causing no small obstruction to spiritual edification. Nay, a young minister appointed to preach before her Majesty’s Commissioner at last Assembly had the assurance to add to former innovations that of reading the sermon openly. To other offensive innovations he has added this innovation, though he could not but know that it would give great offence both to the ministers and people of this Church, and bring a reflection on the Assembly as if it approved thereof.’ Now, sir, that is all my answer to the talk about the Church forfeiting its establishment. The preaching of sermons by reading them was without precedent in the Church of Scotland. No man ever heard of Knox or any of his followers reading sermons. That was the mode of conducting worship in 1690, when the Acts of Security and the Union were passed. If, therefore, your establishment is to be forfeited by reading prayers, it is forfeited accordingly by the reading of sermons. For here is a palpable instance of innovation contrary to the foregoing traditions and the universal practice of the Church of Scotland. Let me ask you, sir, if the reading of a prayer forfeits the establishment, what must the reading of a sermon?

Elsewhere he says:—

Moderator, I have heard to-day, as I have heard many times before, a great deal of denunciation—a very great deal of what I think uncharitable and unwarrantable insinuation; but though I have listened with anxiety, I have found very little that can by any stretch of courtesy be considered argument or fact. (A laugh.) I have been asked how I could remain a minister of the Church and persevere in customs contrary to its laws and its traditions. I ask the gentlemen who have spoken where are these laws? I have

asked them to quote these laws. The General Assembly gave a decision in 1859 which has been often referred to, and in which it said that reading prayers was contrary to the laws and usages of the Church. No doubt to its late usages and practices, but I have challenged my opponents again and again, and I challenge them now, to condescend on the laws which I have broken. When men are arraigned before the civil court, where the forms of justice are observed, and where common regularity is observed in its proceedings, the clause of the Act which he has violated is quoted. Why have not these gentlemen quoted the Act which I have violated by reading my own prayers? I say this is not worthy to be called argument; it is wild, reckless, unfounded assertion, and nothing more. Do you not know that the Church of Scotland began with a liturgy, and for many years read its prayers; that the last prayer in which John Knox joined was read, and that in your Acts of Assembly and the proceedings of your Church courts you cannot find one Act or one authoritative proceeding either condemning or discountenancing read prayers? I call on you to produce the laws you allege, and till you have produced them I shall continue to assert that there is none, and that I have broken no law whatever. If I thought I had broken any law, I should certainly be very sorry for having done so, and instantly amend my conduct. Some rhetoric has been added to adorn the rotten argument which has been attempted; but, sir, this ornament does not conceal the rottenness at all.

And thus Dr. Lee concludes:—

One would suppose, Moderator, to hear what has been said this afternoon, that some monstrous evil was practised by myself and my congregation. The inspiration of Satan has been referred to—(laughter)—as alone sufficient to account for such monstrous doings. I could hardly trust my ears when I heard such things said. What is it that has been done? It is only that which the Reformers did—which the Church of Scotland did during its earliest and best days. I hope that the Christians of the Church of England are not inspired with the devil when they read their prayers; I hope that John Knox was not inspired with the devil when he composed the Book of Common Order; and I hope that the Christian Church generally are not under Satanic influence in the conviction which begins to be diffused that an extemporaneous service is not the most edifying, and that it is proper and advantageous to employ compositions—written or printed compositions—during at least part

of the service. Why, sir, the application of such phrases, and the allegation of such causes, really betray, I think, an extremely weak position, and a very distressing want of plausible argument.

It is not a pleasure to me, whatever some gentlemen may think or say, to stand in opposition to the Church courts. I feel it painful to be constantly upbraided as if I were a man without any conscience, and as if I did not feel the obligation of vows that I have taken on myself. It is not pleasing to me to be upbraided in that way, and I was anxious to comply with the prejudices which I thought had prevailed in the General Assembly. Accordingly I made various attempts to carry on the public worship without a book, since a book was an offence in the eyes of the Assembly. I endeavoured to carry on the worship otherwise. At one time I could have committed the whole of the book to memory without any difficulty; but I found from disuse, and I suppose from advancing years, I was no longer able to do it. I took notes with me, and I bungled the service. I do not know whether other people thought it was bungled, but to my apprehension it was. I felt uncomfortable, and could not do justice to my own ideas. I wrote notes larger and larger simply to assist my memory. This issued in the composition of a new book. That book, thinking it might be useful to others, and thinking it was a mere quibble to read the prayers from manuscript instead of from a printed book, I got printed, inasmuch as it contained the psalms, or what I considered a proper selection from the psalms and paraphrases for singing. It was with that view primarily that the book got into the hands of the congregation, the psalms being printed at proper lengths, and the tunes to which they are always sung. The only other alteration is the responses comprehending the *Amens* at the end of the prayers. I did not think it required the authority of the General Assembly or of the Presbytery

to recommend a practice—for I did recommend it—which was sanctioned by the Old Testament and by the New expressly. I did not think I needed to come to the General Assembly or to the Presbytery, when I had the express authority of the law and the prophets, and of the New Testament itself, for a practice without which public worship wants the very form of congregational and public worship. I did not think that any man could suppose that that was a violation of the law; and I ask where is there anything forbidding such a practice? All Christians throughout the world do it—in the ancient Churches, both Greek and Latin, and all Churches which have a worship, the *Amen* is said; and I think it would be too ridiculous for me to come here and ask sanction to do that which you all ought to do and teach your congregations to do. (Laughter.)

The upshot was, that the Presbytery, by a majority, determined not to meddle with Dr. Lee. The read prayers, at the church of Old Greyfriars, have now the tacit sanction of the Presbytery of Edinburgh. It must be said, however, that the decision has been appealed to the higher Church courts, and is still liable to be reversed. The General Assembly in May will decide the question in the last resort. And there is no Court of Appeal whose decisions are so hard to forecast as are those of the General Assembly.

So things rest meanwhile. Let us trust that good may come out of all this commotion. While it lasts, it tends somewhat to throw more important matters into the shade.

A. K. H. B.

THE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SANDY WAS TO BE.

SANDY, Mr. Stewart the minister of Clovenford's only son, was to be a minister like his father and grandfather, who had both wagged their heads in pulpits before him. Second-sight had seen him in a Geneva gown and pair of bands from the time he wore long-clothes and bibs.

With the great end in view, many a day Sandy came in fear and trembling from making bour-tree mills on the Hare Water, and playing shinty with his sister Jess and the neighbouring farmers' sons on the country roads, to construe his *Cesar* or his *Sallust* in the minister's little brown bedroom.

Fifty years ago, Mr. Stewart was a Tory and an autocrat in rusty black, walking over his parish, not unlike Dr. Johnson, in snuff-brown, taking a turn down Fleet Street. The minister had made a love marriage. Mrs. Stewart had been an orphan, with a very slender patrimony—a parlour boarder of the Miss Allardyses, the old ladies who from time immemorial had kept the boarding-school in the neighbouring town of Woodend. Mr. Stewart had met his fate at a Woodend subscription ball, when it was customary for ministers to carry to balls their white neck-cloths and silver shoe-buckles as a testimony in favour of innocent enjoyment, and as a protest against Dissent and Jacobinism. There he succumbed in a single evening to Miss Jean Clephane's dancing, though he did not dance a step himself.

The marriage was a happy one. Mrs. Stewart paid the minister loving homage as the greatest and best of men, and called him lord and master to the extent of keeping her

bedroom scrupulously free for his study, and spending the choicest of her accomplishments in needlework on the plaited frills of his shirts and the openwork of his bands. In his turn, Mr Stewart was tender to his wife, brought home what he supposed her taste in gaudy caps and spencers, as connubial gifts, on the striking of the fairs and the meetings of Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly; took notice of her pets, her flowers, her work—for Mrs. Stewart was almost as great in knitted bed-covers, tent-stitch-worked chairs, and cambric flowers, as Mrs. Delany; humoured her in her habits, squiring her three evenings a week in summer, when she walked with her shawl over her head to the Kames, to see the sun set behind the Beld Law, until the servants and the country-people called the beaten footpaths through the corn and the clover 'the Minister and the Leddy's Walk.'

The manse children consisted of Sandy and Jess; and it was a common remark with regard to the two, that Sandy should have been Jess, and Jess Sandy.

Sandy was not a scapegrace and a numskull. He was a bonnie laddie, very like his mother both in her sweet, fair, sunshiny face, and her sanguine, sensitive, imaginative temperament. He was a shade thoughtless as regarded a divinity studied in prospective, with a greater bent for drawing on the margins of his books and copies, and every scrap of paper he could come by, wonderfully faithful transcripts of 'the hills, and woods, and streams around' Clovenford, and clever comical likenesses of the master, his schoolfellows, and his acquaintances, than for severe reading.

But his father was persuaded that sedateness and application would come to Sandy with riper years; and except in one instance, when he punished the lad with austerity for depicting the manse cat with a pair of bands round its neck, holding forth from a water-stoup to the cocks and hens, and the rats peeping from the stacks in the glebe yard, calling the sketch a profane and scurrilous jest, he did not trouble himself much about Sandy's shortcomings. Sandy was the apple of the minister's eye, secretly; while openly, the father addressed the son by the comprehensively disparaging corruption 'min,'—a term which, in Scotland, with the alteration of one letter, converts the honourable appellation 'man' into an ostentatiously condescending and slightly contemptuous soubriquet. 'Oh, min, is that all you're good for?' 'There was more lost at Flodden, min.' And it was true Sandy would have worked a more wonderful sampler, and proved a meeker and more gracious woman than Jess, for whom, with a spice of chivalry, all Mr. Stewart's outward favour was reserved.

As for Jess Stewart, she would have responded splendidly to her father's wishes but for the trifling accident of having been born a girl, coupled with the Apostle Paul's prohibition to a woman. She would have made a fine minister—frank, straightforward, imperative, with a passionate tongue when she was roused; having a real relish for the solid study of history and geography, in opposition to the practice of the spinnet and the execution of satin pieces in the Miss Allardyces' course of instruction.

But there was nothing unwomanly or repulsive in Jess; on the contrary, as she outgrew the boisterousness of her childhood—when she distressed her mother by playing more uniformly at boys' games (Sandy in his tender years

took up with an old-fashioned, hard-featured doll, Jess's rejected property), and destroying three times as many clothes as Sandy, there was the prospect of her growing up a woman of noble proportions. There was a charm in Jess's fresh, candid, intelligent face—her short, thick black curls in a crop about her brow and neck; her tall, broad-shouldered, firm, erect figure—at least equal to that of Sandy's bright blue eyes, sanguine complexion, and slight but active, long, elegant limbs. Jess was the young queen of the parish, and the position lent her an ease, a power, an air of born authority and command which became the girl, and which did not leave her when she passed from the yeomen's houses to those of the gentry, where she could claim no precedence of birth and breeding, and where, on the other hand, her best cloth mantle and white muslin frock were homely and out of date. Young Adam Spottiswoode, of Birkholm, his own master, who opened the balls at Woodend, would rather dance a reel with the minister's than a minuet with the member's daughter. Jess could dance minuets, too; a little French dancing-master, a poor *émigré*, had imported the true *Minuets de la Cour* at the service of the public of Woodend, but Jess's reels were something inspiring.

Again, Jess, with the few old and ailing men and women who were 'on the box' (that is, parish paupers), with bairns, with her mother's endless train of calves, chickens, dogs, cats, pigeons, laverocks, linties, was also 'beyond compare.' Jess, carrying a stray lamb in her arms, or a broken-winged bird in her bosom, showed unmistakably whether she was womanly—that is, motherly—or no.

Clovenford kirk and manse, with moss, lichen, and weather-stain doing something to redeem the barn and bothy order of architecture, lay in

a nest of wooded and bare hills. The parish did not have the grander and more peculiar features of Scottish landscape—neither the height nor the breadth of savage mountains and moors, where the eagle rears her bloody-beaked young, and ‘the whaup cries dreary.’ But it had the Fir Tap and the Beld Law, the Hare Water and the Den of blackthorns and whitethorns, crabs and geans, ending in the feathery birks and stiff dark-green boxes and hollies round the old white house of Birkholm. The fields were all heights and hollows, sunshine and shade, like dimpled faces. There were hedges tedded with dogroses and honeysuckles; water-courses yellow with kingcups; feal-dykes nodding with harebells, and twittering with the swallows nestling beneath their eaves. At Clovenford manse the servant lasses still span and sang ballants every afternoon—on the bink by the kitchen-fire in winter, and at the back-door in summer. Andro Cornfoot, the minister’s man, lived with his deaf wife and his catecheesed laddie, the minister’s herd, in the thatched cottage at the manse offices, came to the house every evening and was present with the family at ‘the worship,’ when the minister commended his house, people, kirk, country, and the world to the care of the Great Creator. Andro came again at sunrise to awake the lasses, and to speak in at the minister’s window and tell him what the weather was like, never thinking to avert his light grey-green fishy eyes from the nightcap, broad-bordered, and with a large bow right over the forehead, which bore the picturesque Kilmarnock cowl loving company on the pillow.

The cloud, the size of a man’s hand, in the Clovenford sky began with the expenses of Sandy’s college terms; notwithstanding they were met without flinching, bravely borne, and every member of the

family took a part in defraying them. The minister trudged many a long and weary mile to do duty at neighbouring kirks and canonical meetings, in place of hiring a gig from the Crown in Woodend. Mrs. Stewart gave up much of her visiting, for the reason that she was delicate and unable to accompany the minister in his long walks. Jess could walk with the best, and thought nothing of crossing the parish, six miles from one end to the other, and dancing half the night afterwards; but Jess was called on to resign all the little advantages and enjoyments such as even the farmers’ daughters could claim. These were her going to Edinburgh and lodging with her Aunt Peggy, the writer to the signet’s widow, in the High Street, and there learning to bake pastry and cut out patterns for her gowns; and her attending the dancing and singing classes for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, opened every winter in Woodend. The very table at the manse was rendered plainer and more frugal on Sandy’s account. The box which travelled every fortnight with the carrier to Edinburgh seemed to carry away all the dainties. Mrs. Stewart relinquished her little cup of tea in the morning, protesting she found it bad for her nerves, and made a fashion of supping porridge along with the minister and Jess. The minister denied himself his bit of Stilton cheese and glass of Edinburgh ale after dinner, pretending they made him sleepy. Jess had to be more sparing in preserving the fruit, though it was hanging in abundance in the garden, and the whole cost was the sugar; and to substitute for the old home-brewed wines, the currant, ginger, elder-flower, and elder-berry—welcome cordials to the sick of narrow means, who knew no better—the still humbler beverage of treacle beer.

At first all these sacrifices, regarded as temporary in their nature, were

made light of. But as sessions came and went, and Sandy brought home no honours, got no bursary to ease the burden, no private teaching, except once a summer tutorship, they pressed more heavily.

The fact was, that young Sandy Stewart, in the most critical years of his life, in place of settling down to hard head work, was flightier and more prone to trifling—as it was regarded at Clovenford—than ever. He showed himself addicted to company; not bad company—a true son of the manse could not at once have degraded himself so far without great moral corruption—but to free mixed company, the company at harvest-homes, fairs, and the clubs, in which Woodend aped more famous places. Gentlemen of higher degree than the minister's Sandy—the young Laird of Birkholm, for instance—and even ladies, the eccentric old dowagers and spinsters of the period, frequented these scenes blamelessly; but no one of them was to be a minister—a Presbyterian divine, whom a single breath of scandal was sufficient to blast.

The word was not widely applied then, but Sandy was tainted with Bohemianism. And the lad was still fonder of making facsimiles of the rural and genial life, inanimate and animated, he loved; the very materials a waste of money, and the practice, which might have been amusing enough to his family in other circumstances, miserable child's play in a lacking divinity student.

Lines of care began to be drawn on Mr. Stewart's full massive face. He left off, with scornful magnanimity, inquiring into his son's progress in his classes, when the result was invariably disappointment; but he suffered his tongue to scoff bitterly at the degeneracy of the times, and the effeminate puppyism of 'birkies' who put their pride in tying up their hair with ribands, and sporting tights and silk stockings.

The ribands at least were cheap, and the stockings were a fond transfer of the last pair of six-and-thirty shillings' worth—a present to Mrs. Stewart, in handsome discount from the gallant old bachelor, the true kirk man, in his snuff-brown wig and purple rig and fur stockings, whom she called genteelly her 'merchant' in Woodend. Mrs. Stewart would ten times rather see the stockings on Sandy's legs than her own, that for once she might have the pleasure of looking on her bonnie laddie in the guise of a fine gentleman, as gentlemen at the Queen's levees and State footmen still figure. It was neither just nor generous in Mr. Stewart to taunt Sandy with his mother's silk stockings, and to add the gratuitous reflection that puppies neither cared where their indulgences came from nor to what they led; but the minister's big heart was sore.

On the other side, Sandy had a hasty as well as an affectionate temper, and was in constant danger of rebutting unfair aspersions, and speaking back to his father words ill-considered and unjustifiable in the circumstances.

Mrs. Stewart, moving gently about in her little apple-green shawl, filled in with what manufacturers and women call 'pines,' and the cap of her own netting as fine as gossamer, a light cloud about a face still fair and delicate—too fair and delicate for her years—was kept with both body and mind on the rack, acting as a piteous mediator between her two sovereigns.

Yet, Mr. Stewart had not swerved for a moment from his purpose, and never supposed that Sandy had committed any grave offence to forfeit what was in a sort his inheritance. Mr. Stewart knew full well that many a distinguished divine and good man had begun life by sowing a crop of wild oats. Could the minister have been aware of it, his heart might have been

comforted by the seeming coincidence that grey old St. Regulus was ringing at that moment with the characteristic exploits of 'Mad Tam Chaumers,' as Scotland was yet to ring with the virtues and renown of her great orator and philanthropist. And the minister would spare his bread as well as his cheese; he would take off his coat, and break stones by a dyke side for day's wages, if the laws of the kirk and his parishioners would suffer it, sooner than Sandy should miss his natural call to do his family, his parish, it might be his country and the world, credit.

It was Jess who came to a different conclusion. It was Jess who declared plainly in her secret chamber, 'I don't believe our Sandy will ever be a minister. Better he should not if he do not put more heart into his work, or he will cover himself and us with disgrace, and bring down his father's and mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. It is not so long since Mr. Home was put out of the kirk for writing a play; and Sandy has songs, though he has not sermons, flying loose about his room when I go in to make up his bed; it is well it is not one of the lasses who sees them. He brags of going every night to the theatre when Mrs. Siddons is in Embro' (I wonder where the price of his tickets comes from); and I am sure, if the Assembly put out one man for writing a play, they could not in honesty keep in another whose pencil is never out of his hand. I caught him drawing the bethel and Miss Mysie Wedderburn below the book-board at the very summing up of the "heads" last Sabbath; and his excuse was, he must have *their* heads out of his head to be at peace to listen. He cares a deal more for the glint of a sunny shower, or the gloom of a thunder-storm, or the crook of a scrag of a tree, or the red of a gipsy's torn cloak, than ever I could see he

cared for the bearing of a doctrine. What about the minister of Duddingstone? I would like anybody to tell me whether he was not licensed, presented, called, and placed, before he was known, to gentle and simple, as a drawing-master? If Sandy would but mind his own business. I have no faith in a man, however quick, who does not mind his own business. There is Birkholm, as good a judge of a straight rig, or a round stack, or a head of nowt, as ever a farmer in the country; yet he kept his terms at an English university, and he is a member of the Hunt, and well his red coat sets him.'

It was Jess who grew to grudge, almost fiercely, every shilling spent on Sandy. Yet deal gently with Jess's memory, for she was no miser, and she was the chief sufferer. She had her father's sense of justice outraged without any of the blindness which accompanies a besetting desire; and Jess was sensible that Sandy's idleness and extravagance were fatally depressing the balance in which hung the fortunes of her life.

Adam Spottiswoode of Birkholm liked Jess, and there was no constraint on his will beyond the influence of his three sisters, whom he could shake off or bring round to submission at his pleasure. Jess Stewart would be a poor but not an unsuitable mate for the Laird of Birkholm; and far beyond the consideration of the white house at Birkholm being a grand down-setting for a portionless bride, Jess liked the comely, courteous, frank young laird—not half so clever as Jess herself, or Sandy, but attractive by the goodly glamour of his superior birth and breeding, with the manly, honourable character corresponding to it. Adam Spottiswoode and Jess Stewart had a kindness for each other; but so long as it was no more than a kindness, or tender fancy, it was no

stigma on their liking to say that if the couple had no opportunity of meeting, it would die the death of starvation—gradually on the woman's part, more rapidly on the man's. There should be a middle ground for the liking to wax into love. There was no middle ground left to the couple; for the kirk, where Birkholm took his seat in the Birkholm loft, fronting the minister's bucht, and where he and Jess were not always so engrossed with the sermon (in spite of Jess's despotism to other people with regard to their treatment of the 'heads') as they should have been, was not a middle ground.

Poor Jess had no longer gloves, shoes, sashes, to go to the subscription balls in Woodend and the parties in the country-houses: and when the manse family had to dismiss one of the servants, and Jess's hands got red and her face blowsy with continued house-work and garden-work, she felt more and more that, without the commonest finishes to her toilette, she was no longer fit to appear in refined society and be Birkholm's chosen partner.

Birkholm attempted one great advance. Spas were then the height of fashion—not foreign spas, but native—and not so much as fountains of health but as favourite resorts, where men and women saw the world, met every morning in the pump-room, drove together every afternoon, two by two, in high-pitched gigs, to all the show-houses and breezy views in the neighbourhood, and danced together a couple of long country-dances without sitting down, under the countenance of a master of the ceremonies in pumps, and with the powder in his hair not blown away by the tempest of the French Revolution. Birkholm bribed an accommodating married cousin and one of his sisters, by their share of the gaiety, to invite Jess Stewart to accompany them for a fortnight to one of the

Wells. The excursion would have been like an admission to the Elysian fields, with the temple of Hymen at the end of the principal vista, to Jess. It would have been the gala of the girl's life, and she would assuredly have come home from it engaged to Birkholm, and counting herself, with reason, the happiest woman in the world.

But *noblesse oblige* in all noble ranks. The project had become simply out of the question. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Jess herself, would not submit to Birkholm's paying Jess's share of the travelling expenses, which, in the days of travelling post, were a serious calculation to families with moderate incomes. But the Stewarts could and would have made a push to afford the necessary sum had not Sandy's delay at college and want of success rendered it impossible. And Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were deficient in their duty to their daughter, and made no account of Birkholm's attentions to her, because they had forgotten similar passages in their youth in the trouble of their middle age.

Jess said to herself she did not want anybody's regrets, and told the world she did not care for jaunting—she found too much to do among the spring calves and chickens at the manse—and carried her high head as high, and looked as strong, stately, and blooming as ever. And the worst of it was, Birkholm believed her, and was as much piqued as the slightness of the relation between them permitted. The prosperous young laird could not altogether comprehend the straitness of the manse finances, and draw his inferences from them. He went off in a huff to enjoy himself at the Wells without the hard-hearted mistress for whose sake he had planned the holiday—not so much to enjoy himself either, as to prove to Jess that he could be foolish to the top of his bent without her.

So Jess was cut to the heart by hearing rumours presently, now that Birkholm was on the eve of his marriage with a beauty and fortune he had been introduced to at the Wells; now that he and other young men had indulged in frolics for which the licence of the time offered some apology, but which were far more culpable than any follies of Sandy's, and, to put the matter on the lowest footing, were far from becoming in the young man who aspired to the honour of being the minister's son-in-law.

And if Birkholm were utterly lost to Jess, or if he should turn out wild and come to grief, would not Jess lay that to Sandy's charge as the heaviest portion of the debt he owed her?

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SANDY WAS.

'To desert his post and renounce the highest commission a man can carry—to starve, or feed off the great as a painter of false faces, an idolater of stocks and stones—give me patience.'

The minister had need of patience when he received the letter with the tidings that Sandy, after passing through four of his years at college, with what effort the family knew, had abandoned the ministry and adopted the profession of a painter.

Mrs. Stewart and Jess were amazed and appalled beyond presuming to say a word.

It is difficult to measure at present the headlong downfall of Sandy in those good people's estimation. Though they were familiar with his passion from his earliest years, they had not once contemplated the probability of his taking to painting as a calling.

It was not that Mr. Stewart had any puritanical scruples as to the lawfulness of art. But Mr. Stewart had no scruple as to the lawfulness

of dancing, and that would not have reconciled him greatly to Sandy's becoming a dancing-master. Actually, old M. Le Roy, the dancing-master, had a far more accredited and dignified position, both socially and morally, at Woodend than any of the poor portrait-painters who had found their way there. And it was not the poverty of the trade that was its crowning drawback. The minister, like all wise, honest men—Scotchmen particularly—had a due respect for wealth and its power; but the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland had also need to be disinterested, and their hardy habits of mind and body were not much affected by the prospect of poverty. But though the minister had little doubt that Sandy would starve, or lead a life of miserable dependence, perhaps vicious compromise, it would not have made a material difference in this case had the minister been acquainted with the changes in the world which put a moderate competence within Sandy's reach, and caused the step he had taken to be within the bounds of right reason. Sandy was right that, in the Edinburgh of the day, not only was there a wonderful and glorious maiden literature among 'the writer lads,' whom the minister classed together rather contemptuously, but painting, as an art, for the first time coyly blushed and smiled as a true sister of the *belles lettres*, which Mr. Stewart's cloth did not altogether despise when Robertson wrote history and Blair rhetoric. Runciman's painting of the Clerks of Penicuik's house seemed to promise a new era never attained, such as prevailed at Venice when Tintoretto and Paul Veronese painted marble palaces both within and without. Better still, a national academy was really to confer status and impart instruction where youthful genius was concerned. But what was the struggling infancy of art to the minister, who indulged in

the pictorial faculty in his own way, and quite another way, by drawing Sandy, as he had fondly hoped, standing up severe in youthful beauty, not unlike one of Milton's archangels, swaying by the breath of his mouth for their salvation multitudes in simple country kirks, or in what the Reformation had spared of rich abbeys and cathedrals in towns and cities; and again, Sandy, haggard and sordid and soiled, haggling with Jewish dealers, whom Mr. Stewart confounded with pawn-brokers; or journeying wearily from town to town, taking in scanty orders, and flattering obsequiously the owners of the puffed-up, vulgar, mean faces which he copied with secret disgust?

Mr. Stewart did not absolutely forbid Sandy his course, or threaten him with utter reprobation if he pursued it, because the minister's reasonable soul, in the middle of his wrath and mortification, revolted at violence. He wrote to his son in stern reproach and rebuke. Sandy defended himself like a creature at bay, and refused to force himself into the priesthood, for which Providence could not have designed him, since he had not the necessary qualifications.

Mr. Stewart, beside himself, accused Sandy of going nigh to blaspheming—of proposing to take Providence into his own hands. Afterwards, Sandy came home for a few days; a wretched visit, when his father never addressed him directly beyond helping him at table, and his mother 'lookit in his face' as if her gaze would melt stone. Sandy was now as stone to his father; for the sweet temper of the lad had been goaded and driven to the point when sweet tempers steel themselves to doggedness, less hopeful and tractable in its despair than any amount of original arrogance and perversity.

Sandy saw that he had broken the family circle and rendered him-

self an alien from it. He said to his mother and Jess that he had better go away and fight his battle for himself, and it would be best that they should not hear the accounts, because these would only cause fresh strife and condemnation. Some day they might see he had not been so far wrong.

Sandy watched his opportunity; and one fine harvest-day, when the minister, the servants, and Andro Cornfoot, who had borne 'the young minister' on his back many a sunny morning lang-syne, were all abroad engaged in the ingathering of the glebe corn, he kissed his mother and shook hands with Jess, and departed without other leave-taking or blessing out into the world, which is generally cold enough for a peniless painter, taking no more with him than the stick and the wallet of one of the wandering apprentices of the kindly land of Wilhelm Meister.

When the minister returned and found his son's place vacant, he must have guessed that Sandy was gone; but he made no sign. Wandering apprentices are generally good pedestrians, and wonderfully endowed with friends; but when the first touch of frost nipped Mrs. Stewart's gillyflowers that night, Sandy's mother dreamt of him lying down like Jacob, with a stone for a pillow, but unlike Jacob, the heir of the promises, under the serene sky of Palestine, rather like an Esau, getting his death of cold, shivering under the grey clouds and the bleak wind, by the bare Scottish roadside.

The door of the manse was thenceforth shut against Sandy; his name became a forbidden sound, not only as that of 'a stickit minister'—and the Scotch, with grim humour, deride a failure in proportion as they applaud an achievement in a favourite line—but as an ill-doer. Neighbours carefully avoided mentioning Sandy to his family, while

they talked loudly among themselves, and pitied the poor Stewarts for the sore hearts they had got from the prodigality and ingratitude of their only son. The minister strove manfully not to visit his pain on the blameless women-folk. He was so far left to himself as to call Andro 'a pompous idiot,' and the herd 'an impudent blackguard;' but they were of the same sex as the delinquent, and in that light fair game. He refrained from ebullitions of temper to his wife and daughter, and was considerate, forbearing, almost caressing, to poor Mrs. Stewart, who, in her coming and going about her house, was for ever coming in contact with the empty kist which had passed to and fro for many happy years, as they looked now, stored with her choicest provisions for Sandy, and bringing Sandy's clothes to his mother's care, while in her drawer up-stairs lay the pair of silk stockings which in the pride of her heart she had made Sandy sport when he was the escort of his sister and the darling of the young people at the Woodend parties—far before Birkholm in his mother's estimation.

To Jess the minister turned with open arms, saying nothing to admit that he had overlooked and injured her, but with something almost pathetic in his dumb determination to make up by every species of indulgence for the irrevocable past.

But with all this courage and kindness, the minister's disappointment sat stiffly on him. To escape from its influence he busied himself in his studies, and became more polemical and dogmatic. He shrank from meeting his brethren of the Presbytery, over whom he had reigned supreme, and to some of whom, with sons of their own, he had allowed himself, in the fulness of his heart, to boast of the career he had carved for his son, and before whom Sandy had humbled

him in the dust—for none of their sons had turned fiddlers, the only vocation to which Mr. Stewart could compare that of a painter. He shrank from his very parishioners unless in the way of duty as a clergyman, discontinuing largely his share of the old pleasant neighbourly visiting.

Peace was restored to Clovenford, but the heartache there was acute and incessant. Almost the only event—and it was never spoken of—was the arrival of one or two foreign newspapers, with foreign postmarks, addressed to Mrs. Stewart in Sandy's handwriting, which proved that Sandy had managed to go abroad to follow his studies, possibly as a travelling tutor; but his family knew nothing about him.

Mr. Stewart could not have interdicted the newspapers, and he did not throw them into the fire; but he never looked at them, though he alone could have read any part of their contents.

To Mrs. Stewart and Jess the newspapers were a dead letter; but the moment the minister had gone to his books, Mrs. Stewart unfolded them, spread them out on her knee, regarded them wistfully, as if their hieroglyphics could tell her something of Sandy; and had they only anticipated modern improvements, and conveyed to her woodcuts, they might have spoken to her in appropriate language of her boy. At last she folded them up and deposited them carefully where they were all found one day, in the drawer with her best gown and the silk stockings, as if she waited for the arrival of a scholar at Clovenford who would bring the key and unlock the mystery occasioned by the confusion of tongues.

Sandy went away in the harvest, and towards the close of the next spring, Birkholm, who had been in Edinburgh all the winter with his sisters, came back to his own house, and called afterwards at the manse

to announce the marriage of his eldest sister to a gallant naval captain, who had been fortunate in obtaining prize money, was on shore only for a short time, and as he was already posted to another ship, and had no time to lose, had so expedited matters that he wanted Mr. Stewart to tie the knot at once at Birkholm.

It is said that one marriage lightly turns a roving fancy to the thought of another; and with more shyness to cover his anxiety, the young laird alluded to his sister's expectation that Miss Stewart would pay her the compliment of being present at the ceremony, and would remain a few days at Birkholm as company for his youngest sister Nancy, because Effie was to accompany Betsy, the bride, in the capacity of bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were altogether propitious, and very glad that Jess, who had lived a dull life for a long time, should have the grand entertainment, when to their astonishment Jess declined the invitation for herself with the greatest promptness and decision, wished Miss Spottiswoode every happiness, hoped to see her before she left the country, but regretted that she had engagements at home which would prevent her having the honour and pleasure of being one of the company at the wedding, and staying behind the other guests to console Miss Nancy—thus sending off the laird with another flea in his ear, and vowing vehemently to have nothing more to say to 'a haughty hizzie,' though she was his early flame, Jess Stewart, ten times over.

'Jess, my woman, why did you give Birkholm the cold shoulder when he came on so kind an errand? If it is for the purpose of making yourself of consequence, and if the lad be of my mind, he will not put himself in your power again, madam,' observed the minister, with affected lightness.

'He need not try it,' answered Jess, shortly.

'And you are not like your mother,' persisted the minister, changing his cue; 'for if I know her, she would be wild to this day to dance at a wedding, and have the chance of walking every day in Birkholm Den, when the birks are shaking out their buds and smelling like balm, and there are more primroses on a single bank than in the whole of her garden beds.'

'My dancing days are over, minister,' Mrs. Stewart told him, with a shake of the head, but a smile; 'still a wedding is a bonnie sight, and I should like very well to walk down the Den again and fill my lap full of primroses, and sit and rest, and get a drink, and gather the hyacinths round the Lady Well, and listen to the throstle in the thorn, if I were as good a walker as I have been. I cannot think what has come over our Jess.'

Jess made no reply till the minister was gone, and her mother began to press her gently for an explanation of her conduct. Then she raised a pair of bent black brows, and opened her lips. 'Mother, do you think I have no feeling? Do you think, because I first stood up against Sandy, that I have no regard for my own brother? Would I go and enjoy myself, and not know what has become of Sandy, or what he may have to bear? Adam Spottiswoode used to be Sandy's friend: he might have more sense than ask me such a gate.'

Mrs. Stewart said not another word.

But the minister was troubled at Jess's reticence, cast about in his mind for a cause or a cure, and stumbled on one of his old acts of lavish generosity, and extraordinary misconception of his daughter's taste and of the laws of harmony. He surprised her by the arrival from her mother's merchant's shop in Woodend of a gown of yellow

crape, with a pink silk scarf to match.

After Jess had overcome the shock at the sight of the articles, and her resolution to find they were not for her, she took them up in her arms and went straight with them into the minister's study.

'Well, Jess, what is in the wind now? Have you changed your mind about going to the marriage at Birkholm?' he demanded, looking up from *Campbell on Miracles*, and pretending ignorance and innocence.

To the minister's consternation, Jess's tears, kept for special occasions, began suddenly to fall like rain. 'Father, do not think that I do not value your presents. I shall wear the one or the other at the kirk whenever the weather will permit, and as long as two threads hang together. But I cannot go to Birkholm: it is not fit that I should go and show off among the fine folk there, when somebody who has as good a right to your favour as I have, and wants it far more, has to live without.'

'Jess, is it a fit return for my kindness that you should be so bold as question my judgment? I forbid you to speak another word to me on the subject of your brother.'

The minister dared her with flashing eyes, and conquered her so far as to drive her from his presence to burst out to her mother—

'Mother, my father is cruel to Sandy; we have all been cruel to him. And what has he done to lose a son's place? It is we who have brought reproach upon him. Where is the righteousness and the mercy of laying burdens on other men's backs? I do not care whether he is ever to be a fine painter; I am not sure that I have seen a fine painting in my life; but he was free to be a painter if he liked. I never thought more of Sandy than when he walked out at the gate, with his

stick in his hand, last harvest; he was a petted lad before, but he was a proud man then. If I catch any mortal man save my father looking down on Sandy, I will never speak to him again. And for my father, I say he is hard to Sandy. He need not think that I will take my pleasure, and Sandy cast off for a lad's madness (I wonder why they profess that "to the pure all things are pure," if Sandy was not as innocent as a bairn)—or that I will flaunt like a butterfly, when, for aught I can tell, my brother Sandy, who was a hundred times more dutiful and pleasant than I have ever been, may be pining in a garret or perishing in the streets.'

'Oh! whisht, Jess, whisht,' implored Mrs. Stewart.

'Why do you bid me "whisht," mother; why do you not interfere?' cried Jess, worked into a noble passion, sweeping backwards and forwards through the confined space of the manse parlour, herself like a mother robbed of her young. 'Why do you not stand up for Sandy? He is your son, and you liked him, with reason, twice as well as your daughter. I would not suffer my father's tyranny.'

'Jess, Jess, you do not know what you are saying. I could not rebel against the minister. And do not you misjudge your father: he groans in his sleep; and think how good a man he is. And oh, Jess! you cannot mind, but I can, how he took the candle and held it over Sandy in the cradle. And when your little sister died, and your father at the Glenork preachings, and I sent the nearest elder to meet him to break to him the distress at home, he guessed it before Mr. Allan could get out the words. He was always a sharp man, your father, and he just put up his hand and pled with the messenger, "Not Sandy; tell me it is not Sandy." It was not that he was not fond of his lasses, Jess,

you know ; but they could not bear his name and uphold his Master's credit as his lad would do.'

Though Mrs. Stewart did nothing—could do nothing, when Jess came to think of it, sobbing in her own room in the reaction after her recantation, both for Sandy and for Birkholm, from that day's confidence mother and daughter were knit together as they had not been before. In the beginning Jess had been a little too vigorous and energetic for her mild, tender mother ; but Mrs. Stewart clung to Jess in the end with mingled fond respect, deep gratitude, and yearning affection.

On Sabbath days, when the minister left his wife in the kirk porch to go into the session-room, it was on Jess's arm that Mrs. Stewart now leant for the short distance up the aisle to the minister's bucht, on the right hand of the pulpit. On the few other occasions when she crossed her threshold, while she was able to move about among her flowers, or stroll to the Kames for the spectacle of the setting of the sun, which shone on other lands besides Scotland, she sought to have Jess on the one side of her and the minister on the other.

Another peculiarity of Mrs. Stewart's this summer was her struggle against her feebleness, her efforts to convince herself and others that she was gaining strength, the eagerness with which she applied every means for the restoration of her health—new milk, port wine, even to the homely, uncouth superstitions of a stocking from the minister's foot wrapped round her throat at night, and the breath of the cows in the cow-house the first thing of a morning. It was as if something had happened which would not let her die when her time came.

It was well for Jess that she was much with her mother during the summer, and that their communion was that of perfect love ; for before

the summer was ended Mrs. Stewart was attacked by a sudden increase of illness, and after a week's suffering was gone where she might have clear intelligence of Sandy, to which all the knowledge of this world would have been no more than the discordant words of an unknown tongue.

There could have been no time to write for Sandy, even had the minister and Jess known where he was to be found, and Mrs. Stewart had not asked for her son. No immediate danger had been anticipated by the doctor, or apprehended by the patient and her relations, until within a few hours of her death, and then speech and in part consciousness had failed her. Unless the look of the eyes, which, heavy with their last long slumber, roused themselves to search round the room, once and again, referred to the absence of Sandy, Mrs. Stewart passed away with her love, perhaps like most great love, silent.

But when all was over, Jess thought with a breaking heart of the ignorance of him who had most cause to mourn, and of his place filled by others less entitled to be there on the day when the wife and mother was borne to her grave beside her baby who had passed from her mother's bosom to the bosom of the second mother of us all, the earth, who, if she had lived, would have been an older woman than Jess ; and beside the old divines who had filled the minister's pulpit, and their faithful wives, of centuries back, in the grassy kirkyard within sight of the windows of her old home, where a stormy wind might carry the leaves from her garden and scatter them on the mound. That mound, whether white with May gowans or December snows, would never be out of the minister's and Jess's minds, and near it distance-divided families and former neighbours would still meet and 'be glad to have their crack in the

kirkyard,' and not forget to say softly in her praise what a fine gentlewoman the minister's wife had been, and how the minister, poor man, would miss her.

If Adam Spottiswoode had been at Birkholm, Jess might have applied to him in her desperation to learn if he had heard anything of Sandy, and to beg of him to intercede with her father for his son. But Birkholm was absent at the moors, and Jess had respect for her father's affliction, and would not torture him to no end. Therefore Mr. Stewart and Jess bore the brunt of that dark day—the darker that it was in the height of summer, the prime and pride of the year—alone, but for sorrowing neighbours and dependents.

When Mr. Stewart returned to the manse after the funeral party was dispersed, and retired to his room, Jess could not intrude on him. It was the room to which he had brought her a bride, and she had died in it. It was her room now while his time of the manse lasted, though she had vacated it humbly during her life. Jess had too much fellow-feeling with her father not to divine that no hand but his own would be suffered to dispose of its mistress's little shawl and cap, which in the hurry of her last illness had been put on the side-table among his books. He would see them there, sitting in the gloaming at his meditations, and half believe that her light foot—at her feeblest it was a light one—would be heard again on the threshold, and her fair faded face, which had been to him as none other but Sandy's, would look in upon him, smiling, while she asked some simple kind question—Why was he sitting without a light? Was he sure he had shifted his feet on coming in from christening the bairn at the Cotton Bog? Was he ready to ask a blessing on the sowens for supper? Jess had her own sorrows, but they

were a little lightened when, the long afternoon over, her father re-entered, the sleeves of his coat looking conspicuous in their white cuffs, with which she would grow so familiar that they would seem more than any other details of his dress—white neckcloth and black vest—a part of the man, as he would come to her every second day and stand patiently while she removed and replaced them for him.

The minister wanted his tea, and tried to speak on indifferent subjects—on the long drought and the burned-up pasture—but stopped abruptly because he could not put back the thought, and he knew that Jess shared it, that Mrs. Stewart not ten days ago had been lamenting the drought in that room, and had been making her arrangements to send out the servants every evening with their hooks to cut grass at the ditch-sides, and bring back their aprons full of a fresh green supper for her beasts.

He walked to the window and looked out beyond the flowery garden, where the evening wind soughed sadly in the grass of the kirkyard. Then he turned and said emphatically, 'Our wound is deep, though we need not let it be seen. But, Jess, it is not by a gloomy token like that that she would like us to mind her; not that it is not good in its way—everything is good or changed to good, even parting and death, when they are but a stage to meeting and everlasting life. But, Jess, we must take care of her beasts and birds and flowers, that they may never miss her as we shall do, always (though we troubled the last of her days with our discord). We must keep up her habits, that every day may have its trace of her.' He went on speaking with unusual openness for a strong, reserved man, on the sweet and winning morning light which had lingered with his wife and Jess's mother amidst the dust and

clouds of the heat of the day; on her love of animals and plants, quaint books, plaintive old songs, primitive sayings; her walks to the Kames to see the sun set; her reveries looking into the blazing coals on the winter hearth. And Jess knew she was her father's trusted friend, and that he saw in her one who comprehended and shared his lifelong loss and sorrow.

CHAPTER. III.

THE PICTURE.

For some time after her mother's death, Jess was thrilled with a nervous expectation that Sandy would 'cast up,' as she expressed it, in the gloaming or the dawning, any day, to take his part in their mourning. The news of his mother's death would reach him through friends or the announcement in the newspapers. But as months passed, Jess was forced to renounce the expectation, and submit to the obscurity which hung over Sandy.

The minister and Jess lived together in strict seclusion, until the sharp edge was worn off their sorrow; and then the minister had grown a quiet, absorbed, grey student, whom Jess could only wile from his household gods—the books—for the benefit of his health, by ingenious stratagems and unremitting pains. And Jess was a fine-looking, composed woman, with the eye and the hand of a mother, and the carriage of a duchess.

It was summer again at Clovenford, and the whole place and people were pervaded with a grave, shaded, softened brightness, not wanting in flashes of mirth, relieving what was pensive in domestic life—for both Jess and the minister possessed the composite quality of humour, and not only raised the laugh in others, but were subject themselves to sudden ringing peals of laughter; the wisdom being as old and common

as sin and misery, which the wit of Grizel Baillie set in one memorable line—

'Werena my heart licht I would dee.'

The month of May, with its lilac—lily-oak they called it at Clovenford—and hawthorn, was about its close, and the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland was about to conclude for the season its time-honoured, pious, benevolent, virulent squabbles.

The minister of Clovenford was not a member this year, but he took it into his head late one evening that he would like to be present at a certain debate next night, and, with constitutional rapidity, fixed that he would go to Edinburgh next morning by the early coach which passed through Woodend, take Jess with him for a treat, be present in the gallery of the Assembly, spend what was left of the night at Jess's Aunt Peggy's, and return by the late coach the next night to Clovenford; 'for there will be nobody sitting up for us at home,' he put in, with an involuntary touch of pathos, when he found how easy the scheme was. But the minister had not been in such good spirits for a long time, and it was with something of his old animation that he entered into the details, congratulated Jess that she would have an opportunity of seeing the Lord High Commissioner, and graphically detailed the marks by which she might distinguish the leaders of the kirk.

Jess was glad that her father should feel able for the excursion, and soberly pleased with it on her own account. She had been in Edinburgh just once before, and had seen the Castle, Holyrood, Princes Street, George Street, and St. Andrew's Square already. Two days in Edinburgh were of such rarity and importance that few countrywomen of her circle attained them more than once in their lives, and then it was on such momentous oc-

casions as the celebration of their marriages in the capital, or the scarcely less serious step of going with bridegrooms, mothers, and matrimonially friends, to buy their 'marriage things' out of metropolitan shops, gloriously combining love and adventure, pleasure and profit. Jess, though far behind in other respects, felt a little elated at the double feat.

The minister and Jess were on foot by five o'clock next morning; found even the end of May rather raw on the top of a coach at that early hour; spent the greater part of the day on the road, indefatigably enjoying the scenery, and sheltering themselves under cloak and mantle from pelting showers; alighting and swallowing slices of salt beef from perennial rounds, glassfuls of sherry and tumblerfuls of porter, leisurely, while the coach was changing horses in the inn yards of country towns; and, after inquisitively scrutinising and formally addressing fellow-travellers, ending by establishing fast friendships with them before the coach and its burden rolled up the High Street of that Auld Reekie which, whether in ancient or modern guise, is one of the most picturesque of cities.

The journey, which occupies so large an amount of old travellers' narratives, safely and creditably performed, the rest of the play remained to be played out.

Aunt Peggy received her unexpected visitors with a cordial recollection of summer weeks spent by her and her old maiden servant in country quarters at Clovenford, and attended them to the Assembly, where the minister procured the party's admission. And Jess saw his Grace the Commissioner; was duly impressed by his throne; heard, with all the interest a minister's daughter ought to feel, the question of 'teinds' amply discussed; and just as her high head, with its gipsy bonnet, was beginning to nod

in a manner the most undignified and unlike Jess, and when she was thinking she could not keep her eyes open a moment longer, though the Commissioner asked it of her as a personal favour, or threatened to turn her out by his usher if he caught her napping, the vote was taken, and Jess was released, to repair to Aunt Peggy's and her bed.

The next morning the minister and Jess were abroad betimes, while Aunt Peggy gave herself wholly to solemn preparations for the mid-day dinner. The walk was for Jess's pleasure, that she might see again the more remote rugged lion couchant, Arthur's Seat, and the nearer, smooth, polished, glittering lions, the shops and the passengers. Among the fellow-passengers of Jess and the minister, while there were some women who ridiculed the country cut of Jess's black silk pelisse, there was more than one man who turned to look after the pair, and remark what a noble-looking lass that was with the grey, stout, old black coat.

The minister had fully discharged his obligations as a *cicerone*. He had pointed out the 'White Hart,' at which Dr. Johnson alighted on his way to his tour in the Hebrides; the bookseller's shop where Robbie Burns, in boots and tops, with a riding-whip dangling over his arm, once corrected proof-sheets of his songs; Richardson's, frequented by young Mr. Scott, the author of the poem of *Marmion*; the houses of Professors Dugald Stewart and Sir John Hall—Captain Basil, the great traveller's father; and the Flesh Market Close, where the best beefsteaks in the kingdom were to be eaten. And Jess had wondered, but found it impossible to ask, whether they were near the street where she remembered Sandy's lodgings had been, and where it was just within nature he might be.

'Father,' said Jess, suddenly, with

a rush of colour into her face, 'I would like to go in here.'

Mr. Stewart and Jess had been proceeding on the plan of a fair division of labour and recreation. The minister's part performed, he had been walking along abstractedly, only waking up occasionally at the distant glimpse of a book-stall, where Jess stood quietly beside him, as he stood quietly beside Jess when the attraction was a linendraper's or a jeweller's window.

The minister had inquired of Jess whether she wanted anything, and Jess, after a few modest purchases, had answered in the negative; but he supposed now she had met with an irresistible temptation, or recalled a forgotten commission. He followed her into the entrance of what looked more like a museum than a shop, and yielded up his stick, not without an inclination to resist the demand, to a porter, while Jess was hurriedly getting two tickets.

The minister stopped short in the doorway of another room, aggrieved and ireful; but he had never turned back in his life—never refused to face an annoyance or a difficulty—and his hesitation terminated in his marching sulkily at the heels of Jess into one of the Royal Society's earliest exhibitions.

The minister and Jess entered into no explanation and offered no comment as they walked slowly up the room, literally dazzled by the display on the walls. However connoisseurs might have disdained the crude attempts of Wilkie, Allan, and Thomson, they were marvels to the country-folk, who were only acquainted with the simpering or scowling representations of ladies, like full-blown roses in their own persons, clasping rose-buds between their fingers and thumbs, and gentlemen with fierce tops of hair breaking the seals of letters with as much cruel satisfaction as if they had been crushing beetles. But all at once both Jess and the minister's

eyes were fixed, while their feet were drawn to a picture some yards in advance of them, which they could distinguish through the scanty sprinkling of visitors at that hour in the room.

It was not one of the classic pieces, which were the stock pieces there, nor of the battle-fields, nor of the landscapes, but a little family group which was strangely well known to them. They had seen the round table, the straight-backed chairs, the very ivory netting-box, many a time before; and even these dumb pieces of furniture, so far from home, awoke a thousand associations.

Then what of the figures, with living eyes looking out at them? The elderly man putting down his book to ponder its contents; the young man with his face half hidden by his hand, as if weary or sad; the girl entering the room on some household errand; and *she* was there, sitting in the centre of them as she would sit no more, looking not as she had looked when she was passing away, not as Mr. Stewart with a backward bound of his memory had been given to see her lately, the innocent, ingenuous, lovely girl who had come to the manse of Clovenford, bringing with her sunshine, poetry, and the first tremulous dewy bloom of life, but Sandy and Jess's mother, whose presence, weak woman as she was, had been like a shelter and a stay, full of the security and serenity of experience, the sweetness of household content.

The drawing might be faulty, the colouring streaky, but there again was the family—those of them who were still going about the streets, and one who on this earth was not. It was a God-given faculty and a loving heart which thus reproduced and preserved the past.

The minister and Jess stood as if spell-bound among the unheeding spectators, and gazed at the image

of what they had lost as if it had been given back to them, with inexpressible longing; when, at a start from Jess, the minister turned round and saw his wife's dead face in Sandy's living one, gazing at them in agitation, as they were gazing at the picture. He was in mourning like themselves, but except that he looked older, his brown hair darker, and that his blue eyes were dimmed for the moment, he was not altered—had as much the air of a gentleman as ever, and had emerged from a knot of gentlemen who were making the circuit of the room and an examination of the pictures with the ease and freemasonry of privileged, professional frequenters of the place.

Jess scarcely noticed this at first. Her heart leaped to greet her brother, and at the same time she was terrified lest her father should think there had been an appointment perhaps through Aunt Peggy, and that she had deliberately betrayed him into a meeting with his son; whereas Jess had known nothing even of the picture, had been as much struck by the sight of it as the minister, and had only entered the exhibition on the impulse of the moment when she read its name, determined to pay that mark of respect to Sandy, and with what lurking notion of establishing a communication or provoking an encounter between them she had not dared to tell herself.

Jess was in dread of how the minister would behave to Sandy; she might have known her father better, in his sound sense and old-fashioned code of politeness.

'How are you, Sandy?' the minister asked, holding out his hand to his son as if nothing had happened.

Sandy was a great deal more put out as he took the offered hand and shook it, and said in a breath—'I am glad to see you looking so well, father; and, Jess, when did you come to town?'

Mr. Stewart satisfied his son's curiosity with a word, and then it was in entire keeping with the man that his next words were in indignant reprobation:

'Sandy, how dared you make your family a gazing-stock on the walls of a public exhibition without even asking their leave?'

'I did not think you would dislike it so much, sir,' stammered Sandy. 'There are many portraits here. I have not put the names, and I did not fancy the original would be generally recognised. The picture is sold to a friend.'

'Sold!' exclaimed Mr. Stewart, with a great increase of anger and a quaver of consternation in his voice; 'how could you do such a thing? Who is the buyer?'

'I meant to take a copy, as I could not afford to keep what I believe is the best thing I have done, though I have sold some other subjects readily enough since my return. I dare say I should have altered this had not the buyer been an old friend. He bought it at my own price the first morning he saw it,' Sandy expatiated, with pardonable pride. 'He should be a judge of the likenesses, when he is one of your own parishioners. He was here to-day, and yonder he is finding you out—Birkholm.'

Misfortunes do not come alone, nor do old friends meet singly. Adam Spottiswoode was delighted to come in this manner upon the Stewarts and share the pledge of reconciliation which the group implied—to take it boldly as an omen of other alliances. For Birkholm still hankered after Jess with an inextinguishable hankering, which was beginning to deepen into the glow of true love. In all his experience of life for the last year or two, he had seen nobody yet to come up to Jess Stewart.

People from the same parish of Clovenford, the Stewarts and the laird, encountering each other in

the wilderness of a city, were like one family already, and the laird improved the occasion by attaching himself assiduously to the Stewarts, as he would not have had the confidence to do in the Den of Birkholm, acting on the principle that it would be disrespectful to his minister not to join his ranks when they turned up in a public place among strangers, and that in these circumstances he had as good a right to investigate narrowly when the minister and Jess had come, where they were staying, and when they were going home, as if he were as minutely acquainted with the daily routine of their lives when he was at Birkholm and they at Clovenford. And without doubt Birkholm's comely, manly, gentleman-like presence was like a 'kind, kenned face' to the minister and Jess in Edinburgh, however lightly they might regard it in their parish. Jess opened her eyes a little at his attention, but she did not repulse him, and the minister only staggered him for a moment.

'Birkholm, you'll give up that picture; it is mine by a double right?'

The next instant Birkholm was eagerly assuring the minister,—
'It is yours, Mr. Stewart; do not say another word about it,' and accrediting with a throb of triumph that he had earned the minister's gratitude.

The picture was not Mr. Stewart's, however, in the sense which Birkholm intended at first. The minister would pay him back every pound of his money for it, though it should stint his small purse; and the laird had the wit to see, soon, that if he would stand well with the high-spirited old man, he must refrain from offering him a gift of his wife and children's portraits (as for the minister's own, the minister might not have minded that). Until Birkholm had a title to be painted on the same canvas, he had better be modest in his favours.

Mr. Stewart took another lingering look at the picture after it was his own, and examined Sandy strictly on its removal and packing, a little nettled that it was at the service of the Academy for a week or two longer. Afterwards the minister made the rest of the round of the room on Sandy's arm, freely availing himself of his son's information and making pertinent remarks, which were honourable to the shrewd criticism of an old prejudiced ignoramus.

Before a picture of 'John Knox Preaching to the Regent,' not without corresponding fire in the handling, Mr. Stewart stood still again, and commended it warmly. He finished by a more personal admission, worthy of the minister, a half-smile playing over his powerful features: 'Sandy, your art is far below the cure of souls, yet I own there is something in it, after all. But it was your mother's face that beat me.'

Birkholm accompanied Jess, and saw no necessity for concealing from her what had been his intention regarding the picture; and Jess was not offended, but thanked him softly even when he spoke of a copy, and his project of hanging it opposite the pictures of his father and mother in the dining-room at Birkholm. And if that was not a broad hint, the laird did not know what was.

Jess was so happy—and humble in her happiness—that she could not find it in her heart to contradict Birkholm; and the young laird, not being at all used to his own way with Jess Stewart, and finding it intoxicating, went on at a fine pace. But first he had the grace to tell her how well Sandy was spoken of among artists, of what promise he was held, and to point out some of Sandy's friends who were not like the portrait painters Jess had seen at Woodend; and to say the picture of the family

had excited a sensation, and that if Jess and the minister were doubly recognised as two of the originals, and as the sister and the father of the artist, they would have to bear some staring for Sandy's sake. Here Jess's credulity broke down. This statement was more than she could swallow, though she had been devouring the rest—the notion that though Sandy should be the greatest painter in the land, the minister would be pointed at as Sandy's father!

Next, Birkholm's tongue wagged wildly on his own affairs. There was word of his sister Effie's marriage—indeed, he might say it was as good as settled—with one of the Edinburgh writers; and Betsy's captain was with his ship, and Betsy, who was not sailing with him on his present station, was delicate, and wanted Nancy to keep her company in her lodgings at an English seaport, and he would be left all by himself at Birkholm. It seemed he thought no shame of appealing to the charity of a friend, and arrived speedily at direct insinuations that Jess might visit Edinburgh again with him and the minister in a month or two—after harvest and before the hunting season—or even might make the present visit serve two purposes, as, where people were of one mind, the sooner 'these things' were done the better.

Jess was forced to interpose and put a check on the honest, gallant laird, lest he should come to the point of affronting her by proposing plainly that her stay in town should extend over the Sabbath, and then there would be time to send word to the session clerk and precursor of Clovenford to have their names cried in the kirk, and the minister would celebrate the ceremony on the Monday, without the trouble of wedding clothes or wedding guests, or 'riding the broose.' 'These things,' as the laird called

them with agreeable, self-conscious vagueness, were thus performed frequently.

The world had awakened to perceive a want of delicacy in the old ostentatious parade and riotous rejoicings at marriages, and had run into the opposite extreme by encouraging couples to steal off and be married in secret—fine ladies at Richmond, their maids at Chelsea. Half of Jess's acquaintances quitted their homes, not in the accomplishment of elopements, but with the full consent of friends and relatives, and posted in the all but universal white gowns and yellow buckskins, affording no clue to their design, to Edinburgh or some other large town, to be married in the privacy of a crowd.

But Jess Stewart was not so minded. If Birkholm had penetrated her secret, she had arrived at her conclusion with the swiftness of lightning, while mechanically reviewing the specimens of early Scotch art in the Exhibition. Women are seldom at fault when they stumble unawares on the leading transaction of their lives—they have rehearsed it too often in imagination—and women like Jess Stewart, never.

'I shall not be back in Edinburgh till the spring,' said Jess, composedly, glancing at her black silk pelisse; 'I think my Aunt Peggy wants me over at that time,' she added, with the duplicity which even a woman like Jess could not resist being guilty of, in the strait. Had she been clear as crystal in this as in other matters, she would farther have comforted the laird; 'and then, Birkholm, after I have accustomed my father to the thought of not seeing me every day in my mother's place, and have made every provision for his comfort, we will be wed—but I think on a bonnie April afternoon, in the Clovenford dining-room, where the sound of the healths and the cheering will reach

to the kirkyard, as far as my mother's grave. You and me have spirit enough not to be feared at the ringing and firing; we would rather give the folk the play.' As to Birkholm, he took the comfort for granted, and did not need it expressed in words.

Birkholm dined with the family at Aunt Peggy's on the dainty early lamb and the mythically-sounding forced potatoes and strawberries—the stereotyped luxuries of the Assembly weeks in Edinburgh. Aunt Peggy, that estimable and convenient kinswoman, though she had never been in the same room with the laird and her niece before, her eyes probably opened by her hospitality and its good cheer, followed Jess when she retired to prepare for her homeward journey, and folded her in her arms as soon as they were in the best bedroom; called her a fine lass, who had done her duty by father and mother and brother, and enthusiastically predicted her reward. For Aunt Peggy's part, she had always promised that she would give Jess her tea china, and she would take care that Jess had a set which would not disgrace the brass-mounted tea-table of old Lady Birkholm. She would not say but, all things considered, Jess might not count on her tea trays forbye.

Jess and the minister hied home to Clovenford, well supported. They had the willing convoy of both the young men—Sandy to remain for a month's holidays. He was to inaugurate his picture, and be a witness to all the parish coming to see and admire it, and to the minister never tired of showing it off till he succeeded in discovering subtle touches which the painter had

never laid on. 'My hand is closed on my spectacles. Jess is bringing in the eggs. She is copying a leaf from her rose-tree in her work. She had the first China rose in Clovenford, and she was very ingenious. It is from his mother he takes his talent.'

But beforehand, when Mr. Stewart and the young people returned late in the summer night to Clovenford, and the latter delayed for a moment at the manse gate to take leave of Birkholm and enter into an appointment with him for the next day, the minister walked up the garden path alone to the door. 'It is all dark,' he thought, looking up in the purple gloom at the quiet little house and the neighbouring kirk and kirkyard, on which the morning would soon dawn in midsummer gladness, 'where her light should have shone, and she would have liked well to have seen the two lads and the lass come home, and to have got her picture by her son's hand, though she had behoved to admit for once that I had been in the wrong. But who says she's blind? She has gone where faith is sight, and where they know the end from the beginning, and she has her share of the knowledge. I warrant she sees farther than any of us—to having us all round her again, and her, bonnie Jean Clephane, restored to immortal youth. I cannot rightly understand how the lass and the wife and mother can be one and the same; but I am sure it shall be, and that will be perfection. And oh! Jean, woman, when I've sorted and settled the bairns, and done something more for my Master, I will be blythe to go home to my old friend and my young wife.'

CLUBS.*

THE conversation at Holland House turning on the custom, exclusively English, for the ladies to leave the dinner-table before the gentlemen, Talleyrand remarked to Lord Aberdeen that this custom had exercised an important influence on our national character, by giving the men an opportunity of discussing political questions and making them less frivolous. Warming with the subject—if he could be said to warm with anything—he went on to trace the success of our representative institutions and our habits of self-government to this peculiarity. Lady Holland stoutly contended that, in French and other foreign society, where the practice was unknown, the women rose to the male level instead of dragging the men down to the female; to which the ready answer was that the male level was there lower, and that, if French women talked better politics, French men (speaking generally) talked worse.

If, however, the occasional separation of the sexes for conversational or social purposes has any tendency of the sort—if it really braces or expands the masculine mind—the establishment and multiplication of clubs must have contributed far more to the growth of our free constitution than the etiquette of the dinner-table. Thanks to these, Englishmen have enjoyed for centuries the proud privilege of throwing off domestic cares and discussing manly topics apart from the distracting and enervating—or, as many would say, enlivening and refining—influence of woman; and they are still immeasurably ahead of the foremost of their continental imitators in this respect. An able writer, M. Alphonse Esquiros,

in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on English Clubs, doubts whether they can ever be completely acclimatised in France. There are more clubs in London than in all the other European capitals put together; they are increasing annually, both in town and country, at an accelerated ratio; and they are obviously paving the way for changes in manners which it will be well for the historian and moralist to note.

We therefore hail with pleasure the recent publication of the indefatigable Mr. Timbs, entitled *Club Life of London*. We could have better spared a better book. It is a very useful, nay, valuable compilation; yet it is composed on principles which reflect a limited degree of honour on the compiler. Mr. Timbs bears the same relation to bolder plagiarists that the broom-maker who only stole his materials bore to the broom-maker who stole his brooms ready-made; but he makes no scruple of carrying off bodily one carefully-polished anecdote or paragraph after another, and reprinting them without the semblance of acknowledgment. A noble author who was brought to trial in the lively columns of our agreeable contemporary, *Punch*, for making equally free with the authors of *Waverley* and *Pelham*, pleaded that the marks of quotation had been omitted by the printer. The plea was overruled, and his lordship was condemned to four months' hard reading of the *Morning Herald*; on hearing which dreadful sentence, adds *Punch*, the prisoner fainted away. Unless Mr. Timbs can establish a similar plea, he would be let off cheaply with four months' hard reading of *Proverbial Philo-*

* *Club Life of London*. By John Timbs, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1866.

sophy, which, by imbuing him with the sound commonplace morality of the spelling-book, might serve the double purpose of a penalty and a reformatory.

We allude particularly to such instances as the Ude anecdote (vol. i. p. 284), or that of Hook and the gin punch (vol. i. p. 28); and as for stories served (to borrow Mr. Sneer's simile) as gypsies serve stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own—they are numberless. He has nearly cleaned out the able article on Clubs in the *National Review* (No. 8), as well as *The Clubs of London*, a work in two volumes which appeared in 1828; and he is more deeply indebted than he cares to allow to Mr. Peter Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, and that gentleman's useful edition of *Walpole's Letters*. We have almost uniformly observed that, whenever he acknowledges an obligation to a writer, he takes twice or thrice as much without acknowledgment.

'Aweel, eat your fill,' exclaimed Meg Merrilies; 'but an' ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye may be wadna like it sae weel.' Dominie Sampson's spoon dropped in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. 'The folk that are to eat that dinner thought little of your game laws.' 'Is that all?' thought Sampson, resuming his spoon and shovelling away manfully; 'I will not lack my food upon that argument.' So say we, should it be objected that the collectors of the materials we employ thought little of the laws against literary poaching. We will not lack our critical or intellectual aliment upon that argument; and freely availing ourselves of their industry and research, we will endeavour to sketch the origin, history, and present state of the associations in question, which it is necessary, in the first instance, to distinguish from

those to which the term, club, has been indiscriminately and, we think, improperly applied. There are traces of clubs, as we are reminded by the *Spectator*, amongst the ancients; indeed, in a certain sense, they may be regarded as coeval with civilisation; but we shall have quite enough to do if we confine ourselves to the moderns.

The etymology, which is doubtful, affords little aid. Mr. Carlyle (*History of Frederick the Great*) takes for granted that it may be found in *Geliubde*, the vow of an Order, which 'passed to us in a singularly dwindled condition.' Dr. Johnson, following Skinner, derives it from the Anglo-Saxon word *cleofan*, to cleave, from the division of the reckoning, and defines it to be 'an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions.' The expression 'good fellows' shows that he had unions for social purposes in his mind; and here Addison, in the *Spectator*, agrees with him: 'Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak and October Clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.'

'When men,' he continues, 'are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another—when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation,

there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.'

We shall therefore lay out of the account all such associations or confraternities as debating clubs, cricket clubs, rowing clubs, chess clubs, and others, in which the social purpose is altogether subordinate to that denoted by the name. But we cannot confine ourselves to those which have, or have had, a fixed local habitation; for all of ancient date began by being held in places of public entertainment at stated intervals; and for this reason it may be doubted whether Mr. Timbs has acted judiciously in separating the annals of taverns and coffee-houses (to which he has devoted his second volume) from those of clubs; so inextricably are they blended, and so frequently does the sole or chief notoriety of the tavern or coffee-house depend on the club-meetings of which it was the scene. We may observe in passing that the French habit of dining at an eating-house cannot be dated farther back than 1770, when the first Paris restaurant was set up; and Boswell (1776) records: 'We dined at an excellent inn in Cheapside, where he (Johnson) expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life.'

The Mermaid Club is the first on Mr. Timbs' list which merits attention; and his best exertions have been unavailable to settle the most material doubts regarding it. A couplet in Ben Jonson runs:—

At Bread Street's Mermaid having dined,
and merry,
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry.

This is assumed to fix the club in Bread Street, although how the poet went from Bread Street, Cheap-

side, to Holborn in a wherry passes our comprehension. In a note on this couplet, Gifford states that 'About this time [1603] Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux-esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday Street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member: and here for many years he regularly repaired, with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect.'

Gifford's good faith in this matter was rudely assailed, and he has been accused of inventing the club. A writer in the *Athenæum* (quoted by Mr. Timbs) says: 'The origin of the common tale of Raleigh founding the Mermaid Club has not been traced. Is it older than Gifford?' . . . 'Prove to us that Raleigh founded the Mermaid Club, that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakspeare's time, even if you fail to show that our poet was of that club.' Gifford, who quotes no authority, is open to the suspicion of having drawn upon his imagination for his facts; as Fuller may perhaps have done for his impressions and reminiscences, when he speaks of the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, although indeed it easily may have been as Fuller says, for Jonson was but ten years younger than Shakspeare, and knew him intimately. Beaumont, however, was duly qualified to

Speak, and he speaks plainly
enough in his poetical address to
Jonson :—

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters : what things have
we seen
Done at the Mermaid !

Of Ben Jonson's connection with
'The Apollo Club' there can be no
manner of doubt, for allusions to it,
as well as to the Devil Tavern,
which was the seat of its symposia,
abound in his writings ; and in
Prior and Montague's *Hind and
Panther Transversed*, the very room
is indicated :—

Hence to the Devil—
Thus to the place where Jonson sat, we
climb,
Leaning on the same rail that guided him.

The rules of the club, *Leges
Convivales*, composed in Latin by
Jonson, are preserved amongst his
works, and Mr. Timbs has printed a
translation of them in rhymed verse
(34 lines), by Alexander Brome,
a minor poet of the period and a
member of the club. They are
marked throughout by good feeling
and good sense, although described
by Leigh Hunt as 'composed in his
usual style of elaborate and com-
piled learning, not without a taste
of that dictatorial self-sufficiency
which, notwithstanding all that has
been said by his advocates, and the
good qualities he undoubtedly pos-
sessed, forms an indelible part of
his character.' The rules open
quaintly :—

Let none but guests, or clubbers, hither
come :
Let dunces, fools, sad sordid men keep
home :
Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
And modest too ; *nor be choice ladies slighted*.

This is the only trace we have
found of the admission of the fair
sex to the regular tavern or club
computations of our forefathers,
prior to an institution of which we

shall presently have occasion to
speak. The original rule is : *Probæ
femine non repudiantur*. The rule
Insipida poemata nulla recitantur,
is rendered :—

Insidious poems let no man rehearse,
Nor any be compelled to write a verse.

The four concluding lines contain
excellent maxims :—

Whoe'er shall publish what's here done or
said,
From our society must be banished :
Let none by drinking do or suffer harm ;
And while we stay, let us be always warm.

A good wit combat is traditionally
recorded in the jest-books as having
come off at the Devil Tavern, al-
though hardly at the club, or Ben
would have been liable to be fined
under his own rules for incivility.
A country gentleman of the com-
pany was obtrusively loquacious
touching his lands and tenements.
Ben, out of patience, exclaimed,
'What signifies to us your dirt and
your clods ? Where you have an
acre of land, I have ten acres of wit.'
'Have you so,' retorted the country-
man, 'good Mr. Wiseacre ?' 'Why,
how now, Ben,' said one of the
party, 'you seem to be quite
stung ?' 'I never was so pricked
by a hobnail before,' grumbled Ben.

The clubs of the Commonwealth
and the Restoration were almost
exclusively political clubs, like the
Rota, which met in New Palace Yard ;
where round the table in a room
every evening, as full as it could be
crammed (says Aubrey), sat Milton
and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Har-
rington, Nevile, and their friends, dis-
cussing abstract political questions,
and where Pepys, in 1660, 'heard
very good discourse in answer to
Mr. Harrington.' The Calves' Head
Club, whose early existence is
mythical, is said to have numbered
Milton amongst its founders. In a
tract of 1703, entitled *The Secret
History of the Calves' Head Club*, its
peculiar ceremonies are minutely

described. An axe was hung up in the club-room, and the bill of fare consisted of calves' heads dressed several ways, a large pike with a small one in his mouth, emblematic of tyranny, a large cod's head, representing the king, and a boar's head with an apple in its mouth, to typify the monarch indulging in gluttony. After the table-cloth was removed, a copy of the *Icon Basilike* was produced and burnt, the anniversary anthem was sung, and a calf-skull set as a goblet and filled with liquor went round. This account, so far at least as Milton is concerned, has been generally discredited. But Calves' Head Clubs were certainly not mere inventions of the enemy, and one flourished at Cambridge within living memory, by the token that the late Mackworth Winthrop Præd, the poet, was accused in the House of Commons by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton of having been a member of it; and the fact, although publicly denied by him, was subsequently established beyond dispute.

We must pass on to the Augustan age of Queen Anne to find the clubs reassuring the social or convivial character, and enduring rather than encouraging the political tendency or tone; although this is also the period when every party, or section of a party, had its club. This social phenomenon is thus commemorated by the *Spectator*, No. 9, March 10, 1710-11:—

Man is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in coun-

tenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances—the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

We cannot help thinking that Addison has been here led astray by his strong relish of a joke. His story is out of keeping with human nature; for there is nothing that persons remarkable for any physical defect or peculiarity dislike more than to be brought together in this fashion. The experiment was tried to his cost by Sir Francis Blake Delaval, of facetious memory, the baronet who hired the captain of a vessel in which the London out-voters of Berwick-upon-Tweed were embarked, to carry them to Norway. He first asked twelve one-legged men to dinner; then twelve one-eyed men; and, despite of sundry monitory symptoms, next invited a party of stammerers, who became outrageous before the dishes were well placed upon the table, and were with difficulty prevented by the waiters from flinging their host out of the window into the street. George the Fourth, who arrayed his fat person in a kilt to please the Scotch or gratify his own absurd vanity, was perceptibly mortified to

the quick when Sir William Curtis, looking like the 'royal double, appeared in the same costume at Holyrood.

We must also set down as a stroke of humour the Hum-Drum Club, 'made up of honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight.' We have our doubts touching the Duellist Club, in which no one was to be admitted that had not fought his man; and members took their seats according to the number of their slain, those who had only drawn blood being placed at a side table. This club, it is added, 'consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members being put to the sword or hanged a little after its institution.' Was the *Spectator* aware that no one ever was hanged in England for a regular duel?

Everyone, we admit, has heard of the club or confederacy of the Kings, for which the sole qualification was the surname of King; as well as that of the Georges, who qualified by their christian names, and met at the sign of 'The George' on St. George's Day. Conceits of this kind were indulged without limit, and most heterogeneous companies must have been commonly the result. There were also good reasons for street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the streets met nightly:—

I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The condition of the streets in

Queen Anne's reign was worse than can be imagined by the citizens of any civilised community in our time:—

Who has not heard the Scourers' midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?

The Mohocks were formed into a club—commemorated by the *Spectator*, No. 324—for the express purpose of mischief, although they dined together and drank themselves up to the required pitch before sallying forth into the streets. They made a special study of their vocation, and were divided into classes. 'Dancing masters' compelled their victims to caper. The professors of 'tipping the lion' squeezed noses flat and gouged out eyes. The 'sweaters' formed a circle round their man, and each pricked him in the hinder quarters as he turned round. 'Tumblers' set women on their heads; and Gay (in *Trivia*) mentions a still more startling atrocity, of which Snow-hill was the scene:—

How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,

Were tumbled furious thence: the rolling tomb

O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;

So Regulus, to save his country, died.

Such things sound hardly possible, and their occurrence was doubted by Swift, until a Royal Proclamation was issued against the Mohocks and their imitators, March 18, 1712, soon after which Swift notes down in the *Journal to Stella*: 'They go on still, and cut people's faces every night! But they shan't cut mine; I like it better as it is.' Their reality is amusingly discussed by Budgell, in the *Spectator*, No. 347:—'Some will have it that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by

any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them "The Mohocks will catch them," it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head-and-bloody-bones.'

The Mohocks held together till nearly the end of the reign of George I., and they were kept in countenance by the Hell-Fire Club and other similar associations. The Duke of Wharton was a prominent member of the Hell-Fire Club, and (as the *National Review* states) it was in the course of a debate on a Bill for the prevention of profaneness that he pulled an old family Bible out of his pocket to quote in answer to a bishop. The tone of society remained unaltered during another half century at least, for the famous Medenham Abbey Club was founded in the next generation. It is thus described by a recent essayist:—'It consisted of twelve members, who met at Medenham Abbey, near Marlow, to indulge in ribaldry, profanity, and licentiousness. The motto (from Rabelais) over the grand entrance was "*Fay ce que voudrais*." Though the club became notorious, and their disgusting profanity was well known, it proved no bar either to the reception of the members in society or to their advancement in the State. Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder, who officiated as high priest, became Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Wilkes, everything that the sober citizens of London could make of him.' It is told of one of these societies that a vacant chair at the head of the

table was always left for the devil, as perpetual president; and that one night a large black ape, tutored for the purpose, suddenly occupied the seat, upon which the party broke up in confusion and dismay.

Swift belonged to several clubs, social and political, and drew up the rules of one, 'The Brothers,' to which he repeatedly and complacently alludes in the *Journal to Stella*:—'We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys; and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine was not reckoned neither, for that is always brought in by him that is president.'

Each member treated in his turn, and when Swift's turn came, he sets down that the entertainment, at the Thatched House, cost him seven good guineas. 'The end of our club,' he says, 'is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward learning without interest or recommendation. We take in none but men of wit, or men of interest; and if we go on as we began, no other club in this town will be worth telling of.' Lord Bolingbroke, the chief founder, writes to Lord Orrery:—'The first regulation proposed, and that which must be most inviolably kept, is decency. None of the extravagance of the Kit-Kat Club, none of the drunkenness of the Beef-steak, is to be endured. The improvement of friendship and the

encouragement of letters are to be the two great ends of our society.' This was in June 1711, when all cordial intimacy between Harley and St. John was already at an end.

The Lord Treasurer (Oxford) was expected to give the society both money and places to distribute, and is censured by the Dean for giving nothing but promises. At one of the meetings a subscription was got up for a poet who had lampooned the hero of Blenheim; at another, Swift read in manuscript his *Fable of Midas*, of which he says, 'I know not how it will take, but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night.'

'The dissensions amongst the ministers,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'seem to have interrupted the meetings of the Society of Brothers. But Swift had formed in its stead the celebrated Scriblerus Club—an association rather of a literary than a political character. Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay were the members. It was the well-known object of their united powers to compose a satire upon the abuse of human learning. Part of their labours has been preserved in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, which gave name to the society, and part has been rendered immortal by the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*; but the violence of political faction, like a storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and so brilliant, can never again be united.' If dissensions amongst the ministers, i.e. between Oxford and St. John, interrupted the meetings of the Brothers, one does not exactly see how the two rivals could have been brought together in the *champ clos* of a society of six. The Scriblerus Club, which Mr. Timbs dates from 1714, must clearly

be antedated if they were both members of it at once.

Swift's *Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club*, which, says his biographer, had the desired effect of softening some and convincing others, is a sufficient indication of the character of the association, and he thus alludes to it in the *Journal*: 'We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament, to consult on affairs and drive things to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads.'

The *Kit-Kat Club*, which Bolingbroke censures for extravagance, was the stronghold of his opponents, the Whigs, and Horace Walpole insists that, far from being a mere set of wits, they were the patriots that saved Great Britain. It consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, including Marlborough, Somers, Halifax, Pulteney, Walpole (Sir Robert), Addison, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Garth, and Maynwaring. In Spence's *Anecdotes*, Pope is introduced saying: 'You have heard of the Kit-Kat Club. The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Kat; Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkeley were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart. Jacob has his own, and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms.'

The history of these pictures is

continued to the present time in the chapter on Jacob Tonson in Mr. Chambers's entertaining and instructive work on the *Old Booksellers*. They gave the name to three-quarter length portraits, 36 inches by 28. It is pretty generally believed to have been derived from Christopher Kat, the pieman who furnished the pastry, or the keeper of the tavern where the club met; for even his precise calling has been disputed. Another derivation has been popularised by Dr. Arbuthnot in an epigram:—

Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaus its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old Cats and young Kits.

The toasting glasses of the club were inscribed with toasts to reigning beauties, several of which were composed by Lord Halifax, e.g. :—

The Duchess of St. Albans.

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms,
Her conquering eyes have made their race
complete:

They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

The Beefsteak Club, which St. John stigmatises for drunkenness, must not be confounded with the famous Society—for it repudiates the title of club—which survived to our time with an undiminished reputation for conviviality. The Society grew up somewhere about 1734 or 1735. Lord Peterborough was calling on Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, one Saturday afternoon, at his private rooms in the theatre. He lingered later than usual, when Rich, without interrupting the conversation, spread a cloth, and proceeded to cook a beefsteak for his dinner. It looked appetising, and his lordship required small pressing to partake of it, with the accompaniment of some excellent old port. He was

so pleased with the entertainment that he proposed to repeat it on the Saturday following, when the company was increased to four or five. One repetition led to another; fresh recruits offered; and the result was the Society, which still restricts itself to beefsteaks, cold roast beef, port wine, and punch; the modern dinner-hour being six, and the number of members twenty-four or twenty-five.

They have been repeatedly burnt out, and their early archives perished in the Covent Garden fire of 1808, but the original gridiron was saved. They are now located at the Lyceum Theatre, where their style of accommodation is thus described by Mr. Cunningham:— 'The room they dine in, a little Escorial in itself, is most appropriately fitted up—the doors, wainscoting, and roof, of good old English oak, ornamented with gridirons as thick as Henry the Seventh's Chapel with the portcullis of the founder. Everything assumes the shape, or is distinguished by the representation, of their emblematic implement, the gridiron. The cook is seen at his office through the bars of a spacious gridiron, and the original gridiron of the Society (the survivor of two terrific fires) holds a conspicuous position in the centre of the ceiling. Every member has the power of inviting a friend.'

It has always been an understood thing that a member might say anything of or to any other member present at the Steaks without offence given or taken; and it says much for the constitution of the company that this licence has been so rarely abused. Well-bred raillery will rather imply a compliment than a sarcasm; it will flatter, not wound; as when a man vain of his person is rallied on his conquests, or a man proud of his wealth on his establishment. A boon companion ceases to be safe when he knowingly touches an actual 'raw,' and the very highest

praise was given to Sheridan in that capacity when it was said of him that

His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart stain away on its
blade.

Wilkes and Lord Sandwich were members of the Steaks at the time when they quarrelled; and the peer was guilty of the social treachery of using for political purposes the information he had acquired, from close intimacy, of his brother profligate's misdeeds. It appears that Lord Sandwich was expelled the Steaks *after*—it does not appear for—making the *Essay on Woman* (privately printed) the ground of a motion against Wilkes in the House of Lords. Churchill was introduced by Wilkes. Garrick was a member; the hat which the president wears during a ceremonial grace after dinner belonged to the great actor, and (the *National Review* suggests) may have been the very hat he wore when he had to play *Ranger*, and was too late. 'The pit grew restless, the gallery bawled. "Manager! manager!" Garrick had been sent for to Covent Garden, where the Steaks then dined. Carriages blocked up Russell-street, and he had to thread his way between them; as he came panting into the theatre, "I think, David," said Ford, one of the anxious patentees, "considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to the business."—"True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house."'

The author of *The Clubs of London*, himself a member, has left a vivid sketch of the Society in its halo, when the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of the people and the butt of the *Anti-Jacobin*, was a constant attendant. He was accustomed (according to *The Art of Dining*) to declare that 'there was as marked a

difference between beefsteaks as between faces, and that a man of taste would find as much variety at the Society as at the most plentifully-served table in town.' Captain Morris, whose lyrics are more redolent of the genuine spirit of convivial enjoyment than any other in the language, was then, and long after, the chief ornament and attraction of the club. Many of his songs were of a loose description, and towards the close of life he got ashamed of them. Dining in company with the Duke of York, he was pressed by H.R.H. to sing one which had obtained an unenviable notoriety. He steadily refused; and a jovial general officer present volunteered to sing it for the gratification and edification of the prince. On the conclusion of the performance, the aged bard, who had listened with growing irritability, turned round: 'Sir John —, you should have had better taste and better feeling than to remind an old man of his youthful follies. *And you sang it so very badly, too.*'

After Morris's death, his songs were sung with admirable taste and feeling by Mr. Linley, the brother of the first Mrs. Sheridan, the 'Saint Cecilia' of Reynolds. Another first-rate singer of comic songs at the Steaks was Mr. Hallett. The junior member present, without respect to rank, was bound to bring up and decant the wine, and the author of *The Clubs of London* says: 'I have seen Brougham employed in this honourable diplomacy, and executing it with the correctness of a butler. The Duke of Leinster, in his turn, took the same duty. With regard to Brougham, at first sight you would not set him down as having a natural and prompt alacrity for the style of humour that prevails amongst us. But Brougham is an excellent member, and is a remarkable instance of the peculiar influences of this peculiar society on the human character.

We took him just as the schools of philosophy, the bar, the senate, had made him. Literary, forensic, and parliamentary habits are most intractable materials, you will say, to make a member of the Steaks; yet no man has imbibed more of its spirit, and he enters its occasional gladiatorship with the greatest glee.'

One of Lord Brougham's jokes having missed fire from want of sympathy, he exclaimed that saying good things in such a company was like flinging pearls before swine. 'Gentlemen,' promptly exclaimed Arnold, 'I fling myself before you.' It was Arnold, we believe, who, when a member complained of a sore throat, remarked: 'No wonder, considering the drafts (draughts) to which it has been exposed for the last three hours.' Alderman Wood, a member, having been painted in his Lord Mayor's robes, fur and chain, and the portrait hung up in the dining-room, Arnold's joke, 'he hangs in chains,' was capped by Lord Brougham's, that 'it could not fail to be like, there was so much of the *fur* (thief) about it.' The late Harry Stevenson played a distinguished part at the Steaks, which sustained an irreparable loss by his death. His mock seriousness was inimitable, if, indeed, it could be called mock; for nothing in his eyes was more important than the due observance of the prescribed ceremonies and the application of the traditional jokes of the society. On the introduction of a new member, or a fresh guest, he never omitted to present his agreeable and good-humoured friend and brother, Mr. Heath (Sardinian Consul) as the 'blasted heath' mentioned by Shakspeare.

Lord Brougham was another member of the Society who contributed largely to its flow of humour, fertility of allusion, reputation, and attractiveness. It still boasts some good singing and

much excellent companionship, but a six o'clock dinner on beef and port is out of keeping with modern habits; and the genius of the place has been completely subdued by temperance.

Another club which exults in the designation, and even claimed to be designated as *The Club*, has lost in relative influence and importance, rather than in positive rank and quality, from the increase and altered state of the republic of letters to which it once gave laws. The formation of the Literary Club, which was really originated by Reynolds, is thus associated by Lord Macaulay with the memory of its most conspicuous member, Johnson:

His conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunkmaker and the pastrycook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist of the age. Garrick brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits—Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit.

The room is before us, and the table on which stand the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Lang-

ton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and the nose moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the ‘Why, sir?’ and the ‘What then, sir?’ and the ‘No, sir!’ and the ‘You don’t see your way through the question, sir!’

The annals of this club in its hey-day have been rendered so familiar by Boswell that it would be superfluous to dwell upon them. At its institution, he states, it was a supping club. The members met at the Turk’s Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, one evening (Friday) in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a late hour. After about ten years it was converted into a dining club—to dine once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament—a practice which it has continued to this day. Mr. Timbs thinks that it has lost its claim to the epithet of literary. ‘It was originally a club of authors *by profession*: it now numbers very few except titled members (the majority having some claims to literary distinction), which was very far from the intention of its founders.’ Only two of the ten original members, Johnson and Goldsmith, were authors by profession; and how far the intention of the founders has been set aside may be judged from the list of members who met at the Clarendon Hotel in September 1864, to celebrate the centenary:—

His Excellency M. Van de Weyer, Earls Clarendon and Stanhope; the Bishops of London and Oxford; Lords Brougham, Stanley, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Harry Vane; the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Spencer Walpole, and Robert Lowe; Sir Henry Holland, Sir C. Eastlake, Sir Roderick

Murchison, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Master of Trinity, Professor Owen, Mr. G. Grote, Mr. C. Austin, Mr. H. Reeve, and Mr. G. Richmond. Among the few members prevented from attending were the Duke of Argyll (in Scotland), the Earl of Carlisle (in Ireland), Earl Russell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Overstone (at Oxford), Lord Glenelg (abroad), and Mr. W. Stirling (from indisposition). Mr. N. W. Senior, who was the political economist of the club, died in June preceding, in his sixty-fourth year.

Hallam, Lord Macaulay, and Sir George Lewis, were members of the club; so was the late Lord Aberdeen; and it is related that at one of the weekly dinners he found no one else, and actually dined alone—a fact which he duly entered in the minutes at the time.

Johnson could not bear to be left alone, except when he was actually at work, and he was peculiarly prone to the formation of clubs to escape the pain of loneliness. He founded the Ivy Lane Club in 1749, and the Essex Street Club in 1783, the year before he died. The rules, drawn up by the lexicographer, may be read in *Boswell*. Goldsmith, although proud of belonging to *The Club*, was glad, like his own Tony Lumpkin, to steal away to company more congenial to his taste. One of his favourite places of resort was the Shilling Whist Club, at the Devil Tavern, and a jovial club at the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street, where his song of ‘An Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket,’ was sure to elicit thunders of applause. But every authentic detail of Goldsmith’s life has been well related by the best of his biographers, Mr. Forster.

One of the oldest of the dining clubs is the Royal Society Club, and if its memory should fade or die out, this will not be *quia caret vate sacro*. We have now before us a small quarto, handsomely printed for private circulation, entitled, *Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Royal Society Club*, drawn up by the late Admiral Smyth, of con-

vivial and scientific fame, from the archives, by request of the members, and printed by direction of the club in 1860. The oldest minute book extant not going back farther than 1743, the Admiral's first impression was that this must be taken to be the first year of its existence. But in 'An Additional Word' he gives good reasons for supposing that the germ of the club may be found in a regular Tuesday dinner set on foot by Dr. Halley, the astronomer, in 1731. Be this as it may, it first grew into fame as the Club of Royal Philosophers, or the Royals, which title the Royal Society Club retained till 1786. It was formally inaugurated on the 27th October 1743, and its code of laws may be cited as a model of brevity and simplicity:—

Rules and Orders to be observed by the Thursday's Club, called the Royal Philosophers.

A dinner to be ordered every Thursday for six, at one shilling and sixpence a head for eating.

As many more as come to pay one shilling and sixpence per head each.

If fewer than six come, the deficiency to be paid out of the fund subscribed.

Each subscriber to pay down six shillings, viz. for four dinners, to make a fund.

A pint of wine to be paid for by every one that comes, be the number what it will, and no more, unless more wine is brought in than that amounts to.

Whatever the original qualification, the club now consists of a select number (forty) of Fellows of the Royal Society, chosen by ballot. They dine during the season on three Thursdays in each month, the fourth having been surrendered to a kindred club, the Philosophical. Each member may introduce a guest. The P. R. S. takes the chair, or in his absence the senior member present. Their present place of meeting is the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, kept by the justly celebrated Francatelli, who has enriched the literature as well as elevated the

practice of gastronomy. The hour is six, to allow two hours before attending the evening meetings of the Royal Society; and judging from our own limited experience, we should say that two hours could hardly be more agreeably or more profitably passed than at one of their dinners. No class of persons unbend more willingly or more pleasantly than men of grave occupations whose minds have been kept upon a stretch: the profound thinker or severe logician naturally seeks relief in a playful allusion, an illustrative anecdote, or a joke; and the most eminent of the intellectual world are precisely those who are apt to shock superficial observers by frivolity.

There are sundry entries which show that whatever convivial or gastronomic proclivities the present members may betray, they can plead precedent, and confidently appeal to the jovial habits of their predecessors. We shall be liberal in our extracts in proportion to the rarity of the book:—

'August 15, 1751. The Society being this day entertained with halfe a Bucke by the Most Hon^{ble} the Marquiss of Rockingham, it was agreed *nem. con.* to drink his health in claret.' 'Sept. 5th, 1751. The Company being entertained with a whole buck (halfe of which only was dressed to-day) by Henry Read, Esq., his health was drank in claret as usual; and Mr. Cole (the landlord) was desired to dispose of the halfe, and give the Company venison instead of it next Thursday.' In the following week the largess is again gravely noticed—'The Company being this day regaled with the other halfe of Mr. Read's buck (which Mr. Cole had preserved sweet), his health was again drank in claret.'

The donor of half a buck was held entitled to be elected a member; and towards the end of 1750 it was decreed *nem. con.* that turtle

should confer the same privileges as venison. On the 4th October in that year, Mr. Andrew Mitchell, with an obvious view to membership, proposed to present a fine turtle which he expected soon from the West Indies. On the 12th this entry occurs: 'Andrew Mitchell, Esq.'s turtle happening to die as the ship came up Channel, the company dined as above.' The bill of fare is given, and we agree with Admiral Smyth that it was by no means a bad dinner, notwithstanding the untimely death of the turtle. Whether, accepting the intention for the deed, the club admitted Mr. Mitchell, is left in doubt.

In the following year beef of superior quality and sufficient quantity was held to constitute a qualification; and the entry of the 27th June 1751 runs: 'William Hanbury, Esq., having this day entertained the company with a chine of beef which was 34 inches in length, and weighed upwards of 140 lbs., it was agreed *nem. con.* that two such chines were equal to halfe a buck, or a turtle, and entituled the donor to be an honorary member of this Society.' On the 2nd of January 1755, another 'mighty chine of beef' was contributed by Mr. Hanbury, 'who (the entry adds) having been a little deficient with regard to annual payments of chines of beef, added three brace of very large carp by way of interest.' Numerous presents of fruit and other delicacies are recorded. Philip Miller, the author of the *Gardener's Dictionary*, presented 'four Canteloupe melons, equal if not superior to pineapples.' In July 1763, Lord Royston having furnished venison, Lord Merton sent two pineapples, cherries of two sorts, melons, gooseberries of two sorts, apricots, and currants of two sorts. His lordship in the following year 'entertained the company with

two pigs of the China breed, for which thanks were returned.' A 'magnificent' turtle from the circumnavigator, Lord Anson, was received in 1754.

This singular and rather *infra dig.* custom, remarks the gallant annalist, had been in force for thirty years, when, on July 29th, 1779, it was resolved 'That no person in future be admitted a member of this Society in consequence of any present he may make to it.' A list of the members—twelve—who were elected on the venison, turtle, or beef principle, is subjoined; and as they were all highly eligible, it may be worthy of consideration whether good might not ensue from an occasional resort to such a test. An entry on August 25th, 1757, proves that the qualification or recognised claim to admission, when otherwise than scientific, was of a most elastic character. The Earl of Macclesfield in the chair: 'A petition from the Earl of Chesterfield to the King desiring a pension, and giving reasons why it should be granted to him, communicated by Mr. Stanhope, was read, with which the company were so well entertained, that the President moved that his Lordship should be chosen an honorary member for the year ensuing, which was accordingly done by acclamation *nem. con.* His Lordship's health was drank as a benefactor, and Mr. Stanhope was desired to inform his Lordship of it.'

This petition, published by Earl Stanhope in his valuable edition of the *Chesterfield Letters*, begins thus:

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble Petition of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,

Sheweth,—

That your Petitioner, being rendered by deafness as useless and insignificant as most

B B

vivial and scie
the archives,
members, and
tion of the c
oldest minut
going back
Admiral's f
this must
year of i
Addition
reasons
germ
a reg
foot
in i
gre
Ph
tit
tr
i

The concluding clause faithfully conveys the covert intention of most applicants for a pension or a place:—

Upon this honour, so sacred to him as a peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst minister can ever suggest to your Majesty: but on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your Majesty's Petitioner will ever pray, &c.

In his *Voyage en Angleterre, en Ecosse, et aux Iles Hebrides*, published in 1797, the celebrated French geologist, Faujas de St.-Fond (Barthélemy) has commemorated a dinner of which he partook at this club in 1784, and we are tempted to extract a part of his account in his own words, for fear the spirit should evaporate in translation:—

On se mit à table à cinq heures; M. Banks présidoit et occupoit la place d'honneur. On n'eut pas le peine de déployer les serviettes, il n'y en avoit point; le dîner étoit véritablement à l'angloise.

Un membre du club, homme d'église, c'étoit, je crois, l'astronome Maskeline, fit

L'archevêque, et bénit les convives et les plats étoient composés de bœuf rôti, du mouton apprêté de plusieurs manières, avec abondance de pommes de terre et d'autres végétaux, que chacun assaisonna à sa manière, au moyen des sausses diverses dont la table étoit garnie, et qu'on puisoit dans des vases de forme variée.

On arrosa d'abord les *beef-stake* et les *roast-beef* avec de grandes lampées de bière forte, connue sous le nom de *porter*; on la boit dans des pots cylindriques d'étain, et on la trouve beaucoup meilleure que dans des verres, *parcequ'on peut d'un seul trait en avaler une pinte.*

It is to be regretted that no scientific member was at the pains of enlightening this distinguished foreigner as to the true reason for drinking porter from the pewter pot. He proceeds:—

Ce prélude fini, la nappe fut levée, et une table bien propre et en bois poli fut couverte comme par magie d'une multitude de beaux flacons de cristal, remplis des meilleurs vins de Porto, de Madère, et de *Claret*; ce dernier est du vin de Bordeaux. On distribua à chacun plusieurs verres à pieds, aussi brillans que beaux de formes, et les libations commencèrent d'une grande manière, au milieu de diverses sortes de fromages, qui, roulant d'un bout de la table à l'autre, dans des coffrets de bois d'acajou montés sur des roues, alloient provoquer la soif des buveurs.

Cheese of various sorts, rolled about to provoke thirst, must have been a custom peculiar to the philosophers. Then came the toasts, and then (another singularity for England) the champagne:—

Quelques bouteilles de vin de Champagne mousseux achevèrent d'égayer tout le monde.

Le thé succéda, et arriva avec le beurre, les tartines et tout l'appareil qui l'environne; le café venoit à la suite, et cédoit humblement le pas au thé, qui valoit mieux que lui. On ne boit ordinairement en France, après le repas, qu'une tasse d'excellent café; on en prend cinq ou six de détestable en Angleterre.

Six or seven cups of coffee, bad or good, sound odd, especially when succeeded by tea, and when the party had to break up between seven and

eight. To allow visitors to pay, as stated in the next extract, is also not the present practice of the club:—

Le brandevin, le rhum, et quelques autres liqueurs fortes, firent la clôture de ce banquet philosophique, qui finit à sept heures et demie; car il falloit être à huit à la séance de la société, convoquée pour ce jour-là. Mais avant de sortir, on vint écrire le noms de tous les convives sur une grande feuille de papier, et nous payâmes chacun 7 liv. 4 sols, argent de France, pour notre écot: cela n'est pas cher.

Je partis avec MM. Banks, Cavendish, Masckeline, Aubert, et le Chevalier Engfield, avec lesquels je me rendis à la société; tout le monde étoit fort gai, mais d'une gaieté décente.

Je ne voudrois pas, sans doute, de semblables dîners, si au sortir de-là il falloit aller traiter les intérêts sacrés d'une grande nation, ou discuter la meilleure forme d'un gouvernement: cela ne seroit ni sage ni prudent. Mais se réunir en assemblée pour annoncer qu'un électeur Palatin, qui d'ailleurs a beaucoup de mérite, est agrégé à une société savante; il ne peut, dans aucun cas, en résulter le moindre inconvénient.

The account concludes with the reflection, from which few will disagree, that it would have been better in all respects if the *savans* uppermost in France at the commencement of the revolution, instead of oppressing and scattering learned bodies, had brought the members together at 'modest banquets,' there to strengthen the ties of a kindly fraternity, and swear to 'defend with courage, and with the weapon of talent, the sacred rights of justice and humanity.'

James Watt was a guest on the 31st October 1785, and writes thus to his wife:—

When I was in London, I was received very kindly by Mr. Cavendish and Dr. Blagden, and my old friend Smeaton, who has recovered his health, and seems hearty. I dined at a turtle feast with them, and the select club of the Royal Society; and never was turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance, or more good fellowship.

Admiral Smyth repels with becoming indignation a charge, once current, that any of the Royal Philosophers ever sanctioned the preju-

dice touching dinners of thirteen. It is not true, he says, that one of them entering and finding twelve about to sit down, retreated and dined by himself in order to avert the prognostic. 'If there ever existed a feeling against the unlucky number, the dread has surely evaporated long since, for thirteen is a very usual aggregation; nor does any rate of mortality in the club at all countenance the common notion that one of the number is doomed to die within the year.' The Admiral speaks of this prejudice as 'a very general one, usually ascribed to the advent of Judas, but which Fosbroke, in the second volume of his *Antiquities*, asserts to be of classic origin.' Another prejudice, equally general, touching the spilling of the salt, is also connected with Judas; he being represented in that act in Leonardo's famous picture of the 'Lord's Supper.' But here, again, a higher antiquity has been established, and the origin is still equally a moot point.

The Geographical Club stands in the same relation to the Geographical Society, which the Royal Society Club bears to the Royal Society, and is conducted on similar principles; the dinner being instituted by way of overture to the more formal proceedings of the regular evening meeting. It was instituted not more than fourteen or fifteen years since, and owes much of its attractiveness to the constant attendance of such members as Sir Roderic Murchison, Lord Colchester, Lord Strangford, Sir H. Rawlinson, Count Strzelecki, Sir George Back, Mr. Oliphant, &c. &c. There, too, one is sure of meeting any celebrated traveller, like the late Captain Speke, Captain Grant, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Atkinson, Captain Burton, Dr. Livingstone, or Mr. Baker, who has just returned from a fresh field of enterprise. Indeed, during Sir Roderic Murchison's presidency, there has hardly been

a dinner without some guest or guests eminent for social or intellectual distinction; and the conversation, we need hardly add, is in the highest degree varied, entertaining, and instructive.

There are several other dining clubs of note, as the Dilettanti, whose day is Sunday; the Literary Club, of which Mr. Spencer Walpole is the president; and Grillon's Club, composed principally, if not exclusively, of members or ex-members of both Houses of Parliament. Supping is gone out of fashion; but one club, the Cosmopolitan, established within a few years for smoking and conversation, has taken root and has exercised no inconsiderable influence on opinion. It meets every Sunday and Wednesday evening during the greater part of the year, and comprises many of the most remarkable men of the period. If a visitor is in luck, he may see there in animated conversation in the course of a single evening, from ten to twelve, Lord Stanley, Mr. Bright, Earl de Grey, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Layard, Mr. W. Harcourt, Mr. Higgins, Mr. T. Bruce, Mr. Venables, Sir H. Rawlinson, Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. Stirling of Keir, Mr. Millais, Mr. Kinglake, Lord Houghton, Mr. Lowe, &c. &c.

There are no traces of clubs, as at present constituted, with houses for the exclusive occupation of the members, till towards the middle of the last century; but the leading taverns and coffee-houses, although professedly and legally open to the general public, were practically limited to the frequenters or *habitues*. 'A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's.' A stranger who should have joined the circle at Will's or Button's, without an introduction, ran considerable risk of being treated as an intruder. This Cibber expressly states; and

Lockier, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, gives an amusing account, quoted by Malone and Sir Walter Scott, of what befell him when (to use his own expression) he thrust himself into the circle at Will's to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of the time.

'The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. "If anything of mine is good," says he, "'tis *Mac-Flecnoe*; and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics." On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, "that *Mac-Flecnoe* was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way." On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long "I had been a dealer in poetry;" and added, with a smile, "Pray, sir, what is it that you did imagine to have been writ so before?" I named Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. "'Tis true," said Dryden; "I had forgot them." A little after Dryden went out, and in going spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly; and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived.'

At Will's, Dryden had his established chair, by the chimney in winter, and near the balcony in summer. Addison reigned with equal supremacy at Button's, where he delighted night after night to

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and templars every sentence
raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.

His little senate was most commonly composed of Steele, Budgell, Ambrose Philips, Carey, and Davenant. Pope also made one till his health began to suffer from the late hours, and the coldness occurred between him and Addison which gave rise to the celebrated portrait of Atticus. Swift's first appearance at Button's, the effect he produced on the circle, and his reply to Arbuthnot, have been rendered familiar by his biographers. The Grecian, the Bedford, and Tom's, were also favourite haunts of men of letters, men of rank and fashion, or men of wit and pleasure about town, who did their best to keep their company select. But disagreeable and discreditable people would frequently intrude upon precincts which were respected by good breeding and good taste, as fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Jemmy MacLaine, the highwayman, is said to have been a frequent visitor at Button's; but he was the son of an Irish dean, and a man of good appearance. In the *Beaux' Stratagem*, Aimwell asks Gibbet—'Ha'n't I seen your face at White's?' 'Ah, and at Will's too.'

Mr. Massey, however, states in his *History*, that the proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses; and this theory is confirmed by the extent of gambling carried on in them for half a century after their establishment. White's Chocolate House, as it was long called, was closed to the public and converted into a private club about 1736; and in 1750 Lord Lyttelton writes: 'The Dryads at Hagley are at present pretty secure; but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see not only there, but almost in

every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive Fury, the spirit of play.'

'Can you believe,' writes Walpole, 'that Lord Foley's two sons have borrowed money so extravagantly that the interest they have contracted to pay amounts to 18,000*l.* a year?' He thus accounts for Fox's not shining in the debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles, on February 6, 1772:—'He had sat up playing at hazard, at Almack's, from Tuesday evening the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing 11,000*l.* On the Thursday, he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won 6,000*l.*; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.* two nights after, and Charles 10,000*l.* more on the 13th; so that, in three nights, the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost 32,000*l.*'

Lord Holland paid full 150,000*l.* for his youngest son, Charles, in his lifetime, and left him 132,000*l.* at his death. It had been far more than anticipated, and Walpole had good cause for wondering what Fox would do when he had squandered the estates of his friends, who had become security for him to fabulous amounts. There was a note in the club-list at Almack's which sounds like a mockery:—'Mr. Thynne, having won only 12,000 guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust. March 21st, 1772.' Walpole, amongst numerous instances of the same frenzy, relates that Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost 11,000*l.* at Almack's, but recovered it by one great throw at hazard. He swore a great oath,

'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.'

'The women are all before,' exclaimed the half-chorus of wizards in the Walpurgisnacht; 'for in going to the house of the wicked one, woman is a thousand steps in advance.' The women were certainly not behind when the vice of gambling was at its acme, of which a curious proof has been discovered by the editor of the *Athenæum*, and reprinted by Mr. Timbs, in the shape of a formal claim of privilege put in by a peeress to this effect:—

I, Dame Mary, Baroness of Mordington, do hold a house in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, for and as an Assembly, where all persons of credit are at liberty to frequent and play at such diversions as are used at other Assemblys. And I have hired Joseph Dewberry, William Horsely, Ham Cropper, and George Sanders as my servants or managers (under me) thereof. I have given them orders to direct the management of the other inferior servants, (namely) John Bright, Richard Davids, John Hill, John Vandenvoren, as box-keepers,—Gilbert Richardson, housekeeper,—John Chaplain, regulator,—William Stanley and Henry Huggins, servants that wait on the Company as the said Assembly,—William Penny and Joseph Penny as porters thereof. —And all the above-mentioned persons I claim as my domestick servants, and demand all those privileges that belong to me as a peeress of Great Britain appertaining to my said Assembly.—M. MORDINGTON. Dated 8th Jan. 1744.

A similar claim was made at the same time by Lady Cassilis, and the House of Lords resolved that no person is entitled to privilege of peerage against any prosecution on proceedings for keeping any public or common gaming-house.

The evil went on increasing. The open abuse of manners (says Mr. Massey) reached, perhaps, its utmost limit at the institution of the Coterie. This was a mixed club of ladies and gentlemen, 'with power,' remarked the wits, 'to add to their numbers.' It was composed exclusively of people of the highest fashion, and the number, therefore, was limited. Such a breach of delicacy and

decorum, adds the historian, was almost too flagrant for the coarse taste of that day. It did not strike Walpole in that light. He writes to Montagu:—'There is a new Institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds will make, a considerable noise. It is a Club of *both* sexes, to be erected at Almack's, on the model of that of the men of White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Lloyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable society; but as they are people I live with, I choose to be idle rather than morose. I can go to a young supper without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass.'

There is a complete list of the members in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1770, from which it appears that Walpole's information was not strictly accurate, the original members being Lord and Lady Molyneux, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy, Miss Pelham, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Selwyn, and Mr. Charles Fox. The members by ballot, 124 in all, comprise the *élite* of the London world, but the Whig names and titles preponderate. Several unmarried women of birth are of the number. The principal rules were:—

That the ladies shall ballot for men and men for ladies.

That no man shall be balloted for, but by at least eight ladies present.

That no lady shall be balloted for, but by at least twelve men present.

That one black ball shall exclude a man, unless sixteen or more ladies shall be present, and, in that case, two; and if twenty-four, three; and so on in proportion.

That one black ball shall exclude a lady, unless twenty-four or more men shall be present, and in that case, two; or, if thirty-six, three; and so in proportion.

That upon any lady becoming a member of this club, her husband shall become a member of course.

That all unmarried daughters of ladies who are members of this club shall be

allowed to come without ballot and without subscription.

That dinner be upon table at half-past four o'clock exactly, and that every person present pay eight shillings, exclusive of the wine, which the men are to pay.

That supper be upon table at eleven o'clock exactly, and that every member present shall pay — shillings, exclusive of the wine, which the men are to pay.

No play in the eating-room on penalty of paying the whole bill.

It is stated in the Delany correspondence that the Ladies Rochfort, Harrington, and Holderness, with Lord March and Mr. Brook Boothby, were black-balled; but their names appear on the list. 'Why,' asks Lord Byron, in reference to the Argyll Rooms, 'are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room and the dice in another.' It was precisely because they thought it a pleasant thing that the wives and daughters became anxious candidates for the Coterie, where some of them played as desperately as their male connections. The Miss Pelham, daughter of the minister, who figures amongst the founders, half ruined herself two or three times over. So did Lady Elizabeth Luttrell. Hogarth's 'Lady's Last Stake' was painted to save Mrs. Piozzi (then a girl) from the moral epidemic that raged around her.

The Coterie did not last long, and no attempt has been made to renew the experiment under more favourable auspices. In fact, women have till recently been excluded from public coffee-rooms and dining-rooms. To support his proposition that a bishop should not go to a tavern, Johnson says:—'A bishop should not go to a house where he may meet a young fellow leading out a wench.' Boswell: 'But, sir, every tavern does

not admit women.' Johnson: 'Depend upon it, sir, any tavern will admit a well-dressed man and a well-dressed woman. Taverns sell meat and drink, and will sell them to anybody who can eat and drink. You may as well say that a mercer will not sell silks to a woman of the town.'

Johnson argued paradoxically; and if taverns would have admitted women, it is clear that decent women would not have gone to them as to a French *restaurant*. Only a year or two since, a gentleman and his wife who had put up at an hotel at Southampton, not wishing to go to the expense of a private sitting-room, proposed to dine in the coffee-room, which the landlord would not allow; and an action was brought to try the right. The decision was against the landlord; and in all the large new hotels there are public rooms for the reception of ladies. Arrangements are also made for their accommodation at several of the first-class London dining-houses, and it has become the fashion for ladies of rank to form supper parties at Evans's, in Covent Garden—a house of historic fame, which receives fitting honour from the pen of Mr. Timbs. Whether this will end in a renewal of the Coterie without the gambling, and whether such a renewal is desirable, are points which we will not venture to decide.

Almack's Club was established in Pall Mall in 1764, and its pretensions ran high, one of the rules being: 'Any member of this Society who shall become a candidate for any other club (Old White's excepted) shall be *ipso facto* excluded, and his name struck out of the book.' The concern was taken off Almack's hands by Brookes, and became Brookes's Club. The house in St. James's Street which it occupies, built at his expense, was opened in October 1778, and Hare writes to Selwyn in

May 1779, 'We are all beggars at Brookes's, and he threatens to leave the house, as it yields him no profit.' Mr. Cunningham says that he did retire from the club soon after it was built, and died poor about the year 1782. That it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, was the maxim of a *grand seigneur*, which Brookes too chivalrously or too emulously followed to his cost. The cause of his ruin may be inferred from the celebrated lines in Tickell's poetical epistle, 'From the Hon. Charles James Fox, partridge-shooting, to the Hon. John Townshend, cruising' (which Mr. Timbs calls a copy of verses addressed to Sheridan):—

From liberal Brookes, whose speculative
skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill,
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar
trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

The Whigs should raise a monument to his memory; for much of their coherency, reputation, and influence as a party are owing to the sacrifices he made for their establishment.

There have been times when White's showed symptoms of acting as a social balance or counterweight by becoming the head-quarters of the Tories; but it speedily righted itself, and, except at rare intervals, has kept aloof from party, which necessarily lowers the standard of a club. For this reason, Brookes's, with all its cluster of historical and literary associations, its reminiscences of Fox, Sheridan, Burke, and Gibbon, ranks socially after White's, where no candidate was ever proposed on the strength of his being a man of influence in his county or an actual M.P. White's, however, is slightly leavened with the slang of the hunting-field and the turf; some of its fine gentlemen are rather superfine; and, all things considered, perhaps

the Travellers' is the club to which a man well placed by birth, fortune, or connection, would find it most agreeable and advantageous to belong.

The hero in one of the late Lord Normanby's novels talks of discussing budding beauties at White's and budding crops at Boodle's; where the squires and baronets once mustered strong enough to justify a bet that the first address by name you heard on entering would be 'Sir William' or 'Sir John.' It was the author of *Pelham*, we believe, who, unconscious of his impending honours, first announced that baronets are gregarious; though guiltless of the proposal to ascertain the cause by vivisection.

What Mr. Massey terms proprietary clubs are not strictly so. The members of White's, Boodle's, or Brookes's hired a house of a person who contracted to supply the requisite accommodation. They had no property in the furniture or the house. A club like the United Service, the University Club, the Travellers', or the Athenæum, is a partnership, all the members of which have a joint interest in the entire property: a partnership which cannot be dissolved without the consent of each individual member, except upon conditions specified at its formation; that is, in the original rules. Neither can any fundamental rule be essentially altered by the majority. The distinction, unforeseen and still imperfectly understood, has led to important consequences. When one of the old St. James's Street clubs wished to get rid of a member, they met, broke up the club, and immediately reconstituted it without him. A proprietary club in Lincoln's Inn Fields, wishing to get rid of the notorious O. P. Clifford, resorted to this expedient. 'Very well, gentlemen,' was his remark; 'you

have all retired from the partnership; I am the sole surviving partner, and the house and furniture belong to me.' He turned out legally right; and it cost them several thousand pounds to buy him out.

An ex-Lord Chancellor adduced this case during the great schism in the Carlton, which commenced in 1846. The Protectionists then maintained that the Peelites, including nearly all the Conservative leaders, were bound to go out, because they had supported the repeal of the Corn-laws. In 1851, when the Derbyites adopted and approved this policy, they might have been requested in turn to leave by Mr. Bentinck and his small band of followers—the remains of the 'Cannon balls.' According to the assumed obligation that all who differ with the recognised leaders should secede, a large body of recalcitrants should secede now. The club was formed under the auspices of the late Duke of Wellington and the late Sir Robert Peel in 1833, to resist any further extension of popular power; in other words, to oppose parliamentary reform. If there be any test of conventional Conservatism, it is this; so that the framers and supporters of Lord Derby's Reform Bill in 1859 were *ipso facto* disqualified.

Lord Derby, to do him justice, never sanctioned the mischievous error of a small and noisy section of his followers. His invariable language was: 'Don't convert what may prove only a temporary alienation into a permanent breach. Let who will continue to call themselves Conservatives in their own sense, and they may come round in time to be Conservatives in ours.' His colleagues and principal supporters agreed with him, and whenever the exclusionists provoked a division, they were outvoted by more than two to one. The truth is, political clubs are an anachronism,

when the lines of demarcation between parties, far from being sharply marked, intersect each other in innumerable directions, and politicians of every denomination may constantly be found acting in concert. Suppose a division to be taken on a question of foreign policy, German, Italian, or American. On what principle would the Derbyite phalanx cooperate or be distributed?

We can understand religious clubs with articles of faith: we cannot understand either religious or political clubs without. There is some sense, or, rather, there is broad, downright, significant nonsense, in the Orange toast and test of 'The Glorious and Immortal Memory,' the refusal or evasion of which entails the penalty of being 'dammed, rammed, and crammed into the great gun of Athlone,' &c. But what sense or significance can be attached to the practice (recently, we hear, adopted by the committee of the Carlton) of requiring the proposer or seconder to certify that the political views of the candidate are 'strictly in accordance' with those of the great body of the members?—it being notorious that these differ to infinity. Fancy a clear-headed and conscientious man being required to certify that the political views of his friend are simultaneously in strict accordance with those of Lord Derby, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Roden, Lord Stanley, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Spencer Walpole, Sir John Pakington, Lord John Manners, Lord Cranbourne, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Bentinck, Sir Rainald Knightley, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Butler Johnstone, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir John Tyrrell, Colonel Brownlow Knox, Major Beresford, and Mr. Newdegate.

Or, to take a parallel case, fancy a candidate for holy orders being required to prove that his

theological views are in strict accordance with those of the great body of the Church of England. The right of private judgment has been too freely exercised for the re-establishment of the infallibility doctrine in any shape. Still more preposterous, therefore, if possible, is the profession of faith, or pledge, exacted from the members of a new Conservative club, that they will abide by the policy or principles of the recognised leaders: those leaders being Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli! As well might a man pledge himself to stand on one leg on a column and veer round with the weathercock.

The clubs which form the architectural ornaments of Pall Mall and the neighbourhood have been all completed within little more than forty years. The Garrick Club, located in Covent Garden, was founded about 1830. It merits especial notice as combining more of the sociability that marked the tavern-life of the olden time than any other club of our day. Thackeray has left a grateful recognition of the pleasant hours he passed in it; and it is highly recommended by Mr. Timbs. The Athenæum Club has fallen under his displeasure, and in illustration of its pretensions to literature, he relates: 'Among the club gossip it is told that a member who held the Library faith of the promise of the Fathers, and was anxious to consult their good works, one day asked, in a somewhat familiar tone of acquaintance with these respectable theologians, "Is Justin Martyr here?" "I do not know," was the reply; "I will refer to the list, but I do not think that gentleman is one of our members."'

He says, 'Some years ago, judges, bishops, and peers used to congregate at the Athenæum, but a club of 1,200 members cannot be select;' and he then quotes approvingly a remark in the *New Quarterly Review*,

that 'nine-tenths of the intellectual writers of the age would be certainly black-balled by the dunces.' He will find on inquiry that bishops, judges, and peers do still congregate there: that a large majority (if not quite nine-tenths) of the principal English writers now living are already members: and that any candidate eminently distinguished in science, literature, the arts, or for public services, may be admitted by the committee without ballot, provided the number so chosen shall not exceed nine annually and the committee shall be unanimous.

We are not disposed to institute a severe scrutiny into the connection between an anecdote and the subject-matter in hand; but the space Theodore Hook is made to fill in club-history by Mr. Timbs and others is out of all proportion to the reality. He was not particularly fond of clubs, and lived comparatively little in them. The gambling and fine company at Crockford's had a strong attraction for him, which he sometimes found irresistible; he would come into town once or twice a week to meet his clerical friend Barham (the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*) at the Garrick, or to dine with the late Mr. Broderip (the magistrate), and Major Shadwell Clerke (editor of the *United Service Gazette*) at the Athenæum; but he was rather social than clubbable, and his inclinations wavered between the splendid board of the titled host, and simple fare with a small party of intimates at a private house. In one entry of his diary we find: 'Ordered my old favourite, pease-soup. To-day my dear mother's favourite dish, a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, which I had not had for many weeks, and enjoyed.' There is another to this effect: 'A very pleasant day; worked all the morning, doing much—I hope, tolerably. Justice B. and the Major came to dine; small leg of pork and some eels; one

bottle of sherry, two port, a little punch to wind up. I think they found themselves comfortable and enjoyed themselves. — God bless them both.'

The popular and (we think) erroneous notion about Hook is mainly owing to some passages in his biography, written with power and feeling by the late Mr. Lockhart, although he began by disclaiming intimacy with Hook, and cautiously held aloof from his Coterie. Thus, after speaking of his green chariot 'as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum,' he adds in a note: 'It is said that at the Athenæum the number of dinners fell off by upwards of 300 per annum after Mr. Hook disappeared from his favourite corner, near the door of the coffee-room. That is to say, there must have been some *dozens* of gentlemen who chose to dine there once or twice every week of the season merely for the chance of his being there, and permitting them to draw their chairs to his little table in the course of the evening.'

Many members dine regularly at a club; many dine rarely or not at all: the death of one of the first class, supposing his place to be filled by one of the second, would make the difference of 300 dinners a year, which is less than one per day. Hook was very irregular in his attendance, and sometimes did not appear for weeks. When he dined in the corner, it was commonly with Mr. Broderip and Major Clerke, or (not so frequently) Admiral Smyth and two other members still living. There were three or four others who, if they chanced to be present, joined the party after dinner. The notion of dozens dining there once or

twice a week on the chance of his being there, is preposterous.

The note proceeds: 'The corner alluded to will, we suppose, long retain the name which it derived from him — *Temperance Corner*. Many grave and dignified personages being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to be calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the Corner meant by "Another glass of toast and water," or "A little more lemonade."' The name was given by Mr. Lockhart himself: it never took, and is remembered only by his memoir. The sarcasm implied in it was unfounded: no signs of intemperance were ever seen in that corner. Hook had brought himself by habit to require and endure a portentous amount of spirits, and his friends were not given to excess. The grave and dignified personages, the attendant dozens, who came on the chance, had better have kept away if they were liable to be scandalised by calls for brandy-and-water. If the phrases in question were used at all, they were used jocularly; and, in a word, speaking not only from internal evidence but personal knowledge, we pronounce this whole story of the Corner to be an exaggeration fast bordering on a myth.*

Hook drew up *Advice to Members of Clubs*, in the style of Swift's *Advice to Servants*. Some of the items were to this effect; but we quote from memory:—

When you are reading one newspaper, always lean your elbow or sit upon two or three more, so that you may have them at hand when you are ready for them.

Do all your writing at your club, where you can have pens, ink, and paper for the asking. Occupy a table the whole day with your private or professional papers,

* 'Our own acquaintance with him (Hook) commenced twenty years ago, and had long been familiar, but it never reached intimacy' (*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxii. p. 53). This being so, it is to be regretted that the task of describing Hook's life with his intimates did not devolve on some one who had been intimate with him, and was not ashamed of it.

and strow the fragments of torn letters on the floor, by way of showing that you are perfectly at home.

If you are in the habit of taking a nap, morning or evening, always take it at the club, especially if you snore. You may look ridiculous with your mouth open, and provoke some caustic observations, but that is no matter if you are refreshed. You will sleep better with a newspaper on your knees, or the newest publication open before you.

Raise your voice in talking, unless nature has gifted you with a sonorous one. Unwilling listeners may look annoyed, but it will be an obvious advantage to them to be made acquainted with your domestic arrangements or your opinion on things in general.

When sitting on one chair, coil up your legs and feet on another, or stretch yourself at length on a sofa with your dirty boots on it. Never mind spoiling the furniture or soiling the smallclothes of the member who may come next.

If you see three or four friends anxious to dine together at a particular table, occupy it, although alone. You have as good a right to it as they—nay, a better, if you order your dinner half-an-hour earlier. (N.B.—When Hook could not get his corner, he invariably went away and dined elsewhere.)

When you see a group that you wish to join, and have a speaking acquaintance with one of them, address him without ceremony. You must either break up the conversation or be admitted to take part in it.

Always use the club, and live in it, as if it was your own house in every respect, without regard to what must happen if every member did the same. On arriving in town with a quantity of luggage, drive at once to the club, and make the club servants deposit it in the hall. Leaving town with ditto, do the same; and have all your purchases for the country directed to you there. Anything less than a grand piano or one of West's pictures may be conveniently taken in, and will aid in giving the club the bustling cheery look of an inn or the respectable look of a warehouse.

Leave the door open on leaving or entering the room, or, if you shut it, slam it. Open the window next you, if you feel hot, without regard to the resulting effect on the general temperature of the room. It is more important that you should escape feeling hot for an hour, than that other members should escape colds which may last them a month, or chills which may end in rheumatism.

Always find fault with your dinner if you

wish to have it thought that you are a connoisseur in gastronomy, or accustomed to good tables. When you order your customary half-pint of sherry, keep the butler in conversation about the prices and quality of the finer wines in his stock, especially if other members are calling for him.

If you are walking out with your children, and wish to read the papers or write your letters at your club, establish them on the hall sofas for an hour. It may be agreeable to gentlemen to have boys or girls listening to their conversation.

If you are in Parliament or canvassing a constituency, always appoint a deputation from your constituents or committee to meet you at the club. If you can manage to fill the waiting-room once or twice a week, you will gain weight.

The chief popular objection to clubs was neatly versified by Hood:

Of all the modern schemes of man

That time has brought to bear,

A plague upon the wicked plan

That parts the wedded pair!

My wedded friends they all allow

They meet with slights and snubs,

And say, 'They have no husbands now,—

They're married to the clubs!'

The writer forgot that clubs were preceded by taverns and coffee-houses, where the necessity of ordering 'for the good of the house,' as the phrase went, and the want of a comfortable library or drawing-room, encouraged a prolonged indulgence in the pleasures of the table. A club dinner is rarely a sociable meal: in five cases out of six, the member has a small table to himself, dines simply, drinks his pint of wine, reads the newspapers, and goes away. So confirmed is this habit, that if a party is formed by joining two or three tables, obviously saving both space and attendance, murmurs are heard against the alleged interference with the economy of the room. Enter any one of the large clubs (except perhaps the military clubs) between ten and eleven any evening, and you will not find more than fifteen or twenty members on the average. Married men seldom dine at clubs, except when it is good

that they should do so, as when the wife is out of town, or prefers taking an early dinner with the children. Mrs. Gore suggests another contingency: 'London clubs, after all, are not bad things for family men. They act as conductors to the storms usually hovering in the air. The man forced to remain at home and vent his crossness on his wife and children, is a much worse animal to bear with than the man who grumbles his way to Pall Mall, and not daring to swear at the club servants, or knock about the club furniture, becomes socialised into decency. Nothing like the subordination exercised in a community of equals for reducing a fiery temper.'

Such a community is also useful for clearing the brain of precon-

ceived opinions, for interchanging knowledge, for testing impressions, for verifying facts; and it constitutes a standing censorship with the power of executing its decrees. Its equalising effect, by elevating not lowering, is another unqualified good. Thanks to railways, a man of limited means can travel as comfortably as a man of ten thousand a year: thanks to clubs, he can dine as well, and in society to which the man of ten thousand a year is eager to belong. All this promotes cultivation, refinement, liberality, kindly feeling, self-restraint, self-respect. It is our firm conviction that intellectual and moral cannot be divorced from material improvement; and consequently that social progress has been most materially accelerated by clubs.



THE DOMESDAY OF HAMPSHIRE.

1. *Domesday Book*; or, the Great Survey of England of William the Conqueror, A.D. M.CXXXVI. Fac-simile of the part relating to Hampshire photo-zincographed, by Her Majesty's Command, at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. 1861.
2. *An Extension of the Latin Text, and an English Translation of the Domesday Book, as far as it relates to Hampshire*; with Explanatory Notes by HENRY MOODY, Curator of the Winchester Museum.

WE must congratulate Colonel James on the success of his plan. It is no slight benefit which he and Mr. Gladstone have conferred, that we can now obtain for a small sum the various parts of the Conqueror's survey, rendered with all the accuracy but with none of the drawbacks of the original.

The Hampshire portion of the fac-simile has been accompanied with an extension of the Latin text, and an English translation by Mr. Moody, who is already favourably known by his letters on the subject, as also his paper on the Wiltshire *Domesday*.* From his local knowledge, he has been able to recognise many places where Warner failed, and has most carefully collated them under their various Hundreds. Here and there, however, we have detected in his translation some inaccuracies for which we are at a loss to account.† We, however, beg to thank him for what he has

done, and trust that he will not allow his labours to cease at the point where they have just begun to be useful.

What is now wanted, as the fac-similes for the various counties appear, is a good analysis of each; and this can only be supplied by the local archaeologist. It would be an excellent plan if the various Archaeological Societies would each take in hand the *Domesday* of their own county; annotating it with such notes as only local information, and a long acquaintance with the particular district, and the co-operation of many minds, could supply. Though far from perfect, Mr. Mumford's *Analysis of the Domesday Book of Norfolk* might be taken as a sort of rough model, whilst the text should, as far as possible, be illustrated with notes of the more difficult words and passages, like those that give such value to Archdeacon Hale's *Domesday of St. Paul's*.‡ Tables of the value of land in King Edward's and the Conqueror's reigns, as also in the intervening period, the rent-roll of church lands and their state of cultivation, biographies of the tenants in chief and sub-tenants, lists of the English proprietors who had been evicted, or had been allowed to remain, and notices, if there be any, of their descendants, should be compiled. The peculiarities, too, which the survey of each county would be sure to afford, should be noted. Further, the number of churches, mills, saltworks, fisheries, vineyards, iron-works, parks and woods, the herds

* *Proceedings of the Archaeological Institute*, 1849; pp. 177-181.

† Thus, under Bishops Waltham, 'parcus bestiarum' is translated 'a pound for cattle,' which would convey to an English reader a totally wrong impression of the place. For similar entries see Ellis, *Introduction to Domesday*, vol. i. pp. 113, 114. At page 37 we find 'isdem Sterre tenuit unam hidam quæ missa est in forestâ regis,' rendered 'the same Sterre holds one hyde in the King's forest.' Similar mistakes occur elsewhere. A list, too, of misprints should have been added in a book where accuracy is so important.

‡ *Publications of the Camden Society*, 1858.

of cattle, droves of swine, sheep, horses, cows, and goats, and the different quantities of arable and pasture land should all be tabulated. By this method each portion of the Survey would acquire immense value to the local antiquarian, and still greater to the historian and philosopher.

The works of Kelham and Ellis have done much to show the riches which the Survey contains; but their labours are appreciated by only a few students. The public holds still very vague notions about *Domesday*. Most people fancy that it is a census, giving the returns of the population, towns, and houses, and trades in England under the Conqueror.

It will be as well therefore to say that the primary object of *Domesday* was to ascertain the real value of the landed and taxable property throughout the kingdom. It is in no ways a census of the whole population. Towns and villages and churches are often omitted, and women and children not returned. Still with all these omissions it gives, as far as it goes, a complete insight into the state of the country, its revenue, its sources of wealth and industry, its population, and its trades. It shows us the woods, where the swine fed on the mast and acorns, the droves of wild horses in the marsh lands, the forests of the king, and the parks of his barons, and the fisheries of the hall and the abbey. It sets before us the mills working on the streams, the ox-gangs ploughing on the farms, and the serfs toiling in the fields—in fact, the whole daily life of the Old-English nation. Besides this, it enumerates the different tenures and services of holding land, the heriots and reliefs, reveals glimpses of the criminal and civil jurisdiction, the fines and

punishments, and here and there gives some small piece of historical information, as in Hampshire, that the Conqueror had a daughter called Matilda, to be nowhere else gained.

Whoever wishes to study decidedly the most important chapter in our history—to grasp the social state of the times—to understand, as at all great crises must be, the decay of form and the change of spirit—to know the complex character of the Conqueror, that strange compound of justice and passion, valour and avarice—to learn the full rapacity of his followers, and the sufferings of the English, must take *Domesday* for his text-book. For *Domesday* contains the truest record of that period; through which, as surely as the sun rose on the morning of the battle of Hastings, Englishmen were bound to pass. As an authority it is incomparable. *Domesday* possesses no leanings this way or that, and is warped by none of the love or hatred of the historian.* *Domesday* has no prejudices to combat, and no theories to conciliate. *Domesday* simply gives facts, and cannot fortunately be twisted to gild the dark deeds of the conquerors, or obscure the sufferings of the conquered.

We, however, must here strictly confine ourselves to Hampshire. And it will be the object of this paper to place before the reader a slight sketch of the state of the county, its resources, its mills, its fisheries, its saltworks, and its woods, its churches and church lands, as recorded in *Domesday*.

The Survey, as we have said, does not accurately record the whole quantity of any particular thing, and we must beware of balancing the returns of one county against another, for the jurors in various counties drew up their valuations very differently. Some

* Nobody, we suppose, now believes Ingulph and his accusation against the compilers of *Domesday*, of partiality towards the lands of Croyland Abbey.

returned, as in the Norfolk and Exeter *Domesday*, the number of sheep and cattle; others again, as in Lancashire, Cornwall, and Middlesex, entirely omitted the churches. Some gave minor particulars, others condensed the accounts into the briefest possible limits.

The returns, however, for Hampshire, though not the fullest, are more ample than those of many other counties, and possess the further interest of being taken in that county where was situated the capital of England, where West-Saxon and Norman kings alike held their courts, and where we should naturally turn to find the last results of civilisation, and the greatest amount of industry.

The first, therefore, and most important question is, of course, in what way had this county, as all England, suffered by the battle of Hastings, the change of government, the enormous influx of Normans, and the establishment of the Feudal System? Were the land-owners still the same? Had land itself, as is always the case in an unsettled period, become depreciated? Had it even fallen out of cultivation? Before we answer these questions, it will be worth while to look in what light the compilers of the Hampshire *Domesday* regarded this change, the greatest which, perhaps, ever befel a kingdom. Once only is the battle of Hastings mentioned in connection with two West-Saxon holders of the manor of Tytherley,* who

were then slain. Harold himself is, however, frequently introduced, but never as king, and once—and once only—is he spoken of as reigning.† He is always Earl Harold—‘comes Heraldus.’ Thus under Bishop’s Sutton‡ we find ‘comes Heraldus tenuit;’ and again under Preston Condover,§ ‘Alaric tenuit de Comite Heraldus.’ Not only this, but he is under Hayling|| plainly called a usurper. On the other hand, William is always spoken of as king, as the virtual successor of Edward. Nothing is ever referred to Harold. All questions as to holdings, claims, rights and privileges, are taken back to the time of Edward. Thus, at Charford,¶ William’s witnesses say they know no law but the Confessor’s; and again at Rockbourn, the jury of the hundred consider Alwi’s and Gawin’s claims substantiated by their possessing the Confessor’s seal.** Further, it is evident by such expressions as ‘postquam rex Willelmus mare transiit,’ †† and again, ‘antequam rex Willelmus venisset,’ ‡‡ that the authors of the Hampshire portion of *Domesday* looked upon the events which placed William on the throne, not as the mere result of a fortunate battle, but of constitutional right. How far this feeling was shared by Englishmen, we do not pretend to say. Certainly it predominates throughout the *Domesday* of Hampshire.§§

Next with regard to that universal eviction of Englishmen which is said to have taken place after the

* Tederleg xxvi. a.

† Sudberture ii. b.

‡ Sudtune xv. a.

§ Candovre xv. a. Under the following places: Bocheamptune xvii. b.; Silcestre xx. a.; Esse xx. b.; Ferlei iv. b.; Alia Wallope iii. a.; Lacherne b.; and Heselie v. b. Harold is spoken of simply as ‘comes.’

|| Halingei ii. b. ‘Heraldus abstulit, quando regnum invasit.’

¶ Cerdeforde xv. b.

** Rocheborne xxvi. b.; see also under Holstune xvi. b., and Celtone xvii. a.

†† Cuntune xxiii. b.

‡‡ Taceberie xii. b.

§§ *Domesday* plainly reveals in the returns for some of the cities the fate of the English, and the enormous loss of life. See the short summary of facts given in Lappenberg’s *English under the Anglo-Norman Kings*, ed. Thorpe, pp. 207–208.

battle of Hastings. In Hampshire it was by no means universal. True, a great number of Norman lords held lands which had been the property of West-Saxons. But we know not how many of these fell at Hastings, how many more fled dreading punishment, and how many suffered death for conspiracies and rebellion. Were these numbers known, the statement of wholesale eviction would require to be much modified.

On the other hand, a great many West-Saxon holders still appear. A bare list is not very interesting. But if the reader will trust to our word, somewhere about ten Old-English names occur 'in novâ Forestâ et circa eam;' about eight are scattered amongst the churchlands, and about three times that number amongst the King's thanes,* whilst thirty-one Englishmen live in Southampton.

That there were very many cases of Norman violence and usurpation, no person, we suppose, doubts. Thus, at Broughton† and Mottisfont,‡ we find that the King's bailiffs have unfairly taken some land, and that the title to a wood at the former place, in Bishop Walkelin's hands, is not settled. Again, at Basingstoke,§ it is noted that Goisfrid, the chamberlain to the Conqueror's daughter Matilda, has seized some lands, and that the Hundred and Sheriff have not seen

the King's grant; whilst at Hatch-Warren|| a similar complaint is brought against him. Again, at Droxford,¶ Ralph de Mortimer has seized half a yardland of the manor. The fact, however, of these seizures being openly mentioned, shows a sense of justice, and a wish that right only should be recognised.

Moreover, the fairness of the valuation, and the cognisance taken of the smallest matter, forms a very remarkable feature. In all cases, even-handed justice seems as far as possible to have been dealt. Everything is referred, according to Old-English precedent, to the jury of the Hundred and the Sheriff. Thus, at Tytherley,** the jury of the Hundred say that unless the King testifies to the present holder's claim, he has no title. All things are adjusted. At Alton,†† Herding is found to have unfairly taken possession of the manor from the King in exchange for a house, which is proved to have previously been the King's. Even the Conqueror's bailiff, as we have before seen, cannot with impunity do what he pleases. At Oakhanger,‡‡ he is told by the jury that his claims for pasture and pannage for the King's oxen cannot be obtained except through the Sheriff, whilst the English Gawin's claim is confirmed, against even the Conqueror's, to half a ploughland at Rockbourn,§§ by his possessing the Confessor's seal. The least

* At Barton Stacey (Bertune iii. a.) some freemen remain. At Nether Wallop (Wallope xxvi. a.) four Englishmen, brothers, hold the manor their father had held of Edward. Agemund, who was a sub-tenant at Shoddeden (Sotesdene xxvi. a.) to Queen Edith, is tenant-in-chief to the Conqueror. Such Old-English names as Aluric, Uluric, Alric, are constantly recurring. Aluric, the son of Saulf, is a tenant-in-chief at Tytherley (Tederleg xxvi. a.) The sons of Godric Malf are tenants-in-chief at Hanger (Hangre xxvii. a.), which their father had held of the Confessor; whilst Cola the huntsman is sub-tenant to his father Ulric at Langley (Langelie xxvii. b.). and his brother Alwin tenant-in-chief at Marchwood (Merceorde xxvii. b.) But we need not further multiply instances which every reader may so easily discover.

† Brestone iii. a.

§ Basingstoches iv. b.

¶ Drocheneford ix. a. See further under Herlege, xxi. a.; Aclei xxii. b.; Cuntune xxiii. b.; and Seneorde xv. b.; Holstune xvi. b.

** Tederleg xxvi. a.

†† Acangre xxv. b.

‡ Mortesfunde x.

|| Heche xxiv. b.

†† Aultone xii. a.

§§ Rocheborne xxvi. b.

things are mentioned, that at Bowcomb * the land and houses are held without the priest's consent, that at Stratfield Saye † the English Aluric holds two hydes without any title, that at West Wellow ‡ the huntsman Waleran separated a yardland and a half from the manor, and that at Totton § an uncle holds half a hyde, which legally belongs to his nephew.

So, too, the rental is fairly levied. Thus the manor of Soberton, || which in Edward's reign was rated at three hydes, is now only assessed at two hydes and a half, as the other portion had been taken into Earl Roger's park; and a similar reducement is made at Watchingwell, where half a hyde has been used for the Conqueror's park. Again the West-Saxon Aluric holds the manor of Milford in exchange for land which had been taken into the New Forest; and wherever any portion of a manor is afforested, the rental of the land is proportionately lowered; and whenever, too, the land is rented too high, the fact is noted. ¶ All these things should be taken into consideration when weighing the effects of the Conquest, and the character of the Conqueror. We have not the slightest wish to justify the cruelty and excesses of the Normans; but we do desire to modify that unqualified, full-mouthed judgment which deals in only evil and good. There is, unfortunately, in history a kind of mental eyesight which can only see plain black or plain white, and is blind to all neutral tints. In our opinion, the

shock and supposed convulsion caused by the Norman Conquest has, especially of late years, been overrated. We will only here pause to say that we do not believe that any single battle could have subdued a nation which was not willing to accept the yoke. The truth is that England, as far as its bishops and nobles were concerned, had for years before been Normanised. They were Normans in their tastes, Normans in their dress, Normans in their language, Normans in heart and soul. The people were English, but mere limbs, however strong, cannot act without a head to direct, and a principle to sustain.

We will now pass to the results of the Conquest upon the prosperity of the county. The most decisive test that no disturbing influence was felt, and that its industry was not paralysed by the events which the battle of Senlac produced, is found in the raised value of land. The total rental of the mainland in Hampshire in the Confessor's reign was between two and three thousand a year. This, however, had, during the interval between his death and the Conquest, been depreciated to the extent of nearly five hundred pounds. The loss, though, had not only been recovered, but the rental had improved to the amount of two hundred pounds. Again, taking the rental of the Isle of Wight as a criterion, we find that property there had also suffered a depreciation of nearly fifty pounds, which also had been made up, and another fifty pounds gained.** Such

* Bovecombe xxx. b.

† Stradfelle xxv. b.

‡ Welwe xxvi. a.

§ Totintone xxvii. a. For other minute matters see also Clere xxvii. a.; Langlie xxvii. b.; and various places.

|| Sudbertune xxiii. b.

¶ See Menes ii. b.; Canborne xxxi. a.; Side xxxi. a.

** Our figures—under correction, however, though we have done our best to be accurate—stand thus. Rental of the mainland, under Edward the Confessor, 2,632*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* Depreciation of rental between the Confessor's death and the Conquest, 465*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* Rental under William, 2,843*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.* In this estimate, the Hundreds in which the New Forest is situated are omitted, as so much of the land is afforested and no value is returned. Rental of the Isle of Wight, under Edward the Confessor, 450*l.* 12*s.* 0*d.* Depreciation of rental between the Confessor's death and the Conquest, 45*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*

facts will show how the hands of the government had been strengthened, and how the stricter law introduced by the Conqueror had conduced to the prosperity of the county and the comfort of the subject.

Let no one, however, we repeat, imagine, from our forming so high an estimate of the Conquest and its advantages, which became more conspicuous as time united the two races, that we are forgetful of the sufferings of the English. After he found the true difficulty of his situation, a great change came over the Conqueror, arising from jealousy, irritation, and mistrust on his part, and pledges broken and promises evaded on the other, culminating in open rebellion, and terminated only by its train of evils,—confiscation, exile, and massacre. Open tyranny raged on one side; secret revenge plotted on the other.

From these considerations we will now turn back to *Domesday*, and look at the entries of the woods, which were then of great value, not so much for their timber, as for their crops of mast and acorns, to supply the herds of swine. Nearly every manor had its wood, which in Hampshire, instead of being rented as in Warwickshire by its length and breadth, is assessed by the number of hogs it maintains. Thus we find such entries as at Ealing, * 'silva de 200 et quatuor

viginti porcis de pasnagio;' or, under East Meon,† 'silva de 200 porcis de pasnagio;' or, as in the very first entry under Odiham, 'silva de 160 porcis.' Sometimes, however, the wood is only large enough to support one hog. Thus, under Wroxel and Barnsley, both in the Isle of Wight, we meet 'silva de uno porco.'‡ Where the trees have grown old and past bearing, or where the wood is, perhaps, composed of thorns, or yews, or ash, the fact is noticed. Thus, under Quarley§ and Sandford,|| we find 'silva sine pasnagio;' equivalent to the entries of 'silva inutilis,' at Littleton,¶ Kimpton,** and Clatinges.†† In one case at Chilworth,‡‡ the manor did not possess any right of pannage or pasturage over its own woods, by which its rental was reduced to one-half. So great was the value of the woods that notice is given where they have been blown down by storms. Thus, under Sunwood,§§ we find 'maxima pars silvæ vento corruit,' and in another place, 'silva non est,' or, as it is expressed under Botley,||| 'silva deest.' Entries, too, of copses and woods for making repairs (ad clausuram) are constant; and in one instance, under Broughton,¶¶ we find 'silvas ad faciendas domos,' which belong to some foresters. The wild bees, too, in the woods are also noticed, and their honey, as we

Rental under William, 505*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* Only nine yardlands are marked as having gone out of cultivation, four at Embley (Emelei xxi. *b.*) and one at Wilmingham (Wilmingeham xxx. *b.*), and the remainder at Tachbury (Taceberie xii. *b.*) which, however, as previously, still rented for 10*s.* We must bear in mind, as we before said, that in Hampshire, we should more than in any other county, from the Conqueror's presence at Winchester, expect to find the beneficial rather than the disastrous side of the results of the Conquest.

* Edlinges iii. *b.*

† Menes ii. *b.*

‡ Mr. Thorpe inclines to think that the abbreviation 'porc' may sometimes in *Domesday* stand not for one pig but a porcary or herd (*Bib. Top. Brit.* No. vi. p. 46). The numbers here, however, running so regularly from 1 to 200 would seem to contradict this theory. Besides this we find entries of woods as at Mapledurham (Mapledresham ii. *a.*) renting for only sixpence. We once under Mortesfunde *x.* meet the term 'grava' for a grove.

§ Ferlei iv. *b.*

|| Sandford v. *a.*

¶ Littleton xvii. *b.*

** Chemantune xviii. *a.*

†† Clatinges xviii. *a.*

‡‡ Celeorde xxi. *b.*

§§ Seneorde xv. *b.*

||| Botlie xx. *a.*

¶¶ Brestone iii. *b.*

shall further on see, taken into account. Finally, we must remember that 'silva' in *Domesday*, as shown in the entry under Chelton and other places,* does not mean merely a wood, but rather woodlands, equivalent to the Old-English 'hurst,' which, like the High German 'spreidach,' means a fruitful place, as opposed to the barren 'forest.'†

On the whole, however, the woodlands in Hampshire are small when compared with those of other counties. We seldom find a larger herd of swine than two hundred, whilst in Norfolk we meet with droves of a thousand and two thousand. This may, perhaps, show that the chief attention was here bestowed to the cultivation of corn, and the produce of stock on the meadow lands.

The agricultural state of the district, though, will be better seen when we look at the mills. *Domesday* returns for the county as many as 312, rented for 157*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, giving an average rental of about ten shillings and sixpence to each. This is on the whole somewhat higher than that of many counties,‡ and would show, as we have just before remarked, that Hampshire was, as the county where the capital of Wessex was situated, better cultivated than many other shires. These mills were of course all worked by water, and even to this day some may

generally be found upon the same streams. They were, though, however, of very small working power, and although the average rental was so high, yet many of them, as at Bercheler, Ringwood, and Charford, only rented for thirty pence, whilst several in the Isle of Wight are returned 'sine censu.'

As a further instance of the still primitive condition of commerce at the time of the Conquest, it is worthy of notice that, besides a money value, some of the mills were rented by a payment of eels. Thus at Burgate on the Avon, a mill pays ten shillings and a thousand eels; and again, on the same river, another at Ibbesley pays ten shillings and seven hundred eels, and still further up the stream one at Charford yields fifteen shillings and twelve hundred and fifty eels; whilst close to Christchurch, another at Sopley on the same stream pays ten shillings and eight hundred and seventy-four eels; and at the neighbouring manor of Winkton two more furnish two hundred and fifty eels.§

These mills belonged to the various tenants in chief, and in many cases, as in the last at Winkton, it is noted that they are specially for the use of the hall. The sub-tenants and freemen could only use their lord's mill: and whenever they ground their wheat, paid in kind a

* Ceptune xv. b. Silva de 20 porcis. De pasturâ 10 solidi. So under Bedeslei xx. a. we find 'Silva de 10 porcis et pro herbagio 10 solidi.'

† Mr. Wedgwood well connects this word with the Welsh *gores*, *gorest*, waste open ground, and also *goresta*, to lie open or waste (*Dictionary of English Etymology*, vol. ii. p. 84).

‡ In Wiltshire, Mr. Moody ascertained that there were three hundred and ninety mills mentioned by *Domesday*, bringing in an aggregate rental of 211*l.* 17*s.*, or, averaging nearly eleven shillings each. As in Hampshire great differences existed, some returning only two or three shillings, and others as many pounds (*Proceedings of the Archaeological Institute* 1849, p. 179). Mr. Mumford (*Analysis of the Domesday Book of Norfolk*, p. 79) gives 580 as the number returned for Norfolk, where they also varied in their rentals from three pounds to three shillings. Money, we must remember, was between twenty and thirty times its present value.

§ At Wasperton, in Warwickshire, we find a mill paying twenty shillings, four seames (cart-loads) of salt, and a thousand eels (*The Domesday of Warwickshire*, ed. Reader, p. 18). Ellis (*Introduction to Domesday*, vol. i. p. 123) gives several instances of the eels, which were paid, being reckoned by 'stiches' or sticks, each tally being composed of twenty-five eels.

certain proportion of flour, known as mill-service. Sometimes, however, a manor possessed only a share in a mill, just as it only possessed a share in a fishery. Thus, under Ovington* we find half of a mill worth seven shillings, which belonged to Archbishop Stigand, and under Bramshill† only the fourth part of a mill, worth ten pence, and at Neatham‡ no less than eight mills and a half. Again, at Enham§ two separate manors occur, and each of them possesses the half of a mill. At Totton|| the mill was divided into five shares. Further, when there was more than one tenant on a manor, each had a share in the mill. Thus in the Isle of Wight, at Knighton and Down,¶ we find eight freemen each having part of a mill, each share being worth twenty-two pence.**

Such extracts give us no little insight into the social and agricultural life of the Old English. We must not be surprised at the large number of mills, for, as we have said, not only were they of small power, but bread was the staple food. Once do we find at Cheverton,†† in the Isle of Wight, a bakehouse belonging to Earl William, renting for sixteen pence; whilst Rainald, the baker, holds, as his sub-tenant, an acre and a half of land.

Fish, too, formed no unimportant part of the Englishman's food. *Domesday* gives for Hampshire not less than sixteen fisheries, renting partly for money and partly for kind. Many of them, as we shall

see, are set apart for the hall of the lord. Under Yately,‡‡ a fishery on the Blackwater rented for one hundred eels, whilst under Hern,§§ the half of another on the Stour paid, for its half share, only two pence. At Knapp,||| on the Avon, we find one renting for fifty pence, and two at Stanswood ¶¶ at the same price, whilst two at Stoneham*** yield thirty-nine pence, and another at Southampton, with a small piece of ground,††† belonging to the Abbess of Wherwell, had increased in value from a hundred pence to ten shillings. Two, however, at Dibden‡‡‡ and Eling,§§§ situated also on the Southampton Water, are returned without any rentals; and in Egheiete Hundred we find the entry 'piscaria fuit,' referring probably to some fishery on the Avon. Further, it is worth notice that there is no mention in the Hampshire *Domesday* of fisheries of herrings along the coasts, or of salmon, which, as we know from old charters, were caught in very early times on the Avon.

Honey, too, was a favourite dish with our forefathers, and mead their favourite drink. In the Hampshire *Domesday* no manors, as in Norfolk,|||| which pay their rent by so much honey, nor any 'custos apium,' nor 'vasa apium,' occur. Still, the woods of Eling ¶¶¶ manor, which were taken into the New Forest, furnished three sextaries of honey; and again, under Dean,**** there is a remarkable entry noticing that the King's bailiff formerly had the honey and pasture belonging to the manors

* Edintune vii. b.

† Bromeselle p. xvii. b.

‡ Netsham ii. a.

** Enham xxvi. b.

‡‡ Totintone xxvii. a.

§ Chenistone et Dune p. iv. b.

§§ Under Lechtford, x. will be found 'molinus et dimidium;' at Aultone, xii. a. 'dimidium molini de 4 solidis et 7 denariis;' under Stoeche, xiii. b., belonging to Romsey Abbey, 'molinus et dimidius;' at Bostal, xiv. b., 'tertia pars unius molini;' and at Babbleslei, xiv. b., a ploughland, 'cum dimidio molino.'

†† Cevredone xxxi. b.

‡‡ Efele xvii. b.

§§ Herne xviii. b.

|| Cheness xviii. b.

¶¶ Stonende iii. b.

*** Stanham ix. b.

††† 'Unam piscariam et parum terræ' xxx. a.

‡‡‡ Depedene xxxix. a.

§§§ Edlinges iii. b.

|||| See *An Analysis of the Domesday Book of Norfolk*, by the Rev. George Mumford, p. 73.

¶¶¶ As before iii. b.

**** Dene iii. b.

of Dean and Wallop, but that now the foresters enjoy them, and that further the value of the bees taken into the New Forest is ten shillings.

Of the droves of swine in the woods we have already spoken, but singularly enough, as in some counties, no flocks of sheep, then valued no less for their wool and their milk than for the market, nor any herds of cattle, are returned. Seven oxen are, however, mentioned under Hurstbourn Priors,* and more again under both Bishop's Waltham† and Barton Stacey,‡ two at Neutibrige§ and the same in Egheiste Hundred, but these were only used for ploughing. At the village (berenica) of Titchfield|| two beasts (animalia) occur, whilst in the Isle of Wight, at Aviston,¶ we find a vavisor with two cows, and in Neatham Hundred a goat-herd.

Most important, however, in the domestic economy of the time was salt. *Domesday* is full of notices of salterns and salt springs. Butter, cheese, and meat all then required to be salted down for winter consumption. In Hampshire, we find as many as ten salterns, all of them, as was generally the case, let at a low rental. Two at Watchingwell** and Bowcomb,†† in the Isle of Wight, are returned 'sine censu,' whilst at Dibden,‡‡ on the mainland, no sum is specified. The rentals of the remainder greatly varied. Thus, at Hordle, a saltern, with the

mill, only brought in fifteen pence, whilst at Havant, three yield only the same sum, and one at Wallop only five pence, and one at Cosham§§ fourteen pence, but at Whitfield||| another is rented as high as fourteen shillings and eight pence.

Let us now turn to the more purely social aspects of the day. Taken at the transition-period from one great epoch to another, the Survey well reflects the distinctive traits of both the Old-English and the Norman life. Here in Hampshire we meet entries of the halls, not castles, be it remembered, of the English thanes. Thus, in the Isle of Wight, at Shorwell,¶¶ we find three thanes who each dwelt in their own hall in Edward the Confessor's reign. Again, we meet three brothers, who had held the manor of Gatecombe*** in joint tenantry of Edward, and, who each possessed their hall,††† To these halls very often, as we have before noticed, was attached a mill. Thus, in the valley of the Avon, at Winkton,‡‡‡ two mills are entered as belonging to the hall, and again, under Boarhunt,§§§ we find two mills, one for the use of the hall, and under Bedhampton|||| two more, both attached, like another at Stratfield Saye,¶¶¶ to the hall. But not only did the halls possess mills for their own use, but also fisheries upon the streams and rivers. So under Middleton**** we meet a fishery 'ad aulam,' and again in the valley of

* Eisseburne viii. b.

§ Neutibrige xv. b.

** Watingewelle xxxi. b.

§§ Coseham xxv. a.

*** Gatecombe xxxi. b.

† Waltham vi. b.

|| Ticafelle iv. b.

†† Bovecombe xxx. b.

||| Witsefel xxxii. a.

† Bertune xix. b.

¶ Avicestone xxxii. b.

‡‡ Depedene xxxix. a.

¶¶ Sorewelle xxxi. a.

††† As further instances, Queen Edith held the manor of Kingsclere (Clere xii. b.) where, one entry notes, there had stood a hall, whilst another (xvi. b.) that there were here two halls, in the Confessor's reign, held by Saculf and Godwin, but now one only, seized by Earl Hugh. Further, at Itchall and Core (Ticelle et Core viii. b.) Lewin and Ulward, sub-tenants to the Bishop of Winchester, each possessed a hall, but when Germane received the manor, one only existed. Again, Justan and Lefri inhabited two halls at Long Sutton (Sudtune ix. a.), whilst at Millbrook (Melebroe ix. b.) it is noted that no hall remains, which makes in all three which had disappeared since the Confessor's death.

‡‡‡ Waringetone xxii. b.

§§§ Borehunte xv. a.

|||| Betametone xii. a.

¶¶¶ Stradfelle xvii. b.

**** Middletune xiv. a.

the Avon, under Holdenhurst,* no less than three fisheries 'servientes aulæ,' and at Portchester† one 'ad hallam,' and again in the Isle of Wight, at Perstone,‡ another.

These entries will give us some idea of the life of the Old-English thane, living quietly on his own manor — the whole Anglo-Saxon nation, after being tossed about upon the waves, now peaceably settled in the rich valleys of England. They themselves declared that it was owing to their having no castles nor fortified places to fall back upon, that they could make no stand against the Conqueror. One castle, Carisbrook, is only mentioned, as occupying a yardland of the manor of Alwington.§ It was immediately after the Survey that the great Norman castles began to spring up everywhere over England, overshadowing not only the cottages of the retainers, but in time overshadowing the very Crown.||

But besides having no castles, the thanes possessed little of their ancient valour, and still less of their ancient patriotism. The wealth of England had sapped their moral virtues, and the rust of sloth had eaten into their iron frames.

Taken, too, at a period when old things were for ever passing away, and the new forms of thought and life appearing, the Survey well illustrates the Old-English trials by oath, and ordeals of 'corsnæd' and 'water' and 'iron' were being superseded by the fairer law-courts of the Normans. Under Charford¶ we find a remarkable instance. William de Chernat claimed two and a

half virgates of the manor of Clatin-ges, as having belonged to the manor of Charford, Hugh de Port's fief, and his claim is corroborated by the better class of men in the county.** On the other hand, another claimant, Picot, brings as witnesses the villeins and bailiffs,†† who are willing to prove his right by oath-value ('per sacramentum'), or by ordeal ('judicium Dei'). William de Chernat's witnesses, however, will admit of no such method of arbitration, until they hear from the Conqueror in what way the trial shall proceed.

The rights of Englishwomen at the time of the Conquest are here, too, well shown. As is known, their position had for a long period past been improving. They not only now possessed land, but had acquired the power of selling and bequeathing their possessions. For instance, at Micheldever,‡‡ the wife of the West-Saxon Eldred possessed a hyde and a half for her dowry. 'Edded,' the wife of Oswold, held Twyford manor; and Eldred's wife, Kilmiston,§§ the manor of Bishop Walkelin; and Saelf's wife, probably after her husband's death, the manor of Hubborn,||| as tenant-in-chief.

Further, we gain illustrations of the various ways in which land was held. At Chalford,¶¶ Roger de Yvery gives to the English glee-maiden Adelina a virgate of land. At Hartley Westpall, Aluric, the son of Brixi, buys from Earl William four ploughlands, six acres of meadow, and wood for four hogs, for two marks, which, taken with a mortgage, mentioned further on,

* Holest iv. a.

† Portcestre xxi. a.

‡ Prestetone xxxii. a.

§ Alwinestune xxxi. a.

¶ Ellis, as before, vol. i. pp. 211-22., gives a list of the castles enumerated in Domesday.

¶¶ Cerdeford xv. b.

** 'Melioribus et antiquis hominibus.'

†† 'Testimonium de villanis et præpositis.'

‡‡ Miceldeve xi.

§§ Chelmestone vi. b.

||| Hobrene xxix. a. For other instances, Norman as also English, see Wergæborne xxi. b.; Odecote xxviii. b.; Nivretone xxiii. a.; and Ambledune xix. a.

¶¶ Clabford iii. b.; Ellis as before, vol. i. p. 93, footnote 2, says, 'Cladford in Surrey,' which mistake has been copied by several recent writers.

may help us to form some estimate of the value of land. Again, Alward bought the manor of Lomer * for only his lifetime, paying a nominal rent to St. Peter's of Winchester of six sextaries of wine. This tenure was not unfrequent, for we find Queen Emma bequeathing half of the manor of Hayling to the monks of St. Peter's, and the other half to Alward, for his life. The manor of Headbourn Worthy, † however, was bought from St. Peter's for the term of three lives, two of which, at the time of the Survey, had expired. But the most singular tenure occurs at Amport, ‡ where a brother of Edric's held five hydes as long as he kept on good terms with Edric, and on the further condition that he should not alienate, or give the property to anyone but Edric.

Further, too, we have entries of mortgages. Thus, at Sudberie, § we find one Walter holding land in pledge (in vadium) from the son of Cola, of Basing. At Hatch Warren, || Odo of Winchester claims a hyde of land, which he held, with the Conqueror's consent, on mortgage for ten pounds lent to the West-Saxon Alsi; and the monks of Winchester have a mortgage of twelve pounds left them on Enham manor. ¶ Again, too, as further illustrating a period when rent was still paid in kind, and when, too, it was necessary to provide against the uncertainty of the crops by receiving a definite supply of produce, we meet several interesting entries. Thus, the royal manor of Barton Stacey ** was bound to provide entertainment for the King for half a day. The manor of Eling †† was held under a similar engagement; whilst the manors of Basingstoke,

Clere, and Hurstbourne ‡‡ were obliged to furnish a supply for a whole day.

Mention, too, is once made of the Danes at Farnham, §§ where Edward the Confessor gave to the Bishop of Winchester thirty hydes of land, reckoned, however, only as twenty, on account of its proximity to the sea, and consequent liability to the excursions of the Danes. The Dane-geld, too, is occasionally entered. Thus, of Chawton ||| we read that the Confessor imposed upon it the geld; and of Kingsclere, ¶¶ that the Conqueror is answerable for its payment, and that the Abbey land, as was always the case, at Swampton, is exempt. At Winchester, too, there are thirty messuages, which, with the exception of the Abbess of Wherwell's house, are all assessed: whilst at Houghton Drayton *** William Peverel refuses to pay the tax.

We must now turn to the churches and church property. No less than two-fifths of the lands returned in the Hampshire *Domesday* were held by the church, making in all a hundred and three manors, producing a rental of ten hundred and eighty-three pounds. The principal holders were Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester, the Abbess of St. Peter's and St. Mary's at Winchester, and of Romsey and Wherwell, and the Priory of Christchurch. And, as in other counties, we may notice that the church lands are better farmed than those of the lay proprietors, and that they possess, too, less wood and more mills.

Here, too, the spirit of the age is shown by the bequests of lands and money from king and queen and warrior, each for the good of their

* Lanmere xii. a. b.

§ Sudberie xxvi. a.

** Bertune iii. a.

§§ Fernham viii. a.

*** Houston vii. b.

† Ordie xix. b.

|| Heche xxiv. b.

†† As before iii. b.

||| Celtone xvii. a.

‡ Anne xvii. b.

‡‡ Etham xxvi. b.

¶ iv. b.

¶¶ Clere xii. b.

soul, to the different religious houses.* Here, too, William's justice is also exemplified by his returning the manor of Itchen Abbas† to the Abbey of St. Mary's, at Winchester, which had been seized by Hugh, the son of Baldrus. By such acts was it that the Conqueror won the reputation that in his reign a man might travel, with his breast full of gold, from one end of England to the other, in safety.

The number of churches amounted in all to a hundred and thirty-two, but which, of course, does not represent the total for the county. Many of them were evidently small, by being called 'ecclesiola,' as at Holdenhurst‡ and Netley, § and 'capella,' as at Mottisfont,|| in contradistinction to the more general term 'ecclesia.' Perhaps the two former words may be used to mean the smaller Old-English churches as opposed to the later Norman buildings.

We must, however, beware of falling into the mistake of thinking that where a priest is mentioned there must have also been a church. The clergy, both beneficed and unbeneficed, held lands like other tenants. Thus, Alured the priest holds as tenant-in-chief the manors of Wolverton and Finley.¶ The manor of Preston Candover** is held of Roger de Yvery by some clergy (clerici). At South Stoneham,†† Richerius, the priest, holds the mother church of the manor, with its two affiliated churches near Southampton, and one hyde of land and all the tythes of the manor, besides other land, from the Conqueror.

The churches brought in large sums, which are not, however, often reckoned, being carried into the total of the owner's profit. 'The customary dues from the living and the dead,' as mentioned at Mottisfont,‡‡ amounted to no small sum. The tythes, 'decimæ,' are several times mentioned. Thus, the church of St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy, receives the tythes of Basingstoke.§§ The Priory of Christchurch possesses those of Christchurch,||| and the third of those of Holdenhurst. At Over Wallop¶¶ the church holds half the tythes of the manor, and those of the villeins, which amount to forty-six pence. At this last place, too, the church-shot (cirset), the sum paid for the first-fruits of harvest on St. Martin's-day, is also mentioned; whilst at Hurstbourn Tarrant*** it amounted to fourteen shillings, held, together with the church and half a hyde and one ploughland, with two borderers and an acre of meadow, by Vitalis the priest.

And now let us look at the general picture of Hampshire as given in *Domesday*. We have Winchester, with its two abbeys, prominent as the one city; whilst Christchurch, whose priory church was soon to be rebuilt by Flambard, and Romsey, from whose nunnery the Conqueror's son was to take his wife, described as mere villages. Portsmouth is not even mentioned. At Southampton, however, then Hantune, the Hampton of romance and song, dwelt 65 Frenchmen and 31 Englishmen, implying a town of importance. Markets were held at Bowcomb,

* See Fernham vii. a.; Lavrochestoche xii. b.; Henlongey xiii. a.; and Taceberie xii. b.

† Ioene xxii. b. ‡ Holeest iv. a.

§ Natelie, xxii. a.; see also under Chelimestone vi. b.; Falegia ix. b.; and Estune vi. a. In *Domesday* a wooden church is only once mentioned; see Ellis as before vol. i. p. 298.

|| Mortesfunde x. a.

¶ Ulvretune et Finlei xxiv. b.

** Candovre xv. a.

†† Stanham ix. b.

‡‡ As before, x. a. where stood '1 ecclesia et 6 capellæ cum omni consuetudine vivorum et mortuorum.'

|| Thuinam xiv. b.

§§ Basingstoches xii. a.

¶¶ Wallop iii. a.

*** Esseborne iv. b.

Basingstoke, Titchfield, and Neteham, whose glory has long since waned.* The Blackwater, the Avon, and the Southampton Water all maintained their fisheries. Saltworks studded the south-western shores and the Hordle Cliffs, where a New World was in our days discovered by the geologist. The halls of the West-Saxons remained in the valleys, and here and there they themselves retained their old possessions. On the manors stood Old-English and Norman churches, the former perhaps, in some cases, built merely of wood, and thatched, as till a late period were the Dorsetshire churches, with merely straw. Oak and beech woods, though not large, gave food to herds of swine, and shelter to bees. Cattle pastured in the meadows, and corn grew in the uplands, whilst at the south-west corner lay a large tract, then recently converted into the New Forest, of wild heath and moor.†

And Hampshire still bears witness to *Domesday* and the Normans. The New Forest still remains the New Forest, the last of the chases of the Old-World. There the peasant recognises Eyeworth still as Iver, the *Domesday* Ivere; and the woods round Ellingham are still called Adlem's plantations, the *Domesday* Adelingham. Our Eng-

lish spirit of conservatism is seen in its most marked phase. The very meadow mentioned in *Domesday* at Canterton as being in the forest, still remains there, and is known as 'the keeper's meadow.' At Larode, Magdalen College still holds the 'sylvam ad clausuram' of *Domesday*, as 'the copse for fences.'‡

But, on the other hand, the pure Old-English names tell how little the Normans affected the local nomenclature, or interfered with the every-day modes of life. The *Domesday* Thuinam has not been able to stand against the English Christchurch. The Norman Ladone and Lamore have long since been changed into the plain Down and the plain Moor. The Mark of the Lyminges, Lymington, has never passed, except in *Domesday*, into the Norman Lentane. The 'hursts' have long since recovered from their corruptions into 'ests,' and Ashurst, Lyndhurst, and Brockenhurst remain nearly in their primitive purity. The Keltic Boldre has survived the Norman Bovre. The West-Saxon Aluric Wit still gives his name to Whitway; and though the English thane Gasei was ousted by the Norman, yet his ancient manor of Gaseley still preserves his memory. Croc, the huntsman, still survives in Crux Eaton; and Saulf, or Saolf, as he is spelt in *Domes-*

* Ranking about ninth in the population returns of *Domesday*, the Hampshire census amounted to 10,373 persons, or nearly the same as that of the neighbouring counties of Wilts and Sussex, and consisting of 182 tenants-in-chief, 230 under-tenants, and nearly 4,000 borderers, whilst the remainder was made up principally of slaves and villeins. In Ellis as before, vol. ii. pp. 499, 450, is given a complete abstract of the population.

† Some things which we might have expected to have found are omitted. We have no mention, as in many counties, of iron-works, though at Strathfieldsaye we find a forge renting for 2s. 2d.; nor of vineyards, although, as we have seen at Lomer, Ruald yearly pays to St. Peter's, Winchester, six sextaries of wine. No note either is taken of eyries of hawks, nor of wild horses, (equi sylvatici), nor again of 'haine,' although at Bishop's Waltham we find a park for wild deer ('parcus bestiarum'), held by Bishop Walkelin, and another at Soberton, by the famous Roger de Yvery, and a third at Watchlingwell, in the hands of the Conqueror.

‡ We would suggest, that amongst the places still not identified by even Mr. Meady's industry, that Wigarestun is probably Vicar's Hill, near Lymington, called Wykeneshall in the Perambulation of the New Forest; made in the twenty-ninth year of Edward I., that Sanhest is the Sandy Down of the New Forest, and Ivere is Eyeworth, near Fritham, whose wood, as mentioned in the text, is still by the foresters known as Iver Wood.

day, still lives in the common New Forest surname of Sofo.

In other ways than these the Norman made his power felt, and his art acknowledged. And so to this day the ruins of the Keep of Christchurch, and the arcaded town-walls of Southampton, and Walkelin's mighty nave of Winchester Cathedral, and Flambard's gallery-path at Christchurch, proclaim how the Northman could not only build for warfare on earth, but in love and brotherhood for heaven.

Such, then, are some of the main facts which may be gleaned from the *Domesday* of Hampshire. We have not gone into minor particulars, as these, though all-important to the local historian, cannot be expected to interest the general public, whilst space prevents us from showing how completely the Survey contradicts the common story of the Conqueror's cruelty in forming the New Forest.

To restate, however, what has been already said, the *Domesday* of Hampshire testifies to four most important points: firstly, that Harold, at least by the Normans, was looked upon as a usurper, and William the legal heir to a usurped crown; secondly, that the English were not altogether uprooted, but that the land in Hampshire was, in many instances, still retained by its English

possessors; and thirdly, that land had not only recovered from the depreciation it had undergone, but fetched a considerably higher value than in the Confessor's reign—a sure sign of the stability of law, and the prosperity of trade. Lastly, and most important of all, as being the cause of all benefits, we find that whether to Norman or Englishman, to churchman or layman, justice was equally meted—that the Old-English precedents still held good, and that the law of Edward was still the law of England, and that the aim of the Crown was for itself obedience to constitutional law, and for the subject, order.

Doubtless, the Hampshire *Domesday* shows, too, another side of the picture. Norman names, unknown in the Confessor's Survey, are everywhere conspicuous, telling too plainly that the Englishman had either fallen fighting for Harold's standard, or fled to another land. And we can only reconcile ourselves by remembering that history ever teaches the same lesson—that benefits are always bought by suffering, and the individual is sacrificed for the good of the race. Yet suffering is not the worst thing which can befall a nation. The fiery furnace only tempers the metal, and prepares it to be recast into a finer and a nobler mould.

THE DAWK BUNGALOW;

OR, 'IS HIS APPOINTMENT PUCKA?'

BY G. O. TREVELYAN.

Acted at the Residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Dec. 21, 1863.

ACT II.

OUTSIDE THE COMMISSIONER'S TENT. TABLE AND CHAIRS AT ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE.

[*Enter JUDKINS from tent, in dressing-gown and pajamas.**]

J.—Well! I'm all the better for a good night. I always manage to sleep sound in camp. Now for a bath. Ho, Sirdar! bheestie bolao!† This is a very pleasant camping ground, but I wonder why Marsden insisted so strongly on our stopping here instead of going on to Bunderbustgunge. Whatever I said, he would have it that there was nothing like the mango tope just beyond the eighth milestone on the Agra Road. The eighth milestone on the Agra Road! Young men are not, generally speaking, so accurate about the number of their milestones. However, he's a dear boy, and I always humour him. [*Enter MARSDEN.*] I say, young shaver, what makes you so particular about the eighth milestone on the Agra Road? I wish now that we had pushed on to Bunderbustgunge.

M.—Well, my dear Sir, I'll make a confession. You must know that I have received information which leads me to suppose that Mrs. Smart's bearers will strike work somewhere near this spot.

J.—You have received information which leads you to suppose! You unscrupulous young villain! Well! I presume that you intend to saddle me with the women for the rest of the day?

M.—Such, I blush to say, is my intention. Now, my dear Sir, will you do me a great—a very great favour? Will you be very civil to Mrs. Smart? (*JUDKINS shakes his head.*) For my sake and for Fanny's, Mr. Judkins!

J.—Well! well! the woman will be out of the country in another day. I promise to be as polite to her as she will allow me to be. But here's the bheestie.

[*Enter BHEESTIE with water-skin. Exeunt JUDKINS and BHEESTIE into tent.*]

M.—Now for the pleasantest hour of the twenty-four. Ho, Sirdar! Chah lao!‡ [*Enter CHOLMONDELEY, in hunting costume, followed by ABDOL.*] The top of the morning to you, Mr. Cholmondeley.

C.—Gmarnty, Marsden, Gmarnty. Fine morning this. (*Aside.*) What a damned foolish observation! It always is a fine morning in India.

M.—Are you ready for some chota hazaree?§

* Linen drawers; the undress of the East.

† 'Bring my tea.'

† 'Fetch the bath-man.'

§ Literally, 'little breakfast.'

C.—Chota hazaree! What the Shaitan is chota hazaree?

M.—Why, the meal I'm taking at the present moment.

C.—O, begad! They call that down in Madras 'early tea.' So 'chota hazaree' is 'early tea.'

H.—Just so. 'Chota,' 'early,' 'hazaree,' 'tea.'

C.—O! 'Chota' is 'early,' is it? Well, that accounts for the assistant-magistrate being termed the Chota Sahib. He gets up early to go to Cutcherry,* while the collector lies in bed to wait till the appeals come in. I'll put that down. (*Writes.*)

M.—You've hit it. But here come the papers. What an old brick Judkins is for taking in such a packet of them! The *Hurkaru* as usual. An article comparing Sir Charles Wood to Nero, and Sir Mordaunt Wells to Aristides. Very pretty reading for rabid Anglo-Saxons! The *Hindoo Patriot*, with a poem by a learned baboo commencing—

Place not reliance, place not reliance, place not reliance on a desideratum.
You be moral, you be honest, you be virtuous prior to defunction.

Ha! ha! ha! And here's the *Delhi Punch*! I did hope we had marched out of the region within which circulates that melancholy periodical. After all, there's nothing like the *Englishman*. What's the news, Cholmondeley? (*Sips his tea.*)

C.—Let's see. (*Reads.*) 'Latest from America.—The Federals under Meade attacked Lee's position on the morning of the 18th, and after three days' hard fighting were forced to recross the Rappahannock after losing fifteen thousand men.' 'Latest from Furruckabad.—There is no truth in the report that Lieutenant Smith, of the Engineers, is about to avail himself of some days' leave.' H'm! h'm! h'm! (*Reads.*) 'There are unpleasant rumours flying about that a serious omission has been discovered in the budget of the current year. The sum appropriated for punkah-pullers at the Home Office has been under-estimated by three rupees eight annas. Let Mr. Bayley see to this.' (*Splashing heard inside the tent.*)

M.—There's the old boy having his mussuck.†

C. (*reads.*)—'The Nubia arrived at Garden Reach on the 12th instant. Passengers—Mr. Williams, B.C.S., Captain James, B.N.I., Mrs. James, Miss Prettyman.' H'm! h'm! h'm! 'Married, on the 15th instant, at the Cathedral, John Williams, collector and magistrate of Slappabad, to Alicia, eleventh daughter of the late Ebenezer Prettyman, of the Bengal Civil Service.' Quick work that—eh, Mr. Marsden?

M.—Uncommon quick. But might I ask why you are got up in that style?

C.—O, I'm going out for my first day's hog-hunting. (*Enter JUDKINS.*) Gmarnty, Mr. Judkins. I'm off to cover side.

J.—Well, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't you go mistaking tame pigs for wild. If you see a fellow with a straight tail, whip him through the body; but if you come across a curly-tailed chap, fight shy of him. He's being fed up for the Agricultural Exhibition at Alipore. But the sun is getting powerful, and I must be going inside the tent. I wish you good sport. [*Exit JUDKINS into tent.*]

M.—Goodbye, Cholmondeley. Don't forget; the wild pigs have curly tails. Curly tails, remember! You'll get into no end of trouble if you kill a fellow with a straight tail. [*Exit MARSDEN.*]

* Court.

† Water-skin.

AB.—Master plenty great shikaree.* Master go kill plenty pig. I stay 'tome. Make good master's clothes.

C.—Yes. You stay at home, Abdool. Have some coffee ready for me when I come back. Take care of my things.

AB. (*aside*)—Ha! ha! I take care of master's spirit chest. Cognac shrub, plenty nice drink. I got no caste. I plenty good Christian. Drink plenty rum. Do no work Sunday. Them my Thirty-nine Article-icle-icles. [Exit ABDOL.]

C.—Now I'll be off. Hullo! what the deuce is the row now? Here's the European lady's-maid.

[Enter SUSAN.]

SUS.—O! thank goodness, here's a belattee Christian man! O! Sir, O, Mr. Chimbley! Here's such a dreadful business!

C.—Why, bless my soul, young woman, what ever is the matter?

SUS.—Why, Sir—would you believe it?—as soon as ever we came opposite that there mangel-wurzel tope, the bearers put down the palkees with a bang, and cut and run into the jungle. O my poor mistress! My poor mistress!

[Enter Mrs. SMART and FANNY.]

Mrs. S.—O, dear me, Fanny, what shall we do? I never was in such a position. Here we are in the full heat of the sun, four coss† from the last dawk bungalow, and the Lord only knows how many from the next.

F.—Yes, mamma, what shall we do? O! what could have induced the bearers to behave so? (*Pretends to cry.*)

Mrs. S.—Bless my heart, there's Mr. Cholmondeley. O! Mr. Cholmondeley, I am so glad to see you. Those budmashes who were carrying our palkees have bhagjowed into the tope. We had only three coss to go, and we should have met a pair of tum-tums‡ which would have taken us on to the Grand Trunk Road, where my husband was to have met us with the two-horse gharee.§ I had made such an utcha bunderbust.||

C.—My dear Madam! My dear Madam! are you sure you perceive the full extent of your misfortune? I am convinced that there is more in this than you think. Mere ryots would never have arrived at such a pitch of insolence unless they had been aware that a mutiny was imminent. We are on the eve of another outbreak. Did you observe whether the men called out 'Deen! Deen!'¶ as they ran into the jungle?

Mrs. S.—Good Heavens, Mr. Cholmondeley, how should Hindoo ryots call out 'Deen! Deen!' I should as soon expect to meet Dr. Pusey walking up and down the High Street of Oxford, bawling out 'No Popery!'

C.—Now, Mrs. Smart, do be advised, and make a timely retreat. At such a crisis hesitation is death. Allow me to conduct you to the nearest military station. I will hold Miss Smart before me on the horse's neck, while you ride on the crupper with your arms round my waist.

Mrs. S.—Ride to the nearest military station with my arms round your waist! Why, people would think we were the last elopement from Simla.

* Hunter.

† A coss is two miles.

‡ Dog-carts.

§ Carriage.

|| Excellent arrangement.

¶ 'The Faith! The Faith!' the rallying cry of the Mahomedans.

C.—We will pursue our way at night. You shall hide in the jungle during the day, and I will repair to the neighbouring villages disguised as a fakeer.

Mrs. S.—Nonsense, Sir. You won't find it so easy to frighten an old Mofnasil lady. The truth of the matter is, that I was foolish enough to pay these budmashes* beforehand, and they have thrown me over. I must have been a pangult† to do it!

C.—O, that quite alters the business, Mrs. Smart. This is a clear case of Wilful Breach of Contract. 'Pon honour, Mrs. Smart, I believe it comes within the scope of the clauses of Mr. Maine's new Bill.

Mrs. S.—Well, I dare say it does: but I don't see how that will help us, unless, indeed, Mr. Maine would go into the next village and beat up for coolies. But what do you advise, Mr. Cholmondeley?

C.—Well, Mrs. Smart, I should advise you to institute a civil suit at once, and, meanwhile, I will press the Government at home to pass a modified Criminal Contract Bill. I will engage to do that much for you, Mrs. Smart.

Mrs. S.—Bless me, Sir, if you have no better suggestion to make you had better choop. A modified Criminal Contract Bill, indeed!

C.—Well, it appears that I can't be of much use in this quarter. I shall mount and be off. Goodbye, Mrs. Smart. Goodbye, Miss Smart. (*Aside.*) Let me see! The tame pig has a straight tail, and the wild pig a curly tail. I'll take good care to keep that in my head.

[*Exit CHOLMONDELEY.*]

Mrs. S.—Well, Fanny, there's an ooloo-ke-butcha‡ for you. He'll never set the Hooghly on fire. I wish we could see some sensible, good-natured man who knows the country. Dear me! What with the heat and vexation, I am quite overcome. I never was out in the sun so late before. Dear me! what ever shall I do? (*Cries.*) I wish somebody would come to our assistance. What would I give to see a civilian,—or—a military man,—or—or—or—an uncovenanted servant, or—or—or—or—or—an interloper.

[*Enter MARSDEN.*]

M.—What do I see? Mrs. Smart, and in tears! I hope and trust no accident has happened to your party. Can I be of any service to you?

Mrs. S.—Oh, Sir, we are in great trouble on account of the dishonesty of our bearers, who have taken to their heels and left the palkees in the middle of the road some hundred yards from hence.

M.—Dear me! I am very much concerned. What a set of rascals! I trust, Madam, that you have received no injury?

Mrs. S. (*aside*)—Upon my word he is a very polite young man. I begin to wish he was pucka. (*Aloud.*) No, Sir, we have received no injury, but a great deal of inconvenience. We have still three coss to travel before we reach the tum-tums.

M.—Oh, in that case, pray do not trouble yourself. I shall have great pleasure in driving you on your way in our burra bund gharee:§ that is to say, if you will permit me to have the honour of so doing.

* 'Budmash' is Hindoostanee for 'mauvais sujet.'

‡ Son of an owl.

† Idiot.

§ Large close carriage.

Mrs. S. (*aside*)—He certainly is most courteous. I *do* wish he was pukka. (*Aloud.*) Oh, Sir, many, many thanks. Under the circumstances, I shall have great pleasure in accepting your very kind offer.

M.—I am sure, Mrs. Smart, yourself and your daughter must have been much shaken by this *contretemps*. Would you do us the honour of taking some rest and refreshment in the tent?

Mrs. S. (*aside*)—He is really a delightful young man. I begin not to care whether he is pukka or cutcha. (*Aloud.*) Sir, I am deeply obliged to you, but I cannot consent to receive the hospitality of Mr. Judkins. I prefer remaining here. (*Opens her umbrella.*)

M. (*sighs*)—Ah, Madam, you little know how deeply wounded would be the heart of that gentleman could he hear the sentiment to which you have given utterance. His exterior is rough, but he is sound at core. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that he lay awake half the night regretting the intemperate language which he used in your presence.

Mrs. S.—And well he might, Mr. Marsden—well he might. However, I am glad that he is sorry.

M.—And, Mrs. Smart, you must allow me to say that you are unfair towards him. If you knew him better, your opinion of him would be very different. About three o'clock this morning I was awoke by hearing him sigh. I asked him whether he had a touch of liver, or whether the mosquitoes troubled him. 'No, Marsden,' said he, 'I was reflecting on my unhappy fortune in having parted in anger with a lady whom I so cordially respect as the last existing specimen of the good old Anglo-Indian style—'

Mrs. S.—Did he say that?

M.—'That style which went out with the old Company—'

Mrs. S.—Upon my honour!

M.—'A lady who is daughter, sister, and wife of Sudder judges.'

Mrs. S.—Really, now!

M.—'Marsden,' he said, 'how that woman will shine in Chowringhee* when Smart goes to Calcutta to take his seat in the Supreme Council.'

Mrs. S.—Poor Mr. Judkins! His head was turned by his appointment to Budgemahal, but his heart is in the right place.

M.—I knew that you would come to think so, Mrs. Smart. But he is coming out of the tent. Pray, Mrs. Smart, receive him with cordiality. He is dreadfully depressed. (*Aside.*) He looks like it.

[Enter JUDKINS.]

J.—Mrs. Smart, my servants have informed me how scandalously you have been treated by your bearers. I can assure you that the budmashes shall receive their deserts.

Mrs. S.—I have no doubt that everything will be done which justice can demand.

J.—Yes, Mrs. Smart, budmashes have a bad time of it in my division. In 1857 I was the terror of all the disaffected villagers for a hundred miles round. The wives of sepoys used to silence their children with the dreaded name of Judkins. The people of those parts long will tell how, on the information that a mutineer was concealed in a neighbouring

* The Belgravia of Calcutta.

jungle, I turned out with my elephants and horses; how I marched night and day for eleven consecutive hours; how I surrounded the lair of the fugitive with a cordon of burkundazzes;* how I advanced into the thicket, accompanied by the slender escort of three thonnadars† and a tipsy darogah;‡ how fiercely I flung myself on my prey——

Mrs. S.—And how you hung him, I suppose, Mr. Judkins?

J.—Well, Mrs. Smart, to tell you the truth, he turned out to be a bunnaya,§ who had concealed himself for fear of the disbanded sepoy. But I trust you and Miss Smart will repose yourselves in my tent while the burra bund gharee is getting ready. Breakfast will be on the table in half an hour. I should feel highly honoured if you would share our meal.

Mrs. S.—Sir, I shall have the greatest pleasure.

[*Exeunt Mrs. SMART, FANNY, and Maid into tent.*]

M.—Why, Sir, how seductive your manners have become all of a sudden! You have talked over the old lady already. But what is the meaning of all this bobbery? [Noise heard.]

[*Enter CHOLMONDELEY, in the custody of two Bengal police, and followed by a ryot.*]

J.—Mr. Cholmondeley! in Heaven's name what has happened? I trust you have not had what the *Hurkaru* calls 'an unfortunate collision with a native'—a collision in which, somehow or other, the native always comes off the worst?

Ryot.—Husoor, Sahib ne hamara soor marra hi.||

C.—Upon my honour, Mr. Judkins, I have not the slightest idea what my crime may be. All I know is, that my beaters started a fine hog, which I rode down and speared. While I was engaged in cutting off his head as a trophy, this native fellow came up and made a great noise, calling out something about hamara soor, and foudjaree.¶

J.—Well! how did you reply?

C.—Why, I said, 'Jungly soor doom,'** and held my finger out like that (*crooks his finger*). On which he said 'Nahin, Sahib, jungly soor ke doom seder hi' (*straightens his finger*).

J.—And what did you say to that?

C.—Why, I told him to stop his noise, or I would give him a thrashing.

J.—Well, what next?

C.—Why, he called in these two peelers, who happened to be passing, and they brought me here like a condemned felon.

J.—Well, the question is, whether the pig was tame or wild.

C.—Mr. Judkins, I may be a young pig-sticker, but I am too old a sportsman to make such a mistake as that. However, to convince you, I have brought away the tail (*holds out a curly tail*).

J.—My dear Sir, if pigs are tame in proportion to the curliness of their tails, this is the most civilised animal of the sort I ever came across.

C.—But, happily, as pigs are tame in inverse proportion to the curliness of their tails, this must be the wildest hog in all the North-West.

* Policemen.

† Sergeants.

‡ Inspector.

§ Shopkeeper.

|| 'Please your worship, the gentleman has killed my pig.'

¶ Justice.

** 'Doom,' is 'tail.'

J.—Mr. Cholmondeley, you are under a fatal mistake. Wild pigs have straight tails, and tame pigs curly ones.

C. (*clasps his hands before his face*)—Undone! undone!

J.—Well, Mr. Cholmondeley, you certainly have committed a misdemeanour; but I don't know under what head it comes in the Penal Code. (JUDKINS takes up the 'Code.') I'll look through the index. Let me see. 'Housebreaking by night.' Your offence can hardly be said to come under that section. 'Idiot—Act of, when no offence.' But you're not an idiot. (*Aside.*) He's only a fool. 'Landmark—Diminishing use—fulness of one fixed by public servant.' You certainly have diminished the usefulness of a pig, but that animal is not a landmark fixed by a public servant. 'Lieutenant-Governor—Assault on.' I wouldn't advise you to try that game on with either of the Lieutenant-Governors in these parts. You'd find both of them awkward customers. 'Member of 'Council—Attempt to overawe.' I hope you haven't been attempting to frighten Mr. Laing into renewing the Income-tax—eh, Cholmondeley? This looks more like it: 'Mischief—Punishment for, when simple. By 'exhibiting false light or mark to mislead navigators.' You have not by any chance been exhibiting a false light or mark to mislead navigators, have you? 'By causing inundation or obstructing drainage.' That won't do. Oh, here it is: 'Whoever commits mischief by killing, poisoning, maiming, or rendering useless any animal or animals of the value of 'ten rupees or upwards, shall be punished with imprisonment of either 'description for a term which may extend to two years, or five, or both.' Ho, you! Tumaraar, soor ke dam kitna hi?*

RYOT.—Eck sou rupea, Sahib.†

J.—There, Cholmondeley, you are liable to imprisonment of either description for a term of two years, or five, or both. Which will you take? You may as well have both while you're about it.

C.—O Lord! this is a dreadful business. Mr. Judkins, for Heaven's sake, arrange it somehow. Why did I come out to this awful country?

J.—Well, I'll try. Atcha, Sahib teen rupea toom ko dagabuss.‡

RYOT.—Nahin, Sahib, dega teen rupea ath anna.§

J.—Here, Cholmondeley, give this fellow three rupees and a half, and he'll say no more about it.

C.—Lord, what influence you local officers have over the natives! (*Pays the money.*) Thank Heaven! I'm out of that.

J.—Sub rooksut.|| (*Exeunt natives.*) Now, Marsden, we'll go in to the ladies. Breakfast must be ready by this time. You'll join us soon, I hope, Mr. Cholmondeley. [*Exeunt JUDKINS and MARSDEN into tent.*]

C.—This unlucky business has quite taken away my appetite for India. I'm hanged if I don't go home by the next boat, and make my arrangements for bringing Sir Charles Wood to book. I'm resolved never to come out here again, not even as Governor-General. Hullo! there goes that rascal Abdool as drunk as an engine-driver on the East Indian Railway.

[*Exit, calling to ABDPOOL.*]

[*Enter JUDKINS and Mrs. SMART.*]

Mrs. S.—Well, Mr. Judkins, I consider that we were very fortunate

* 'What is your pig worth?'

† 'One hundred rupees, Sir.'

‡ 'Look here. The Sahib will give you three rupees.'

§ 'Ah! Sahib, give me three rupees eight annas.'

|| 'You may all be off.'

in having met with our disaster. We have been most magnificently entertained.

J.—You are very good to say so.

Mrs. S.—That vegetable curry was excellent. Of course your cook is a Mug.* What do you give him?

J.—Well, Mrs. Smart, he used to get eighteen, but now I've cut him two rupees. I told him that it would never do for domestic servants to get the same, now that civil servants are being cut all round. Hang these reductions, Mrs. Smart! Hang these reductions! The Civil Service will soon cease to be a decent provision for the cadet in the family of a thriving greengrocer.

Mrs. S.—Yes, you and I have lived to see sad changes, Mr. Judkins. I remember the days when every servant in my house was a Government chuprassie,† with the exception of the khansaumaun and a Portuguese ayah. Now we think ourselves well provided if we have some six fellows, who grumble if they are told to carry a chit‡ or take the Baba log§ a walk.

J.—Yes, Mrs. Smart, times are altered. Times are altered.

Mrs. S.—They are indeed, Mr. Judkins. But do you know that Mr. Marsden reminds me of the good old style more than any young man whom I have met for years? He has quite the manners of the best set among the junior factors a quarter of a century ago.

J.—Ah, Madam, I wish you could bring yourself to look more kindly on his suit, both for his sake and for Fanny's. It is impossible to avoid seeing that she will never be happy with anyone else.

Mrs. S.—Well, I am not opposed to the marriage on mercenary grounds. He is low down in the Service; but that matters little at his age. A clever Assistant-Magistrate is a better match than a foolish Collector with Full Powers. But, Mr. Judkins, I am a woman of principle. I cannot and will not give my daughter to a man whose appointment is not pucka.

[Enter TROOPER.]

TROOPER.—Commissioner Sahib ke waste chittee hi. (*Presents a letter*—JUDKINS reads.)

J.—Here, Marsden! Fanny! All the world! Come out here, everybody! (*Enter omnes.*) O yes! O yes! Listen all good people!—'The Lieutenant-Governor, having received information that the bridge over the Rotawaddy nullah, built by Lieutenant Marsden, of the Bengal Native Infantry, Acting-Assistant-Sub-Deputy-Inspector of Bridges in the Public Works Department, stood during the whole fortnight of the rains, and then only gave way in one arch, desires to express his satisfaction in the conduct of that officer by confirming his appointment.' Frank, I congratulate you. Come, young fellow, go and thank the powerful friend to whom you owe the appointment. There she stands. [*Points to FANNY.*]

M.—I must first request Mrs. Smart to inform me whether the gulf which separates me from her daughter is bridged over as well as the Rotawaddy nullah?

Mrs. S.—Well, Mr. Marsden, you have now my leave to say what you like to Fanny.

* A man from Arracan, whence the best cooks come.

† Messengers. In old days, these officers were very generally employed for domestic purposes.

‡ A note.

§ Children.

M.—Fanny, I am cutcha no longer. Surely you will allow a lover who is pucka to pucker.* (*Takes her hand.*) May I become a covenanted servant in the sweetest sense? (*Kisses her hand.*)

Mrs. S.—Well, it seems that you will not have much difficulty in that quarter.

J.—But what will Mr. Smart say to it?

Mrs. S.—O, pray don't trouble yourselves about that. Mr. Smart does not play the Sudder Judge in his own family.

J.—Now I have a proposition to make. Suppose we all meet this day week at Sonepore. I hereby invite the whole party to dine on Thursday next in my pavilion, on the right side of the road, two off the grand stand. Don't say 'no,' Mrs. Smart.

Mrs. S.—Well! I won't say 'no.' Smart can generally find time for a holiday when I wish it. At the worst, we will hint to the omlahs† to discover a fast which it is necessary that they shall keep with great solemnity.

J.—Then hark ye for Sonepore! (*Sings.*)—'I'm off to Charleston.'

The Judge and the Collector
They both have gone away,
Gone to Mussoorie
Their Privilege Leave to stay:
And while they're there together
On a little bit of spree,
I'm off to Sonepore
The Planters' Cup to see.
I'm off to Sonepore early in the morning—
I'm off to Sonepore, a little time to stay;
So give my respects to all the pretty Mem Log:
I'm off to Sonepore before the break of day.

Old Jones my chief desried me:
Says he, 'I greatly grieve
'To find you here at Sonepore
'Without my special leave.'
Says I, 'I ventured hither
'To come, Sir, in the hope
'Of playing croquet with Miss Jones
'Beneath the mango-tope.'

C. (*coming forward*)—And now only one thing remains. Whatever may have been the merits of our acting, the performance must be cutcha unless you confirm it with your applause. Will you pass an order to that effect? As to the stage, scenery, and dresses, we have done our best, and the Lieutenant-Governor his kindest; and we trust that we may with confidence ask the vital question—'Are the appointments pucka?' (*Sings.*)

I crossed the sea within the P. and O. in search of facts, sir;
Which, false and true, and old and new, within my head are packed, sir;
I know a thing or two about Punjab administration,
Which, when I reach my home again, will cause a great sensation.

From far Lahore to Barrackpore each inch I've wandered over;
In Negapatam and wild Assam I've been by turns a rover;
And now I'll tell you the results of this my peregrination,
Which past all doubt will bring about a very great sensation.

* To take hold.

† The native officers of the court.

The Hindoos may be governed well, with no excessive rigours;
And wise men call them 'natives,' though the fools still dub them 'niggers';
And if we do not try our best to benefit their nation,
'Twill rouse in the public mind at home a very great sensation.

From Rajpootana to the Sunderbunds, in each locality
I never yet have failed to find old Indian hospitality;
And if I told how much I ate at one Mofussil station,
I'm sure 't would cause at home a most extraordinary sensation.

The Anglo-Indian men are bright, and courteous, and able,
And talk of something else besides their dinner and their stable.
And this poor song cannot express (the poet much afraid is)
The very deep regard he feels for Anglo-Indian ladies.

And now, as a last and earnest prayer, he most sincerely wishes,
You all may get an ample share of Indian loaves and fishes;
And always have of privilege leave a vast accumulation,
And every officer double pay, and soldier double ration.

And though I've plenty more to say, our author bids me speed on
To tender our most heartfelt thanks to Mr. Cecil Beadon:
And to all kind friends who've deigned to-night to grace our representation
He speaks a sad and long farewell with a very mixed sensation.

[*Curtain falls.*]



ADMIRAL SMYTH.

A CONSPICUOUS name has been erased from the roll of our living men of science by the death of Admiral William Henry Smyth; and in the mere mention of that unadorned name, our naval service and the science of every land will recognise one who, through a long life, worked in their behalf; whose motive-spring was honour, not honours; and who, if he has died untitled even by the K.C.B. that hundreds of men comparatively obscure have worn, yet attained the highest guerdon of a useful and honourable life, sincere respect for his virtues, and a not less true appreciation of his work.

William Henry Smyth was born in 1788. His family were colonists. His father, descended from one of the most famous of the founders of Virginia, was a New Jersey landed gentleman, who paid the price of his loyalty at the time of the Independence by the loss of his fortune. He came to England and soon afterwards died, leaving a widow with a little pension and a fatherless boy. This boy, who ere long had a stepfather, was sent to school at St. Albans, where his industry and chivalrous nature soon won for him a good name. But he had more than the ordinary longing of an English boy for the sailor's life; and certainly the first years of this century held out everything in the shape of adventure and glory that such a life could offer to dazzle the imagination and colour the dreams of a boy who had but half a home.

He climbed the side of a West Indiaman, which left England during the treacherous peace of Amiens. Her commander, Mr. John King, a master in the Royal Navy, was his friend, and seems to have taken some trouble in showing the young adventurer the principles on which

a ship is sailed; and it is most probably to the teaching of this intelligent captain that he owed the zeal, and no little of the knowledge, which afterwards made him the hydrographer of the Mediterranean Sea. He was present at the conquest of the island of Tobago, and in 1803 returned to England after weathering a hurricane and having a marvellous escape from being drowned in the Chops of the Channel.

Prevented by those at home from at once serving in the Royal Navy, he went out in 1804 to India in the *Cornwallis*—a vessel which was soon afterwards bought by the Government, and commissioned as a royal frigate by Capt. C. J. Johnston. The young sailor went over with her into the royal service, and, sticking to his captain, served in the *Cornwallis*, and ultimately, also under his flag, in a rotten old ship-of-the-line, the *Powerful*, 74. In the four and a half years (1805-1809) during which he thus served, he saw much varied service. A most gallant though unsuccessful endeavour to destroy the *Semillante* and three other armed Frenchmen, and to cut out a valuable set of English prizes in St. Paul's Bay, Isle of Bourbon, and various other affairs with the batteries of the Isle of France, brought him under fire; while the adventures of the *Cornwallis* in the discovery of new islands, and in hairbreadth escapes, at one time from an explosion and fire, at other times from rocks and reefs, either not at all or wrongly laid down on charts, were just such as were calculated to awaken in the young mariner a taste for hydrography, and to prove to him how much had to be done in this important branch of geographical science.

Young Smyth was put in the

Milford, 74, in 1810, and in her found busy work off the French coast at Rochefort, whence she was removed to carry the flag of Sir Richard Keats on the coast of Spain. Soult at this time held Andalusia. But what the Peninsula proved to be to Napoleon—a constant drain on his most vital resources, in vital proximity to the heart of his empire—that was Cadiz to the Duke of Dalmatia in his tenure of Andalusia; for that island city could any day become a base from which an English army might advance, and on which, if defeated in the field, it might retire. For England then to hold Cadiz was to keep Soult in Andalusia, while Wellington might be carrying on operations on the Tagus. Its defence was entrusted mainly to a force consisting of gunboats, commanded by young lieutenants and midshipmen, to whom opportunities were constantly presenting themselves for evincing dash and decision, and who, in the discharge of their harassing duties, won from the service the name of the 'Fire-eaters.' Of these Mr. Smyth became one at the critical moment when his admiral was sent to Cadiz, and Soult was about to give by his presence a new vigour to the siege. A large gunboat, with a motto for a name, the 'Muerto o la Gloria,' was placed under his command directly after his arrival. By unsleeping intrepidity on the part of the English gunboats, every effort on that of the French to keep a cooperative force on the water was frustrated, and the siege gradually became a land blockade, only interrupted occasionally by gallant onslaughts on the part of the amphibious besieged. The fight of Barossa was one of these, and young Smyth was 'in at the finish' of that gallant affair, having been entrusted with despatches for Lieut.-General Graham, in consequence of the accurate knowledge of the coast

for which he had already acquired a name. Indeed, whilst playing a most active and daring part in all these stirring events, he had (as seems to have been his wont in every sea) succeeded in making accurate surveys, and drawn careful charts of the whole coast on which he was operating. But after two years of this flotilla work, the scene of his duties was changed; for on the 28th July 1811, a battle was fought which may be said to have brought to a close this chapter of the struggle in the Peninsula.

Like some great thunderstorm that breaks up a long spell of sultry weather over half a nation, on July 28, 1812, the news of the battle of Salamanca burst over Spain. It was a victory which destroyed the equipoise of three French armies, and helped, perhaps, some five weeks afterwards, to break the nerve of Napoleon on the eve of Borodino. Soult soon disappeared from Andalusia, and the bridge of Cadiz was open. Mr. Smyth now passed between the Pillars of Hercules, to take service in that classical sea which may be said to have been his home for the next fifteen years of his life. After being occupied in the blockade of Toulon, he was promoted from the *Milford* as master's mate to the *Rodney*, 74. He returned in her to England at the end of 1812, when this vessel, crippled in a gale, came home to be paid off. But he was not long thus stranded. The charts and plans of the Andalusian coast, which, amid all the busy and dangerous adventures of the 'Muerto o la Gloria,' its young commander had found time to make, had won for him the respect and admiration of his comrades and superiors; and he was able now to get them brought to the notice of the Admiralty. In March 1813, a lieutenant's commission came to him, at once the reward of his gallantry before Cadiz and in recognition of these hydro-

graphical services. While in London, the new lieutenant got access to the whole of the charts at the Hydrographer's Office; and he ascertained that though of particular places in the Mediterranean fair local charts were to be found there, the true figure of that sea had in fact never been traced; the vast bay of the Syrtes had hardly ever been visited by European ships, and even the width of the Adriatic was unknown. Waters that had been navigated by the most civilised races of men since the mythic voyage of the Argonauts, were less well known to the scientific navigator in 1814 than were some of the seas of India or America. Rocks and shoals actually noted on the older charts were omitted in the later documents that served to guide the mariner. It would indeed have been difficult at that time to have propounded a nobler aim for the ambition of an aspiring hydrographer than that of drawing a correct chart of this magnificent and historical sea. And that aim Lieut. Smyth was now able to propose to himself; for at this conjuncture, Sir Robert Hall, his old commodore in the fire-eating service, invited him to take a share in a new duty very similar to that in which he had played so prominent a part before Cadiz. For an Anglo-Sicilian flotilla of gunboats was now being organised with a view to rendering the Faro of Messina as impregnable a barrier to the ambition of Joachim Murat as the English sailors before Cadiz had made the Santi Petri to that of another of Napoleon's marshals. One of the best boats in this flotilla, the *Scylla*, was placed under the command of Lieut. Smyth, and his friend Sir Robert Hall gave him every opportunity of carrying forward his surveys consistently with the sterner duties of the service.

It was at Palermo, at this time, that Lieut. Smyth made the acquaintance of the Abbate Piazzì, the discoverer

of the planet Ceres, then the astronomer at the Palermitan Observatory, and to him Lieut. Smyth revealed his ambition to become the hydrographic pioneer of a complete charting of the Mediterranean. In the venerable abbé he found one who could well appreciate his plans and the man who was forming them, and who now gave him valuable aid; for Piazzì introduced him to his Observatory, and to the practical methods of the astronomer. In the English officer he had an apt pupil, and the 'Celestial Cycle' of later times may be said to have been part of the inheritance the old Abbé Piazzì thus bequeathed to science. For such minds leave as much behind them in the men they help to make, as in the work they do. One of the first of his Mediterranean surveys was devoted to the famous Faro; and he had to be constantly running over to the Calabrian shore of the Faro, which needed vigilant watching on the part of the flotilla, for Franco-Italian batteries covered it, and its echoes were rarely silent to the reverberation of their guns.

But besides these trips on duty, under a sky and amid scenes the loveliest in nature, it would seem that the lieutenant must have occasionally found occupation not less congenial of another kind. It was at Messina, at this time, that he first was introduced to the lady who afterwards became his wife. One can hardly speak of his acquaintance with Miss Warrington as merely an episode in his life. That accomplished and most estimable lady so cordially shared his tastes, and has ever from that time forward so constantly contributed by her active encouragement and strenuous help to his development of them, that those who knew the Admiral during the latter half of his life will ever associate with their remembrance of the genial, sensible, and humorous character of the man, the quiet serious-

ness, the keen intelligence, and gentle goodness of the wife.

The summer of 1814 brought a promise of peace to the world. Leipsic and the victories that culminated in Toulouse enabled united Europe to dictate terms at Paris, and Napoleon left France to chafe on his Mediterranean island.

The English fleets steered homewards, and Lieutenant Smyth was left in charge of the Anglo-Sicilian flotilla, with a view to dispersing it and closing all accounts. But much tended to make him linger in Sicilian waters while that business was being concluded. His comrades were going homewards to hearths that knew them; but to what home should he go? His heart was there in the work before him, and his thought of a home linked itself rather with a fair vision by the Faro of Messina, than with any English fireside. Besides,

Tentenda via est quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo.

He resolved to stay. He acquired with his own means instruments for his observations, and obtained from the Sicilian Government the loan of a gunboat, in which he soon completed the survey of the shores of Sicily. Admiral Penrose came out to take command of the reduced English fleet in 1815, and on arriving at Palermo, quickly saw the high merit of Lieutenant Smyth's spontaneous work, and obtained a recognition of it from the Admiralty. Their lordships' approbation, directed to 'Captain Smyth,' reached him in the same month that Annarella Warington became his wife. But what the Admiralty sent him was commander's rank without a ship to command, or officially assigned duties. Thus unfettered, if unaided, he continued his surveys with unabated zeal. After surveying the Liparis, he proceeded to Malta, where the Governor, Sir Thomas

Maitland, gave him quarters in his own palace while making the charts of the island.

But in the summer of 1816 an event occurred which awoke the national susceptibilities of the Admiralty, and did for Captain Smyth and his survey what merit on his part might perhaps alone have never been able to achieve. In June of that year, a French corvette dropped her anchor in the harbour of Valetta. Captain Gauthier du Parc, her commander, was armed with admirable instruments, and held a commission from his Government to do precisely the work at which the English hydrographer had been labouring so long. To a less chivalrous and less enterprising spirit, the arrival of *La Chevette* might have seemed a deathblow, and her captain a rival backed by a powerful and scientific nation, against whom an unaided English surveyor must contend in vain. But Captain Smyth was not the man to fall into despondency, and he had not in his generous nature one particle of jealousy.

He invited Captain Gauthier to inspect every stroke that he had drawn, and every position he had determined. He planted Captain Gauthier's circle on the very spot, on the tower of the Governor's palace at Malta, on which his own had been mounted before; and in short, to quote the words used long afterwards of him by Baron de Zach: '*Il ne craint pas les communications; sûr de son fait ses travaux peuvent supporter l'œil du scrutateur. Il ne fait aucun mystère de ses observations, car les Anglais ne pensent pas que des longitudes des latitudes des bases et des triangles peuvent être des secrets d'état.*' Captain Smyth's open-handed dealing had its immediate reward. On comparing his work with that of his French collaborateur, the closest coincidences were found in their determina-

tions of the latitudes and longitudes of various important places, and thus the high and exact character of the work of each was confirmed by that of the other.

Henceforward they worked in complete unison, and their intercourse was 'an open and unreserved communication of instruments, methods, and documents.' The Admiral, Sir Charles Penrose, and the Governor of Malta, Sir Thomas Maitland—both men well able to appreciate such an officer—again reported home the state of affairs, dwelling on the admirable accuracy of the English hydrographer's work, and at length, in May 1817, the *Aid*, sloop-of-war, came out from England to bear the pendant of Captain Smyth for carrying out the surveys which were now officially assigned to him as duty.

In this same year, 1817, he received an invitation from the Austrian and Neapolitan Governments to aid their officers in a survey of the Adriatic. Corfu and the Ionian Islands, after the treaty of Vienna, had to be constantly visited by the ships of the protecting Power, and almost as often, said Captain Smyth, those ships went ashore on them. An Austrian staff, with the *Velox*, an Austrian war-sloop, were placed under his command, and a complete and exhaustive survey of the Adriatic was the result of their labours.

Summoned home in 1820, Captain Smyth laid before the Admiralty the state of progress in the Mediterranean survey, and represented that the work his French ally was carrying on was of such value that, by an officially recognised division of the labour, equally good results might be obtained as by their continuing to proceed each with his own separate survey. He was in consequence sent on a mission to Paris to arrange with the French Hydrographical Office the official interchange of all the data and charts formed by

the officers of the two countries. The French Board of Longitude furthered the proposal, and Captain Smyth was able, when he paid off his ship in 1824, to present to the Admiralty a series of determinations by Captains Beaufort, Gauthier, and himself, giving the latitudes and longitudes of a complete series of stations from the straits of Gibraltar to those of Yenikale, involving the materials through which hydrography was enriched with a true figure of the Mediterranean Sea; while Captain Smyth's careful soundings and exact as well as artistic representations of the coasts enabled him to produce charts of a novel interest, and of the most valuable accuracy for the purposes of the mariner.

After surveying the North African coast, Captain Smyth ran into the port of Alexandria in a gale of wind which crippled very seriously the Mussulman fleet. Mahomed Ali, looking from his palace window, contrasted the seamanship that brought in his own fleet with that under which the *Adventure* was brought to her moorings; and the English sailor won his respect. Nor did the Pasha disguise his admiration when he saw the English captain mount his instruments by a sailor's ladder to the top of Pompey's Pillar. The offer of Cleopatra's Needle was made at this time by the Egyptian Viceroy to the Regent of England, through Captain Smyth; and it was no fault of the captain's that it has not been long ago an ornament to Hyde Park, or the first wonder within the gateway of the British Museum.

He was posted in 1824, and early in the autumn of that year he paid off the *Adventure*, after having navigated her in dangerous and almost unknown waters without having touched the ground, and without having lost a spar, a sail, a cable, or an anchor. As he left her deck, he bade adieu for ever to the sea.

The remainder of his active life was passed in occupations sufficiently varied, but of which the object was, almost without exception, the advancement of the naval service.

After publishing for the Admiralty his elaborate charts of the Mediterranean, he brought out, in 1828, an interesting sketch of the island of Sardinia, at that time hardly better known than Borneo or Madagascar. He had already published a work on Sicily in 1824. He dwelt from 1827 to 1829 at Bedford, where he made the series of astronomical observations that in 1844 were published in the *Celestial Cycle*. A rapid but very exact worker—for he had a scrupulous conscience, a restless activity, and a memory that never failed him—it is surprising how much good work he could do in a little time.

And thus it came to pass that when the *Celestial Cycle* appeared, astronomers asked if all this work was sound and reliable. The answer soon was given; and Captain Smyth stood on the first line of English astronomical observers. During this period, and indeed for twenty years from 1829, he wrote each month papers for the *United Service Journal*. Humorous or serious, these papers were always worth reading, and some of them were of more than ephemeral value.

Out of one of them arose the idea of the United Service Institution, and among them were many curious forecasts of the 'wonders that would be.' Among these may be mentioned the prophecy of a shot-proof, mastless lump, 'which could be propelled at twelve knots' speed against any three-decker's broadside, and so cut her in two,' which concludes (in 1831) by asking whether some grand British fleet was in the future to be doomed to 'succumb to some gigantic wedge, propelled under the direction of a

dozen stokers and a few chaldrons of coal?'

A charming biography of a true English sailor, Captain Philip Beaver, and a descriptive *Catalogue of a Collection of Roman Medals*, were works that issued from his pen at this time. In 1839 he went to Cardiff, to superintend the building of the docks that have since made Cardiff so important a seaport, and after three years spent there he lived in London from 1842 to 1851, a period during which he was one of the foremost in bringing to life the Geographical Society, and became himself known and respected among the antiquarians no less than the scientific men of the metropolis. The last fourteen years of his life he spent in a country residence near Aylesbury, and became Vice-Admiral in 1858 and Admiral in 1863. In 1854 his work on *The Mediterranean* appeared, thirty years after he had brought home the *Adventure*; but it now came forth with the authoritative name of Rear-Admiral Smyth on its title, and with the condensation of its material and the correction of its details by which those thirty well-employed years had chastened its pages.

The range of its subject-matter is almost exhaustive. The contour, the area, and the extent of the sea, as estimated by Greek or by modern hydrography, and as corrected by the results of his own measurements; the form of the sea bottom, as deduced from innumerable soundings; the changes that time, through erosion or earthquake, has wrought in the respective encroachments of sea or land, and the consequently refracted light by which we now must read the local geography of Strabo and of Herodotus, and even the shadowy allusions of Homer; the evidences and effects of true tides, and the course of currents and of local winds; the natural history of the sea, including a catalogue of its fishes;—such are

the materials which are treated in this volume, and they are discussed familiarly and pleasantly, but carefully, and, be it remembered, by the man who knew more about the Mediterranean than any man who ever lived. The *Mediterranean* is thus a classical work. It is his greatest and most valuable, as the *Celestial Cycle* is perhaps his most generally useful work, and as his *Life of Captain Beaver* is the most genial and artistic of the products of his pen. This biography, written to tell sailors how a noble English sailor lived and died, depicted a character after the Admiral's heart, and in many respects after his model.

For the naval service, too, which he so loved, he had taken in hand a lifelong labour, which he has left behind him, not quite complete, in the form of a dictionary of all nautical terms—a work which we may trust will yet be completed and published. Among the results of his life not so directly bearing on the welfare of that service may be mentioned his works on numismatics and on antiquities (always evincing the industry and care with which he first got up his subject); and his communications to and his services in behalf of the great scientific societies of London. Among these latter services must especially be recorded the part he took, if not as the actual founder, at least as the most active among the founders of the Geographical Society. Twice its president, he helped to bestow on that now flourishing body the character which gave it popularity. The Astronomical Society, too, in recognition of his services as an active astronomer, crowned his *Bedford*

Catalogue (the 2nd vol. of the *Celestial Cycle*) with their gold medal, and made him their president; and the Society of Antiquarians chose him for their director.

Of the Royal Society, too, he was a vice-president, and for some years filled the important post in it of foreign secretary. He also wrote a little history of the Royal Society Club—the agreeable form in which the leading Fellows of the Royal Society have been wont to hold their reunions previously to their fortnightly meetings. His translations of some of the selected works of Arago, and for the Hakluyt Society of Benzoni's *History of the New World*, must also be included among the works he undertook in the interests of geographical and of astronomical science. At last, full of years, happy in hopes fulfilled in his children, and budding in the young promise of his children's children; held in such respect by humbler country neighbours and by the larger world, as his life of truth and labour merited, he died; leaving on our memories a noble figure of an English sailor, simple, genial, generous, but withal the figure of a man of action and resolve, without the weakness of mere good nature, but also without one black drop in his heart tainted by what is sordid or petty.

To those who value these virtues and aim to shape their lives on a type whereof the outline is thus simple and beautiful, there is encouragement in the examples of such men as Admiral Smyth. In the happy temperament and quiet joyousness with which such a life is gilded, even in its troubles there is also consolation.

N. S. M.

BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH.

THE first of the following poems, like all good ballads, belongs to that class of composition which suggests far more than it narrates. We may assume that the lady whose fate it describes was married against her will to the enemy of her family (see stanza 5), and that the stranger knight is her early love, whom she had been compelled to renounce. The mode in which her husband convicts her, by successive questions, reminds us of a well-known Scotch song of a purely comic character, and it is curious to trace this analogy between two poems of different countries, of which the spirit is so totally different. I allude to the song—the author of which is, I believe, not known—beginning with the following verse:—

Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he;
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be.
Oh, how cam this horse here?
How can this be?
How cam this horse here
Without the leave o' me?

I ought to say, that I am by no means sure of the correctness of the reading in the original Spanish, nor of the translation of the two last lines of stanza 4. I know no authority for the words 'El Moron,' signifying 'The Moor.'

I am quite aware of the fact that the second ballad cannot be ranked among the highest productions of the class to which it belongs.

EDMUND HEAD.

Blanca sois, señora mia,
Mas que no el rayo del sol, &c.

Primavera de Romances, vol. ii. p. 52;
Duran. vol. i. p. 13; *Grimm*, p. 242.

1.

'Thou art fair, thou art fair, oh! Lady mine,
As the beam of morning bright:
May I rest unarm'd in this bower of thine?
May I sleep without fear through the night?

2.

'Seven years, seven years, it hath been the same;
These limbs have their harness worn,
And are blacken'd as if by the furnace-flame,
All scath'd by the toils they have borne.'

3.

'Thou may'st sleep, Sir Knight, thou may'st sleep till day;
Unarm'd, thou need'st not fear;
To the mountains of Leon the Count is away;
He is gone to chase the deer.

4.

‘Pray God, that his hounds may in madness die,
And his hawks by eagles be slain,
And some Moorish chief to his stronghold nigh
May drag him off in his chain!’

5.

Whilst thus they are talking, her Lord is there,
And he calls in scorn and ire—
‘Well, what art thou doing, my Lady so fair,
Thou child of a traitor sire?’

6.

‘I was combing my hair, Sir, in sorrowful cheer :
I was combing it all alone,
Because to the mountains to chase the deer
My lord and master had gone.’

7.

‘This story, fair lady, a man may doubt ;
This story is nought but a lie.
Say, whose is yon steed that is standing without,
And that neigh’d as I came by?’

8.

‘That steed is my father’s, Sir Count,’ she said :
‘He hath sent it a gift to thee.’
‘Whose arms are those in a heap thus laid
At thy chamber door I see?’

9.

‘My brother, Sir Count, he hath sent to thee here
Those arms which lie on the floor’——
‘Aye, well ! but the spear—say whose is the spear
That is leaning against the door?’

10.

‘Take thou that spear—I reck not of life—
And slay me where I stand :
’T will be but the meed that a perjur’d wife
Hath earn’d at her husband’s hand.’

'Caballero de lejas tierras,' &c.

Primavera de Romances, vol. ii. p. 88.

'Thou stranger knight from foreign lands, whom passing by I see,
Rein in thy steed and ground thy spear, and speak one word to me.
Oh! tell me if perchance abroad my husband thou hast seen?'
'How should I know unless I learn thy husband's guise and mien?'
'My husband is a gentleman, full young and fair to see,
Well skill'd in chess, and courtly games, and sports of chivalry.
A Marquis is he, and his arms grav'd on his sword-hilt he bears:
A surcoat too of rich brocade with crimson lin'd he wears.
There dangles from his lance's head, and glitters in the sun,
A pennon fair of Portugal, which in the lists he won.'
'If so it be, oh Lady fair, I knew thy husband well:
In a quarrel at Valencia, that Lord was stabb'd and fell:
He was struck at play by a Milanese; and many a knight and dame
Griev'd for his death, and cherish still thy gallant husband's name.
Nay, more than that, men say one maid, the daughter of his host—
Of Genoa fair by birth she is—weeps for her lover lost.
But should'st thou deign to love again—is there no hope for me?'
'No, no, Sir Knight—urge no such suit—a nun I'm doom'd to be.'
'A nun! fair dame? Thou'rt surely bound to pause awhile,' he cried;
'For 'tis the husband of thy heart who standeth at thy side!'



BRITISH CONCHOLOGY.*

RATHER less than forty years ago it was still almost a reproach to be a conchologist or entomologist. A few years earlier, Sir Joseph Banks had been ridiculed on this account by Peter Pindar; but even so late as 1830 Dr. Goodhall, who had been celebrated as an excellent scholar, was spoken of in our presence, by a very talented contemporary, as having degraded himself by studying conchology. In our estimation the balance was rather on the other side; and we thought, and still think, that he was quite as rationally employed when descanting on the affinities of some anomalous shell, even apart from any intimate knowledge of the mollusk itself, as when thundering out what he believed to be the true pronouncement of the digamma.

At the present day, indeed, no one with any regard for scientific reputation would be content to go back to a mere study of the shell, though we think that collectors have often failed of receiving their due share of merit. For not only have they been useful pioneers to more scientific observers, but they have sometimes been content, while actively employed, to put up with an unfair share of reproach, merely from a consciousness that sufficient materials had not yet been collected for arriving at any sound, definite views, and in so doing have displayed a spirit quite at variance with that modern prurience which

makes the veriest sciolist rush in where angels fear to tread.

The work, indeed, of collecting, in itself, besides affording a grateful and innocent employment of time which might otherwise have been wasted, leads to habits of neatness and order, the absence of which is one of the most serious banes of domestic life; but where the objects are intrinsically beautiful, there is, in addition, something of the humanising power which ever waits on a rational devotion to beauty. This was felt to be the case in times far distant. There is a remarkable passage to this effect in a fragment attributed to Euripides, which is worth quoting as it is not very generally known:—

δλβιος δστις τῆς ἱστορίας
ἔσχε μάθησιν, μήτε πολιτῶν
ἐπὶ πημοσύνῃ, μήτ' εἰς ἀδίκους
πράξεις ὁρμῶν,
ἀλλ' ἀθανάτου καθορῶν φύσεως
κόσμον ἀγῆρω, πῇ τε συνέστη
καὶ ὅπῃ καὶ ὄσως.
τοῖς δὲ τοιοῦτοις οὐδέποτε' αἰσχροῦν
ἔργων μελέτημα προσίει.†

Mr. Gladstone has admirably pointed out the proper effect of beauty in his lecture on 'Wedgwood,' in a passage too long to quote; we cannot, however, resist transcribing the following lines of Tennyson, because they put the matter in a true light, and in one which is sometimes overlooked in our zeal to ascribe too much to mere æsthetics, apart from other motives. It is not enough to love beauty only, and

* *British Conchology; or, An Account of the Mollusca which now inhabit the British Isles and the Surrounding Seas.* By John Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Vol. 1, Land and Freshwater Shells: 1862. Vol. 2, Marine Shells, comprising the Brachiopoda and Conchifera, from the family of Anomiidae to that of Mactridæ: 1863. Vol. 3, Marine Shells, comprising the remaining Conchifera, the Solenoconchia and Gasteropoda as far as Littorina: 1865.—(The remaining families, including the Nudibranchiata of Cuvier, which are for the most part entirely destitute of shells, except when in the embryo state, and whose branchial organs are constantly external, will appear as speedily as is consistent with the necessary research.)

† The passage occurs in Clemens Alex., Stromata, iv. 536 D. *Fragmenta incerta Euripidis* (101 ed. Dind.).

knowledge for its beauty, and good only for its beauty,

Seeing not

That beauty, good, and knowledge are three sisters

That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears:
And he that shuts love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie
... in outer darkness.

This, doubtless, is the true æsthetic aspect of things; but even where beauty has been regarded too much apart from love and good, as exemplified in Faust's worship of Helen, its pursuit may be sanctified hereafter, and should not, therefore, be harshly discouraged. We may still adopt our poet's words here:—

Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.

It is time, however, to turn from this apology for collectors to those who have some just claims to more scientific views. The true conchologist, in addition to the pleasure which is derived from symmetric form and harmony of colouring, has that far nobler satisfaction which arises from the habit of tracing the nice adaptation of structure to habit, together with those gradual shades of difference and apparent resemblances where

All the forms are alike, yet none resembles the other,

and the mysterious band by which they are united; while, as a recreation from more purely scientific considerations, he is not debarred from taking up the more practical and economical part of the subject. Matter, however, for the deepest reflection, bearing upon other branches which, at a first glance, might seem extremely remote, will wait upon his studies. Geology and archaeology will thus in their turn receive a greater or less degree of illustration; while physiological ob-

servations of the greatest interest—as, for example, those connected with the development of the embryo—will illustrate the most obscure and important histological questions in the highest branches of anatomy.

With the exception, perhaps, of the more purely anatomical portion of the subject, Mr. Jeffreys, whose admirable work we have now the pleasure of recommending to the notice of such of our readers as are not familiar with it, has neglected nothing which can illustrate the subject, to which he has devoted the deep study of some forty years. In addition to a wonderful knowledge of species and of conchological literature, and most just and philosophical views as to the limits of genera and species, he has all the experience derived from extensive dredging, requiring great expenditure of time and patience, and not without some little hazard of life, apart from which it is scarcely possible to obtain such an acquaintance with the modifications produced by differences of depth and climate as is absolutely necessary for the just appreciation of those which present themselves in the cabinet. Nor are such personal researches less important as regards their bearing on the sister science of geology, much of the more accurate knowledge of the comparative ages of the strata of which the earth is formed depending very mainly on a knowledge of the habits and just discrimination of the conchological medals which enter so largely into their composition. Mr. Jeffreys' merits in this direction, indeed, have been so widely appreciated that the British Association for the Advancement of Science has handsomely contributed on several occasions towards the great expense attending dredging on wild and stormy coasts.

Our object, however, is not to give a critique of Mr. Jeffreys' work so much as to make some more po-

pular observations on the subject generally.

Passing over the magenta tints which were procured in former days from some Mediterranean mollusks; the use of the shells of other species, amongst several savage tribes, as representatives of value; their extensive employment in countries where limestone is scarce, for the manufacture of lime; the supply of a kind of silk capable of being woven into useful articles, or the substitution of some of the shells which have a closer structure than usual for metals—we may advert briefly to their importance as articles of food, and as yielding the pearls of commerce which command such a high value in the market: while, looking to the dark side, we call attention to the ravages which some of them commit on wood and other matters exposed to the action of salt water.

As regards terrestrial mollusks, the prejudice in this country against eating snails is so great that we have known an instance of a whole village population being almost up in arms because the clergyman, who was a naturalist, invited some brother spirits to a snail feast. The German glassblowers, indeed, at Newcastle have their annual snail eatings, though they are obliged to be content with our very inferior kinds, as the true Roman snail (*Helix Pomatia*) is not an original native, and is extremely local though abundant where it meets with a congenial soil. The truth is, that with ordinary English cookery nothing can be more detestable; though in Hungary and other lands of culinary abominations, where 'sauerkraut' forms an ingredient in almost every dish, we have known persons who were glad to fall back on the snails *au bouchon*. Two well-known Scotch professors, some years since, unaware, perhaps of the various modes in which snails are disguised on the Continent, where they are seldom if ever served *au*

naturel, determined to cast aside native prejudices, and, like their German cousins, to have their snail feast. Our professors, we believe, merely boiled their snails, and with some effort bolted one or two. One of the *par nobile* at last took courage to say, 'Dinna ye think that they are rather green?' to which his colleague eagerly responded, 'Domned green, doctor;' and so the whole dish was gladly thrown away. The large *Helix*, however, was greatly relished by the Romans, who had their stews for fattening them, not only at home but in the colonies. Shells of *Helix Pomatia* occur occasionally about Roman villas amongst oysters, cockles, whelks, and mussels, though the species is not now to be found alive in their neighbourhood. A taste for snails, indeed, is not confined to the Old World. Immense quantities of the large rosy-mouthed *Helix* are annually sent off in barrels from the Canaries to the West Indies, where they are esteemed a delicacy.

If we turn to the productions of the sea, we immediately find ourselves amongst matters even of national importance. Besides the enormous quantity of cheap and mostly of wholesome food afforded by mussels, cockles, whelks, and periwinkles—very interesting details of which will be found in Mayhew's *London Labour*—we have our oysters, which are acceptable in all classes of society, the collection, feeding, and distribution of which yields employment to thousands, and with other fisheries the dredging forms an important nursery to the navy. A taste for the Richborough or Rutupian oysters of the Kentish coast, which were fed on grounds which have long since been recovered from the sea, and now form rich cattle pastures, is well known to the readers of Juvenal, though the Romans had their own stews on the western coast of Italy, where modern

plans of oyster-nursing were in some degree anticipated. Our own demand for oysters is so great that, without some measures for increasing the supply, the Essex and Kentish banks of the estuary of the Thames cannot long supply them in sufficient numbers or at a reasonable rate. Thanks, however, to the labours of Monsieur Coste in France, and Dr. Buckland at home, there is not only a prospect of keeping up the supply, but of an almost unlimited addition. When the young oyster is first detached from the parent, it is by no means the sedentary being on which the world has been pleased to cut its jokes; on the contrary, it is peculiarly active—swimming about with the utmost rapidity, but liable to be washed away by every wave, and become the prey of myriads of enemies. Its main object in infancy is to find some fit resting-place to which it may attach itself, and where it may pass the rest of its life in comparative quietude amidst the deluge of waters. The great point, then, is to provide proper bodies to which the fry may become attached. For this end, anchored fascines have been employed with great advantage on the French and Danish coasts, from which millions of young oysters are annually transferred to the oyster farms, to grow and fatten till they are ready for the market. Besides home consumption, there is a considerable export trade in oyster spat. Other contrivances, as peculiarly constructed tiles, are employed occasionally for the same purpose. The greatest caution is necessary in these farms to guard against sudden cold, as the water in them is at all times shallow; and if sharp frost should occur when the oysters are quite exposed, or only partially covered, damage to the extent of thousands of pounds will often take place in a single tide. On the French coast, where an oyster of a

peculiar green tint is in great esteem, some of these farms are destined to encourage the development of the minute parasitical vegetable belonging to the curious order of Cryptogams *Diatomaceæ*, on which its hue and exquisite flavour are said to depend. The Romans appear to have had a *penchant* for black oysters, but to what cause their peculiar colour was due appears to be unknown. The taste in either case was more rational than that of our first George for half-putrid oysters, though that has its parallel in the habit of keeping cod-fish in the Shetlands till it is high, or the Hastings pies of conger-eels, which are used only when far advanced towards putrefaction. It has been proposed to introduce the large Virginian oyster on the French coast, but the prejudice in favour of smaller oysters is so strong that any superior flavour in them would not very readily be recognised. In our own country green oysters are thought to be unwholesome, from a notion that they come from copperas beds—a notion which evidently arises from a vulgar interpretation of the name. Mussels from certain localities, as from ships' bottoms, are said to be dangerous; but more, perhaps, depends upon peculiarity of constitution than upon intrinsic quality,—exactly as lobsters, mushrooms, or even eggs are sources of illness to certain individuals, while to others they are quite free from danger, if not partaken of in too great abundance.

We might say a good deal more on the supply of food of undoubted superior quality by scallops, that of more questionable character by cuttlefish on our own coast, or the holuthuria or trepang of China; but our limits forbid any further details. A proposition has lately appeared in some of our papers for laying traps for the grape-like eggs of cuttlefish; but, though these mollusks are eaten on our southern

coasts when other matters of better quality fail, they are certainly not of sufficient delicacy to make their increase a matter of importance.

While mentioning the cuttlefish, we may, *en passant*, call attention to the reports of gigantic individuals which are occasionally encountered in the hotter parts of the world, to the destruction of bathers, or, it is said, even of small boats. The following account, from Crosse and Fischer's *Journal de Conchyliologie*, which rests on better authority than most similar narratives, is not without interest:—

On the 2nd of December last (1861), the steamboat *Alecto*, commanded by Monsieur Bonyer, anchored in our harbour on its way to Cayenne. It had met between Madeira and Teneriffe with a gigantic cuttlefish, which was swimming on the surface of the water. This animal measured between 5 and 6 metres (16 or 19 feet) in length, without reckoning the eight formidable arms studded with suckers which covered its head. Its colour was of a brick-red; its eyes had a prodigious development and a frightful gaze; its parrot-beak was nearly half a metre across; its body, fusiform but much swollen in the centre, presented an enormous mass, the weight of which was estimated at 2,000 kilogrammes (4,410 pounds). Its fins, placed at the further extremity, were rounded into fleshy lobes of a portentous size.

It was on the 30th of November, towards mid-day, that the *Alecto* perceived this terrible cephalopod swimming along the side. The commandant caused the vessel to stop immediately, and in spite of the dimensions of the animal tried to seize it. For this end he made a running noose; guns were loaded and harpoons prepared as quickly as possible; but at the first shot the monster plunged into the sea beneath the vessel, and reappeared on the other side. Attacked again with harpoons, and after having received many shots, it disappeared two or three times, and each time showed itself for some seconds on the surface, agitating its long arms. The vessel, however, kept following it, or rather stopped in its course in accordance with the movements of the animal. The chase lasted more than three hours. The commandant wished to finish with the enemy at every risk. He dare not, however, risk the lives of his sailors by causing a boat to be put out, which this monster might have engulfed by seizing it with one of its formidable

arms. The harpoons penetrated the soft flesh, but came out without success. Many balls had passed through it to no purpose. Meanwhile it received one which wounded it grievously, for it immediately vomited a great quantity of foam and blood, mixed with a large quantity of viscid matter, which diffused a musky scent. It was at this moment that they were able to seize it with the running noose; but the line slipped along the elastic body of the mollusk, and did not stop till it was near the fins. They attempted to hoist it aboard. The greater part of the body was already out of the water, when the enormous weight of the mass caused the line to penetrate the flesh, and separated the hinder extremity from the rest of the animal, and so the monster was liberated and fell back into the sea.

The viscid matter was clearly the inky fluid which forms a well-known colour for artists, and which is sometimes so admirably preserved in the ink-bag in fossil specimens as to be equally available for drawing with that of recent individuals. It may be added that the musky substance, called ambergris, formed principally in the cœcum of the Cachalot whale, and analogous to bezoars, probably owes its origin to some cuttlefish, as the horny mandibles are often found imbedded in the mass.

Pearls have been a favourite object of ornament from very early times, and large sums have been made by 'pearls of great price,' which almost vie with diamonds in point of mercantile value. It is not, however, the East only which yields them. Those of our own rivers and estuaries are not without their value. The pearls of Britain were one at least of the objects which attracted the Roman legions; and though of late years they have been more or less neglected, the exertions of Mr. Unger have again called serious attention to the subject. Conway has long been celebrated for the quantity of seed pearls produced by the common mussel, and the traffic is still flourishing. The more rapid rivers, however, of Scotland produce those of the greatest value from a fresh-water shell, *Unio margaritifera*, which till very

recently were bought chiefly by pedlars, who made frequently a considerable profit. When the rivers are low, the shells are seen in numbers in the clear streams amongst the pebbles, as we ourselves witnessed, nearly forty years ago, at the junction of the Tummel and Garry. But the deeper parts are searched by dredging, and yield an abundant harvest. It is, of course, a circumstance of comparative rarity that a pearl is found worth as much as fifty pounds, which is sometimes the case with those of a rosy tint and great purity; but a good livelihood is obtained at ordinary fishings, for there are very few blanks in the lottery, and there is always the encouraging hope of a prize. The shallow streams, of course, are soon exhausted, and the mussels can now be procured only by constant immersion in the water—a matter perhaps of less consequence to the Highlander than to most natives of northern climes. Excellent pearls are also produced by some of the fresh-water shells of North America. We have lately seen a very fine one from Canada.

The shells of the *Halotis*, or Venus' Ear, which abound on the shores of the Channel Islands, yield a large portion of the mother-of-pearl used so extensively by our manufacturers, though that of the finer quality and purer colour is derived from the East.

One portion of the volume of Mr. Jeffreys' work, which has just been published, is peculiarly interesting at the present moment, from its bearing on the subject of electric cables. Not only have they to contend against accidents which may occur in the act of paying out, in addition to intrinsic flaws in their structure, as well as the violence of the waves, and the consequent wear and tear against sharp points of deep-seated rocks, but a host of external enemies are ready to burrow into the external coating, and thus

destroy the insulation. Professor Huxley gave Mr. Jeffreys young specimens of *Xylophaga dorsalis* (a mollusk differing principally from the common ship-worm in the absence of a shelly lining to the cavity which it bores), which had penetrated the outer coating (tarred hemp) of the Mediterranean electric telegraph cable, on the coast of Spain, at a depth of from 60 to 70 feet. Some of the individuals were about to attack the gutta percha tube that formed the inner case or covering of the wire when the cable was taken up.

If the cable be laid down ever so successfully, it may become in a few months silent from the invasion of these burrowing mollusca; and there are many annelides and crustacea which may prove equally injurious. It is quite as necessary, therefore, to find something which will prevent their settling, as it is to guard against ship-worms in wooden structures. It is high time that the question should be taken into very serious consideration. Matters of this kind, however, are apt to move very slowly in this country. In 1860 it was proposed by a committee of the British Association (of which committee Mr. Jeffreys was chairman) to have certain experiments made in the Dockyard at Plymouth, with a view to prevent the further destruction by the tere-do of Government timber, which had cost the country a considerable sum every year. A small grant had been voted by the Association for such purposes. Permission to have these experiments made was asked through the Port Admiral, Sir Thomas Pasley, who expressed his entire approval, but forwarded the application to the Admiralty. It is scarcely credible that no answer was received for nearly a month, and that then came a simple refusal, without any reasons given for it. 'Great Britain,' Mr. Jeffreys adds, 'unlike other states, does not count

a single naturalist in her National Assembly, and the Government will not, unless urged by popular pressure, take the initiative, or even forward any plan of public improvement which is out of the regular groove of routine.'

At present little has been done towards arresting the evil, and plans which may be successful with wooden structures may not be applicable to cables. The best hope is in the discovery of some silicate or other chemical, which may at once protect against the action of salt-water and prevent the ingress of the extremely tender infant spat. The whole of Mr. Jeffreys' third volume, which relates to boring animals, is most interesting. It seems quite clear that they have no especial solvent, but their action is entirely mechanical. The great point, then, is to interpose such a substance, however thin, as will effectually prevent their first ingress. As Mr. Jeffreys well remarks—

*Ægrius ejicitur, quam non admittitur
hospes—*

'A very slight coating of any kind will suffice to keep out the infant burglar. Tar would answer the purpose, but this is liable to be accidentally rubbed off or removed by the constant agitation of the waves.' Actual experience alone can show whether silicate of lime, Szerelmey's silicat-zopissa, silex with muriate of lime, Messrs. Peacock and Buchan's patent composition (which forms, by chemical combination with sea-water, an unctuous or slimy pellicle), or other chemical, can be permanently successful; and it is much to the general interest that proper experiments should be made.

There is a matter of some interest connected with shells which is worth a passing notice. Shells of various kinds and affinities, as also corals dredged up from great depths, are often perforated by some substance, which branches and forms a little

greenish conferva-like sketch beneath the surface. Kölliker, a translation of whose paper will be found in the *Quarterly Microscopical Journal*, believes that it is a mould, while Wedd thinks it a sponge. The production of a fungus at such depths is not a very likely circumstance; though a fine species of *Sphaeria* really occurs on the Algerian coast, at a moderate depth, on the submerged rhizoma of *Posidonia*. Mr. Jeffreys has kindly furnished us with specimens obtained in the late dredging expedition off the Shetlands, and we are certainly of opinion, whatever the production may be, that it is neither an alga nor fungus. It appears to us far more probable that it belongs to some zoophyte. We found, indeed, an extremely minute alga, allied to the genus *Calothrix*, in hunting for Kölliker's organism; and in a single instance, a minute flabelliform expansion after the fashion of *Anadyomene*, but neither of these appeared to have any share in the perforations. The fact of the tips of the threads—for it is the tips alone which can be active in the matter—being able to decompose the shelly substance is strange enough, to whatever class or kingdom the production may belong. The erosion which is so common in the older part of shells appears to arise from some inequality and consequent instability in their composition, and is probably analogous to that which so constantly appears in ancient glass or old exposed mortar.

In the cabinet, the brightest and most highly-polished shells, if kept in a damp place, often suffer from the attacks of a little mould—a circumstance which is the less surprising when we reflect that even glass, which is proof against most acids, is frequently corroded by a mould, *Sporotrichum fenestrarum*.

As regards the list of indigenous mollusks, we may remark that a considerable increase is made every year by frequent dredgings, while a

more intimate acquaintance with the geographical limits of species enables the conchologist to eliminate many which have crept into our fauna by fraud or mistake—a matter of considerable importance in the study of our tertiary and more recent fossil beds. Valuable, however, as the presence of shells in strata may be in determining their relative age, their absence is not decisive, as from local causes they have clearly disappeared in some instances—as from metamorphic strata, in which they once existed. It is evident that their highest illustrative value exists only where species are determined accurately; and it is in this direction that Mr. Jeffreys has done such good service, studying as he has not merely the productions of his own seas and country, but with equal zeal all continental species, for the comparison of which he has spared neither travel nor correspondence.

The results of the annual dredgings mentioned above have been considered so valuable that a fresh grant was made for 1865; and the report published by the British Association of the work of 1863 contains many points of interest, as does that by Mr. Jeffreys of the upper tertiary fossils at Udevalla, in Sweden. It is astonishing, though every zone or bathymetrical district has some characteristic and peculiar species of its own, how indifferent the same species may be to the depth of water with which it is covered, whether five or five hundred fathoms, provided there be plenty of appropriate food. 'Specimens from a depth of 75 fathoms or upwards, being placed in a shallow vessel of sea-water taken from the beach, did not seem to be in the slightest degree affected by the sudden change of bathymetrical conditions. With a solitary exception (that of *Cithara haliæti*), all continued for a long time vigorous and active. They fed, crawled, leapt, and swam or floated

immediately below the surface of the water in an inverted position. It was necessary to renew often the supply of water, in order to ensure this state of liveliness. I kept many of them, and observed their habits for three days, when they were killed for the sake of their shells.' Species from immense depths often exhibited as brilliant colours as those almost within tidal limits—a fact which has been denied by authors, though Humboldt long since pointed out at what immense depths brilliant colouring may exist.

One of the most interesting matters in the report is that of the extinction on our coast of certain species, such as *Pecten Islandicus*, whose shells occur frequently in great abundance. There is no reason to believe in any alteration of temperature at the depths which they inhabit, and some of them still live in parallel latitudes on the coast of Norway.

'I can only account,' says our author, 'for this apparent extermination in our seas of the species in question, by suggesting that the bed which they once inhabited was raised, and became dry land; that it remained in that state for a sufficiently long period not only to destroy the entire brood, but also to semi-fossilise the shells by exposure to the open air; that subsequently the tract was submerged, and again formed the sea-bed, and that it is still sinking by slow and perhaps imperceptible degrees. In this way the shallow-water species, as *Nassa incassata*, would be gradually habituated to greater and greater depths like the North Atlantic starfishes.'

For other matters we must refer to the report itself.

We cannot conclude our article without adverting to the value which conchology possesses, set before us as it is by Mr. Jeffreys, in conjunction with other branches of natural history, as a branch of education:—

'The value of physiological science,' says Professor Huxley, in his admirable lecture on the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences, delivered at St. Martin's Hall in 1854, 'as a branch of discipline, is

partly that which it has in common with all sciences—the training and strengthening of common sense; partly that which is more peculiar to itself—the great exercise which it affords to the faculties of observation and comparison; and I may add, the *exactness* of knowledge which it requires on the part of those who desire to extend its boundaries.

‘On other grounds, even were mankind deserving of the title of “rational,” which they arrogate to themselves, there can be no question that they would consider as the most necessary of all branches, for themselves and for their children, that which professes to acquaint them with the conditions of the existence they prize so highly—which teaches them how to avoid disease, and to cherish health in themselves and those who are dear to them.

‘Why is it that educated men can be found to maintain that a slaughter-house in the midst of a great city is rather a good thing than otherwise? That mothers persist in exposing the largest possible amount of surface of their children to the cold, by the absurd style of dress that they adopt, and then marvel at the peculiar dispensation of Providence which removes their infants by bronchitis and gastric fever? Why is it

that quackery rides rampant over the land; and that, not long ago, one of the largest public rooms in this great city could be filled by an audience gravely listening to the reverend expositor of the doctrine—that the simple physiological phenomena known as spirit-rapping, table-turning, phrenomagnetism, and by I know not what other absurd and inappropriate names, are due to the direct and personal agency of Satan?’

Plainly because natural history as a branch of education is so completely neglected amongst us, except so far as the merest smattering goes. A large portion of our national shortcomings arises from this neglect; nor can we hope for any remedy so long as public men may show the most utter ignorance of things intimately connected with their own especial department, without incurring the slightest reproach, or even eliciting a single mark of surprise, provided they belong to this category.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1866.

GROTE'S PLATO.

[THE following remarks on Mr. Grote's *Plato*, by the late Dr. Whewell, are the last the world will have from his pen. For several years during the later portion of his life, his thoughts had been devoted to Plato; and the present review was prepared for the press immediately before the occurrence of the lamentable accident to which his death is due.

Few men of his generation have been, during the course of a long life, so constantly and prominently before the public; and fewer still have had a more steady allowance of fame and success in so many different walks of literature. Nor has fame gone at all beyond the truth as to the varied nature and depth of his acquirements. To have occupied the two professorial chairs which he held in succession at Cambridge—those of Mineralogy and Casuistry—requires a very wide range of intellectual power; and there is scarcely any branch of literature or science, to which he gave attention, which he did not thoroughly master.

His early years were given chiefly to mathematical science; and though in some branches he has been surpassed by individuals, no one has attained such eminence as his in all. And in this, as well as in other lines of study, his influence on the tone of thought and education of Cam-

bridge has been paramount. As long ago as 1825, a writer on matters at Cambridge speaks of his 'bold, vigorous, and excursive mind,' and of his having written 'the very best elementary treatises in science that Cambridge ever produced;' and till very lately he has continued to supply many of the scientific journals and Transactions of the Scientific Societies with essays on various points of the most abstruse subjects of natural philosophy and pure mathematics.

To metaphysics, and mental philosophy generally, very many of his best years were given; and the use he has made of them in conjunction with his scientific knowledge is well shown by his two works on the inductive sciences—those by which he is most likely to be remembered in after-times. For a large portion of his life his literary energy was enormous; within a very few years, besides the *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, he produced the *Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy*; *Notes on German Churches*; *Elements of Morality, including Polity*; *Specimens of English Hexameters*, including a translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*; a translation of Auerbach's tale, *The Professor*; besides many smaller works, and a great variety of scientific memoirs and pamphlets on the affairs of his University. A con-

siderable portion of his time in later years was given to the subject of international law, a professorship of which he has founded by will at Cambridge; and he published an edition of *Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*, with an abridged translation of the text. The *Essay on the Plurality of the Worlds*, which appeared a few years since, and revived an almost forgotten controversy, though published without his name, is perhaps one of the most striking of his works; and, independently of the interest with which he has invested the subject, the pure and beautiful English in which it is written forms a marked contrast to the rugged style of several of his earlier works. Allusion has already been made to his translation of a considerable number of the *Dialogues* of Plato, which have appeared from time to time in the last few years.

It is, of course, at Cambridge, and above all in that college which was his pride, and over which he has presided for so long, that his memory will be chiefly venerated. The munificence with which, both during his lifetime and by his will, he has repaid what he owed to Trinity College for his education and position, will for ever hand down his name among its chief benefactors. No one probably has

ever effected more for the advancement of the studies in which he interested himself, or has left the impress of his mind more permanently on the place. He was so decidedly the first among all in the midst of whom he moved, that to him all unhesitatingly and willingly gave way. But his liberality and largeness of heart always made him respect an opponent, and kept him free from ever being influenced by the spirit of College or University cliquism. A noble trait in his character was his almost immediate forgetfulness of anything that had been written or said against him. Another was, the readiness with which he would throw himself into a new system, however distasteful at first, or however much he might have opposed it, when he found that the change was inevitable. The roughness of manner which, in spite of his kindness of heart, to some extent characterised his earlier years, had been softened as he grew older, so as scarcely to exist in the later portion of his life; and he now passes away full of years and honours, with the love and respect of every one who knew him, and leaving the feeling behind that there is no one to supply his place, or fill the blank which his loss has created.]

MR. GROTE'S *History of Greece* is undoubtedly among the most striking and most valuable works which our generation has produced. It offers to the reader startling novelties of view and opinion, supported by reasons of plain solid good sense: and this in a subject well-nigh the most familiar and well-worn in the whole field of literature. This is true of almost every part of the history; but of no part more signally true, than of that which refers to the so-called 'Sophists,' of whom Plato's *Dialogues* and the modern accounts of the Athens of his time are full. Mr. Grote has done us the

service of pointing out with great clearness and force the extraordinary amount of confusion of thought and prejudice of judgment which has prevailed among modern writers with regard to this supposed class of teachers and writers. He has shown that it is in fact no class at all, but an assemblage of persons of the most diverse tenets and modes of exposition: all or almost all of them persons who inculcated morality and virtue—some of them the authors of speculations hardly inferior in elevation of tone and ingenuity of exposition to Plato himself; yet jumbled together by

the Platonic commentators in one common enumeration of false reasoning, vicious teaching, and selfish objects. That a large body of the admirers of Plato have imitated these charges, one from another, till they have become an established system, taken for granted in expounding Plato, is a truly remarkable fact in literature; and philosophy and justice, no less than literature, have great obligations to Mr. Grote for having so boldly and ingeniously dashed aside this established error, and approached the study of the Platonic writings free from its misleading and confusing influence.

With this view of Mr. Grote's insight into the Platonic literature, we naturally welcomed with great avidity his present to us of a translation and exposition of the *Dialogues*, so far as is requisite to give their import and determine their result. Nor do we fail to rate very highly the value of what we have thus received. Besides a careful and spirited translation of the leading passages, connected by a commentary which gives us the bearing and effect of what is omitted in the translation, we have throughout an activity of thought and a sobriety of judgment exercised upon these writings which give a meaning to every page, and we have moreover a fulness of illustration from all other writings which in any way bear upon the subjects introduced, which make us admire Mr. Grote's industry in reading, and acuteness in extracting the full meaning from all that he reads. The most practised reader of *Plato* must derive a great treasure of new thoughts and new lights from this new work of Mr. Grote.

This being our opinion of the value of Mr. Grote's *Plato*, we shall without hesitation offer our judgment of any points in which it seems to us defective or erroneous. The respect and gratitude which we feel to him for all that we have learned from

him would be ill shown by acquiescing in any perverted views of the import of the Platonic writings which his authority may serve to put into or keep in circulation.

One such impression, which seems to us to be a mistaken one, we will endeavour to explain. We have just praised Mr. Grote for having rejected an established system of vilifying and misrepresenting Plato's opponents, the Sophists, and ascribing to them, in everything that they say, sophistry in its modern English meaning. Now, we venture to think that Mr. Grote has not thoroughly purged himself of an established system of seeing everywhere a profound meaning and a solid philosophy in the Platonic *Dialogues*, or at least steps towards such a philosophy. In order that we may not lose ourselves and mislead the reader by generalities, we will take one of the simplest of the *Dialogues*, the 'Lysis,' and point out in what manner we consider that this long-established delusion of the Platonic commentators shows itself in some degree in Mr. Grote.

We gladly borrow from Mr. Grote the account of the occasion and opening of the *Dialogue* called 'Lysis,' or by an *aliter* title, as is common in the Platonic *Dialogues*, 'Of Friendship.'

Socrates relates that as he was walking outside the city wall he was invited by Hippothales, a young man of his acquaintance, into a crowded Palæstra, where not only bodily exercises were habitually practised, but debate was carried on and intellectual instruction given by a Sophist named Mikkos, companion and admirer of Socrates. Hippothales is a passionate admirer of Lysis, a beautiful Athenian boy, who is also in the Palæstra. Hippothales is ridiculed by Ktesippus, another youth, for the manner in which he expresses his admiration of Lysis. He says to Socrates: 'Is it not ridiculous that, with

all his admiration for this boy, he can find nothing to say which any boy in the streets could not say: about Democritus his father, and Lysis his grandfather, and ancestors further up still: and about their wealth, and their studs, and their victories in games, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean, won by chariots and by racers? This is what he speaks of in prose and verse, and of matters older still. The other day he was telling us that they had an ancient connection with Hercules, in virtue of which one of their ancestors received Hercules as a guest, he himself being descended from Zeus and from the patron goddess of his district: stories which the old women sing in ballads, and much of the same kind of stuff. This is what he utters, and we have to hear.'

Socrates on this says in a friendly way to Hippothales that this is not a way to talk to a boy. 'Can you,' says the enamoured youth, 'tell me any better way? Pray do, if you can. What must one do to make such a boy regard one as a friend?' Socrates agrees to do so if an opportunity be afforded him of conversing with Lysis. 'Accordingly, after some well-imagined incidents,' says Mr. Grote, 'interesting as marks of Greek manners,—Socrates and Ktesippus, with others, seat themselves in the palaestra amidst a crowd of listeners. Lysis, too modest at first to approach, is emboldened to sit down by seeing Menexenus seated by the side of Socrates: while Hippothales, not daring to put himself where Lysis can see him, listens, but conceals himself behind some of the crowd.' Socrates then begins to talk with Lysis:—

Sokr. Well—Lysis—your father and mother love you extremely.

Lysis. Assuredly they do.

Sokr. They would wish you, therefore, to be as happy as possible.

Lysis. Undoubtedly.

Sokr. Do you think any man happy, who

is a slave, and who is not allowed to do anything that he desires?

Lysis. I do not think him happy at all.

Sokr. Since therefore your father and mother are so anxious that you should be happy, they of course allow you to do the things which you desire, and never reprove nor forbid you?

Lysis. Not at all, by Zeus, Sokrates: there are a great many things that they forbid me.

Sokr. How say you! they wish you to be happy—and they hinder you from doing what you wish! Tell me, for example, when one of your father's chariots is going to run a race, if you wished to mount and take the reins, would they allow you to do so?

Lysis. No—certainly: they would not allow me.

Sokr. But whom do they allow then?

Lysis. My father employs a paid charioteer.

Sokr. What! do they permit a hireling, in preference to *you*, to do what he wishes with the horses? and do they give him pay besides for doing so?

Lysis. Why—to be sure.

Sokr. But doubtless, I imagine, they trust the team of mules to your direction; and if you chose to take the whip and flog, they would allow you?

Lysis. Allow me? not at all.

Sokr. What! is no one allowed to flog them?

Lysis. Yes—certainly—the mule-groom.

Sokr. Is he a slave or free?

Lysis. A slave.

Sokr. Then, it seems, they esteem a slave higher than you their son; trusting their property to him rather than to you, letting him do what he pleases, while they forbid you. But tell me farther: do they allow you to direct yourself—or do not they even trust you so far as that?

Lysis. How can you imagine that they trust me?

Sokr. But does any one else direct you?

Lysis. Yes—this tutor here.

Sokr. Is he a slave?

Lysis. To be sure: belonging to our family.

Sokr. That is shocking: one of free birth to be under the direction of a slave! But what is that he does, as your director?

Lysis. He conducts me to my teacher's house.

Sokr. What! do they govern you also, these teachers?

Lysis. Undoubtedly they do.

Sokr. Then your father certainly is bent on putting over you plenty of directors and governors. But surely when you come home to your mother, she at least, anxious that you should be happy as far as she is concerned, lets you do what you please about

the wool or the web, when she is weaving: she does not forbid you to meddle with the bodkin or any of the other instruments of her work?

Lysis. Ridiculous! not only does she forbid me, but I should be beaten if I did meddle.

Sokr. How is this, by Herakles? Have you done any wrong to your father and mother?

Lysis. Never at all, by Zeus.

Sokr. From what provocation is it, then, that they prevent you in this terrible way from being happy and doing what you wish? keeping you the whole day in servitude to some one, and never your own master? so that you derive no benefit, either from the great wealth of the family, which is managed by every one else rather than by you—or from your own body, noble as it is: Even that is consigned to the watch and direction of another: while you, Lysis, are master of nothing, nor can do any one thing of what you desire.—G. P. i. 503.

Lysis then says, 'The reason is, Socrates, that I am not yet old enough.' But Socrates rejoins that this cannot be the reason, for his father and mother allow him to read and write, and play the lyre for them. 'Why is it, then,' he asks, 'that they do not hinder you in this case, as they did in the case before mentioned?' Lysis says, 'I suppose it is because I know this last, but did not know the others.' Socrates then says, 'Well, my good friend, you see it is not your increase of years that your father waits for; but on the very day that he becomes convinced that you know better than he, he will entrust both himself and his property to your management. Ay—and your neighbours, too, will judge in the same way as your father: and the Athenians too, and the great king himself, will allow you to do what you like if they suppose that you understand what you are doing.'

Socrates then draws the moral from this conversation:—

'And so you see, my dear Lysis, that things which we understand, everybody will allow us to manage, Greeks or Barbarians, men or women; and if you come to be a wise man, my boy, all will be friends

with you, all will care for you. For you will be useful and good.'

At this, Socrates says:—

I looked towards Hippothales, and I was on the point of committing a blunder: for it occurred to me to say, That is the way, Hippothales, to address a youth whom you love: you ought to check and humble him, not to puff him up and spoil him, as you have hitherto done. But when I saw him agitated and distressed by what had been said, I called to mind that though standing close by, he wished not to be seen by Lysis. Accordingly I restrained myself, and said nothing of the kind.—G. P. i. 507.

So far, the purpose of the dialogue is obvious enough, and is very plainly expressed: namely, that the way to win a boy's regard and respect is to talk to him so as to set his mind to work; and that he will like this better than high-flown phrases and literary turns of expression. The colloquy with the boy, by which this is illustrated, is much after the fashion of those which occur even now in children's books, resembling them not only in its general manner, and in the induction from examples by which the moral is illustrated, but in the exaggeration with which the moral is stated—that if we are wise, everybody will entrust us with everything—and in the strokes of jocoseness introduced for the sake of liveliness, for there is talk about putting a pinch of salt in the great king's sauces, and about putting powder in his son's eyes if they are diseased, and in other features.

It may seem that this is too narrow and trifling a purpose for a dialogue of Plato; but it will be difficult for any one reading it in Mr. Grote's, or any other good translation, to interpret it otherwise. The primary importance of knowledge as the basis and essence of all virtue was a leading feature in the doctrine of Socrates, and of Plato, in his earlier period especially; and while a valuable lesson for men as well as for boys, was not

considered too profound to be inculcated by puerile conversation.

But after this, we proceed to something which, though still made in a conversation with boys, is supposed by the commentators to be more profound. When the colloquy with Lysis is brought to a close, Socrates engages another boy, Menexenus, in conversation. He says that he desires of all things to have a friend, congratulates Lysis and Menexenus upon being friends of each other, but begs that they, as persons who must know, will tell him what friendship is. Hereupon the boy Menexenus is entangled in a series of perplexities about the meaning of a friend, *philos*, in which, as we have said, the commentators see, not exactly a profound philosophy, but steps towards a philosophy of friendship:—

When one person loves another, which is the friend of the other? And how if the love be only on one side? We call friends or lovers of anything *philo* so-and-so. Friends and lovers of horses are *philippi*, lovers of dogs are *philocynes*, lovers of quails are *philortyges*, lovers of wisdom are *philosophi*. But is this so if the dogs and horses do not love them in return? Men are not properly philosophers, unless not only they love wisdom, but wisdom loves them.

In this way the different meanings and usages of the term 'friend' are played against each other. But it would not occur to a common reader, we think, that any light was thrown upon the nature of friendship by this kind of catechism. It is, however, continued to the end of the dialogue. There are propounded various conjectural propositions—that like loves like, that like loves unlike, that good loves good, that the indifferent loves the good from the feeling of a need. Thus we desire physic as a good, on account of the need of health. But this refers us to another step. If health be a good, it must be a good on account of something; and so we go on from good to good, till

at last we must come to some higher good; and so in seeking the cause of friendship, we must come to some higher aim of friendship, a *prôton philon*, on account of which all other tendencies to friendship exist.

By a series of speculations of this kind, Socrates at last declares himself quite puzzled; and when at the end of the dialogue the boys are carried off by their attendant slaves, he says:—

Now, Lysis and Menexenus, we have all made ourselves ridiculous, I an old man, and you too. For the persons who have heard us will say that we think we are friends—for I join myself with you—and yet we have not been able to discover what a friend is.

Now, where is the object and result of such a dialogue as this? If we were to say that it is merely a schoolboy's practice in the meaning of words, we should be accused of dishonouring Plato by ascribing to him anything so frivolous; yet is not this the simple way of understanding it? A boy's discipline in the use of words was a very fit exercise for the boyhood of philosophy. And it had an especial meaning in Plato's hands. The Greek geometry had just been established. He was one of the principal cultivators of it. That geometry began with definitions, and proceeded, reasoning from definitions, to the most wonderful, yet unquestionable results. It was a natural conjecture at that time that the same method, that of reasoning from definitions, might lead to valuable results, in ethics as well as in mathematics. We know that it was Plato's dream, and the object of his aspirations. He wished to have a definition of *philia* which might contain the essence of all truth about friendship.

We know that this was but a dream. We know that moral truth never has been obtained by this method. We know that all these puzzles

about the meaning of *philos* are not only not philosophy, but are no steps towards philosophy. We know this, because those who have said anything true and valuable about the philosophy of friendship have not gone on in this line—have not pursued the path entered upon by Socrates in his conversation with Lysis and Menexenus. Take for instances Aristotle, Cicero, Socrates himself, as in his conversations reported by Xenophon. They are not helped at all by such objections and solutions of objections as are contained in the *Lysis*. They find something, it may be much or little, which they think worth saying: but it is not that which is sought for in the *Lysis*. With regard to all such expositions of the nature and value of friendship, it does not even deserve to be called, as Mr. Grote calls it, a *Dialogue of Search*.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Grote follows an inappropriate line of commentation when he treats these various contradictory assertions, which puzzle the two boys and their questioner, as if they led the way to profound philosophical doctrines which may be expressed in exact and even technical language: for instance, when he says (l. 523):—

The *primum amabile*, here introduced by Socrates, is described in restricted terms, as valuable merely to correct evil, and as having no value *per se*, if evil were assumed not to exist. In consequence chiefly of this restriction, Socrates discards it as unsatisfactory. Such restriction, however, is noway essential to the doctrine: which approaches to, but is not coincident with, the Ideal Good or Idea of Good, described in other dialogues as what every one yearns after and aspires to, though without ever attaining it and without even knowing what it is. The Platonic Idea was conceived as a substantive, intelligible, Ens, distinct in its nature from all the particulars bearing the same name.

And so on. In this comment Mr. Grote appears to us to retain far too much of the manner of the commentators who hold that Plato had at every moment, in his mind, his

doctrine of Ideas, and all the technicalities with which it was at any time invested: and we are really surprised that, after brushing away all the cobweb speculations of the previous editors of Plato about the Sophists and their doctrines, he should have woven a like web of needless and groundless entanglement in discussing Plato himself. We venture to think that in this respect his usual solid good sense and clear insight have somewhat deserted him.

But we the more lament Mr. Grote's wanderings into these mystical regions, because his aberrations, carrying with them his great authority, may countenance the fancies of weaker men who have wandered much further. We cannot but think that we see signal examples of such wanderings, in no less a person than M. Victor Cousin, in his notes on his *Plato*. Of the dialogue now before us, for instance, the *Lysis*, he delivers himself in the following lofty manner. He says:—

Here his task is to prepare the way for truth, by removing all the possible false solutions of a question; and, by the destruction of them, to push irresistibly the adversaries of truth into the abyss of scepticism. That is his aim—I mean his apparent aim; for, beyond and above the abyss into which he precipitates and drives into confusion all the false dogmatism of his time, there is a higher region into which he does not enter, but upon which he keeps his eyes fixed, and from which he borrows both the secret force which he shows in his combats on this ground, and the unalterable serenity of his soul in the midst of the ruins which surround him, and on the brink of universal scepticism.

There is much more in this vein; and it is indeed an eloquent example of the usual style of Platonic commentators; but we are very sorry to see it in any degree adopted by Mr. Grote, from whom we had hoped better things. And we are prepared to apply a like criticism to other dialogues of the same kind; most of those, namely, in which the persons who converse with Socrates

are boys: the *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Theages*, and the *Rivals*. Of the way in which Mr. Grote has dealt with some of these, we may have an opportunity of speaking afterwards. But before quitting the *Lysis*, there is another point in which we differ from Mr. Grote, and which it may be worth while to consider for a moment.

Diogenes Laertius has a story about this dialogue which places the writing and publication of it in the lifetime of Socrates. He relates that, when Socrates heard Plato read his *Lysis*, he said: 'Heavens! what a number of things has this young man invented about me!' This exclamation is of course to be interpreted as expressing, not a serious indignation, but a playful affectation of anger. But, as we have said, it implies that the dialogue was made known to Plato's circle during Socrates's lifetime. Now, Mr. Grote has convinced himself that none of Plato's dialogues were composed before the death of Socrates; and therefore rejects this story, though its authority is otherwise unexceptionable. Now, as we adhere to the hitherto received opinion that several of the Platonic dialogues were circulated during the lifetime of Socrates, we shall take the liberty of examining Mr. Grote's reasons for his belief.

There is no doubt that Socrates's style of conversation attracted great notice during his lifetime; indeed it was that which was most remarkable in his mode of living, and that which drew to him his admirers and disciples. Among the results of the notice which he thus attracted, we have the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. We have also, as the learned Boeckh has held, another piece of contemporary record. Diogenes Laertius relates that one Simon, a harness-maker at Athens, had his shop looking on the Agora,

and that Socrates was in the habit of going to this shop and talking there. There it was probably that he met Euthydemus, and held with him the conversations which are reported by Xenophon. Now this Simon was, we are told, a person of an independent mind; so that when Pericles offered to provide for him, he refused, that he might keep his freedom of speech. He, admiring Socrates, was in the habit of taking notes of the discourses which Socrates held in his shop; and these notes he afterwards published,—the first published Socratic dialogues. These actual reports of conversations of Socrates, it would seem that Plato dramatised into his *Dialogues*. We have, it seems probable, an example of this Platonic mode of exposition. The *Dialogue on Virtue*, one of the four which Boeckh has published as having been originally edited by Simon,¹ seems to be a record of the Socratic talk out of which Plato constructed the *Dialogue Meno*. And we think it will be difficult for anyone to see any reason why both these pieces, the Report of Simon and the Dialogue of Plato, should not be published during the lifetime of Socrates. The *Meno* professes to be written before the death of Socrates, and contains strong evidence that this is true, in the manner in which Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, and the main cause of his death, is introduced. He is represented as prejudiced against philosophy; but the accusation of corrupting the youth of the city by means of philosophy, which he afterwards brought against Socrates with such fatal result, he here directs against the Sophists, to whom Socrates is opposed. Anytus here blames him on another account; namely, because he accuses the most distinguished Athenians of neglecting the education of their sons—precisely the

¹ Simonis Socratici, ut videtur, Dialogi quatuor. Heidelberg, 1810.

topic dwelt upon in Simon's record of Socrates's conversation. And still, with a certain goodwill to Socrates, he says to him: 'I advise you to be on your guard. It is easy to injure a man at Athens.' This is not likely to have been published after the result of Anytus's accusation had filled all the friends of Socrates with horror.

But in very many places the allusions and characters in the *Platonic Dialogues* seem to us quite inconsistent with their having been published after B.C. 399, the date of the death of Socrates. In the *Laches*, the Athenian generals Laches and Nicias are introduced discoursing with Socrates upon the nature, or rather, as Plato's usual course is, upon the definition of courage. Now Nicias lost his life at the calamitous Sicilian expedition, B.C. 413. It is not likely that he would have been introduced, as he is in the *Laches*, after that event. In the *Theages*, the expedition led by Thrasyllus against Ephesus and Ionia is mentioned, and it is implied that the event is as yet uncertain. Thrasyllus was defeated B.C. 406. It is not likely that his expedition would be referred to, as it is, after it had ceased to be recent.

Many of the like indications of time might be collected from the *Platonic Dialogues*, and, as we have said, the general belief of critics has been in favour of the Socratic date of some of the dialogues. But, it may be asked, what does Mr. Grote urge on the other side? Is there any external evidence, or internal character, on which he founds his opinion that some of the *Platonic Dialogues* were published before the death of Socrates? External evidence there is none. Mr. Grote alleges none, nor does he rest his judgment upon internal character in the dialogues themselves: except that he thinks that the *Protagoras* and the *Phædrus* too good to have been written by Plato, at the age of

22 or 24. But as we agree with Mr. Grote in placing these two dialogues after Plato's return to Athens, twelve years after the death of Socrates, we have no occasion to contest this opinion. But we cannot assent to Mr. Grote's reasons why none of the dialogues were written at the earlier period before his travels. These reasons are, briefly, that to publish such dialogues would have been disrespectful to Socrates, and that the state of Athens was such, that Plato could not have had time to write them. To which perhaps we may be allowed to answer briefly, that the want of respect to Socrates in publishing such dialogues during his lifetime has not occurred to any previous critic of the dialogues; and that if the Athenians had time to listen to Socrates talking, Plato might have time to dramatise his conversations. And hence we believe that several of the shorter dialogues, —as the *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Lysis*, *First Alcibiades*, *Rivals*, *Theages*, and *Meno*—were probably written before Socrates's trial.

We would even venture to be so precise as to say that we have one dialogue which was written and published *during* the trial of Socrates. This is the *Euthyphro*, which professes to be written (and we do not see why we should doubt the profession) after Anytus had brought his accusation of impiety against Socrates, and while Socrates's admirers had not yet brought themselves to believe that it could be proceeded with seriously. The purport of the dialogue is, that a charge of impiety against Socrates is absurd, and that those who talk about it do not know what impiety and piety mean. What could be the object of publishing such a dialogue, when the reality of the danger had been made manifest by its fatal termination? A little earlier such a dialogue might produce some effect on the Athenian mind.

Several of the dialogues which we thus place at an early period have a scheme in some degree common, which we may briefly explain.

The question being proposed, how are we to teach children (and men too) virtue, it was about this time suggested as a conjectural reply that something might perhaps be done by substituting the plural for the singular. How are we to teach children the virtues?

This suggestion seems to have struck the Athenians of that time as a hopeful one; for they knew there were some things which they could teach in separate portions—particular divisions of learning and knowledge. They knew that they could teach children and young persons arithmetic, that they could teach them geometry. If the separate virtues were each a particular kind of knowledge, like geometry and arithmetic, they might be taught like geometry or arithmetic. But was this so?

To work out the consequences of this suggestion, they took the names of the virtues as commonly current—Courage, Temperance, Justice, Piety, Holiness, and the like—and tried to make solid and exact definitions of them. In this way we have the *Laches*, which is employed in trying to define Courage; the *Charmides*, which does the same for Temperance; the *Lysis*, as we have seen, for Friendship; and the *Republic*, on a very large scale, for Justice.

Of course the names of virtues in Greek, or in any human language, are not definite and stable enough to erect upon them a vast fabric, as that of geometry is erected upon its definitions. And it is rare indeed that the names of virtues in one language correspond so exactly to those in another, that they can be translated, retaining all the force of the reasoning and applications of them. And this is one of the main difficulties in translating Plato.

It is worth our while to take a good case of this difficulty, and to see how Mr. Grote has dealt with it. We will take the case of the *Charmides*.

Charmides, or *Of Sophrosyne*, we must at first entitle this dialogue; for it is not at first clear what we are to give as the English of *Sophrosyne*. Mr. Grote renders it *Temperance*; but cannot go on far with this word before its insufficiency for the course of the argument becomes glaringly apparent. The boy Charmides, who has a good character as being *sophron*, is asked what *Sophrosyne* is: much as if an English child, who had been praised for being *good*, were asked what *goodness* is; or a French child, who had been commended as *sage*, were required to tell what *sagesse* is. He replies that it is an ordinary quickness and slowness in doing anything: walking, talking, and the like. He is reminded that, in many things, quickness is better than slowness. He then suggests that it is perhaps *Modesty*. Socrates, rather unreasonably, reminds him that Homer says that modesty is a very bad thing in a beggar. And then Charmides says he has heard some one say that *Sophrosyne* is doing one's own work; and now Critias interposes, and says that *Sophrosyne* is *Self-knowledge*. This is a meaning very far removed from *Temperance*; and accordingly we conceive that the English reader would see nothing but confusion in Mr. Grote's translation of such a passage as this:—

If temperance consists in knowing, it must be a knowledge of something.

Kritias.—It is so: it is knowledge of a man's self.

Sokrates.—What good does this knowledge procure for us? as medical knowledge procures for us health—architectural knowledge, buildings, &c.?

Krit.—It has no positive result of analogous character: but neither have arithmetic nor geometry.

Sokr.—True, but in arithmetic and geometry, we can at least indicate a something known, distinct from the knowledge.

Number and proportion are distinct from arithmetic, the science which takes cognizance of them. Now what is that, of which temperance is the knowledge,—distinct from temperance itself?

Krit.—It is on this very point that temperance differs from all the other cognitions. Each of the others is knowledge of something different from itself, but not knowledge of itself: while temperance is knowledge of all the other sciences and of itself also.

Sokr.—If this be so, it will of course be a knowledge of ignorance, as well as a knowledge of knowledge?

Krit.—Certainly.—G. P. i. 485.

We do not think this will be in any degree intelligible to English boy or English man. Nor do we think that Mr. Grote mends the matter by putting it, in his comment, into still more technical language. 'How,' he asks, 'can there be any cognition, which is not cognition of a given *cognitum*, but cognition merely of other cognitions and non-cognitions? There is no vision except of some colour, no audition except of some sound: there can be no vision of visions, or audition of auditions. . . . It is of the essence of cognition to be cognition of something, and to have its characteristic property with reference to some correlate.'

We think that both Charmides and Socrates would be even more perplexed by this exposition than they are represented as being by the discourse of Critias itself. And the English reader will certainly wonder what all this has to do with temperance. Mr. Grote appears to have forgotten both the Greek boy and the English reader.

Nor, when this matter is divested of technicalities, do we see much value in it. The drama of the *Charmides* is exquisite, but its philosophical value is very small. What good comes or can come of playing against each other the different meanings of *Sophrosyne*; and, in the process, accepting as a solid argument Homer's saying in the person of a beggar—that a beggar

should not be modest? Such a dialogue is not fitly named a *Dialogue of Search*; for it is a search, or rather a helpless groping, in a hopeless direction. The result is not a step to the truth, or even towards the truth; for when Plato himself comes to use the term *Sophrosyne* in a more definite and stable sense, as in the *Republic*, he is not helped, nor can anyone be helped in doing so, by a previous knowledge of the puzzles of the *Charmides*. They are puzzles for those only who choose to forget their Greek or their English. Plato's proceeding in this and the like dialogues is not a search of truth, but schoolboy exercises on the meaning and application of words.

Such is the judgment we find ourselves compelled to form respecting the dialogues of this class; and in translating and commenting on them, we think, as we have said, that Mr. Grote has allowed himself to be misled, as many preceding critics of Plato have been, by the belief of a profound meaning and a systematic philosophy existing in Plato's mind, when there was, in fact, at the time when he wrote, no such thing.

Mr. Grote not agreeing with us in believing the early date of these dialogues, has begun his translation and exposition of the Platonic Dialogues by presenting to us some of those which belong, at least as to subject, to a very definite period—the trial of Socrates; namely, the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Euthyphro*. Of these we may say a few words, and so conclude what we have to say of Mr. Grote's first volume.

The *Apology* is made the starting-point of Mr. Grote's translation, as containing a clear and authoritative exposition of the Socratic scheme of life and point of view. This Mr. Grote has given us in a clear and striking manner. We agree with him entirely in his opinion that

Socrates's professions of his own ignorance of those matters on which, by his habit of cross-questioning, he exposed the ignorance of others, were quite sincere. We do not believe that it was ironical, his ignorance being merely affected, which Mr. Grote considers is the common assumption of modern critics on the subject. Mr. Grote, in like manner, holds those critics to be in error who 'sift with microscopic accuracy the negative dialogues of Plato, in hope of detecting the ultimate elements of that positive solution which he is supposed to have lodged therein.' We think that Mr. Grote himself, in what he calls the *Dialogue of Search*, has assumed rather too definitely the fact of Plato's systematic search of a 'positive element.'

With regard to the *Apology*, there is an interesting question which has long divided the critical world. Is it, or is it not, the defence actually delivered by Socrates himself before his judges? Mr. Grote and Dr. Thirlwall give their weighty authority to the opinion that the defence which we now possess in the *Apology* represents the speech which Socrates really made on his trial. We, on the other hand, adhere to the opinion anciently proclaimed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus—that it is a composition of Plato, intended, indeed, to defend and exalt Socrates, but also to condemn the Athenian people for putting him to death. He calls it an 'encomium in the form of an apology;' and says that it 'certainly never saw the door of a court of justice or an assembly of the Agora, being written with another purpose.' We might note several passages in confirmation of this opinion. For instance, the picture of a philosophical life, such as Socrates describes his to have been, seems more likely to have been written by a philosophical disciple like Plato, than to have

been delivered before a court of justice; especially considering that it goes back at least twenty-four years to the time when the *Clouds* of Aristophanes was brought upon the Athenian stage. And the detailed reference to that play seems to be fitted rather for a literary and philosophical than for a judicial tribunal. And the argument used by Socrates, that it is better for everyone to live among good men than bad—and that therefore he could not have willingly tried to make his Athenian neighbours bad men, as Meletus accuses him of doing—would not be likely to avail much in the case of such a criminal accusation. We may add the prediction with which Socrates concludes his speech:—

You have done this deed in the hope of being freed from the call to give an account of your lives. But the result will be very different, as I prophesy. There will be many more who will call upon you for such an account, whom I have hitherto kept back, so that you were not aware of their existence. They will be more vehement in their appeals to you than I have been, as being younger and more indignant at your acts.

Surely this is Plato prophesying what Plato would do—not Socrates describing what Socrates had done.

The *Crito* is another dialogue relating to the close of Socrates's life. It contains the proposal of Socrates's friend Crito, that he should escape from the prison in which he is already confined under sentence of death, and Socrates's discourse on the occasion of this proposal. This dialogue Mr. Grote has commented upon in an instructive manner, and we do not find any ground to dissent from what he says.

We do not find here that he assents to Schleiermacher's opinion, that the *Crito* is a mere report of a conversation actually held by Socrates, as he assents to that critic's opinion that the *Apology*

is a mere report of the actual defence of Socrates. We think that anyone who reads the *Crito* with attention can hardly fail to perceive that it is not an actual conversation, but a rhetorical composition, as Mr. Grote explains at length. No doubt the Athenians were a very poetical race, but hardly so poetical as to introduce into their conversation a personification of the Laws, like that which occurs in the *Crito*. The Laws are

represented as remonstrating with Socrates on his project of escaping their sentence. They speak with all the dignity of the chorus of a tragedy; and we conceive that this tone must have been beyond the pitch of conversation even among the Athenians. The tone of the dialogue is, as Mr. Grote observes, rhetorical, not dialectical, though in many places Plato greatly depreciates rhetoric; here he employs it with ability and effect.



THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us ; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

Half manor-house and half farm-house—for I was one of a race that had thought it no shame to farm the scanty acres that many generations had tenaciously clung to. We had come of gentle blood—a stream seldom warmed by genius or struck by the imagination, but unstained by baseness and untainted by vice or disease ; a simple family, discharging simple duties, and satisfied by simple pleasures. The Norwoods were a many-acred house ; but in ours there had been none such as Gerald Norwood, who had been the shameless paramour of a graceless queen. The Savilles held a greater place in the county, but the Holdfasts had been honest God-fearing gentlemen and modest women, who stayed at home, while Kate Saville's trim ankles and short petticoats were piquant toasts at Whitehall ; while Frank Saville was selling his fickle faith as his sister Kate had sold her blushes and her smiles. We had no eminent historical names on a roll that yet went back—son succeeding father in unbroken line—to a time when the craft of Danish freebooters still prowled round the stormy headland or entered the river mouth—ere yet the Stuarts were knighted ; no famous ancestors who had shot their countrymen like crows, who had harried their neighbours' kine, who had soiled their hands with French or English gold.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. He must have been a blinded

Pagan ; no member, certainly, of any of those Christian societies which built their fanes on the pleasant Strath of Moray, or in the fertile valley of the Tweed.

Along the north-eastern seaboard of Bentshire runs a long range of sandy hillocks. They are as deserted as the desert. A few conies burrow in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the bent. They were built up centuries ago by the terrible blasts that blew from the Northern Sea, and the roots of coarse, scrubby, scanty herbs, such as grow in the desert, bind them together. When the sand first began to advance upon the solid land, the people thought that God's judgment had at length come upon them in visible form. They were driven out of their farm-houses and out of their villages : the silent, impalpable foe rose over their fields and their cattle-sheds, over church and steeple, as the snow rises. At length the plague abated ; at length it was stayed. The enemy halted ; but except these desolate mounds nothing remains of what was once a fertile and densely-populated Hundred. He halted, and as the scanty vegetation took root and bound the loose sand together, a great out-work between the sea-wind and the rich inland straths was formed. So imminent had been the danger, and so merciful the deliverance, that old Parliaments enjoined that no man should pull the bent for any purpose whatever, and visited offenders with heavy penalties. The place is not comely—not desirable. What brought the conies there, Heaven knows. As the scape-goat was sent into the wilderness, a scape-coney may have been sent among the sand-hills. These desert Bedouin conies do not resemble their sleek cousins of the plains. A ragged, disreputable, starved, Arab-like race, as

tough as a Russian hide, and as stringy as the harp of Erin.

But at one point the foe has marched well into the interior, and left between the sandy rampart and the sea a slice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Giant's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbour); Marvell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its near neighbourhood, the Heughs. And the Heughs is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born.

Yes, the house is gaunt—not grim with a venerable antiquity, but simply gaunt. There is no other word that expresses its anomalous character so well. It was of great length and great height—the roof, however, adding little to the height; for in this class of building the roof (of which Flemish and Norman builders have made so much) always seems to be an afterthought. The builders built the walls up till they could build no longer (as if to make full use of their title, *a celo usque ad centrum*), and then recollected by chance that it was necessary to roof them in. Windows, all of a precisely identical pattern, and placed at equal distances from each other, strove to break the monotony of the flat walls—in vain. I never counted them, but there must have been at least thirty in the front wall alone; in the days of the war window-tax we had been forced to brick a full half of them up, else they would have ruined my thrifty grandfather. The house had been whitewashed once by some enterprising proprietor, with the result only of making its

ugliness and its gauntness more visible. It was a landmark for sailors. Italian and Spanish sailors, coming from Genoese palace and Venetian dome, must have regarded it and its builders dubiously. It had no shadows; no phantoms lurking in retired recesses ministered to the imagination. It stared the whole country-side in the face—it was naked, and not ashamed.

Yet I loved the place. My own rooms were near the roof (I hate the ground-floor of a house), and commanded a wide sweep of sand-hill and sea. I was little of a bookman; a few volumes of ballad poetry and Calvinistic theology lay on one of the shelves; but guns, and fishing-rods and tackle, and the skins of curious birds and animals that I had shot, hung about the walls, and gave an air of rustic cheerfulness to the rooms. On the one hand stretched the sea; on the other the sandy bents; while round the house lay deep dark pools of fresh water, where, during the day, black-coated coots dived among the long reeds and bulrushes that fringed the banks—where, during the long moonlight nights of winter, wild duck and wild geese swarmed. At such times, as I lay a-bed, I could hear through the open window (I have a passion for cold water and fresh air) the swift beat of wings through the silent night, and the clamour of widgeon and mallard, and teal and barnacle, as they splashed in the *hags*—once or twice, in the dead of winter, the trumpet-like challenge of the hooper.

The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by. My father, who held some small office in the Customs or the Excise, was one of the truest gentlemen I ever knew—doing his work quietly, simply, unostentatiously; and hating with a perfect hatred whatever savoured of noisy display or vulgar charlatan-

ism. The constancy, the thoughtfulness, the piety of a mother's love surpass all other love (for other love is hard to earn, and seldom repays the spendthrift who squanders his own to win it); and though mine went away before I had learnt to value rightly that unspeakable tenderness, I think we shall meet in heaven—if I get there. Yet, long after many of us had been taken, the Heughs, spite of its gauntness, was a merry house. There was always a pleasant clatter in the farm-yard. Dandy barks distractedly at the geese, who hiss at his performances: Ciss, with her two chubby hands in the pockets of her jacket, looks on admiringly: the black cat on the top of the water-butt has his tail in the air: Jess, the pretty maid-of-all-work, is up to her armpits in soap suds, to which she occasionally treats Jim when his attentions become embarrassing: shrill cocks and hens, and a perennially indignant turkey-cock, add to the clatter. But the court-yard has grown silent. Poor little Ciss—'sair hauden down by the bubbly-jock'—has escaped from her persecutor; and Jess, grown old and crusty, does not splash her swain with soap suds any more. She still keeps the Heughs, it is true—she and I and Donald being all that remain of a score or so—but her face is not so pleasant to look upon as in the old days; and Donald has been heard to swear, when hard pressed at times, that Jim's once blooming mistress is 'a thrawn deevil.' O pallid ghosts of rosy loves, where be your golden nets in which the fowler was snared—your kisses and smiles?

Our post-town is Middleton, and Middleton lies six miles up the country across the sand-hills, on a broad sweep of the Blackwater. I think the exquisite authoress of *Cranford* could have told a pleasant story about the people that dwell there; but they are not in

my way at present. You know Dr. Hackaback, the clergyman, by reputation at least,—his treatise *On the Eternity of Future Punishments* is a standard work. I think his views on the eternal torments of the wicked have grown more decided since the growth of dissent in his parish. His opinions on penal topics are, however, entirely acquiesced in by the Bailie, the Surgeon, the two Bank agents, and the Misses Peterson, who form the aristocracy of town and church. Here, at least, the Broad Church, one is glad to know, has no footing; for the Broad Church has grown fashionable, and is rapidly becoming a nuisance. Yet these Low Church people—our Hackabacks and Petersons—are not rendered actively unhappy by their religious convictions. There is a gloomy tinge in their lives, it is true; they talk scandal, they buy and they sell, they eat and they drink 'sadly, after the manner of their people;' but then the east wind and a clouded heaven are enough to account for and to justify the absence of boisterous enjoyment. A dyspeptic people usually accept the Calvinistic theory of the Fall, and the east wind is a minister of dyspepsia.

Thus both our outer and inner horizons are gloomy—we have none of the gaiety of more favoured nations. I don't think that the fishers and the farmers who dwell outside the sand-hills are looked upon with much favour by Dr. Hackaback, for they are Dissenters to a man. I am his sole adherent on this side Sahara—if, indeed, he look upon me as an adherent, and not as one likely to share the doom of those who are neither cold nor hot. But somehow the religion of these fishers and farmers appears to do them more good, to afford them more comfort, to stick closer to them, than the religion of the upper classes in Middleton. Why it should be so, I do not know.

Mr. Blastem, our Methodist revivalist, is not a reformed drunkard, or adulterer, or prize-fighter (as most of our revivalists are), but he is certainly a less accomplished man than the rival doctor; he has a permanent cold in his nose, and his throat is as rough as a saw, so that his voice is not pleasant to the carnal sense. Nor is his creed, to the minds of unregenerate laymen, in any the smallest point different from that which is taught in the parish church. If he differ in any respect, it is that his prospect of hell-fire is even clearer and more direct than Dr. Hackaback's. Yet these shrewd simple fishers love him, and are comforted by the fire out of heaven—the fire and brimstone—which he rains down upon them. How is this?

I had been brought up in this gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in taking vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up, the scheme was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had it all laid down for us at school, in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I cannot look at the old textbook, over whose awful and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—puzzled themselves daily, without feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment. Listen to the lesson which we were taught:—

Teacher.—What hath God specially decreed concerning angels and men?

Pupil.—God, by an eternal and immutable decree, out of his mere love, for the praise of his holy grace, to be manifested in due time, hath elected some angels to glory, and in Christ hath chosen some men to eternal life, and the means thereof; and also according to his sovereign power, and the unsearchable counsel of his own will (whereby he extendeth or withholdeth favour as he pleaseth), hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonour and

wrath, to be for their sin inflicted, to the praise of the glory of his justice.

Teacher.—Did man continue in that estate where God at first created him?

Pupil.—Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, through the temptation of Satan transgressed the commandment of God in eating the forbidden fruit, and thereby fell from the estate of innocency wherein they were created.

Teacher.—Did all mankind fall in that first transgression?

Pupil.—The covenant being made with Adam as a public person, not for himself only, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation sinned in him, and fell with him in that first transgression.

Teacher.—Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?

Pupil.—The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Teacher.—What are the punishments of sin in the world to come?

Pupil.—The punishments of sin in the world to come are everlasting separation from the comfortable presence of God, and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell fire, for ever.

Other lads could repeat this by rote, without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a race which a jealous God had created for eternal torment. I reflected and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direst unbelief. I did not know who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his creatures. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But Hackaback and Blastem did not stop here. I knew that the doctor was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he played a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan;

that we were to flee not merely from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blastem was by nature ascetical, and I believe that, more or less, he practised what he preached. But my whole soul revolted against the doctrine. Was not the world—even our barren corner of the world—good and fair, and the handiwork of a Divine builder? These sunrises, these sunsettings, the blue water, the blue heaven, were made by his hand, and yet we were to turn away from them as from evil delusions! This sense of beauty which had been born with us; this capacity for intellectual enjoyment; the sweet dominion of the senses; this body and mind so wondrously framed, were the lures with which the Devil angled for our souls. And the world was not the solemn theatre for heroic action which wise statesmen, and sweet poets, and meditative philosophers had esteemed it, but a place of evil spirits, a high-road to hell, a sinful City of the Plain, from which the remnant that God would save must instantly separate themselves. ‘Arise, and flee to the mountains.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘God has made the world, and the people who are in it; he has made the senses and the imagination and the intellect as well as the soul; and I will curse nothing that he has made.’

I had been designed for ‘the ministry;’ but my teachers found that I was possessed by an evil spirit of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleepless sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old, and six feet

two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I—only I felt that the colour of the life which I had inherited was somewhat grey. It wanted colour and brilliancy. I was passingly happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merrymakings were not lively. Phillis had soft pensive eyes, not averse to love; but then, her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer’s views about the weather were as tedious as a sermon by Dr. Hackaback. The fishers’ life did not lack adventure; how could it, when their field of battle and glory was the sea: yet on land, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy; and their serious talk had a flavour of Blastem which was not seductive. ‘I will die of *tedium vite*,’ I said.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance—the only romance I thought that lingered anywhere about—blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the park was distant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The gates were massive, yet the iron-work was of a quaint, delicate pattern, the work of foreign artists. But it had grown green and mildewed by long neglect. A stone pillar stood on either hand; on the top of each a strange cat-like creature, in act to spring, grinned at the passer-by. A scroll ran round the capitals: ‘SWIFT AND SURE.’ Our seaboard is very bare; but what wood we have, lies within the walls of Marvell Park. I am not persuaded that it adds, except in winter, to the cheerfulness of the place; for it consists almost exclusively of ever-greens, worn by the east wind into ghastly and grotesque figures; until,

as one nears the house, a sombre avenue of yew and cypress shuts out the sunshine. On a neighbouring knoll stands a group of Scottish firs, rent by lightning and storm—a group of ragged Titans. The house itself belongs to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and consists mainly of chimneys. Little quaint, comical turrets have broken out all over it, like the small-pox. The rain is carried away in pipes that are extremely visible, and falls from the mouths of singularly droll demons into an ancient moat that is now turned into a flower-garden. The narrow windows are filled with stained glass, figured over with roses and lily-flowers and the arms of the House of Marvell. And the arms of the House of Marvell are chiselled in full above the doorway—three cat-like creatures, in act to spring, and the motto ‘SWIFT AND SURE.’

The house looks down upon the Blackwater—here half-sea, half-
river. Twice a day

The salt-sea water passes by,
And makes a silence in the hills.

It makes a silence, not by staying the murmur of the river—which among these levels flows too sluggishly to attract the ear—but by driving away the multitudes of wading birds which gather upon the shore when the tide has ebbed. For these wide, uncovered spaces of sand and mud are loved by all birds with long legs and long bills—heron, curlew, snipe, and the like. When the tide is out of an autumn night, the clatter is prodigious. Seated on the balustrade in front of the house, I have heard hoarse murmurs and shrill complaints, not of heron and curlew alone, but of strange foreign birds, brilliant in purple and gold, who have summered among the icebergs of Spitzbergen, and who will winter in the Mediterranean. To listen to their cries is to listen to the stories of

great travellers, who have talked to niggers in Central Africa, or sailed across the Lagoons, where the golden domes of St. Mark are earliest kissed by the sunrise.

So from the entrance-gate to the rivermouth this was my land of fairie—my shore of old romance. But no Queen of Fairie beckoned to me at sunset. The house was kept by an old woman—I might call her an old hag without impropriety, for Madge Carmichael was as tough and yellow and hard-favoured as any hag in fiction. But she let me wander through the place at will—through hall and boudoir and gallery. And these rambles were full of delight; for the hall was stored with trophies of the hunt; and old-fashioned feminine nick-nacks, of delicate and cunning work, lay in boudoir and drawing-room; and the gallery was crowded with the portraits of the Marvells—portraits which each bore the sign-manual of some famous painter. For the Marvells had always been munificent patrons of the Muses, and the art of Rubens and Vandyke and Reynolds and Gainsborough had been wooed, not in vain.

Loitering in this dimly-lighted gallery, I came at length to know those old Marvells, and what kind of men and women they had been while in the flesh. Let us wander for a moment among the pictures, and I will act as cicerone. That is the first Sir Hugh, who hit the unbelievers hard at Ascalon, who was knighted by Cœur de Lion. He it was, I fancy, who first introduced these spotted pards into the scutcheon of the house—the leopard-cat of the East. The story goes, at least, that he brought one of these fierce playthings with him from the Syrian desert, though a later annalist declares that the words of the old chronicle, rightly translated, simply mean that he found a wife or mistress in the land of Islam.

Sir Reginald was the chief of the house during the reign of Mary, and the Queen's portrait hangs beside his own. It is the picture of a girl in her first youth, attired in a demure conventual habit. The heavy sombre dress *emphasises* the gay and delicate beauty of the face, the peach-like bloom on the white cheek, the covert smile that lurks between the tinted lips. The picture alone is enough to craze a man; and Sir Reginald was all his life madly in love with the original. He went in Melville's suite to the English Court, and wrote home, in his pleasant courtly Scotch, some very pleasant letters about the Virgin Queen: how she danced, how she played the virginals, how she had red curly hair, how she 'kittled' the Earl of Leicester; whereat poor Mary laughed very heartily when they were read to her, and cleverly mimicked 'our august Sister.' Vandyke painted Sir Philip, who fought against the Roundheads with Montrose—a quick-spirited, passionate man, who swore at their 'd—d covenant' in an awful way, I have heard. When the Scots had disposed of their king at an unprecedentedly ruinous sacrifice, Sir Philip went abroad, and roamed up and down the Low Countries during the best years of his life, often starving, his gay suit sadly the worse for wear, but keeping up his heart withal, and cursing Cromwell and the Commonwealth heartily in great round Cavalier oaths. The second Sir Philip was intimate with Claverhouse, and was commonly called 'Beelzebub' by the west-country Whigs. When Dundee's stormy spirit was fairly under the turf, he was reconciled to the new government; but he never loved William, and used in his latter years to laugh heartily at the great Dean's translation of the King's motto, *Recepit, non rapuit*—'The receiver is as bad as the thief.' Young Sir David—the handsomest

of a handsome race—left his young wife to share a mad frolic with Prince Charlie, and went to his doom at Carlisle one raw winter morning as blithely as to his bridal. His lady's portrait hangs beside him. May Sybil Marvell was the prettiest heiress in Bentshire, and the soft, languid eyes of the widowed bride on Gainsborough's canvas have not yet forgotten how to love. And here at last is Lawrence's portrait of the late lord (for Pitt made him a peer when he ratted) in his Star and Garter, who gambled with Fox and jested with Sheridan, and went a-roving with the Heir-Apparent, and enjoyed other elegant amusements of the metropolis when George the Third was king. He died the other day—sauvely, decorously—going to the tribunal of his Maker as he would have gone to a levee at St. James's. But at heart he was an unconverted heathen, and the courtly epitaph to the courtier's memory inscribed upon the Greek mausoleum which he built in the Chase, terminates with a verse from Catullus.

Such were the Marvells—so far as the flesh went, undoubtedly a fine race—the men handsome and gallant, the women of a most delicate and piquant type of beauty. Yet, as one studied them closely, it was impossible to escape a feeling of discomfort, nay, even of pain. The beauty was undeniable; but there was a stealthiness in its lithe grace. I felt at times that there was neither man nor woman upon the walls who might not rise up, dagger in hand, and crawl noiselessly upon the victim who had wounded the pride or crossed the ambition of the race. The bluffest soldier had a crafty smile; in the soft eye of pure maiden, round the ripe lips of voluptuous dame, one started to find a lurking menace—the menace of cruel hate and swift revenge. Such were the

fancies that I conjured up; but though there were suspicious *lacunae* in the social annals of the house, I found nothing to verify my conjectures. I found, on the contrary, that they had ever been well esteemed by their fellows and contemporaries. Spenser had given his dear friend 'Will Marvelle' a copy of *The Fairie Queen*; Sir Philip had been the chosen comrade of Colonel Richard Lovelace; in the dedication of a volume of poems by a famous poet and diplomatist who poetised and diplomatised under Queen Anne (the volume bears date 1709, and was published by Jacob Jonson), the writer declared that Sir Hugh was the finest gentleman of his age; letters from the most eminent scholars and artists of England and France, which spoke of a more than imperial munificence, were thrust into odd volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *The Annual Register*, which rotted in the library.

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died, and that the quotation from Catullus had been duly inscribed upon the headstone; I knew that he had, perforce, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber; I knew that he had left Marvell Park to a distant cousin—a plain Henry Marvell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbours; and if Mr. Jobson the factor, or Madge Carmichael were better informed, they kept their knowledge to themselves.

Opposite the point where, at low-water, the Blackwater joins the sea, a dyke or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand, one afternoon about the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day—cold, cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon nets. Angus, the tacksman, had urgently implored me to free him from the depredations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year, and once or twice when entangled among the nets it had viciously smashed them, right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—shrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithe, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—hissing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the fleetness of her flying feet. *She* came; who I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom, and had steadied herself at my side. Colour enough for you, my pre-

Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same colour, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a black-cock's feather stuck coquettishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite *abandon*, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul. I thought, somehow, of the glorious riot of the tiger-cubs in Rubens' famous pictures,—perhaps the panther's skin suggested the association. Beautiful as a wild animal—it might be as fierce and cruel.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. 'How beautiful!' she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sandhills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the sullen sea. 'How beautiful!' and then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, 'Ah! my foot!'

She stooped to undo her skate, and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. 'I am afraid I must trouble you,' she said, turning her eyes full upon me. 'I must ask you, Mr. —, Mr. —?'

'Holdfast,' I answered, for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

'I am so glad. You are our neighbour, you know—or rather you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Marvell.'

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A Middleton artiste might have seen such a boot in his dreams, but certainly no such boot had he actually handled. A few inches of mauve stocking, tight and taut, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, like those which Swiss maidens wear in the Oberland, was obviously a very serviceable article, not by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with easy composure.

'I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at mid-day here, I cannot lose my way, can I?'

I explained to her as well as I could (for I was dazed by her beauty and the unexpectedness of her descent: had Aphrodite, as of yore, suddenly manifested herself out of a cloud, I could not have been more so) that there was a short cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park-gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger.

I was shy and awkward, I dare say, but, with the tact of perfect breeding, she showed no consciousness of my blunders. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her—clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing ever into a spray of mockery. Yet her grey eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft, and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding

and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park-gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. 'This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbour at the Henghs'—for she had learned all about me already—he has been so good as to bring me home, when I had lost my way.' His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. 'The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old.'

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met—very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old landmarks were transfigured; I hardly recognised them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only—the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great grey thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting. An hour ago, wintry shadows brooded upon the sea; but these had been lifted up like a curtain, and the Queen of Love had come forth from her chamber, and with breathless ardour, with tumultuous joy, I had kissed the hem of her robe.

Our intimacy quickly ripened. The Marvells had come down to take possession at a season when the great county families were in town. Thus they had no neigh-

bours of their own set, and they gladly welcomed me. Miss Marvell was as active as a squirrel, and needed an active cicerone among the sandhills and along the shore. Her father was indolently urbane—indolently urbane as a man who, having seen many cities and many men, takes momentarily a deep draught of repose; and he liked a rustic listener who did not waken him into keen intellectual strife. Bright fire lay not far below the surface, I could believe; but I never penetrated, never cared to penetrate, behind the crust of his bland cynicism. Rival diplomatists said that on occasion his fangs were sharp; but they were kept while I knew him well under the fur.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

It was a pleasant house; but nowhere so pleasant as in May's boudoir. Her room was like a wild-bird's nest, from which soft mosses and clustered branches shut out the faintest breeze. The girl was hardy out of doors, but inside she basked in the heat. Thick curtains hung in ample folds about the windows; soft furs were thrown over easy-chair and sofa; a tiger's skin lay on the hearth-rug. The walls were hung with clever satirical sketches, drawn by men who knew more of society than of art: a group of girls and horses from Rotten Row, a Parisian exquisite from the Bois, an actress pressing a shower of bouquets to her breast, the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons with the Minister asleep under his hat—the trifles of a courtly and brilliant leisure. Half the poetry and fiction of the day might be found in the handy book-shelves

which were built into odd corners ; and on the table the last volume of the latest French novelette. And, in a low easy-chair beside the fire, as a spider in the midst of its web, my mistress sat, the red light touching the gold in her tawny hair, and tinting with a warmer blush the delicate bloom of her cheek. At such times she looked superb ; the cat dreaming on the hearth-rug was not more naturally graceful or more indolently happy. Yet it was the body only that reposed ; her mind expanded like a flower in the warm light, her imagination grew vivid, her perception became keen and vigilant and sensitive. I thought sometimes that there must be a piece of ice in her nature which needed to be thawed to make her perfectly happy. She would have rejoiced, as the wild creature on whose lustrous fur her dainty satin slippers rested had rejoiced, in the fierce sun of the tropics.

‘Do you know, papa,’ she said one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, ‘that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul ?’

‘You have got a temper, at least, my dear,’ said her father, blandly.

‘Don’t chaff me, papa—that is one of those modern habits that don’t sit well on an old-fashioned gentleman of the grand school. But I really fancy sometimes that a good hard frost would freeze me into a lump of ice.’

‘To be made into gin-sling, or some hideous Yankee drink, ultimately,’ Mr. Marvell suggested.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

‘That church of yours is quite to my taste ; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear. We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson ! I could study their bonnets for ever. A man must have made them ; no such hideous

deformities ever entered into the heart of woman.’

‘Is it possible that these creatures can have immortal souls ?’ Mr. Marvell maliciously interpolated. But May took it up.

‘Don’t suggest such an idea. I would rather be turned into that horrid gin-sling—with a little grimace at her father—than have to meet them every day in heaven. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast ?’ she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbours.

‘Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets !—and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast.’

‘I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil.’

‘Don’t tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church.’

‘Well, I never heard of a Broad Churchman being made a bishop ; so don’t go and marry the curate, May.’

‘How can you say so, when you know that Saint Paul was the first bishop of the Broad Church ? Surely Saint Paul was good enough even for Miss Jemima Peterson. I am sure she is called Jemima, Mr. Holdfast.’

‘Your friends of the Broad Church,’ said Mr. Marvell, ‘make things pleasant, at least.’

‘And why shouldn’t things be pleasant ?’ May retorted. ‘I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits.’

Mr. Holdfast thought that pleasant things were very nice in their way, but that things in this world had a constant tendency to make themselves unpleasant. Nor was it possible to shut them entirely out from us, however much it was to be desired. We ourselves could not be depended on. Frightfully unpleasant things haunted the heart and imagination. That abject capacity for fear—what does it mean? Does it mean that there is something outside of us which corresponds to the faculty within us—which rouses the spasms of dread that shoot across the mind—which wakens the sleeping Horror? Old divines, in their figurative way, called it 'the wrath of God.'

Such was my view, expressed more or less clearly. Mr. Marvell, on the contrary, was disposed to believe that horror was a creation of our own weakness. 'It is a matter of the nerves,' he declared.

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapt herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our scampers across the sandhills, I brought her to the old churchyard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half-a-dozen old headstones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit

Bell, and such like, had died in the odour of sanctity, and 'a broken chancel with a broken cross,' where venerable Culdees had worshipped God after their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells—unopened now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how 'May Sybil Marvell' had been laid there a century before, and how some semi-pagan mourner had, in the classical anti-scriptural view of the time, compared her to *that* Lesbia:—

*Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se; atque suos amavit omnes.*

'She was my great-grandmother,' said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said almost fiercely—

'Why did you bring me *there*? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you.'

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

'Let us gallop along the shore,' she said; 'the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet awhile.'

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleet; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

'I beg your pardon, Martin'—she called me Martin now, as if I was a

cousin or a servant (in fact, she had discovered some old cousinship, as she said: the only indication of kinship I could find—and this was later—was in a clause of my grandfather's last will and testament, where he warned his sons to beware of friendship or alliance with 'the treacherous and fickle Marvells')—'but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-bye to the King of Horrors.'

We had come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these:—

THE FISHER LAD.

I.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs with
the squirrels:
All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the
West.

II.

All night-long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliff where the night
wind blows.

III.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the
side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the
tide.

IV.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the
bight,
And watches and waits for the morning
light.

V.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

VI.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away;—
'Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best when it stays at home.'

May listened with delight. 'It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple,' I whispered.

'What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?'

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

That night we loitered together over a bundle of new books that had just arrived. She was keen and bright, piquantly provoking, as was her way. She always dressed splendidly for dinner, and when she came in, brilliant as a leopard, she shook her head at me with a defiant smile. May was or could affect to be serious at times (not when her father was present—father and daughter treated each other with habitual badinage), but Mr. Marvell made no pretence to more than tentative convictions at any time. 'We cannot afford to have convictions in my profession,' he said. 'My chief insists that we should believe in the Turkish Empire (which, between ourselves, is dead and buried); but we are expected in other respects to keep our eyes open. A man with convictions is commonly as blind as a beetle.'

They knew everybody and everything. The great names in art and

literature and politics, which to me were remote abstractions, represented to them familiar intimacies. They had dwelt long in the most brilliant capital of Europe, and had mixed in its most brilliant society. Such talk as theirs was could not fail to fascinate a man who had passed his days among the sand-hills, and who had contemplated the great excitements of life from afar. Everything about them bore the impress of habitual intercourse with poets and artists and statesmen. Verdi had given Miss Marvell a song which was part of the opera on which he was at work, and which was to be his *chef-d'œuvre*; Thackeray had drawn a comical picture of himself and his spectacles at her feet, on the last page of her volume of Tennyson; a noble historian had written some pretty jingle about her eyes and the skies, and the leas and the seas, in an album which the Empress had sent her on Christmas morning. So our talk over the bundle of new books was very lively—horribly unjust often, I dare say; but then this gave it its piquancy, and nobody was hurt.

'Dead people that I have met,' said May, diving into the box and bringing up a volume at random. 'I wonder how he liked it. I know I shouldn't. Dead people are precisely the people I don't wish to meet. Shall we put it back again, papa?'

'Certainly not, my dear. The critics abuse it, and I always read what they abuse. They admit, however, that it is interesting—philologically. You see the English language in course of formation.'

'*Cod's-head and Oysters. Three Lectures: I. On Kings' Treasuries. II. On Queens' Chambers. III. On the Maid Hanging out the Clothes. Who bids?*' said May, solemnly, mounted on a stool like an auctioneer.

'Read a page,' said Mr. Marvell; 'there is no saying to what base uses we may come. Dr. Hack-

back wishes me to give a popular lecture'—

'Nonsense, papa.'

'To the Christian Young Men of Middleton: and I dare say Mr. Holdfast won't escape either. So we may get a hint.'

'Oh, Mr. Holdfast,' said May, glancing into the volume, 'such instructive reading. First, he explains why he takes a name that nobody can understand, and the explanation appears to be that his audience are such idiots that it doesn't matter, and they wouldn't have been wiser if he hadn't. Then he denounces perambulators and the children in them, and the ungodly ugliness of English nurserymaids (and I think he is right about the perambulators, for they are a horrid nuisance in the streets); and then the rest of the lecture, so far as I see, is directed to show that the poem about the dish running after the spoon, and the little dog laughing, is highly philosophical and profoundly religious, and has been most insanely neglected. He thinks that the little dog was much to blame; but, living in the nineteenth century, he is not surprised, for he has known other little dogs that treated with ridicule the highest teaching of the time, and laughed at the most surprising phenomena. He does not care, he says, to describe the state of mind which the little dog must have reached before such an occurrence could have become possible.'

'But what about the Maid Hanging out the Clothes?' I asked.

'Why, it appears that he hasn't time at present, and she is kept back for the next volume. I must get our housemaid a copy.'

Then we tired of criticism, and May went to the piano. 'What do you think of this, papa?' she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice, save one. Then again

she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

'You recollect how they danced it at Pesth, papa? It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?'

'No, I don't dance.'

'I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see, this is the step.'

And then bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

'You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now give me your hand and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you ungrateful bear, you have torn my dress,' she exclaimed with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like *angina pectoris*. I had held her in my arms, she had leant against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones:—

And who has thee is MAD.

The truth is that, both morally and intellectually, I was taken captive. So long as I could look into her eyes, I cared not down what abysses we were falling. At first, the freedom with which father and daughter treated whatever I had been taught to venerate somewhat troubled me. I too had revolted against august authority; but my revolt had been stern and earnest, and unwillingly compelled. May's exquisite tact and sensitiveness warned her directly whenever she had thus

offended; and she quickly repaired the blunder. But the extreme levity of sentiment which they had acquired during long habitual contact with many of the most trenchant intellects of the time soon ceased to startle me.

'The Old Testament is a collection of Jewish records,' said Mr. Marvell on one occasion, with calm scorn; 'that, both of us believe; but it does sometimes seem strange to me that the savage maxims of a Bedouin Sheik—and the Bedouins, we all know, are the greatest liars in the world—should rule our modern life.'

Well, it might or might not be so; but I knew at least that a pair of incomparable grey eyes, full of subtle magic, were fixed upon my face.

'His conscience would not suffer him to do so,' Dr. Hackaback said one day, in a particularly long sermon on tithes.

'His conscience!' said Mr. Marvell, contemptuously, as we walked home; 'that is ever the *ultima ratio* of the quack. Conscience has nothing to do with it, for conscience is only a keen, perhaps morbid, sense of the ridiculous in our own conduct.'

I walked on and made no sign. What was conscience to me? Did not her hand lie on my arm?

I knew all along that I was nothing to her; yet I do not believe that she meant to break my heart. She liked to breathe the incense of admiration, of love; my love gratified her senses as did fresh flowers and dainty colours; she could not, at the risk of losing a useful devotee, make it quite plain to him that he was to expect no love in return; and besides—a lover's temper should be unselfish. Why, Antony had thrown away the whole round earth for Cleopatra's lips.

Fawning, caressing, fierce, supple; yes, surely, the wild creature's blood was in her veins. Even while she *purred*, the claws were

never very far under the fur—were drawn out and in often in the very wantonness of pleasure. Yet she could relent at times to true pity and a natural tenderness—as it seemed.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amid laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Heughs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look quite so gaunt with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gauntest always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandons itself to the luxury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly dragged. Jess, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her, to the little parlour where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile flashed out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

‘I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins,’ said May. ‘My beloved grandchild,’ she continued, with charming mock gravity, ‘I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company

you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will snore when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed,’ and the anxious representative of the Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

‘That queer old duck, Goody,’ she continued, in her own voice, ‘is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother’s wardrobe. I hope you like the result’—and she made me a stately curtsy, such as old Mrs. Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

‘I’ve a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it *does* become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!’

As she spoke, she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

‘My mother’s portrait.’

‘Your mother?’ she said, in an altered tone. ‘It is a face one might trust for ever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps’—here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away; for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; had I not done so, I must have fallen at her feet, and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes,

travelling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words, 'No—I shall not and cannot hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word, and I leave you for ever.' But aloud she only said, coldly, 'I think the carriage must have come.'

We had despatched Donald to the Lodge to bring it on, and Goody presently appeared to announce that it was at the door.

'Goodbye, Goody,' she said, as she tripped down the narrow stair. 'Can I take any message to your grandmamma?'

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May:—

'Dear Mr. Holdfast,—I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I cannot make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know we dine at seven.—M. S. M.'

Of course I did not go: of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon, and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take, and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr.

Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and good-naturedly desired to warn me.

'She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untameable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette—only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Metternich.'

He held up his own against the light, as he continued:—

'I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments: for the zests of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows grey; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the entrées as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D——'s old jokes. You remember how your pulse beat when the Premier praised that speech, and Lady Ida's curls touched your cheek in the waltz; or rather, you don't recollect a bit—you have forgotten all about both: poor Sir Robert has been dead for a year, and Lady Ida is as fat as her mother. My good Sir, a woman is only—a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes, you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint.'

He filled his glass, and paused meditatively.

'You know Clavering by name—an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing—

by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge, he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead,—others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter discomposed him terribly: and when he found that he had transposed the words, he insisted on putting them right—amid still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it.'

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song:—

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah! wanton, will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician—could we physic Love!—would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the meantime constantly employed. But although we ransacked the library, we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we

could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

'I wish we had a poet among us,' said May; 'only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishing poems about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:—

With jeers and tears and smiles,
And fitful wilful wiles,
The May her groom beguiles;
But *my* May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.

Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The murmur of the sedge;
But *my* May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

The thrush repeats her tale,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But *my* May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But *my* May's lips are kept
Like chastest violet.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten.

'We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?'

The first was a little gay French vaudeville—artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and

his mistress made desperate love ; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. 'My beautiful lady,' said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), 'My beautiful lady, have pity on me.' And the lady answered, 'No, I have no pity. *Je suis la belle dame sans merci.*' And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand ; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

When I think of May now, I strive to think of her as 'Clara.' She was essentially an actress ; if she could not be true and brave and honest and loving, she knew that truth and honesty and love were excellent things, and on the stage, at least, she could rise to the heroic mood. Hers was not the martyr-spirit which can go

Through the brief minute's fierce annoy
To God's eternity of joy.

She would have shrunk from 'the fierce annoy' as she shrank from whatever displeased her senses ; yet as she read of hero and martyr, her grey eye kindled and flashed and quivered. And May Marvell, when she clutched her bosom with her hands to stay the beating of her heart, because at midnight she hears the tread of armed men, and Egmont comes not, was, I believe, not less great than Rachel, or Ristori, or Helen Faucit.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it—in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness—that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear,—so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, muffling

herself in some coverlet or shawl that lay at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done ; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had unclasped his cloak, and disclosed the jewelled collar of the Golden Fleece. 'But this is not *thy* Egmont.'

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as fiercely miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me : this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognise ; and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride ? As I looked out on the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

'Kate Saville has come,' she said, 'and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long ?' Then, without waiting for my answer, 'I hope you are perfect in your Egmont ?'

'I do not mean to be Egmont,' I answered, gloomily.

'You are not going to desert us, surely ?'

'I shall not act.'

'Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable.'

But I would not. She never asked my reason ; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then ; but she still waited.

'Will nothing tempt you ? Come

up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I—I will give you a smile,' the coquette added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

'Temptress!' I muttered, eyeing her almost savagely.

'My dear Martin,' she said all at once, quite seriously, 'what ails you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick,'—and she affected to pout like a spoilt child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together, and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned, and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale, I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment, I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

'Sir!' she said, flashing out magnificently, 'have you forgotten that you are a boor?'

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands, and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist; she was tugging at the strings of her hat. 'Loose them!' she said; 'they are choking me.' She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved,—perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

'May,' I asked, penitently, 'what have I done?'

'Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly.'

'You are the delight of my eyes,' I murmured, passionately.

'No, no!' she replied, piteously; 'do not speak so. You cannot be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt.'

'Hurt!' I exclaimed; 'it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly.' Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face, that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

'May,' I whispered, 'you know how I love you; cannot you love me a little?'

'No,' she said, steadily, through her sobs; 'I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you.' I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. 'Martin, how have I deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?'

'May—May!—might you not learn to love me?'

'It is impossible,' she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her

face was hardening again. Her mood had changed—as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. ‘It is impossible. It cannot be.’

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? ‘Do not shut hope out from me,’ I said.

‘It is best to speak plainly at once,’ she replied—and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; ‘I cannot give you my love, for—among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley—’

‘Audley!’ I echoed, mechanically.

‘Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed;’ and then added, God knows with what bitterness, ‘My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont.’

It was not the fact which froze me; it was her tone, in which there was no love, no compassion, no mercy, either for me or for that other.

‘Are you a woman?’ I said, moodily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazed by her cruel beauty—‘Are you a woman, or a tiger’s cub?’

Then I turned upon my heel, and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it is fancy only) that I heard her say ‘Martin’ softly, amid a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

* * * *

Her words had angered me. Day by day I had felt the fever growing in my blood. My heart was dry as dust. My mouth was parched with heat. I had said to myself, She is the desire of my eyes: this good thing sufficeth me. Give it me, O God, and I care not for heaven or for hell. All other beauty had become stale for me; the beauty of gentle morning, of lustrous eve, —the beauty of sea and stars, of heroic action, of sweetest song. I had lusted after her with my eyes, and this was my reward. Her lips,

her level brows, her lily-like neck, her supple waist, her tender bird-like laugh, her words that mocked while they caressed—each was burned into my heart. It was as if this deadly love had consumed every faculty in my nature save that which ministered in its temple. That alone was quickened into painful, vigilant life—into sleepless, destructive activity. The senses are cruel taskmasters when we let them rule us. They promise us unlimited grace and joy; and, if we believe them, all grace and joy are marred, are made impossible for us, are snatched from our eager grasp. He who trusts them not finds joy in the simplest pleasures—the wide world to him is a garden of delight. But *our* pampered palate rejects delicacy after delicacy, until the keenest condiment has no relish. So it was with me. I had surrendered myself to the exclusive dominion of the senses; I had set up an idol of clay; I had ceased to care for the invisible and the incorruptible. I was mad with wicked love; for even in my infatuation I knew, or fancied I knew, that the idol was cruel and selfish and base; and now heaven and earth might cast their choicest treasures at my feet, and I could find in them nothing comely or desirable.

Her words had angered me. Had I cast away the cool and simple joys of life for this feverish pain? and had I found that the apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah are bitter in the mouth? I left her abruptly, and wandered for hours I knew not and cared not where. At length, as the darkness deepened, I found myself among the fishers’ cottages beneath the Giant’s Crag. I knew that the men were at sea, for the beach was empty; but through the open door of the cottage nearest to me I heard a soft voice reading, sweet, distinct, and measured in its tone, as if the

hearing of the one who listened had failed. It was the cottage where Nelly Beaton and her aged grandfather lived together, and the voice which I heard was that of the sick child. Nelly, as you know, was born a cripple; since her birth she had never moved without her crutch. Her grandfather was a hale old man—a man who, through all his hard fourscore years, had never been ill for a day. But now he had grown too feeble for the sea, and could only tend his grandchild's bed. To them the day was over, and this was their evening service. She had a sweet voice, and the beautiful words blended with the solemn night as it gathered. 'For the which cause I also suffer these things; nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'

Was this indeed so? Was it true that to her, as to that dim old apostle, He had been revealed? That she believed and was persuaded, her voice unmistakably asserted; but how had she gained this persuasion? And even if her conviction was true, was there any comfort in being persuaded that the Being who promulgated the Creed of Blastem and Hackaback's Confession did in point of fact exist?

She turned the page after a momentary pause, and the voice went on: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all those also that love his appearing.'

Well, this surely was not the Being whose coming Blastem had

announced. Not certainly in that triumphant psalm had he found his gloomy and despairing creed. And as she read, conviction flashed upon me. I became conscious that though Blastem had mutilated the truth, yet that even his defaced image of an Eternal Justice and Righteousness was better than a creed in which the Invisible had no place. He who believes, however feebly and imperfectly, on an Eternal Spirit, may live for ever; but he who surrenders himself to the dominion of the flesh must perish with the flesh. The carnal mind dies with carnal things; nay, I had found that whenever man abdicates his spiritual prerogative, the carnal things cease to satisfy the carnal mind—that the bondage of sin is a bitter visible bondage, and the flesh a tyrant who scorns to hide his lash. Blastem had denounced the world and all the beauty of the world—wrongly, foolishly, impiously if you like; but at least the fruit which he had plucked had not turned to dust and ashes, to utter corruption, in his mouth. Even Blastem's God was better than none; how much better than Blastem's this language of St. Paul, this conception of an ever-merciful God, who through sin and sorrow, through afflictions, necessities, distresses, is leading us to himself; leading us to acknowledge and to adore the Father of our Spirits.

I looked in at the open door, through which the light streamed into the darkness, a beacon to those upon the sea. The girl lay in a low bed in the corner of the room; the rushlight hung above her head; the Book lay upon the coarse coverlet before her. Very sweet and peaceful was the upturned face; very different from that other, richer in subtler intelligence, in finer moods of feeling, which had troubled my rest and driven sleep from my eyes. Here was no disquiet, no torturing rap-

ture, no consuming fire of passion. The upturned eyes rested lovingly on the face of the old man, who, with a large-lettered hymn-book on his knee, was adjusting his spectacles to his nose. She read the Bible, he selected the hymn; for his old eyes, aided by memory, perhaps, could decipher the clearer type of the psalms. She saw that he was getting restless, and shutting the book, said, 'That will do for to-night, Daddy!'

And then he gave out the verses of the psalm, very carefully and correctly; and as I turned away I could hear the plaintive voices of old man and cripple child mingled in praise together:—

*He from his holy hill look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high,
To hear the pris'ner's mourning groan,
And save them that are doom'd to die.*

* * * * *

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, 'She is dead.' Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart; had she not lured me to the very gates of hell; had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking adieu? But one day (when my fever was over,—for I

had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the churchyard among the sand-hills. A new name I noticed was carved upon the wall. Another 'May Sybil Marvell' had been laid out of the sunshine, under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remembering who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart; and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion, to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.



THOREAU.¹

It becomes pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life.

Sacotalia.

IT is now nearly four years since the inhabitants of the little town of Concord, Massachusetts, were gathered round the grave of one who, though a hermit, was dear to all of them, and who, as a naturalist and scholar, had received the homage of those literary men who have given to that town the celebrity of an American Weimar. Ralph Waldo Emerson was the chief speaker on this sad occasion, and at the conclusion of a touching tribute to his friend, he said: 'There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called "Life Everlasting," a *Gnaphalium* like that which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by the botanists *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none

else can finish—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul, that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.'

Coming from one who is justly honoured in England, and who is in the habit of weighing his words, this tribute will, I trust, be received by English readers as a justification of my attempt to introduce to them a man of whom they probably know little or nothing. I have met with but few in England who have seen any one of Thoreau's books, and have seen no public notice of any of them except in the *Saturday Review*, which contained one or two articles concerning some of them last year, in one of which their author was designated, not quite happily I think, as 'an American Rousseau.' The reasons for this absence of any general recognition of so rare a mind lay doubtless rather in the peculiarities of the man himself than in the blindness of the world. As there are essences of such delicate flavour that they can be preserved only by being kept covered, there are characters whose fine aromas are destroyed by exposure to the *popularis aura*—spirits that must sit at silent, solitary tasks, leaving the world to

¹ *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

² *Walden.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

³ *Excursions.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

⁴ *Cape Cod.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

⁵ *Letters to Various Persons.* By Henry D. Thoreau. (Edited by R. W. Emerson.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

enter and admire when they have passed away. Thoreau was eminently one of these; and his writings were so physiognomical, so blended with his personality, that they seemed to show their author's aversion to publicity. He once told me with evident satisfaction that his first, and at that time his only book—which was printed, I think, about twenty years ago—was still on its publisher's shelf, with the exception of copies given by him to his friends. Like the pious Yōgi of the East, so long motionless, whilst gazing on the sun, that knotty plants encircled his neck, and the cast snake-skin his loins, and the birds built their nests upon his shoulders, this seer and naturalist seemed by an equal consecration to have become a part of the field and forest amid which he dwelt; and he with his works, to read which is like walking through morning meadows, or amid the mystic wolds of nightingales, might naturally be undiscerned in the landscape by the great world thundering past in its train, even in an interval when the newspaper or the railway romance might be laid aside.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, in 1817, and there lived and died. He was the last son of a French ancestor, a lead-pencil maker, who went to Massachusetts from the Isle of Guernsey. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1837, though without scholastic distinction, and afterwards taught a private school for a short time. He then applied himself to his father's craft, and obtained certificates of having made a pencil better than any in use; but on being congratulated that the way to fortune was thus opened, he declared that he should never make another pencil, since he did not wish to do again what he had done once. He disappointed his family and friends by steadily declining to enter upon any of the accustomed

paths to profit or fame with other educated young men; but was not self-indulgent nor idle, was skilful with his hands, and was already industrious about something, none knew what, in the woods around Concord. He could make a boat, or a fence, or plant a garden, and when he needed money obtained it by doing some such piece of work. It is plain, however, that he had no 'talent for wealth,' and it was an early perception with him that a man's real life was generally sacrificed to obtaining the means of living; he was resolved to make his wealth consist in his having few wants. His natural skill in mensuration, however, and his intimate knowledge of the neighbourhood, rendered his services as a surveyor valuable to the farmers—of whom, for the most part, the town consists; and, leading him often to the fields and woods, this furnished to him an occupation so agreeable to his tastes, that he drifted into it as a profession. 'If I had,' he said, 'the wealth of Croesus bestowed on me, my aims must still be the same, and my means essentially the same.' He declined dinner parties, because he could not meet individuals at them to any purpose: 'they make their pride,' he said, 'in making their dinners cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little.' When asked at the table what dish he preferred, he answered 'the nearest.' Those who met him felt at once that there was no affectation in all this, but that this youth had set for himself a real devotion to the current of his own nature. He was never sad, morose, or misanthropic, but had humour and enthusiasm. 'He chose,' says Emerson, 'wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and nature.'

His first volume grew out of a voyage which he made on the Concord and Merrimack rivers in 1839, in company with a brother, who

sympathised to a certain extent with his tastes, but who died about three years later. Having loaded their boat with vegetables and utensils, with wheels on which to roll the boat around falls, a buffalo skin for a bed, and a tent of cotton cloth for a roof, the brothers started on their river-voyage, on a serene afternoon at the close of August. Thoreau celebrates the passage by the sunken but still visible abutments of the old bridge, where occurred the first battle between the colonies and the 'mother country,' and by the old 'Manse' where Hawthorne lived, with the wayward but sweet verses which spring up here and there in all his works with the genuineness and beauty of wild flowers. 'Gradually'—so runs his chronicle—"the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future as silently as one wakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream, occasionally driving a pickerel from the covert of the pads, or a bream from her nest; and the smaller bittern now and then sailed away on sluggish wings from some recess in the shore, or the larger lifted itself out of the long grass at our approach, and, carried its precious legs away to deposit them in a place of safety. The tortoises, also, rapidly dropped into the water as our boat ruffled the surface amid the willows, breaking the reflections of the trees. . . . The bright blue flowers of the soap-wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped; and still further, in the fields, or higher, on the bank, were seen the Virginian rhexia and drooping neottia or ladies'-tresses; while from the more distant waysides, which we occasionally passed, and banks where the sun had lodged, was reflected a dull yellow beam from the ranks of

tansy, now in its prime. . . . But we missed the white water-lily, which is the queen of river flowers; its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water-clock, who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit our Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays.' A solitary fisherman on the bank reminds him to give some account of the fishermen he had known, and particularly of one from Tynemouth, England, who was the Walton of the stream; whose fishing was not for sport nor subsistence, 'but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles.' A minute and curious account of the habits of the twelve species of fishes to be found in the Concord follows. 'Whether,' he says, 'we live by the seaside, or by the lakes and rivers, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America are not so interesting to the student of nature as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains and on the interior plains; the fish principle in nature.' He takes the side of the shad against the corporation of Billerica, whose dam prevents that fish's migration up the river. 'It will not be forgotten'—he apostrophises the creature struggling with so hard a destiny—"by some memory that we

were contemporaries. Thou shalt ere long have thy way up the rivers—up all the rivers of the globe, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull, watery dream shall be more than realised. . . . Keep a stiff fin, then, and stem all the tides thou mayst meet,—and goes on to argue with the corporation that its dam covers with water much that might be a green meadow. At night they find their Ostia in a leafy wilderness,—‘a place for fauns and satyrs; where bats hung all day from the rocks, and at evening flitted over the water; and fireflies husbanded their light under the grass and leaves against the night.’ Here they pitch their tent. The following description of the events where-with the night is crowded seems to me exquisite:—

For the most part there was no recognition of human life in the night, no human breathing, only the breathing of the wind. As we sat up, kept awake by the novelty of our situation, we heard at intervals foxes stepping about over the dead leaves, and brushing the dewy grass close to our tent, and once a musquash fumbling among the potatoes and melons in our boat; but when we hastened to the shore, we could detect only a ripple in the water ruffling the disk of a star. At intervals we were serenaded by the song of a dreaming sparrow, or the throttled cry of an owl; but after each sound, which, near at hand, broke the stillness of the night, each crackling of the twigs, or rustling among the leaves, there was a sudden pause, and a deeper and more conscious silence, as if the intruder were aware that no life was rightfully abroad at that hour. There was a fire in Lowell, as we judged, this night, and we saw the horizon blazing, and heard the distant alarm-bells, as it were a faint tinkling music, borne to these woods. But the most constant and memorable sound of a summer's night, which we did not fail to hear every night afterward, was the barking of the house-dogs, from the loudest and hoarsest bark to the faintest aerial palpitation under the eaves of heaven—from the patient but anxious mastiff to the timid and wakeful terrier—at first loud and rapid, then faint and slow, to be imitated only in a whisper: Wow—wow—wow—wow—wo—wo—w—w—. Even in a retired and uninhabited district like this, it was a sufficiency of sound for the ear of night, and

more impressive than any music. I have heard the voice of a hound, just before daylight, while the stars were shining, from over the woods and river, far in the horizon, when it sounded sweet and melodious as an instrument. The hounding of a dog pursuing a fox or other animal, in the horizon, may have first suggested the notes of the hunting-horn, to alternate with and relieve the lungs of the dog. This natural bugle long resounded in the woods of the ancient world before the horn was invented. . . . All these sounds—the crowing of cocks, the baying of dogs, and the hum of insects at noon—are the evidence of nature's health or sound state. Such is the never-failing beauty and accuracy of language, the most perfect art in the world; the chisel of a thousand years retouches it.

A clear Sunday morning dawns upon the voyagers, as they start toward the larger river into which the Concord enters at a distance of about ten miles from the town of Concord. They see some teamster or other workman who seems to have been ‘waylaid by the Sabbath,’ and congratulate themselves on their freedom as they remember the old times of New England, when each town had a ‘cage’ near the meeting-house, into which every offender against the sanctity of the Sabbath was thrust. It is clear that there is a good deal of paganism about Thoreau. ‘In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Iambe; for the great god Pan is not dead, as was rumoured. . . . It seems to me that the god that is commonly worshipped in civilised countries is not at all divine, though he bears a divine name, but is the overwhelming authority and respectability of mankind combined. Men reverence one another, not yet God.’ He is impressed with this wonderful addition to the old mythology, ‘the Christian fable,’ that ‘the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New York bishop so bigoted,’ and reveres

the flame that kindles still the 'forty-four lamps, the gift of kings, now burning in a place called the Holy Sepulchre;' but he thinks 'it is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ.' 'Your scheme,' he says, 'must be the framework of the universe; all other schemes will soon be ruins. The perfect God in His revelations of Himself has never got to the length of one such proposition as you, His prophets, state. Have you learned the alphabet of heaven, and can count three? Do you know the number of God's family? Can you put mysteries into words? Do you presume to fable of the ineffable?' As for the New Testament, he thinks that no other book is so strange and heretical, and that if its sentences 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven,' 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,' were read or heard without cant in any pulpit, 'there would not be left one stone of that meeting-house upon another.' He believes that the Church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies; and the sound of Sabbath bells, heard as he rests on his oar, is 'as the sound of many catechisms and religious books twanging a canting peal round the earth, seeming to issue from some Egyptian temple and echo along the shore of the Nile, right opposite to Pharaoh's palace, and Moses in the bulrushes, startling a multitude of storks and alligators basking in the sun.' So, with no religious cobwebs between him and the clear sky, he reads his Sunday lesson from Sadi: 'O thou! who towerest above the flights of conjecture, opinion, and comprehension; whatever has been reported of thee we have heard and read; the congregation is dismissed, and life drawn to a close; and we still rest in our first encomium of thee!'

Then follow curious details con-

cerning the Indians who once inhabited the banks of the river, and the first English settlers who displaced them. He sympathises as much with the red man as with the shad so wronged by the authorities. Interspersed are curious episodes concerning the trees, the fish, and the water-fowl, which he sees with his two eyes—one the eye of the naturalist, the other that of the poet. On Monday, whilst 'nooning' on the broad waters of the Merrimack, he feels himself removed back to the Orient, and gives us long and excellent readings from the *Vishna Purana*, the *Bhagavat Geeta*, and the *Dherma Sastra*. 'In every man's brain is the Sanscrit. The Vedas and their Angas are not so ancient as serene contemplation. Why will we be imposed on by antiquity? Is the babe young? When I behold it, it seems to me more venerable than the oldest man; it is more ancient than Nestor or the Sybils, and bears the wrinkles of father Saturn himself. And do we live but in the present? How broad a line is that? I sit now on a stump whose rings number centuries of growth. If I look around, I see that the soil is composed of just such stumps, ancestors to this. The earth is covered with mould; I thrust this stick many sons deep into its surface, and with my heel make a deeper furrow than the elements have ploughed here for a thousand years. If I listen I hear the peep of frogs, which is older than the slime of Egypt, and the distant drumming of a partridge on a log, as if it were a pulse-beat of the summer air. I raise my fairest and freshest flowers in the old mould. Why, what we would fain call new is not skin-deep; the earth is not yet stained by it. It is not the fertile ground that we walk on, but the leaves that flutter over our heads. The newest is but the oldest made visible to our senses.' Presently this strain of

thought rises to the expression of
 verse :—

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
 And only now my prime of life.

* * * * *
 I will not doubt the love untold,
 Which not my worth nor want hath
 bought,
 Which woo'd me young and woos me old,
 And to this evening me hath brought.

Worthy to be quoted also are the
 following, which he calls *Rumours*
from an Æolian Harp :—

There is a vale which none hath seen,
 Where foot of man has never been,
 Such as here lives with toil and strife,
 An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,
 Ere it descends upon the earth,
 And thither every deed returns,
 Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,
 And poetry is yet unsung,
 For Virtue still adventures there,
 And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,
 You still may hear its vesper bell,
 And tread of high-souled men go by,
 Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

In the hand of the true priest of
 nature the most barren rod blossoms.
 Under Thoreau's touch the smallest,
 most ordinary facts attain a mystic
 significance. As he parches Indian
 corn by his fire, he is reminded that
 'there should always be some flower-
 ing and maturing of the fruits of
 nature in the cooking process. . . .
 In parching corn, for instance, there
 is a manifest sympathy between the
 bursting seed and the more perfect
 developments of vegetable life. It
 is a perfect flower with its petals,
 like the houstonia or anemone.' The
 bittern 'is a bird of the oldest
 Thalesian school, and no doubt
 believes in the priority of water to
 the other elements; the relic of a
 twilight antediluvian age which yet
 inhabits these bright American
 rivers with us Yankees.' Passing a
 little island formed by the deposits
 from the eddy at the conjunction of
 two streams, he reflects that nature
 is, ant-like, still busy building con-

tinents on her old plan. He finds in
 his hammock the prototype of the
 Indian's canoe. Immediately after
 noon the cricket chirps, though no
 painter could paint the difference
 between that and the preceding
 hour; and 'in deep ravines under
 the eastern sides of cliffs, Night for-
 wardly plants her foot even at noon-
 day, and as day retreats she steps
 into his trenches, skulking from
 tree to tree, from fence to fence,
 until at last she sits in his citadel,
 and draws out her forces into the
 plain.'

Some sentences in these books are
 felicities of expression—e.g., 'the
 bluebird carries the sky on his
 back;' 'the tanager flies through
 the green foliage as if it would
 ignite the leaves;' 'nature made
 ferns for pure leaves, to show what
 she could do in that line;' 'the
 locust z-ing;' 'how can we have a
 harvest of thought who have not
 had a seed-time of character?'
 'nothing is to be so much feared as
 fear; atheism may comparatively
 be popular with God Himself;'
 'only that day dawns to which we
 are awake;' 'thank God, they can-
 not cut down the clouds: all kinds
 of figures are drawn on the blue
 ground with this fibrous white
 paint.'

Although Thoreau lived person-
 ally apart from the world, it is
 interesting to observe how, in his
 action and his writings, the society
 around him is reflected, though
 somewhat inverted. At the time
 when he was making the week's
 voyage, which I have followed a
 little, New England was burgeoning
 forth, under the tropical breath of
 Transcendentalism, with strange
 and rare growths of new thoughts
 and essays at thought, much to the
 dismay of the Puritan Apostolic suc-
 cession. The capital of that strange
 realm was at Concord, where
 Emerson, the mildest promoter of a
 reign of terror imaginable, and
 Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne,

and Elizabeth Peabody, and others, dwelt and worked as monarch and ministry of a new spiritual kingdom. It soon became plain that what these were endeavouring to put into literature, Thoreau was aiming to put into individual life; not consciously, perhaps, but because he must be the product of the intellectual as well as the physical elements surrounding him there at his first or his second birth. When the *Dial*—the quarterly magazine which represented the new movement—began its career in 1841 he was one of its contributors, and there were printed in it several of the papers which are now collected in the volume called *Excursions*. These papers related to the natural history around Concord, and are in form much like the earlier work from which I have given specimens. One piece published in the *Dial* in 1843, 'A Winter Walk,' was then and is now much admired for its delicate perception of the subtle beauties and truths of nature. But the Transcendental agitation was not more reflected in the secluded, wayward stream of Thoreau's life than the Socialistic movement which followed it, and was, doubtless, its first offspring. When nearly every leading spirit of what were called 'the New Views' went into the Brook Farm community—even Channing and Hawthorne, who were not distinctively Transcendentalists—Emerson remained at home to evolve Arcadias of pure thought, and Thoreau to reproduce Utopias of individual life. In 1845 he built himself a house, with his own hands, on the shores of a beautiful water near Concord, called 'Walden.' This lakelet, which is but a short distance from Emerson's home, and has been long the haunt of poets and students, is a perennial clear spring, set in a frame of thick pine and oak wood—is half a mile long and a mile and three-quarters in circumference. The pond has no

visible inlet or outlet, and its water is of such extraordinary transparency that the bottom may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, with the fishes large and small swimming below. On one occasion Thoreau lost his axe through the ice on it, and looking down saw it and obtained it again from a depth of twenty-five feet, with a slip-noose at the end of a long birch. The water is remarkable too for its beautiful shifting tints, being at times almost of the dove's-neck lustre. It is fringed with flowers in their season; and always encinctured with evergreen: many fishes—silver, steel-coloured, and golden—and ducks, geese, peewees, with other wild birds, may be found there. One who has seen the spot can scarcely wonder that to such a child of the elements as Thoreau there was in the pure depths of Walden the eye and voice of the Erl-King's daughter. For though, as I have said, the movements of opinion and reform going on around him were reflected in Thoreau's thought and life, it was only as the bird or cloud flitting over the lake would seem to pass through its depths; it has winged and fair things of its own beneath them. To show that educated man could build his house and live happily in Nature without impawning the hours of his life or coining his heart and soul into money, were incidental motives and appropriate to the times: below these are the deeps of individuality, with their strange, ineffable dreams and aspirations. 'I long ago,' he says in the opening chapter of *Walden*, 'lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as

anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.'

It was near the end of March that Thoreau began to build his house, and by the middle of April it was framed and ready for raising. He had purchased the boards of an Irishman's shanty, and by the 4th of July—Independence Day—his mansion was ready for occupation. 'There is some of the same fitness,' he thinks, 'in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and their families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when so engaged? But, alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which

lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes.' Wishing, doubtless, to anticipate his necessities as little as possible, he built his chimney only as the winter approached. When all was complete, he has a residence which he describes thus:— 'I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-foot posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows:—

	\$	c.	
Boards	8	03½	Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides .	4	00	
Laths	1	25	
Two second-hand windows with glass	2	43	
One thousand old bricks	4	00	
Two casks of lime	2	40.	That was high.
Hair	0	31.	More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron	0	15	
Nails	3	90	
Hinges and screws	0	14	
Latch	0	10	
Chalk	0	01	
Transportation	1	40.	I carried a good part on my back.
In all	28	12½	

These are all the materials, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.' He then recalls, with a natural complacency, that at Cambridge College the student pays for his room one dollar eighty-seven and a half cents each year more than his house has cost, and is led into an episode on education, ending with the reflection that while the student 'is reading Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Say, he runs his father in debt irretrievably.'

He next planted about two acres and a half of the ground around him with beans, potatoes, peas, and maize. He realised from those, above what he required of them for his own use, \$8 71½c. (The land seemed to have been left unused by its owner, as unfit to raise 'anything but squirrels' on.)

At the close of the first season he feels that he is more independent than any farmer in Concord, 'for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my

house had been burned, or my crops failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before.'

From July 4th to March 1st, Thoreau spent for food \$8 74c., and for clothing \$8 40½c., which, with other expenses, amounted to \$61 99½c., \$36 78c. of which was met by earnings to that amount, the rest being covered by the capital with which he began. He did not have much furniture, and thought himself all the better for its absence. He thinks baggage and furniture to be truly what the popular phrase terms them—'traps.' 'He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap. The musk-rat will gnaw his third leg off to be free.' He pursues his anti-furniture reflections to their largest applications. 'I look upon England to-day as an old gentleman who is travelling with a great deal of baggage—trumpery which has accumulated from long housekeeping—which he has not the courage to burn; great trunk, little trunk, bandbox and bundle. Throw away the first three at least.' His two years' residence at Walden convinced him 'that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.' In reply to those who declared this to be all very selfish, he maintains that 'Doing good is one of the professions which are full. . . . Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. But I would not stand between any man and his genius; and to him who does this work, which I decline, with his whole heart and soul and life, I would say persevere, even if the world call it doing evil, as it is most

likely they will.' He does not, indeed, think much of philanthropists. 'Those plants of whose greenness, withered, we make herb-tea for the sick, serve but a humble use, and are most employed by quacks. I want the flower and fruit of a man; that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavour our intercourse. His goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing, and of which he is unconscious. This is a charity that hides a multitude of sins. The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing. Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoestrings.'

Our hermit had enough solitude so far as human beings were concerned; but he trolled for the golden fishes and caught some golden fancies with them. 'Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.' In the absence of humankind the wild kinds keep him company. The worshipper of Pan naturally had a flute, and he drew the fishes to him oftener with this than with the line, and the echoes applauded his performance. A mouse became familiar, and played 'bo-peep,' and ate from his hand, and the mole was welcomed in his cellar. Of a sparrow that alighted on his shoulder he is prouder than of any epaulette he could have worn. A phoebe built in his shed, the robin in a pine which grew in his house, and the partridge with her brood fed be-

neath his window. A fox came near his window, attracted by the light, 'barked a vulpine curse' at him, and retreated; and the great owl said 'How der do?' He observes them all closely, and with the eyes of a transcendental Pilpay. These animals 'are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts.' He rejoices in the hootings of owls: 'It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods, which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognised. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have.' By art and by sympathy he gained a close acquaintance with these poor relations of Humanity; and his respect for them increases: 'If we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilisation going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation.'

Aeneas Sylvius, *Olaus Magnus*, and *Huber*, have given accounts of the battles of ants. *Thoreau* has given a graphic narrative of one witnessed by himself near his hermitage:—

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants—the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black—fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the

other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers, near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board, while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side; and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. . . . There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a threepenny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the

black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow. . . . I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door.

He adds: 'The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive Slave Bill.'

Hither in the deep winter came through the snow the fools of ideas, the victims of crotchets, the running slave—whom he sheltered and helped toward the North Star—and at times, the poets and philosophers of the village, to visit him. These last found with him ambrosial days. 'We made that small house ring with boisterous mirth, and resound with the murmur of much sober talk; making amends then to Walden Vale for the long silences. Broadway was still and deserted in comparison. . . . We made many a "bran new" theory of life over a thin dish of gruel, which combined the advantages of conviviality with the clear-headedness which philosophy requires.' Over the door of Thoreau's cabin was written for those who could read it, 'Entertainment for man, but not for beast;' and many a youth who sought that higher entertainment came to him. But there came also less agreeable visitors. He discovered that there are some guests who appeal, 'not to your hospitality, but to your *hospitality*;' and there are others who do not know when their visits have terminated. Then there came 'men of one idea, like a hen with one chicken, and that a duck-

ling; men of a thousand ideas and unkempt heads, like those hens which are made to take charge of a hundred chickens, all in pursuit of one bag; a score of them lost in every morning's dew—and become frizzled and mangy in consequence; men of ideas instead of legs; a sort of intellectual centipede, that made you crawl all over. One man proposed a book in which visitors should write their names, as at the White Mountains; but, alas! I have too good a memory to make that necessary.' The only compensation he could get seems to have been to botanise and zoologise, as it were, on his visitors. Girls and boys and young women generally seemed glad to be in the woods, and improved their time. Men of business thought only of his distance from 'something or other.' Restless, committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers 'who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject;' doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers, who pried about his cupboard; young men 'who had ceased to be young, and concluded that the beaten track was safest;' these said it was not possible to do much good out there. The aged and infirm thought how far it was from the doctor: 'to them a village was literally a *community*, a league for mutual defence.' With these he argues that a man sits as many risks as he runs. 'Finally, there were the self-styled reformers, the greatest bores of all, who thought I was for ever singing—

This is the house that I built;

This is the man that lives in the house
that I built;

But they did not know that the
third line was—

'These are the folks that worry the man
That lives in the house that I built.'

But he had more cheering visitors. 'Children come a-berrying;

railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts; fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers; in short, all honest pilgrims, who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind, I was ready to greet with—"Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" for I had had communication with that race.' But his flute seems to have been his truest friend, and had some deep tones for him. 'John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work; his mind still running on his labour more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to recreate his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbours were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long, when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonised with his mind. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept running in his head, and he found himself contriving and planning it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the State in which he lived. A voice said to him—Why do you stay here and live this mean moiling life when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these. But how to come out of this condition, and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practise some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever-increasing respect.'

But whilst 'John Farmer' was thus ready to ignore the existence of the village and the State, they were not so willing to ignore him. The tax-gatherer visited him. To pay taxes at that date meant a sanction of some very questionable expenditures—such, for example, as slave auctions at the gate of the Capitol, and the seizing of Mexican territory to make it into Slave States. Thoreau therefore declined to pay his tax; and one day, having taken a boot to the village to be mended, he is arrested when about to return, and thrown into the Concord gaol. He gave the town-clerk the following statement in writing: 'Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined.' This imprisonment caused a considerable sensation in the quiet village, and some gentleman having paid the tax, Thoreau was released on the next day. He went to the shoe-shop immediately, got the boot he had brought to be mended, and returned to the woods, not well satisfied, however, at what he regarded as an unwarrantable interference on the part of the friend who so far allowed his private feelings to interfere with the public good as to pay the tax. The collector never again asked him for a tax. He wrote in 1849 an account of his experience in prison, which is unfortunately not included in any of his published volumes. I must, however, include some portions of it here. 'As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put

me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. The gentleman who lately slept in the Lambeth Workhouse will perceive by the following narrative that his plan of gaining knowledge has been anticipated:—

The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, 'Come, boys, it is time to lock up;' and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apartments. My roommate was introduced to me by the jailer as 'a first-rate fellow and a clever man.' When the door was locked he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were white-washed once a month; and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from and what brought me there; and when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man of course; and, as the world goes, I believe

he was. 'Why,' said he, 'they accuse me of burning a barn, but I never did it.' He was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated. He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that if one stayed there long his principal business would be to look out the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here there was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. . . . It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to be there for one night. It seemed to me that I had never heard the town-clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village. It was to see my native village in the light of the middle ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers I heard in the street. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about. . . . When I came out of prison—for some one interfered and paid the tax—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and grey-headed man; and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene—the town, and State, and country—greater than any that mere time could effect.

In conclusion he says:—

I please myself with imagining a State at last which can afford to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbour; which even would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbours and fellow-men.

Thoreau left Walden after two years' residence there: having several lives to live, he could only spare so much for that one. It was left as a walled-up chamber of the shell that protected and recorded his growth.

The United States Revenue Law

was not the only regulation that gave way before such a resolute seceder. Conventional rules were no more solid to him than prison-walls. Mr. Emerson relates that on one occasion, when he went to procure some books from the library of Cambridge University, the librarian refused to lend them. Thoreau repaired to the president, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were *alumni*, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the college. Thoreau explained to the president that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances; that the library was useless, yes, and president and college useless, on the terms of his rules; that the one benefit he owed the college was its library; that at this moment not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short, the president found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter. Curious and sometimes distinguished persons, who inquired if he would walk with them, were often put off: 'He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company.' He was intensely American. 'In every part of Great Britain,' he wrote in his diary, 'are discovered traces of the Romans, their funereal urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilisation.' When John Brown was on trial for his life in Virginia, for his armed attack upon slavery at Harper's

Ferry, and before any friendly word for him had been spoken, Thoreau, who had once known Brown, sent notices to the various houses of the village to announce that he would on the following Sunday evening address those who should meet him in the Town-hall. The anti-slavery committee sent him word that it was premature. He replied, 'I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak.' The hall was filled, and the oration became memorable not only for its intrinsic merit, but for its early recognition of a hero where for some length of time all parties saw a madman. Nevertheless, Thoreau's idea of Brown was that which afterward took shape in marble, and rests on the heart of the country.

On a summer morning about fourteen years ago I went with Mr. Emerson and was introduced to Thoreau. I was then connected with Divinity College at Cambridge, and my new acquaintance was interested to know what we were studying there at the time. 'Well, the Scriptures.' 'But *which*?' he asked, not without a certain quiet humour playing about his serious blue eye. It was evident that, as Morgana in the story marked all the doors so that the one ceased to be a sign, he had marked Persian and Hindu and other ethnical Scriptures with the reverential sign usually found on the Hebrew writings alone. He had the best library of Oriental books in the country, and subsequently Mr. Cholmondeley, an English gentleman to whom he was much attached, sent him from England more than a score of important works of this character. His books show how closely and reverently he had studied them, and indeed are worthy of attention from lovers of Eastern Scriptures apart from their other values. Out of courtesy to my introducer, doubtless, he asked me to go with him on

the following day to visit some of the pleasant places around the village (in which I was as yet a stranger), and I gladly accepted the offer. When I went to the house next morning, I found them all (Thoreau was then living in his father's house) in a state of excitement by reason of the arrival of a fugitive negro from the South, who had come fainting to their door about daybreak and thrown himself on their mercy. Thoreau took me in to see the poor wretch, whom I found to be a man with whose face as that of a slave in the South I was familiar. The negro was much terrified at seeing me, supposing that I was one of his pursuers. Having quieted his fears by the assurance that I too, though in a different sense, was a refugee from the bondage he was escaping, and at the same time been able to attest the negro's genuineness, I sat and watched the singularly tender and lowly devotion of the scholar to the slave. He must be fed, his swollen feet bathed, and he must think of nothing but rest. Again and again this coolest and calmest of men drew near to the trembling negro, and bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. He could not walk that day, but must mount guard over the fugitive, for slave-hunters were not extinct in those days; and so I went away after a while, much impressed by many little traits that I had seen as they had appeared in this emergency, and not much disposed to cavil at their source, whether Bible or Bhagavat.

A day or two later, however, I enjoyed my first walk with Thoreau, which was succeeded by many others. We started westward from the village, in which direction his favourite walks lay, for I then found out the way he had of connecting casual with universal things. He desired to order his morning walk after the movement of the planet. The sun

is the grand western pioneer; he sets his gardens of Hesperides on the horizon every evening to lure the race; the race moves westward; as animals migrate, by instinct; therefore we are safe in going by Goose-pond to Baker's-farm. Of every square acre of ground, he contended, the western side was the wildest, and therefore the fittest for the seeker to explore. *Ex oriente lux ex occidente frux.* I now had leisure to observe carefully this man. He was short of stature, well built, and such a man as I have fancied Julius Cæsar to have been. Every movement was full of courage and repose; the tones of his voice were those of Truth herself; and there was in his eye the pure bright blue of the New England sky, as there was sunshine in his flaxen hair. He had a particularly strong aquiline-Roman nose, which somehow reminded me of the prow of a ship. There was in his face and expression, with all its sincerity, a kind of intellectual furtiveness: no wild thing could escape him more than it could be harmed by him. The grey huntsman's suit which he wore enhanced this expression.

He took the colour of his vest
From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast;
For as the wild kinds lurk and hide,
So walks the huntsman unespied.

The cruellest weapons of attack, however, which this huntsman took with him were a spyglass for birds, a microscope for the game that would hide in smallness, and an old book in which to press plants. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. I remember being surprised and delighted at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things—as a relation between different kinds of grass and the geological characters beneath them, the variety and grouping of pine-needles and the effect of these differences on the sounds they yield when struck by the wind, and the shades, so to

speech, of taste represented by grasses and common herbs when applied to the tongue. The acuteness of his senses was marvellous: no hound could scent better, and he could hear the most faint and distant sounds without even laying his ear to the ground like an Indian. As we penetrated farther and farther into the woods, he seemed to gain a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light that I had not seen in the village. He had a calendar of the plants and flowers of the neighbourhood, and would sometimes go around a quarter of a mile to visit some floral friend, whom he had not seen for a year, who would appear for that day only. We were too early for the *hibiscus*, a rare flower in New England, which I desired to see. He pointed out the spot by the river-side where alone it could be found, and said it would open about the following Monday and not stay long. I went on Tuesday evening and found myself a day too late—the petals were scattered on the ground.

Thoreau had a special horror of the spirit-rapping excitement which was pervading some of the American villages at that time. There were some in Concord who desired at that time (1852) to interest him in them; with what success may be inferred from the following extract from a letter written by him:—

Most people here believe in a spiritual world which no respectable junk-bottle, which had not met with a slip, would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment—whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how low it can degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things that they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather.

Where are the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet I suppose there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise, the rainbow and the evening, the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the Saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear—anything—and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, 'Please, Spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table.'!!!!!!

Thoreau was as apart from otherworldliness as from worldliness:—

I am not afraid, he writes in another letter, that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not be up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable, not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus even, but fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conversation of the gods. I lived in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, but I never knew there was such a one as Christ among my contemporaries!

Thoreau was a good reader of books, and was fond of conversing about his favourites in this kind. 'Books,' he said, however, 'can only reveal us to ourselves, and as often as they do us this service we lay them aside.' He had studied carefully the old English chronicles, and Chaucer, Froissart, Spenser, and Beaumont and Fletcher. He recognised kindred spirits in George Herbert, Cowley, and Quarles—considering the latter an example of how a man may be a poet, yet not an artist. He explored the old books of voyages—Drake, Purchas, and many another and rarer—who assisted him much in his circumnavigations of Concord, which he thought equally important. The Oriental Bibles, which he read in the French and German editions, were his daily bread; and Homer and Æschylus, from whom he made some excellent translations, were his luxuries. Of moderns he was much indebted to Wordsworth,

Coleridge, and (though to a less extent) Carlyle and Goethe. He admired Ruskin, especially his *Modern Painters*, though he thought the author bigoted. In the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* he found with the good stuff 'too much about art,' as he said, 'for me and the Hottentots. Our house is yet a hut.' He enjoyed much reading the works of William Gilpin, his *Hints on Landscape Gardening*; *Tour of the River Wye*; and a dozen others perhaps. He read also with care the works of Dr. Franklin. He had as a touchstone for authors their degree of ability to deal with supersensual facts and feelings with scientific precision and dignity. What he admired in Emerson was that he discerned the phenomena of thought and the functions of every idea as if they were *antennae* or *stamina*. To the young men and women who sought his advice as to their reading, he generally recommended intellectual biographies, or autobiographies if possible, as those of Goethe, Alfieri, Benvenuto Cellini, Dr. Franklin, De Quincey's *Confessions*, &c.

Yet one would soon learn in conversation with him that all these writers had in his estimation only put clever foot-notes here and there to the true volume he was reading. And here I may mention also his mental habit of regarding his neighbourhood as of cosmical importance. Mr. Emerson says that he returned *Kane's Arctic Voyage* to a friend with the remark that 'most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord.' He seemed a little envious of the Pole for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact which Annarsnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks near Concord, and was hoping one day to find the *Victoria Regia*. He reported to Emerson

somewhat triumphantly that the foreign *savans* had failed to discriminate a particular botanical variety. 'That is to say,' replied Emerson with comic seriousness, 'the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-acre Corner, or Becky-Stow's Swamp. Besides, what were you sent into the world for but to add this observation?' He would not read the newspapers which demanded his attention most impertinently for Europe or Washington instead of Walden Pond. One of his beatitudes ran—'Blessed are the young, for they do not read the President's Message.' Of friends who read to him of the Crimean War he asks, 'Pray, to be serious, where is Sevastopol? Who is Menchikoff?' and goes on to meditate on the white oak in his stove. His motto being thus—*Ne quid quæsieris extra te Concordiamque*, he did not, as he was well able to do, explore the great West; nevertheless he visited Cape Cod and wrote a curious and valuable work on its ancient and its natural history; also Canada, concerning which he wrote a valuable paper not included in the published volumes. He visited also the mountains of Maine and New Hampshire.

Though shy of general society, Thoreau was a hero among children, and the captain of their excursions. He was the *sine qua non* of the Concord huckleberry-party, which is in that region something of an institution. To have Thoreau along with them was to be sure of finding acres of bushes laden with the delicious fruit. On these occasions his talk with the children was as a part of the spirit and circumstance which go to make up what is called in Yankee phrase 'a good time.'

A child stumbles and falls, losing his carefully gathered store of berries; Thoreau kneels beside the weeping unfortunate, and explains to him and to the group that Nature has made these little provisions for next year's crop. If there were no obstacles, and little boys did not fall occasionally, how would berries be scattered and planted? and what would become of huckleberrings? He will then arrange that he who has thus suffered for the general good shall have the first chance at the next pasture.

Mr. Emerson relates that one day, when he was about to deliver the lecture at the Concord Lyceum, Thoreau remarked to him, that whatever succeeded with the audience was bad. Mr. E. replied—'Who would not like to write something which all can read, like *Robinson Crusoe*? and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody?' Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better treatment which reached only a few persons. But at supper a young girl, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him 'whether his lecture would be a nice interesting story, such as she wished to hear, or whether it was one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about.' Henry turned to her (says Emerson) and bethought himself, and, I saw, was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit her and her brother, who were to sit up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

Sometimes I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water-lilies. Upon such excursions his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt there—about until the children almost

looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard, about us was transformed by the wand of his knowledge, from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances! If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. The entire crew bared their arms and tried to get hold of a fish, but only the captain succeeded. We could not get his secret from him then, for it was to surprise and delight many another merry boat-full; but later I have read in his account of the bream, or ruff (*pomotis vulgaris*) of that river, that 'it is a simple and inoffensive fish, whose nests are visible all along the shore, hollowed in the sand, over which it is steadily poised through the summer hours on waving fin. . . . The breams are so careful of their charge that you may stand close by in the water and examine them at your leisure. I have thus stood over them half-an-hour at a time, and stroked them familiarly without frightening them; suffering them to nibble my fingers harmlessly; and seen them erect their dorsal fins in anger when my hand approached their ova; and have even taken them gently out of the water with my hand.' I do not doubt but that it was this and other intimacies of Thoreau with various animals that suggested to his friend and neighbour Mr. Hawthorne the character of Donatello in the tale of *Transformation*. And I have fancied that Emerson—who has applied to him what Fuller said of Butler the apiologist, that 'either he had told

the bees things or the bees had told him'—had Thoreau in his mind when he wrote in his *Woodnotes* :—

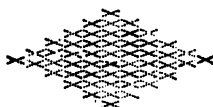
It seemed as if the breezes brought him ;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him ;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field,

Seldom-seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods ;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn ;
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him ;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

But it seems that the elves of wood and water were alluring him from the earth. The seeds of consumption were prematurely developed,

perhaps by his life of exposure ; but the distress and appeals of friends and relatives could not, to the last, overcome the fascinations of Nature, and persuade him to remain within doors. He was sent at length to the more gentle climate of the Mississippi ; but it was of no avail, and he soon returned home to die. In his last letter (March 21, 1862), written by his sister, to a young poet whom he had never met, he said :—' I am encouraged to know that, so far as you are concerned, I have not written my books in vain.

. . . . I suppose that I have not many months to live ; but of course I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing.'



THE NATIVE ARMY IN INDIA.

THE persistent groans of the British officers of our Indian armies, which flooded Parliament last year in the shape of grievance petitions to the extent of nearly one thousand, and threaten us in an equal or increased number in the present session, suggests, if it does not provoke, a consideration of the whole question of our Indian armies. First, with reference to the officers and their alleged ill-treatment; and secondly, as regards the real value of the Native army as a military force.

It appears to us, on the first point, that although the Government has introduced changes in the re-organisation of the Native troops with much consideration and extreme liberality, yet that the pretence of grievance has been in some measure established by the prominent use of the word 'amalgamation,' which did not fairly or fully represent the measures intended—and still more by the guarantee, which was publicly given, to maintain the officers in all their full privileges of pay, pension, and promotion; when, under the altered circumstances of the case, it was scarcely possible, and not in the slightest degree necessary or reasonable, that any such pledge should have been given.

A great deal of angry feeling and disappointment has been stirred up afresh, in the Madras army in particular, but also generally throughout the Native armies, by the conversion of the regular troops into irregulars. We use the popular expression to denote the change of system, without committing ourselves to any opinion as to the terms being proper or appropriate. The alteration undoubtedly affects the social comfort of the officers. Two-thirds of the regimental officers have to be reduced by absorption or transfer. Old associations have to

be broken up; society in all military stations will be materially diminished, and, for the time, subverted; officers have to be removed from their old regiments, which had become their homes, and must be sent to other regiments, where they are not known and not welcome; they lose their pleasant places of resort, their messes, their libraries, their bands, and their household gods. Gardens, which used to be kept up with pride, and to afford a pleasant recreation, have to be neglected. Stations assume a deserted appearance. Many houses fall into decay for want of tenants, and an air of desolation fast gathers over cantonments which used to bear the appearance of perpetual gaiety and wealthy comfort.

It is not surprising that men should feel, and feel bitterly, the change that has thus come over their present state, and in some measure their future prospects. The present seems to be uncertain and uncomfortable—the future, threatening and gloomy; and the real facts of the case, though serious enough, are exaggerated and intensified by despondent predictions.

It is, we think, not unnatural, under such trials, that the officers should fix their eyes steadily on one side of the picture, and on that side which most nearly affects their own interests and affections. Nor is it surprising that, feeling blameless in themselves, they should impute blame elsewhere, and it may be in a wrong place; that having come to India with certain preconceived ideas and assured hopes, which are threatened with disappointment, they should jump to the conclusion that there has been bad faith on the part of Government. The history of the mutiny, because it did not materially affect the Madras and Bombay armies, is merely a blank sheet to the officers of those armies—they

ignore it as an event with which they have no concern—they believe that the relation between the Government and the Sepoy, wherever he did not turn his hand against his superior, remains unaltered, and that his fidelity is proved positively by the negative fact—so far as it is a fact—that he did not murder his officers and raise the standard of rebellion against the Government which paid him. They hold that the Government is bound to maintain these two armies in all their strength, power, and dignity, whether to fight for or against Her Majesty, until it shall be proved by some overt act that the Native army has ceased to be a safe weapon of offence and defence in the British service.

Now, while we do heartily sympathise with and fully appreciate all the griefs and disappointments and losses which unavoidably attend upon the sudden breaking up of such magnificent establishments as the Native armies of India; and while we admit that the fault does not lie in any appreciable degree at the door of the British officer, and, speaking individually, does not altogether lie with the Sepoy, who is in fact the instrument and in some measure the victim of circumstances; yet we do nevertheless maintain that the reduction and changes which have been made in the several Presidencies in the military branches of the service are not only necessary as far as they have gone, and have been carried out as fairly and as considerately as could be expected, but also we hold that, in the nature of things, they must be carried out much further—probably to the extent of complete extinction.

If we believed that the native army, as an institution, was merely intended to secure comfortable homes for a certain number of young and old gentlemen not otherwise provided for; if we did not feel sure that the essential condition of a

military service is, and must be, that it should be loyal, faithful, and obedient, and that the suspicion of fidelity is fatal to its value; if we did not quite believe that a feeling of disaffection in an army, latent or avowed, active or dormant, neutralises all claims, cancels all pledges, and justifies any alterations, even to disbandment; or if we believed it possible to separate the tares from the wheat, the healthy from the peccant part, and so to maintain the officers in all their rights and privileges, and only to dismiss the men,—we might think that the Government was bound to fulfil its real or implied promises to those who have accepted commissions in the Native armies. But, on the contrary, we hold that from the moment an army, as a body and a class, has shown itself to be untrustworthy in the field and dangerous at home; when it has become clear to every reasonable mind that the sole object for which an army is paid—the safety of the realm—is not only not promoted or benefited by its existence, but is brought into extreme jeopardy; when it has become a notorious and admitted fact that a large portion of the European army in India has to be maintained with great difficulty as regards recruits, and at an enormous cost, chiefly to watch against the evil spirit and the lurking danger of the Native army;—then we hold that the Government is free, on every principle of self-preservation, to abolish this paid nuisance, and to disregard pretensions which could only be founded on true and faithful and useful service.

Wherever the fault may be,—whether with the men as faithless, or the officers as inefficient,—the blame and the responsibility does not rest upon the Government. The fault lies with the army as a whole, and the penalty righteously falls where the fault is detected.

We do not deny the past services

of the Native armies; they fought well and faithfully for the English against their own native rulers. But the days described by Mr. Orme in his admirable history, the days of Lawrence and Clive and Coote, are gone never to return; and the lesser marvels of later days — of Wellesley, Lake, and Malcolm — have gone after the more glorious days of the last century. For more than twenty years the Sepoy has been discontented, dangerous, and useless; though the danger was concealed and his uselessness denied. The Native army, as a warlike machine, from indiscipline and disaffection had gradually become inefficient, and more than that, mischievous, and this by a process so insidious, gradual, and radical, that we believe there is no cure but that of abolition.

Now, we are told over and over again that although the high-caste soldier of Hindostan was a rebel and a mutineer, the armies of Madras and Bombay remained perfectly loyal to their Queen and their colours, and that the safety of India was secured by this fidelity in 1857-8.

This we hold to be a mere delusion. Many regiments in Bombay actually mutinied and murdered their officers; but we take, as the least concerned of the two, the Madras army: and we will endeavour to show that there was not an atom more of loyalty in the Madras army in 1857, than in the Bengal army itself in 1856. In that year, on the eve of the great catastrophe, the lurking mischief was concealed under a mask; the Native officers and men were prepared to attest their fidelity, as they did during the mutiny, with groans and tears; but, reading their past history and the later wars by the lurid light of the events of 1857-8, we now know that the outbreak was merely a question of time, opportunity, and accident.

Have we any reasonable ground to predicate better conduct, say, of the Madras army? Let us look back for a few years. In the beginning of this century the Vellore mutiny disclosed the same hatred of races full-blown, the same thirst for the blood of every European, the same reckless disregard of all the ties by which it was supposed the Sepoy was bound to his officer, and all were bound to the Government, as was shown in the Bengal army during the more matured and extensive mutiny of 1857. It was nipped in the bud; the cancer was locally destroyed by excision; the terror of the European prevailed over the disloyal violence of the Sepoy, and the gallant Gyllespie, with his bold dragoons, struck home at once and successfully. The coast army was believed to be cured, but the blood remained infected.

In 1809, when the officers were prepared to revolt against their own Government on a question of batta, the Sepoys were ready to march under their orders, and to coerce the Government whose salt they were eating. After this, a system of pensions, increased pay, and constant attention to the wants of their families, certainly kept up a show of fidelity, and, except when some supposed privilege of batta, or tent allowance, or carriage was invaded, and raised the dormant spirit of disaffection in single regiments, the army as a body was well-behaved. But in 1832 the spirit of evil showed itself as strongly as in the Bengal army in 1857. The same pretence of religious desecration was alleged as in the later mutiny. Instead of pigs' fat in cartridges, dead pigs were thrown into mosques by incendiary miscreants, and the Musulman meant to play the part of Avenger, instead of the Pandy of Hindostan.

The conspiracy, which was nearly brought to maturity in the large cantonment of Bangalore, was designed to carry out in every detail

the worst atrocities that were ever committed by the Bengal army in the fury and excitement of actual revolt. And, be it observed, the plans and intentions of the mutineers were formed in cold blood and without the slightest provocation. This could only be attributed to a fixed hatred of races and a thorough latent spirit of disaffection, because the Sepoys could not have believed that their officers were any way concerned in desecrating mosques in distant towns and villages. Every European officer and soldier was to be destroyed; every woman, from the brigadier's wife to the soldier's, was to be appropriated and condemned to infamy; and the name of the English was to be stamped out with fire and sword.

Well, there was treachery in the councils of the traitors, and 'it was sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard.' A few of the principal conspirators—native officers—were blown away from guns, a few were condemned to hard labour in irons, and then the whole subject was tabooed by Government. Officers were charged not to speak of this mutiny. Everybody was required not only to hold his tongue and to close his eyes, but to purge his recollection of the ominous event which had been prevented by discovery. The men remained nominally faithful to their colours, and were content to receive renewed proofs of the bounty and confidence of a purblind Government. The fidelity of the Madras Sepoy was supposed to be restored; but the real fact was that the snake was scotched, but not killed.

A few years afterwards the services of the Madras army were required in Bundelkund, and so strong a spirit of disaffection was shown that it became necessary to withdraw some of the regiments from the field. Again, in 1842, the real temper of the coast army was un-

mistakably disclosed on the batta question throughout the large station of Hyderabad. The times had become critical; our army in Cabool had been destroyed; we had been compelled to withdraw from a country which we had conquered and occupied. The military strength of the Sikhs was supposed to equal our own, and the Bengal army was understood to be in a chronic state of disobedience. The opportunity seemed favourable. A paymaster's regulation affected the interests of the Sepoy, and again the same malignant feeling of hatred showed itself. Regiment after regiment went into open or tacit revolt; they despised all authority, and spat at officers of the highest rank, civil and military, as they passed through the ranks on a mission of conciliation. The usual plan of coaxing and concession was again practised with seeming success; the men, having had their only excuse for mutiny removed, and their demands fully complied with, returned to their duty, but we do not believe they ever recovered any measure of real fidelity.

Well, then, in 1857 the army of Bengal revolted, and after a death struggle was wiped out; and we are told that the Madras army remained staunch. Let us consider to what extent this was true. The progress of mutiny in the Bengal army, although rapid, was still an operation of time. It swept over the country wave after wave, and it came down south by degrees only. Along the line of the Ganges the fire burned hottest. This was the focus of the mutiny; but as the conflagration spread, other armies and contingents became involved—first as sympathisers, and then as confederates. Thus the army of Gwalior, after some months' show of fidelity, wavered and turned; and the stations further south, such as Mhow and Indore, gradually joined in the rebellion.

But what was happening in the meantime? The English army destined for China had been landed in India; the arms of the rebels had been checked; the prowess of the European in actual conflict had been proved as out of all proportion greater than that of the Sepoy. The Native princes showed no inclination to side with the mutineers; the pretended monarch was besieged in Delhi. England had been alarmed, and was putting forth her strength. Exaggerated accounts of innumerable English troops on the high seas were spread abroad; and it seemed to be good policy on the part of those who had not committed themselves by any overt act to pause and await the result.

Now, it is quite true that the low-caste Sepoy of Madras has no sympathy with the high-caste men of Hindoostan. Not only this, but on the one side there is contempt and abhorrence, and on the other a sense of ill-usage and dislike. Except on some common ground, the Bengal and Madras Sepoy had no standing-place for concert and coalition; and nothing but the hope of success would have tempted the Madras army to join the Bengal in its hazardous experiment.

By the time the spirit of active mutiny had reached the Madras stations, the tide had begun to turn. Delhi had fallen; Lucknow had been relieved. Regiments of English soldiers were frequently landing in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; columns of Sikhs and Europeans were striding across the country, striking down rebellion with a stern arm and uniform success; and mutiny, always cowardly, shrunk back appalled. But during the short interval that elapsed before our arms were triumphant, and when propagandism had just reached the frontier troops of the Madras army, what had been the attitude and deportment of that army? Had it stood forward in a spirit of courageous loyalty to defend the Go-

vernment upon whose bounty it had so long fed? Not at all. In the large station of Nagpoore, the officers were so sure that the Sepoys were disloyal and untrustworthy, that the officers and their families sought refuge and safety in strong buildings; and a massacre of the Europeans was believed to be imminent. At Hyderabad, containing a large division of the Madras army, Colonel Davidson, the Resident, considered that the only chance of safety was to disarm the whole Native force. From Sholapoor the ladies fled to Bombay in terror; traitorous correspondence having been detected between the troops at that station and of other stations, particularly Arcott, where the Madras cavalry is chiefly recruited. The Madras cavalry, being required for service in Bengal, were invited to volunteer. Their deluded officers believed that silence gave consent, and some regiments were marched towards Madras for embarkation; but on the road the real spirit of disaffection showed itself, and it became necessary to dismount the men, and only to send their horses to Calcutta!

Is this an army to trust to in time of need? Does such an army as this give any real strength to our Indian empire? We have escaped from the greatest danger which ever threatened our power in India. It came upon us like thunder and lightning on a summer day, and when a cloud was not discernible on the face of a clear sky. It came upon us with fearful force, accompanied by every proof of undistinguishing hatred, and of general and individual treachery, unexampled in any history. We find officers publicly and solemnly attesting the perfect loyalty and attachment of their men in the morning; and by the same post we received accounts of the murder of these same officers by their own men. With this experience before us—with the foreknowledge we have

gained of the real latent feeling of the other armies, as shown during the mutiny of 1857, both in Madras and Bombay, and which in the Madras army had repeatedly cropped out at intervals during the whole of this century, are we to be so foolish and misguided as to continue to support, at an enormous expense in itself, and the cause of a double expense in the shape of English troops, a mere danger—a sword which we know, on the first opportunity, would be used to our own destruction?

We fear it must be accepted as a fact that the Native armies never could be taken into a critical battle with any advantage to the British Government; and that their employment would always be dangerous in times of danger. Much risk was no doubt incurred during our wars with the Sikhs and at Gwalior; and, certainly, the comparative uselessness of the Native soldier was demonstrated in those battles. All the battles of the Sutlej and the Punjaub were fought and gained by the British soldiers. This was strongly asserted at the time, and disbelieved as the scandal of the Queen's officers; but of the fact there is no doubt. The Bengal army was in those days useless as a military body and dangerous as a disloyal one; and we have much reason to be thankful to an overruling Providence that the disaffection did not show itself more actively than in a disinclination to fight our enemies.

It is known, and had been previously pointed out by General Jacob, that the Bengal army had long been in a state of insubordination, that caste and relationship had broken through the bands of discipline, and that the officers, through weakness and indolence, had lost all control over their men; but it is said that there is a higher tone in the Madras army—a better *morale* and more discipline.

Let us see how this question is

discussed by an old officer just retiring from the service. We think it is difficult to conceive a military body, officers and men, in a worse state of discipline than is unconsciously revealed by one of themselves, in his eagerness to make out that the officers have been ill-treated by the late change of system. He is not writing against himself or others. He is assuring the English public that the Madras army is highly deserving and trustworthy: that it is a great crime and a worse blunder to reduce them in strength, or to alter their system and discipline: and this is his own statement, as it appears before the public in the *Standard* newspaper, under date 11th January 1866. After groaning over the loss of pay suffered by some officers by the introduction of the irregular system, he says:—

Instead of endeavouring to conciliate a body of officers already sufficiently disgusted at their former treatment (the amalgamation), Government appear to be doing their best to alienate their allegiance. As for 'esprit de corps,' that is gone for ever as regards the present generation. But there is a result from all this hardship and injustice of far greater importance, and one that, in the opinion of many, will go far to produce another mutiny. All that has happened to us is freely discussed in the Native ranks in all India. I know that it is so among the Mahomedan population of this great city. The Native soldiers very naturally say, if their officers are treated in so harsh and unjust a manner, what security is there for the poor Sepoy and his pension? They and the rest of the population naturally argue that if the officers are so disgusted, they have not much to fear from them in the event of another rebellion. I assure you that the possibility of another rebellion is openly discussed by officers when they meet together. They think it to be only the natural termination to such impolitic acts on the part of Government. I only hope I may prove a false prophet; but come what will, there is no question that the *morale* of our Native army is completely destroyed.

We quite believe this; not as the result of late measures, but as a pre-existing fact.

Now, if the officer whom we have quoted has justly described the

temper, feeling, and conversation of his brother officers and men—and it exactly corroborates all that we have understood otherwise—we would ask, of what value would the services of the Madras army be in the event of any crisis? The whole mass is described as being thoroughly disaffected: the officers grumbling against their superiors, anticipating mutiny, and claiming the sympathy of the Sepoy at their alleged ill-usage. And all this with the mutiny of 1857 fresh in our minds, and stamped in indelible characters on our history. Are the Madras officers so blind as to believe that their petty trials and discomforts, their partial loss of staff allowances, and their unavoidable removal to different regiments to suit the new order of arrangement, really affect the native mind, or that they care two straws about such troubles? The evil disposition is there before, and they use whatever happens to turn up as a motive and justification, as they did in 1809; but their first act would be to destroy the foolish officers who, blinded by their own selfish cares, really believe that the Sepoy is swayed by love and sympathy for themselves.

And here we may observe on the minor point, as to whether the so-called Regular or Irregular system is the better and more efficient. We have no doubt that the Irregular is far preferable. It is argued that with numerous officers the Sepoys are better known and cared for, and in action would be better led. The Native army has never fought so well, or been tried so severely, as in the wars with Hyder Allee and his son and the French troops—and then there were only two or three officers in each corps; and in the Mahratta wars, English officers were fewer in number, and yet the natives fought better than in latter years. The question is a practical one, and is little understood, and we are able to speak from

large experience and actual observation. The multiplication of European officers in a regiment separates the European officer from the Native ranks, and widens the gulf between them; and the larger the European society becomes, the less does it mingle with the Native element. The officers of the Hyderabad and other contingent troops know a great deal more of their men, speak better Hindoostanee, and are much more conversant with native feelings, manners, and customs, than the officers of the Company's army. And then, again, the Native officers of these contingents are much more efficient and intelligent, and better affected than their brother officers in the Company's service. This is the natural consequence of increased duties and responsibilities. They command their companies on parade, and control the men in their lines, and are treated with more respect by those above them as well as below. And this is the mere result of system.

Then, again, it is argued that, admitting the success of the system in contingents, the case does not hold good, because officers are selected for such duties, who, as a class, are superior to those who remain with their regiments. The real truth is, there is no such selection; officers are selected for contingents, as for other staff appointments, mainly through interest. The only test is an easy examination in Hindoostanee; but a large proportion of the Company's officers qualify in the language, and yet never leave their regiments.

One great disadvantage of a large number of officers in a Native corps is, that, not having anything to do, they are universally discontented. In a Queen's regiment in India, the constant supervision of men, their daily pay and rations, and the strict system of discipline, occupy the time of the officers, and repress the

expression of dissatisfaction even where it is felt; but in a Native corps the reins of discipline off parade are wholly relaxed—there is little or no occupation—time hangs heavy upon their hands—and for the most part, the chances of promotion, the hope that one or more of the seniors may resign or be purchased out, or be invalided or die, forms the never-ceasing, wearying, and somewhat demoralising topic of discourse whenever the officers meet together. All this is injurious to the discipline and feeling of the service, and would be cured under the Irregular system.

But, in our opinion, the change of system and the reduction in strength is chiefly advisable as a preliminary to much more extensive reductions of the whole body. The Native army has ceased to be a safe or useful machine. This, in our opinion, is the starting-point from which all our policy and measures towards the Native armies should be ruled. Abolish these armies, and the English army in India might then be safely reduced from its present strength of 70,000 men to 50,000; and when railroads are extended, and strategic points brought within easy reach of each other, 40,000 men would hold India with safety. There is no danger, internal or external, except in the military bodies whom we foolishly maintain to our own prejudice. We quite think that abolition should be gradual; that liberal pensions and gratuities should be granted; and that as portions of the Native army were discharged or absorbed, time should be given them to enter upon new pursuits; but as a policy, the total extinction of the Native armies should be a question only of time.

We shall be told that India was won by the sword and must be held by the sword, and that the Native armies have always furnished the best supply of civil political officials for new provinces—doing the work

better than regular civilians, and much cheaper.

India has not altogether been won by the sword; it was a house divided against itself, and so tumbled down; and in the scramble we happen to have picked up several large pieces; but, whether or not, the sword that is to keep India must not be wielded by Native soldiers. Our safety consists in destroying all power of military combination, and in gradually allowing all military ardour and sentiment to merge in pursuits more suitable to the genius and disposition of the bulk of the inhabitants—in trade, agriculture, and mechanical science. If the sword is to be used, it should be strictly held by English soldiers as a means of self-defence—by men whose courage, loyalty, and obedience are unquestioned.

And as regards the supply of official politicals for new provinces, it must be evident that the maintenance of immense armies is rather an expensive and roundabout way of securing the services of a few men for particular duties, whose value under present circumstances is a good deal overrated. We do not mean to say that a great number of useful men has not been employed from time to time on the staff of Commissions all over the country, and who, under the system usually adopted in newly-annexed districts, have not proved more or less energetic and intelligent; but we happen to know enough of these Commissions to say that they are only tolerable as laying the foundation for a better system of rule, and that the officers selected for them have no higher pretensions than might be expected from the ordinary run of educated men. It is true that, in nearly every instance of annexation, the public hear a great deal of the eminent success of the Commissions. We are told of great energy, universal prosperity and contentment, and of increase of

revenue. And a good deal is said about the judgment, temper, and admirable qualities displayed by the young Commissioners of all grades. 'All is merry as a marriage bell.' But if the facts were better known, it would be found out that, for the most part, almost all that is done for the first few years has to be reversed, modified, or abrogated; that a great deal of petty tyranny has been exercised almost unconsciously; a great deal of substantial injustice inflicted; a great deal of foolish and mischievous experiment on the feelings and interests of the people; and, in fact, such results have followed as might reasonably be expected from persons wholly inexperienced in civil administration, and whose heads have been somewhat turned by being suddenly placed in positions of unlimited power, with permission to report upon their own proceedings.

Let us take one or two notable instances. Afghanistan was our first experiment in this line, and was thickly speckled over with young politicals, chiefly military men. A great deal was said about their zeal, ability, and success; they were beloved by the people, and seemed to be heaven-born legislators, whose special mission was to show how people should be ruled. Well! now we know that the British name in Afghanistan was made detestable by the disorderly lives and practices of the majority of these said politicals, as well as by their ignorant interference with all that the natives most loved and cherished. In Oude, there was the same story told; but now we know that the mistakes made by the young Commissioners in every part of the administration brought down upon us swift retribution, compromised the Government, and almost justified rebellion. In the Punjab the secret was better kept, under the irresistible control of an overwhelming European force, and

better concealed under the flowery fictions of a clever Secretary; but we believe that at the present time that happy land is administered on a system wholly changed, and improved from the rough-and-ready anarchy which first prevailed. And in Nagpoore, is it not true that for six or seven years every part of the administration was in most admired confusion; and if not in an indescribable state, was at least undescribed? It required Mr. Temple's practised pen to give a decent colour to the sombre picture he had to exhibit.

A great deal is said about the eminent men who have come forward from the Native armies, and we are told that it was a school adapted for the production of such men. Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Malcolm, Sir James Outram, and others are given as instances; and it is held that the military service of India is essential as a field to gain experience and to require the attachment and confidence of the people. It is quite plain that the latter effect has never been obtained. But if the whole number of men who have had any pretensions to be called great were counted up, it must be evident that, out of so large a field, so small a number might justly be attributed to natural genius, rather than as a result of any system. But the main fact is, the time has passed when we ought to depend upon the efforts of individuals, however able, for the safe management of our Indian empire. In the first place, we do not place implicit faith in the value of great men of this kind, except as general examples of zeal and industry. Their handiwork is not, and never was, so beneficial as is usually assumed. Sir Thomas Munro was undoubtedly, in point of ability and industry, one of the best men of his class; and perhaps the misery and evil introduced by his system of revenue—the strong point of his

service—exceeded that of any person who could be named. In fixing the revenue above its intrinsic value, and equally above its average rate, and leaving it optional with collectors to remit such portion as they thought right, he rivetted upon the necks of the people a yoke that produced incalculable mischief, and was only remedied after twenty years of poverty and distress. Sir John Malcolm was personally popular, and his writings were useful; but neither in Central India nor in Bombay, as an administrator, did he ever inaugurate any measures of peculiar value. And so in regard to other and more recent politicals from the military service, who have been cried up in their generation as wonderful men in governing districts. If the facts were better understood and appreciated, it would be found that their chief merit lay in ‘having the pens of ready writers,’ with perhaps some shining personal qualities which attracted and deserved the good opinion of the public. We have learned to look upon administration reports from non-regulation provinces as exceptional papers, showing strongly one side of the question, even as the picture of the combat between the lion and the man. It proves nothing but that the picture was painted by the man and not by the lion, and that the same incident might bear a very different representation.

But however this may be as regards the past, the administration of India must no longer be left to the chance-medley selection of men not used to the work, and who have to gain their experience at the cost of the people unfairly committed to their ignorant charge. If we are to keep India, we must open our eyes to our real responsibilities; we must lay aside our appeals to the fears of the people, and we must appeal to their more substantial interests and to their inner feelings. We must show them that we do not wish to

govern them by the bayonet or by brute force in any shape, but by the principles of law, justice, and moderation. The Queen should be represented in every province by men really well instructed in the rules and regulations they are required to enforce, and in such principles of jurisprudence and civil rights as are constantly called into practice. Such men, thus qualified, are not to be found in the ranks of the Native armies, and the day has gone by when even the best men available from this source are the men required. We have to widen the foundation of our hold upon the native mind. We must recollect that the people we have to deal with are observant and intellectual, and that their minds are gradually, or rather rapidly, opening to new ideas; that Western knowledge and the law of liberty are teaching them that every man possesses rights of property, and is entitled in the eye of the law to equal treatment; that summary punishment, unjust decision, and forced prices and labour are all grievances not tolerated by English law, and not allowable except where might is right; in fact, that non-regulation rule is an anachronism.

It is time, therefore, for the English Government to set its house in order, to extend and consolidate its civil institutions, to put down the exceptional exercise of power, to reform its judicial processes in non-regulation as well as in regulation provinces, and to maintain strict oversight over all. It is bound to supply, in large and sufficient numbers, men really qualified for the high duties of carrying out the administrative functions under a great and civilised Government, over millions of men of more than average ability, and who have traditionally been instructed in all the main principles of good government. England may supply such a body of men, and our schools may afford the ne-

cessary instruction; but we do not believe that if the armies were restored to their pristine strength, and each regiment was supplied with its full complement of officers, ten men would be found in all the Presidencies who could safely be entrusted with the duties now expected of civilians, without an apprenticeship of many years.

We do not wish to look back. The non-regulation system had its value as an emergent measure. We are willing to believe that each new province as it was annexed and handed over to Commissioners was well managed, and that in each instance the Commissioners of every grade were happily selected, and made the people contented and prosperous; but all we say is, those days are now gone by. We are not, we hope, going to annex new districts, and those which have been annexed are entitled to the benefit of law and order. We do not, therefore, regard the abolition of the Native armies as interfering in any way with the proper supply of civil administrators. They must come from other sources, and their due instruction must be otherwise secured.

We wish our rulers to open their eyes to the new state of things. The Native military element, and all its aspirations and power of combination, should be eliminated from our rule in India. We know from bitter experience that no pay, or privilege, or pension, or indulgence can win the love or loyalty of our Native soldiery; we know that, after sixty years of increased advantages, of constant petting, and of abject conciliation, we not only had not won their love or obedience, but that we had only succeeded in acquiring their unmitigated hatred. Why it should be so is a problem in human nature—the fact is proved in blood, to the scandal of the whole world. We know, at this present moment, that we dare not

trust the Sepoy with our magazines, our forts, or our large guns, lest they should turn them to our destruction; we know that the Native army has no duty of any kind except what is made by itself—to guard bells of arms, which would be in a much safer position at the bottom of the sea. We know that our European troops are only now needed in such strength because of our fear of the Native armies, and we know that these armies are not needed for any war, and would be thoroughly untrustworthy if the necessity arose. We all know and feel that the lesson taught us in Bengal—a lesson of sorrow, alarm, and humiliation—would be repeated, for our better instruction, in Madras and Bombay should the opportunity offer, and will be attempted sooner or later whether or not; and that we have exhausted our power and efforts of conciliation without the smallest appreciable effect.

Let us open our eyes to the truth and change our plans; abolish the Native armies, which are a heavy expense and a real danger; strengthen and improve our police; strengthen and improve our civil establishments; bring home to every man's cottage the sense of security, of substantial justice, and real comfort; encourage peaceful pursuits; recognise the civil rights of the people to the full; leave them in unmolested possession of the land, on the principles by which they have held it from time immemorial; cease to disturb their ideas of real property by forcing upon them our artificial English principles, which are unsuitable; govern them well and strongly, in accordance with established customs and ancient usage, and on sound maxims of general jurisprudence; and we should soon find that our military establishments were merely the perpetuation of huge mistakes, which had ceased to be safe or necessary, and had become burdensome, dangerous, and useless.

THE REFORM BILL AND THE GOVERNMENT.

CHARLES the SECOND apologised to his attendants for taking so long in dying. Lord Russell owes a similar apology to the leading journal and Mr. Lowe. His lordship was distinctly warned not to survive Easter, and here he is, with ostensible vitality enough to last over Midsummer or haply to reach Michaelmas. If he has not even meditated political suicide after nominating a ducal successor, all we can say is, that he has been sadly wanting in consideration for those who so confidently anticipated his demise. They were probably misled by phenomena which are susceptible of a very different interpretation. 'There is a sort of puny reputation,' remarked Mrs. Candour, 'that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust character of a hundred prudes.' 'True, Madam,' rejoined Sir Benjamin Backbite, 'there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak points, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.'

Our valetudinarian Ministry has been acting on this principle, carefully shunning exposure to the chilling breeze of opposition, and adopting every available precaution against any sudden shock to its system or any superfluous exhaustion of its strength. We lay little stress on the rumours of its internal dissensions or the proffered resignation of its chief. We believe that the members of the Cabinet have been tolerably well agreed on the main principles of their policy, foreign and domestic, and that their grand, if not sole, difficulty has been how to extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they were involved by the death of Lord Palmerston. It has been pointedly said that, when they agreed to accept Lord Russell, they took

him, in the language of the turf, with his engagements; and first and foremost amongst these was his alleged engagement to start for the Reform Bill Stakes at the next Westminster meeting. Why, after having gone quietly in harness with Lord Palmerston for the last five years, he should be put into training again for this particular race, is far from clear; nor, whatever his engagements, can he be held solely responsible for the anomalous position in which the country and the House of Commons are placed, of not being able frankly or honourably to reject a measure which the majority seem to think uncalled-for if not mischievous, and many deem revolutionary.

The so-called Conservative party have most to answer for; their Bill of 1859, in direct contravention of their creed, being an unqualified admission of a popular grievance which it was the bounden duty of the Legislature to remedy. How, whilst they, the prescriptive occupiers and defenders of the ancient ways—*antiquas vias*—of the constitution, were pushing forward, could the champions of progress consistently or plausibly hold back? Moreover, the Derby Government not only proposed to pave the way for electoral districts, by equalising the town and county franchise—an onward step which must have been marked with pleasure by Mr. Bright—but when this bold bid for Radical sympathy and support was on the point of being refused, they added to it. In a printed correspondence, Mr. Disraeli distinctly promised in their name that, if an extended lease of office were conceded to them, ample provision should be made for the introduction of 'no stinted numbers' of the working classes within the pale. When their Bill was brought in, the reaction had commenced; and

anyone capable of reading the signs of the times—always a sealed book to the successor of Hampden—would have known that honesty was the best policy, and that, to become masters of the situation, the Derbyites had simply to go straight.

It may be doubted whether the Liberal party acted wisely or patriotically in turning out Lord Derby in 1859, on the ground that the borough franchise proposed by him was too high. If their immediate object had been of a less selfish description, if they could have been content to wait a year or two for their re-establishment in office, they would have passed his Bill with amendments which he would have been well satisfied to accept; and the House of Commons, substantially unaltered, would be now occupied with the practical business of legislation, instead of being assimilated to an arena for intellectual gladiators or a chessboard with pieces ready placed for a game. For where do we see any symptoms of the high purpose, the stern resolve, the fixed principle, the earnestness, the energy, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the depth and comprehensiveness of view, which mark a coming crisis and elevate an epoch into great? The small amount of popular movement is that of excited curiosity: the actual and would-be occupants of the Treasury benches are watching, warding, and manœuvring in anxious expectation of an error in tactics or false move: whilst the independent member is speculating on the best mode of averting a dissolution or securing his re-election should it be precipitated.

The time the Ministry took in making up their minds, and the manner in which they stood shivering on the brink before venturing on the plunge, naturally led the public to believe that they were simply yielding to a tyrant necessity, and that, if they could

secure a majority for the second reading, they would care little for the subsequent fate of their measure, whether smothered in committee or strangled by the Lords. Indifference, therefore, was the order of the day; and a budget-speech of Mr. Gladstone's has twice or thrice attracted a more eager audience than that which thronged the House of Commons on the memorable Monday of last month.

Yet the occasion was admirably adapted to his style of eloquence, which is too diffusive and refined for periods of intense conviction and high-wrought enthusiasm. He was not born to stir or wield a fierce democracy, like Mr. Bright. It never will be said of his oratory, what Grattan said of Chatham's, that 'it was of a nature to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder and rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority.' The happier comparison would be to the silver-tongued Murray, whose most effective appeals were to the understanding: whose bare statement of a case was deemed equal to any other man's argument. It is when the public mind is confused, hesitating, and unfixed—when the subject-matter to be handled is large, multifarious, and abounding in subtle distinctions, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer exercises the most marked influence on opinion; and if he somewhat disappointed expectation in this instance, it was owing less to any failure of well-chosen topics and illustrations, clearness of arrangement, redundant rhetoric, or dialectic skill, than to the signs of reluctance with which he approached the avowed difficulties of the subject, and the suspected want of just confidence in his cause. That they can conquer who believe they can, is a useful and inspiring if not uniformly sound maxim; and what Sir Lucius

O'Trigger calls a provoking air of success should invariably be assumed by a leader when he has reason to doubt the discipline or steadiness of his troops.

The leading journal inferred from Mr. Gladstone's speech that 'the proposals which have been presented as an instalment on the ground of due deliberation have really been hastily adopted.' We, on the contrary, collect both from internal and external evidence, that each of the proposals to which the greatest importance is attached has been turned round and round and viewed in every imaginable light; has been taken up, laid aside, taken up again, discussed, and then deliberately adopted. The borough franchise, for example, obviously underwent this process, and was for many weeks in a transition state. Its first resting-point was at 6*l.* rating; when the more advanced Liberals, the genuine thorough-going Reformers, declared that they would not put up with a rating franchise of any amount: that they would not, in short, accept the overseer as the arbiter or the rate-book as the test. The moderate, reluctant, half-and-half Reformers, on the other hand, belonging principally to the Whig aristocracy, had contracted an invincible antipathy to 6*l.* value or renting. A middle term—an estimated equivalent for the 6*l.* rating—was consequently to be sought out, and the otherwise unaccountable figure of 7*l.* was hit upon; which, multiplied by two, gives the equally novel 14*l.* for counties.

It is a mistake to suppose that, if the Government had waited for the formal returns, their decision might have been different; for the alleged proportion of the working classes to the constituencies was known many weeks before the completion of the Bill, and (we strongly suspect) has been materially overstated. 'There is no one in this House,' said Mr. Bright, 'except,

perhaps, the member for Coventry, who, looking to his own canvass and his own constituency, has not been astounded to be told that there are so many working men in the existing constituencies. I do not say that the whole, but half of this statement is a delusion of the most transparent kind. I know from experience in a good many boroughs that that is so.' Our own inquiries confirm Mr. Bright. The description of working man is somewhat vague and elastic. Thus, it has been applied to the occupier of premises used for selling beer or of a shop kept by his wife, in neither of which cases is the qualification acquired or possessed in the working-man capacity.

Moreover, it is quite inexplicable to our minds how, if the working class are already adequately represented, the fact should never have broken on them or on any advocates or opponents of their claims, until within the last three months. Nor do we exactly see why the discovery should be at once adopted as a bar to their further enfranchisement, and a discharge in full of all pledges and promises regarding them. Among some pointed remarks on this subject reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* by the *Times*, we find: 'The man who, when he is well informed, holds the same views that he held when he was ill informed, or not informed at all, is certainly not a consistent man, nor probably a wise or an honest man. The member who is prepared to vote for the same lowering of the franchise, now that he knows one-fourth of the town constituencies to consist of working men, which he advocated when he believed that not one-tenth consisted of that class (unless, indeed, he be a universal suffrage man, who needs no information, and on whom all information is thrown away), must be not only one of the most inconsistent, but

also one of the most unreasoning of politicians. Honourable gentlemen, and journalists, too, as well as senators, ought to be ashamed of holding their former opinions, in the face of the new facts that have come out, not of having changed them. And if it would be foolish not to have altered or greatly modified their views, it is cowardly and wrong not honestly to avow that change.'

This may be a very convenient doctrine for the majority (including Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe) who threw out the Derbyite Reform Bill of 1859, on the ground that it did not provide for the admission of the working classes: a very convenient doctrine for Mr. Disraeli, who pledged his party to go farther than their Bill. But surely the substance of the pledges, expressed or implied, on these and similar occasions was, that the franchise was practically too exclusive, and that, be the number actually enjoying it great or small, it should be extended to let in more. Surely, again, the knowledge that this one-fourth of the town constituencies has been so quiet, so harmless, so innocuous as to be unfelt, should lull the fears of those who insisted that the quality of the representation would be completely changed by the admixture of such an element. Or the thought may occur to candid reasoners, who are not over-anxious to wriggle out of their engagements, that the experiment of a further addition may now be tried with increased confidence and a fairer prospect of success.

Supposing, prior to this statistical discovery, it had been proposed that one-fourth of the town constituencies should be taken from the working class: can anyone doubt how the proposal would have

been met by Lord Cranbourne, Mr. Horsman, and Mr. Lowe? We should have been told that it was tantamount to combination, confusion, revolution, democracy, and John Bright. We should have been shown the British Constitution in ruins, the Tree of Liberty torn up by the roots, and the British Lion with his claws clipped, his mane dishevelled, and a degrading twist given to his tail. But the proposal has been anticipated by the silent operation of events: the very thing deprecated has come to pass. A large proportion of the working class have long possessed the franchise: they have not combined: they have manifested conservative instead of revolutionary predilections: the British Constitution stands, the Tree of Liberty flourishes, and the British Lion retains the same grand attitude of conscious and concentrated strength in which the genius of Landseer has moulded him.¹

The most anxious deliberation, again, was obviously bestowed on the critical question, whether the redistribution of seats should accompany or be included in the Bill for the amendment of the franchise; whether, in popular phrase, the Bill should be single or double-barrelled. The single-barrel was originally preferred, under an impression that the doomed boroughs would be lulled into a deceitful security, and that so many adverse votes would be neutralised for the nonce. The threatened members must be exceedingly simple to be lured to their impending destruction in this fashion; and we suspect that they would have been wide awake before the fatal hour arrived, even if they had not been roused by the loud *aside* of Mr. Bright. His leverage

¹ What Mr. Horsman deprecated was, that 'The old Tree of English Liberty, which had been the slow growth of ages and the admiration of nations, should be transformed into the brazen image of ignorance and intolerance which the worshippers of Transatlantic equality wanted to set up.' We should have thought that the time for this sort of thing had passed away for good and all in this country.

argument, as it has been designated, although advanced in professed aid of the Ministers, most inopportunately fixed attention on the insidious nature of their approaches, and placed them in a far worse position than they would have held had they boldly produced a schedule with a cut-and-dry list of places for distribution or disfranchisement.

The sapient Partridge has laid down that one man with a pistol is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one, no one knows but that he himself may be that one. By an analogous train of reasoning, a hundred members will be deterred by a Bill, to be kept ready loaded for next year, although not a third of them may be within range when it is let off. Nor is this the only disadvantage of the piecemeal or instalment system. In the first place, it leaves a loophole or crevice through which the insincere Reformers may escape. They will say that they are quite ready to vote for a complete measure, but decline to cooperate in one which is imperfect and unsatisfactory on the face of it. In the second place, sincere Reformers may honestly and consistently maintain that, seeing no reason to distrust the higher order of working men when forming part of a large constituency, they decidedly object to increasing the lower class of voters in places where the numbers would still be insufficient to exclude corruption or coercion: to say nothing of the absurdity of extending the franchise in boroughs which are pronounced unfit to exercise it. On the assumption that Conservatives are most liberal of money at elections, the tendency of the measure would be so far Conservative; but this, in our eyes, is not necessarily a fault; and the tendency, be it what it might, would be hardly worth considering, if we could be assured that it was not to endure beyond a year.

Mr. Disraeli thought he had done a clever thing in leaving the opposition to the Bill on its introduction to the Liberal malcontents. Lord Cranbourne took his own course, but the rest of the Derbyite leaders (including all who had held office) maintained a strict silence in obedience to orders, and the result is, that they are not before the country with a well-defined policy, as they should be, whilst the public opinion is forming which is to decide whether the measure shall be adopted or rejected, whether Lord Russell's ministry shall be supported or displaced. This is so much gain for the Government, who, on the whole, have no reason to be dissatisfied with the turn or effect of the debate, nor much cause to regret that the attack was led by Mr. Lowe.

There may be no reason, logically speaking, why a man's arguments should be weakened by his tergiversation; yet the effect of Mr. Lowe's brilliant speech was certainly impaired by the apt references to his former votes and professions. It also sounded like an anachronism. It should have been launched against the Reform Bill of 1831. It was an admirable development and amplification of the Duke of Wellington's sturdy refusal of the popular demand at that time. *Les extrêmes se touchent*; and it was curious to see one of the cleverest men in England reproducing passage after passage of the renowned Noodle's Oration: 'Besides, sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask the honourable gentleman if this is the time for carrying it into execution—whether, in fact, a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has chosen? . . . What right have we to tread down this firm column on which the great men of former days stamped a character of eternity? . . . I care little, sir, for the ostensible measure; but what is there behind? What

are the right honourable gentleman's future schemes if we pass this Bill? Talk of evil and inconvenience, sir! Look to other countries: study other aggregations and societies of men, and then see whether the institutions of this country demand a remedy or deserve a panegyric. . . . I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all reform—I am satisfied with things as they are; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. . . . Besides, sir, the measure is unnecessary; no one calls for it; nobody complains of injustice or inequality in that shape in which it is the aim of your measure to propose a remedy for it.'

Most of these fallacies were furnished up anew by the right honourable member for Calne; and we are by no means sure that, to judge by the cheers they elicited, they did not supply or suggest his most successful flights. Considering the quarter from which those cheers came, we wonder he was not reminded of the Athenian orator who, when the popular applause was loudest, turned round and asked whether he had said anything particularly foolish. Thus, they cheered lustily when he accused Mr. Gladstone of behaving disrespectfully to the House, because he gave them credit for familiarity with the commonplaces of the controversy and the general grounds on which the subject has been so repeatedly brought forward. 'I for one deprecate the system of introducing a proposal which distinctly calls upon us to pull down the noble work of our forefathers before a single word is said to show why we should assail it.'

Mr. Lowe, we suppose, wanted a speech like that recently delivered by M. Thiers in the Legislative Assembly, beginning with a definition of liberty and specifying all the functions which a representative

assembly should fulfil. This would have been exceedingly edifying; but a different method of proceeding has commonly been adopted by our parliamentary speakers and our press. Besides, who dreams of pulling down the noble work of our forefathers? If it could be pulled down by an extension of the franchise, it would assuredly have been pulled down by the sweeping measure of 1832. In fact, this noble work of our forefathers—meaning, we suppose, the venerable Constitution of these realms—has undergone so many assaults from Time, the greatest of innovators, and has been so often pulled down (in Mr. Lowe's sense) or pulled about, that it resembles Sir John Cutler's stockings (mentioned in *Scriblerus*) which had been patched and darned till no part of the original material was left.

'The interest in the solution of this question,' justly urged Mr. Gladstone, 'is an interest common to the whole House of Commons, and to every party and every section of a party that sits within these walls. By no less than five Administrations, in at least five Queen's Speeches before that of the present year, the House of Commons has been acquainted by the Sovereign, advised by her constitutional ministers, that the time, in their judgment, had come when the representation of the people ought to undergo revision. It is needless to refer to the terms of those speeches, but it will be recollected that they have not been delivered exclusively at periods when one side of the House was in power. In 1859 and in 1860, by both parties, those solemn pledges were given in the face of the country. And, sir, having much, I fear, to state to the House, I shall not unnecessarily occupy its time on this occasion by discussing the general ground of the question whether there ought to be a revision of our electoral system, and whether the franchise of the people ought to

be extended. With such an accumulation of authority, proceeding from every quarter, in my favour, I hold it to be superfluous, for the moment, to debate that general question.'

An ingenious attempt was made by Mr. Horsman to weaken the force of this statement by reducing the concurrent authority of four of these Queen's Speeches to the persevering urgency of one man—Lord Russell. 'That makes a very great difference. That is an important fact, because when the authority of history is invoked to influence and to guide us in this matter, there is a vast difference between one individual minister four times insisting upon the necessity of a change, and four distinct and separate ministers approaching the question from opposite points of view, and concurring in the same necessity.'

The composition of these four Ministries renders it highly improbable that they were swayed in this fashion. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Herbert, and Sir George Lewis, were not the men to humour a colleague at the expense of their principles and convictions, with the most momentous interests at stake; and the failing link in Mr. Horsman's deduction is the Derby Bill of 1859, which was certainly not owing to Lord Russell. 'Then,' he continues, 'came the Bill of 1860, as to which the country, sensibly alarmed, felt that they had no escape, for there was an unexampled conjuncture of leaders in its favour. Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Russell, and the right hon. member for Bucks were all so deeply committed to the Bill, that it passed the second reading almost without debate.'

The main features of that Bill, to which all the leading statesmen (including Mr. Lowe) were committed, were the redistribution of

25 seats and a 6*l.* (value) franchise for boroughs. We are now requested by several of these self-same statesmen to believe that a reduction to 7*l.* would be tantamount to pulling down the noble work of our forefathers; and that the working class, for whom this terrible risk is to be run, are utterly unworthy of the meditated trust. This will never do. We may admit to Mr. Horsman that the majority of party leaders who have been bringing forward Reform Bills in rivalry, were insincere. He may be not far from the truth in attributing the pending Bill to the personal exigencies of the Premier, or in denying it to be 'anything else than another bid for power, another promise made only to be broken, another hope raised only to be dashed, another in the long series of political frauds and parliamentary juggles.' But the game has been played too often; the characters of all our public men are implicated; and to trifle any longer with a large and intelligent portion of the people would be unsafe.

For our parts, we deeply regret these reiterated appeals to the working class: these frequently renewed calls on them to be up and stirring, to show themselves worthy of political power by claiming it. We should have preferred waiting till they came forward of their own accord: till they felt the exclusion as a practical grievance, and spoke out. But if, after telling half a million or so of artisans and mechanics that they have a clear right of entrance, and inviting them to come forward, we slam the doors of the Constitution in their faces, we may find ourselves in the disagreeable position of the fisherman who had let the Jin (or genii) out of the jar, and was vainly trying to persuade him to get in again. That they are taking things easy at present, is no reason for trifling with them. The torrent's smoothness

ere it dash below. Beware of the chapter of accidents. Do not try experiments on sentient creatures who may turn on you; or (to adopt Sydney Smith's warning) galvanise a frog—do not galvanise a tiger.

The apprehended consequences of the reduction were thus explained by Mr. Lowe: 'The first stage, I have no doubt, will be an increase of corruption, intimidation, and disorder—of all the evils that happen usually in elections. But that is only the first stage. What will be the second? The second will be that the working men of England, finding themselves in a full majority of the whole constituency, will awake to a full sense of their power. They will say, "We can do better for ourselves. Don't let us any longer be cajoled at elections. Let us set up shop for ourselves. We have objects to serve as well as our neighbours, and let us unite to carry those objects. We have machinery; we have our trades' unions; we have our leaders all ready. We have the power of combination, as we have shown over and over again; and *when we have a prize to fight for*, we will bring it to bear with tenfold more force than ever before.'"

When they have a prize to fight for! And will they not have a prize to fight for if things continue as they are? If they are deprived of constitutional means, will they not resort to unconstitutional? Is there no mode by which a numerical majority can make itself heard except at elections? Divide and govern. Let in the best of them quietly, and you will prevent them from concentrating their strength. To repel the entire body with contempt, is to provoke and facilitate the very combination which you deprecate.

'It is possible,' wrote Mrs. Austin more than thirty years ago, 'to

imagine a state of society in which the labouring man, submissive and contented under some paternal rule, might dispense with any further light than such as nature, uncorrupted by varied wants and restless competition, might afford him. But if that golden age ever existed, it is manifestly gone, in this country at least, for ever. Here the press is better, the strife keener, the invention more alive, the curiosity more awake, the wants and wishes more stimulated by an atmosphere of luxury than perhaps in any country since the world begun. The men who, in their several classes, were content to tread, step for step, in the paths wherein their fathers trod, are gone. Society is no longer a calm current, but a tossing sea. Reverence for tradition, for authority, is gone. In such a state of things, who can deny the absolute necessity for national education?'¹

And who can deny the absolute necessity of following out national education to its legitimate results? It was here that Mr. Lowe, the enlightened champion of education, laid himself open to the keen retort of Mr. Villiers: 'My right honourable friend lives in dread of the tendency of democracy, and he regards anything that will increase the influence of the people with the greatest apprehension. I ask, why? What is it he has been doing himself? What has this House been doing? What levels the distinction that exists between the different classes of society? What are the greatest distinctions? Ignorance and poverty on one side, and station and knowledge on the other. And what is it that he has been trying to do? Why, promoting the education of the people. . . Can my right hon. friend believe for a moment that if the people are as bad as he represents them, they could not now carry out the objects he says they

¹ Preface to M. Cousin's *Report on Public Instruction in Prussia*. 1831.

have at heart? I say that, before anything is done to malign them and impute bad motives to them, we ought to have some evidence.'

The direct evidence given in the debate was all the other way. The most striking passage in Mr. Fawcett's maiden effort was that in which he spoke of the support he had received from the poorer portion of his constituents: 'He went to the constituency he now represented an unknown man, without a single friend. He told the electors at once that he was an exceedingly poor man, that he could not afford to employ a single paid agent or canvasser, that all his income was obtained by intellectual exertions in a fair open field; he had not promised to subscribe a single shilling to any of their institutions; and the only pledge he had given them was, that if they returned him as their representative, he would give up his whole time and his whole energies to the discharge of his Parliamentary duties. The returns showed that there were 2,000 working men in Brighton, and he believed that either nine-tenths or a larger proportion of that body voted for him upon the terms he had stated.'

It may be objected that Mr. Fawcett gained their favour by flattering their prejudices and encouraging them in false views; but this cannot be said of Mr. Hughes, who is more distinctly the representative of the working class than any member of the House. He has never hesitated to contradict their most cherished opinions when he thought them wrong, and his return for a large metropolitan constituency proves that the working class may be actuated by a far more elevated description of motives than it was Mr. Lowe's pleasure to fix upon them. Another instance is afforded by Mr. Mill, who boldly announced some unpopular doctrines which he was warned

would tell against him. Indeed, we are convinced that the higher class of mechanics and artisans are far superior to the ordinary run of shopkeepers in this respect; and an analysis of the present House of Commons would go far to disprove the received doctrine, that nomination boroughs are required to secure for it a due proportion of men of letters or men of intellectual habits and distinction. Mr. Layard, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Oliphant, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Coleridge, besides Mr. Mill, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Hughes, have managed to get independent seats by personal distinction. The author of *Vivian Grey* and the author of *Pelham* are not nor ever were nominees. With the solitary exception of Calne, the eight or ten proprietary boroughs that remain are used for family or political ends.

When the French Revolution of 1848 broke out, the working classes of Paris were largely infected with Socialism. A committee sat at the Luxembourg, before which the system was openly discussed: MM. Louis Blanc and Albert (*ouvrier*) took the lead on the one side, and M. Wolowski on the other; and the upshot was, that its deleterious influence was so effectively detected and exposed that the masses repudiated it. If the analogous class in England have adopted dangerous opinions, let them be heard in the House of Commons through their representatives. Suppressed error in the moral or social system is as bad as suppressed gout in the physical.

Lord Cranbourne's very able speech contains a careful analysis of the borough constituencies, present and to come: 'The results are that in 7 boroughs, which have 13 members, the working classes have the majority at a rental of above 10l.; in 22 boroughs, which furnish 40 members, they have it

at 8*l.*; and in 47 boroughs, which furnish 80 members, they have it at 7*l.*; and there are 133 members who, if this Bill passes, would be absolutely at the disposal of the working classes. I think you may take it that 133 members will be handed over to the working classes if this Bill should pass. What relation have they to the 334 English borough members in this House? They will not be a majority; you will tell me that there are 201 remaining that are distinctly middle-class seats, against 133 working-class seats, which still leaves a considerable middle-class majority.' There are also the county seats, in which the working classes will have no voice at all; and the noble lord takes no account of the influence which the capitalists, master manufacturers, and employers of labour generally, will exercise in the towns. A large allowance must be made on this account; and it implies a very superficial acquaintance with the construction of our society to argue that all the lower classes of occupiers could ever be banded together for one common object, or could be induced to join in a grand conspiracy against the higher classes. Their exclusion from political rights will be small protection if they ever do combine. It will simply turn a constitutional movement into a revolutionary one.

We decline to abide by the Australian experiences of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Marsh, or (to adopt the pointed protest of Mr. Bright) to take 'the disparaging description of their countrymen which has been offered to the House by those gentlemen, who, from their associations at the Antipodes, seem to take only a Botany Bay view of this subject.' Neither can we agree with Lord Cranbourne that no concession should be hazarded without a positive assurance and conviction that it will be the last. 'Look back (he said) to what has taken place since 1832.

Apply the parallel; judge of the future by the light of the past, and you will, I think, recognise the justice of the prophecy that this cannot be a final settlement of the question. The same causes which induce a Minister to disturb the settlement of 1832 will induce a future Minister to disturb the settlement of 1866. You will have the same arguments repeated. The same process will take place, be it through a period of a few years or many, as has taken place between 1832 and the present time; and, if you accept that instance as your guide, it is certain that at a complete democracy you must arrive at last, and that, perhaps, within no very distant period.'

His lordship would therefore treat successive batches of claimants as railway passengers are treated on the Continent—park them up for an ugly rush, instead of letting them take their seats quietly, on the exhibition of their tickets, and in the order of their arrival. He thinks that the 300,000 whom it is proposed to admit at once in the hope of enlisting them permanently on the side of order, will be less formidable if left out and compelled to make common cause with the 300,000 who may be qualified ten or twenty years hence; and that the intervening agitation may count for nothing. He thinks that in an age like this, with a press like ours, with unprecedented facilities for popular discussion and cooperation, he can avert democracy by addressing the working classes in the language addressed by Canute to the waves: 'Thus far shall you come, and no farther.' Is he quite sure that we have not for some time past been living under essentially democratic institutions, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it? Self-government, or government *by* the people, is the order of the day in every free country; and before speculating farther on democracy, Lord Cran-

bourne would do well to meditate on these reflections of Tocqueville :

'Mais je pense que si l'on ne parvient à introduire peu-à-peu et à fonder enfin parmi nous des institutions démocratiques, et que si l'on renonce à donner à tous les citoyens des idées et des sentiments qui d'abord les préparent à la liberté et ensuite leur en permettent l'usage, il n'y aura d'indépendance pour personne; et je prévois que si l'on ne réussit point avec le temps à fonder parmi nous l'empire paisible du plus grand nombre, nous arriverons tôt ou tard au pouvoir illimité d'un seul.' The history of democracy in France negatives the theory that it leads to the destruction of property or the depreciation of intelligence. The worst epochs since 1789 were those when the nation was governed by individuals or by minorities; when, whatever use was made of its name, democracy was a dead letter.

The Provisional Government, after ruling despotically for three months, was obliged to appeal to the people; and the first National Assembly, fairly elected under universal suffrage, met on the 4th of May 1848. It comprised nine-tenths of the illustrations, the celebrities, the statesmen, the great proprietors, the great capitalists, the historic names of France. So far as depended on its component parts, it was the very *beau idéal* of a representative body; and the Legislative Assembly, which succeeded it, was remarkable for the same qualities. The famous majority, led by the Burgraves, notoriously inclined to the re-establishment of monarchy; and it was an excess of the Conservative feeling, a blind dread of Socialism, that encouraged and partially sanctioned the *coup d'état*. We are by no means anxious to accelerate the experiment; but should it arrive by the progress of events, we do not see why the English people, with that awakened consciousness and increased intelligence which the

supposition implies, should not make as honest and discriminating a selection of representatives as the French.

'I ask you,' said Mr. Lowe, 'if you want impulsive, violent, unreflecting people, where would you go to look for them—to the top or the bottom?' We might reply, to neither. But we will simply direct attention to what took place under contrasted circumstances which must be fresh in the memory of our readers. Look here upon this picture and on that.

The cotton famine was a far more serious blow to our national wealth and prosperity than the cattle plague. It destroyed more capital, it broke up more thriving establishments, it reduced more people to poverty, it caused an incalculably greater amount of suffering; and its worst effects might have been averted by a timely change of policy, which many sagacious persons thought the Government should adopt. What was the conduct of the chief sufferers, of the operatives who were reduced to the verge of starvation or eventually starved outright? Did they or their representatives come whining or clamouring to Parliament for aid? Did they insist on intervention? Did they, under the extremest pressure, propose to abandon a principle or override the strictest maxims of justice? Did they rise or combine against the law? Were they guilty of any description of selfishness? Were they, in short, impulsive, violent, and unreflecting, or the direct contrary?

Now take the conduct of a section of the top—the landowners whose rents were threatened by the cattle plague. It is impossible to conceive a more unseemly spectacle. Such was their want of foresight when the disease broke out, that (as is now universally admitted) it would have been impossible to enforce effective measures of repression

against the prevalent carelessness, prejudice, and dislike of interference or change of any kind. Yet, as soon as Parliament met, the time of both Houses was monopolised by the agriculturists: abusing the Government, clamouring for compensation, vowing that no subjects of legislation should take precedence of their bullocks, setting moderation at defiance, trampling the soundest principles of political economy under foot, and disregarding all notions of self-respect. They exhibited both their temper and their power in a manner which will not be easily forgotten; and a most suggestive exhibition it was, on the eve of a discussion in which the temper and power of town and country, of top and bottom, were to be compared.

The opportunity was adroitly, although most indiscreetly and unfortunately, seized by Mr. Lowe for volunteering the aid of his fine abilities to an influential party who had interested objects to pursue and exasperated feelings to express: for doing, in short, pretty nearly what Mr. Disraeli did in 1846. This led to a passage of arms with Mr. Mill, of which neither combatant had much reason to be proud. If superior readiness with his weapons gave Mr. Lowe a temporary advantage, his triumph was rather dialectical than intellectual, and the thinkers sided with his adversary. The main point in controversy was by whom the proposed compensation was to be paid. Now, the Government measure was framed on the dictation of the agriculturists, who had a more stringent one in readiness to supply any deficiency on the part of the executive. It is notorious that Sir George Grey went farther than he originally intended, to keep ahead of Mr. Hunt. Virtually and practically it was a case of demanding extraordinary powers on the behalf and for the benefit of an interest by which all incidental

expenses should consequently be borne.

Assuming the public to be interested, they were no more interested than they are, whenever a large amount of property is deteriorated or an important section of the community is distressed. They were quite as much interested in the cotton famine; yet the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was left to send commissioners to India and Egypt in the hope of obtaining supplies. A rise in the price of sundry essential articles of clothing affects the numerical majority of the public, the labouring class, more than a rise in the price of beef, which many of them do not taste once a week; and the supply of cotton failed all the world over, whilst the cattle plague is local and limited. It is also clear to demonstration that, in exact proportion as the public suffer, the cattle-owners as a body will be compensated at the expense of the public. Pressed by this argument, Mr. Lowe tried to make out that the importation of foreign cattle would keep down prices: not seeing that the claim to compensation on the ground of public interest must sink if prices sank; and, stranger still, not seeing that he could not have it both ways at once. In the course of the same speech, he contended that prices would rise materially, and would not; and an adroit debater (which Mr. Mill is not) would have made minced meat of him, in defiance of bucolic bottle-holding.

Mr. Gladstone's guarded language was obviously prompted by his fear of misleading the House; but if he had been as explicit in his answer to Sir Henry Hoare and Mr. H. Seymour as he was, on the evening of the adjournment, under the judicious pressure of Mr. Kinglake, he would have saved a great deal of anxiety to his supporters. They now know what they have to expect, and how far the Government have

deserved the vote of want of confidence which is practically and substantially to be moved by Lord Grosvenor in these words:—

That this House, while ready to consider, with a view to its settlement, the question of Parliamentary Reform, is of opinion that it is inexpedient to discuss a Bill for the reduction of the franchise in England and Wales until the House has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the Amendment of the Representation of the People.

This resolution is framed for the purpose of bringing persons of opposite principles, Reformers and anti-Reformers, into the same lobby; and, considered from a Conservative point of view, it is simply the most mischievous mode of turning out the Government that ingenuity could devise. If the Bill were met with a direct negative; or if (which seemed likely) it were permitted to drop after the second reading like the Bill of 1860, all serious attempts to legislate on the subject might be suspended for some years, unless Reform should be imperatively demanded by the country. What we mean is, that all factitious agitation would be at an end. But if this manœuvre succeeds, another Bill must be brought forward in the course of the next session at furthest, whatever party may happen to hold office. The Resolution helps to keep up the popular agitation and uncertainty, instead of allaying them; adds another delusive hope to those so eloquently recapitulated by Mr. Horsman; compromises afresh all the party leaders who join in it; and (so far as the Conservatives are concerned) repeats that capital error, that trifling with their distinctive creed, of which they were guilty in 1859.

A leading article in the *Times* of March 23 begins thus: 'It will be a great misfortune if Lord Grosvenor's amendment should act otherwise than as a stimulant to Reform and Reformers.' This

being so, no one who objects to Reform in every shape—Mr. Lowe, for example—could honourably or consistently concur in such a vote; and we are not among those who think that he is utterly reckless in his animosity to his former friends and colleagues, or utterly regardless of their esteem. He has evidently been led step by step, imperceptibly as it were, into his present uncomfortable position; and the manner in which he has contrived to insulate himself on a barren rock should at least be accepted as a proof of his disinterestedness. He literally stands alone in his theory of representative government. The notion of his taking office under Lord Derby or Mr. Disraeli is belied by his pride of intellect and integrity; and he has hopelessly disqualified himself for acting with any section of the Liberal party till this very question of Reform, which he is indefinitely procrastinating, shall be set at rest.

If the House cannot settle the question by passing the Bill, will they mend the matter by rejecting it? Will that satisfy the working class, hush the public restlessness, clear away pledges, and restore the reputation of the public men who have been playing fast and loose with the subject, for party purposes, for six years? If so, throw out the Bill by all means. If you hate Reform, give it the *coup de grâce*; put it (and us) out of pain at once; but do not lay it by to grow and gain strength; do not play with it till it stings.

The dilemma in which the professing Reformers will be placed is so pointedly stated by 'H.' (Historicus), in an able letter to the *Times*, that we are tempted to reproduce a part of the paragraph:—

Having got rid of one Bill (which is already too strong for them) on the pretence that they desire something stronger, they will have the humiliation of repeating and even exaggerating pledges which they

will find it still more difficult to discover fresh excuses for eluding. Having contracted a debt which they are indisposed to pay, they refuse to make a payment on account, on the allegation that they want to discharge the whole. Thus all the while the sum total goes on accumulating at compound interest till it ends in the inevitable consummation of a political bankruptcy. Of all the possible forms of opinion, and of all conceivable courses of conduct, this is that which seems to me the least wise, the least safe, and the least respectable. These men are the politicians whom Mr. Fox would have called the 'Janissaries' of Reform, who are ready at any moment's notice to strangle the cause they profess to serve. If the Liberal party in Parliament really (as it is sometimes asserted) consists in a large degree of persons actuated by such sentiments, it will assuredly and deservedly perish.

Our prediction that the Treasury Bench would prove fully competent to hold its own in debate has been fully verified by the event; and Mr. Gladstone has displayed qualities of leadership for which few gave him credit. With rare exception, he has been firm, temperate, conciliating, and discreet; whilst the Opposition has been conducted with a singular lack of judgment in both Houses. We have already spoken of the exhibition which the Derbyite agriculturists made of themselves in the Cattle Plague debates, which was appropriately capped by the failure and abandonment of the superfluous Bill of Mr. Hunt. After threatening to bring Mr. Cardwell to account, Mr. Disraeli maintained a judicious silence on the subject of Jamaica; and it would have been well if his example had been followed by Lord Derby and Sir John Pakington.

No one any longer affects to doubt that things have taken place in that unhappy island which disgrace civilisation, which make us shudder for our race, which will be cited against England all the world over, to the destruction of the moral weight she has beneficially exercised wherever the great cause of humanity was at stake. For

one entire month the dominant faction actually revelled and rioted in cruelty and blood. They shot, hanged, flogged, and burned down houses, in rivalry; they made a sport of the agonies of their victims, who were compelled to run the gauntlet with their backs bleeding and lacerated. They added moral and mental to bodily pain, by compelling doomed men and women to stand by whilst their friends and relatives—their husbands, wives, and children—were hung, shot, or catted. Those of the authorities, civil and military, who took no part in the butchery, appeared to see nothing strange in it—nothing that called for peremptory interference. Congratulatory and laudatory addresses poured in upon the Governor; a Bill of Indemnity was passed without protest or inquiry; and, by way of climax, a sword of honour was voted to Colonel Hobbs.

The demoralisation was complete: so complete, indeed, that it has been quoted, as a healthy state of public opinion might be quoted, in conclusive proof that these atrocities were simply just measures of repression; and we have no doubt that the perpetrators of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew were similarly applauded by the whole of Catholic Paris at the time. Nor was the sanction of religion wanting. The Jamaica clergy of the Established Church, headed by their Bishop and Coadjutor Bishop, with ample knowledge of the facts, have formally notified their unqualified approval; and the very day (March 19) on which the *Times* declared the case untenable, there appeared a letter from the Coadjutor Bishop, reiterating that approval and professing the most sovereign indifference for such English opinion as should presume to differ from his own.

Describing the *Te Deum* celebrated in honour of the *coup d'état*, before the streets were cleared of the

marks of the bullets and the blood, Mr. Kinglake exclaims :—‘Then, in the hearing of thousands, there pealed through the aisles that hymn of praise which purports to waft into heaven the thanksgivings of a whole people for some new and signal mercy vouchsafed to them by Almighty God. It was because of what had been done to France within the last thirty days that hosannas arose in Notre Dame. . . . What is good, and what is evil? and who is he that desires the prayers of a nation? If any man, being scrupulous and devout, was moved by the events of December to ask these questions of his Church, he was answered that day in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris.’

If any man, being scrupulous and devout, should be moved by the events of those terrible thirty days in Jamaica to ask himself the use of a colonial clergy in mediating between hostile races, in correcting the vices of barbarism, or in inculcating the mild virtues of Christianity, he is answered by the Right Reverend Fathers in God the Bishop and Coadjutor Bishop of that isle.

The extent and nature of the Sepoy rebellion palliate, if they cannot justify, the appalling retaliation it provoked. But these West Indian blacks did no more than any other infuriated mob or body of rioters. They cut down or shot the volunteers who had fired upon them, and then took to burning and plundering, like the Lord George Gordon mob in 1780; but during the whole time the disturbed districts were at their mercy after the first affray, only two men were killed by them, including Mr. Hire, the supposed victim of a private feud; and not a woman or child was injured. This is distinctly stated by Mr. Eyre, a week after the commencement of the outbreak: ‘The women, as usual on such occasions, were even more brutal and barbarous than the

men,—the only redeeming trait being that, so far as we could learn, no ladies or children had as yet been injured.’

The same Report (October 20) contains this sentence :—‘No stand has ever been made against the troops; and though we are not only in complete military command of, but have traversed with troops all the disturbed districts, not a single casualty has befallen any of our soldiers or sailors, and they are all in good health.’ Yet this, forsooth, was an armed rebellion, in pursuance of a conspiracy to murder all the white or loyal population! If it had been an armed rebellion, we can understand that it might have become necessary to imprison or put to death largely; but to flog and burn down houses wholesale, would be simply to exasperate the evil by turning out the inhabitants, houseless, homeless and half-maddened, to join the insurgents.

Mr. Eyre’s Reports had been long before the public, together with a startling mass of evidence, including the letters of Colonel Hobbs and Captain Ford, when Lord Derby rose and said :—‘They (the authorities of Jamaica) may have been all wrong. I do not say they were not; and I wait to receive the fullest information; but with respect to the course pursued by the Government, I must say that it is a matter on which I am fully competent to form and express an opinion. I must say that I do not think it has been either just or generous to the Governor. Such a course would never have been pursued by Lord Palmerston.’

Now, how can a statesman who is not prepared to deny that all, including Mr. Eyre, were wrong, and is waiting for the fullest information—how can he become competent to declare that the Government are wrong in following the only course by which that information could be supplied? The Commission was not

issued until the 12th December, and his lordship might see in the Blue-books that they had applied in vain for the required explanations to the Governor. Lord Palmerston was the very last man to have refused a searching investigation under such circumstances. He would have granted it, if only from a sense of justice towards the accused, who could never have been cleared of the worst imputations levelled at him except by an inquiry entirely independent of his personal guidance or control. Lord Palmerston made a point of supporting his subordinates when they carried out his instructions to the best of their discretion and ability. But this is a very different thing from upholding all exercise of authority, just or unjust, in all quarters of the globe; and if, in this particular instance, he or any other Premier had refused inquiry, it would have been forced upon him. Lord Derby has surely not been misled by his military or fashionable acquaintances into thinking that the determination to have this Jamaica tragedy sifted to the bottom is, or ever was, confined to Exeter Hall?

There is reason to believe that the notes of Gordon's trial published by the leading journal are the official notes, and we probably know as much of that case as we ever shall know. There is no longer room for the shadow of a doubt that he was hanged as a troublesome or dangerous character—for what was thought seditious language, rather than for actual complicity in this specific outbreak. This is clear from Mr. Eyre's letter to General O'Connor (Oct. 22), in which he says: 'I have duly read the papers referred to, and I fully concur in the justice of the sentence, and in the policy of carrying it into effect. There can be little doubt, I think, that, *whatever Mr. Gordon's intentions may have been*, it is entirely due to his agitation, bad advice, and seditious

language amongst the peasantry of this colony, that the rebellion broke out, and the massacre of so many gentlemen and the destruction of so much property ensued.' Intention is commonly considered as the essence of guilt; but the Governor was not alone in his theory of evidence or crime: all the officers who had anything to do with the trial or execution agreed with him; and the notions of what is called the best English society—of Mr. Lowe's 'top'—are still rather vague upon the point. On a friend of ours remarking at a dinner party of fine ladies and gentlemen, that the parallel case would be to carry Mr. Bright, the day after his Irish speech, to Dublin, and hang him for Fenianism, they one and all exclaimed, 'And a very good thing too.' What was meant as a *reductio ad absurdum*, was accepted as an apt enforcement of their views. Let every possible allowance, therefore, be made for Mr. Eyre, if, as we believe, he acted for the best; but it might be as well not to challenge controversy touching the strictly legal quality of his acts.

Murder is an ugly word; but a man who kills another in a fair duel is in the eye of the law guilty of murder; and when this word was applied to the execution of Gordon, there was no necessity for Sir John Pakington's assuming that Mr. Eyre's character as a man of honour was impeached. Indeed, it was the height of imprudence to challenge Mr. Bright to a repetition and justification of the epithet. 'No doubt, sir,' said the right honourable baronet, 'justice must be done; but, on the other hand, let us remember that if Governor Eyre did err—if he were betrayed into an *accident*—it is not we, sitting calmly and safely in England, who are fitted to judge him.' Now, it is precisely we, sitting calmly and safely in England, who are fitted to judge

him; and we must judge him, or he will never be judged at all—making, of course, full allowance for his position. A late Baron of the Exchequer had the misfortune to insert the wrong name in a death-warrant, which was acted on. On being told of the mistake and its consequences, he exclaimed, ‘Bless my soul! it is a most unlucky accident!’ He was an amiable and excellent man, although somewhat puzzle-headed, and we should have been sorry to hurt his feelings or those of his friends; but, to avoid the recurrence of such accidents, it might have been advisable, perhaps, to relieve him from all future liability or responsibility of the kind.

There is one, and a very important, division of the United Kingdom in which the administration of affairs has received general commendation, and where the change of policy that would result from a change of Ministry would be an unmixed evil. The Government has, so far, carried Ireland safely through a most dangerous conspiracy, without the necessity of shedding a drop of blood. With the single exception of the escape of Stephens—the result of so much combined treachery and blundering on the part of the prison officers as to defy anticipation—their measures have been attended with remarkable success. There has been neither precipitation nor undue delay in the steps successively taken. Whether it was the introduction of additional troops, the proclamation of the capital under the Peace Prevention Act, the stoppage of arms and ammunition at the ports, or the final measure of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, everything was done at a moment when it had the effect, not of exciting, but of allaying alarm; not too late for its purpose and not before public opinion was ready to support it. The results are, that the extreme powers with which

Parliament has armed the Irish Executive, have been hailed with gratitude by those of all creeds and parties who are not engaged in the conspiracy, including alike the parson and the priest, the landed proprietor and the cottier farmer; and that the evident hopelessness of the cause has paralysed the efforts of the conspirators.

Politically, the position of a Liberal Government in Ireland is far stronger than it has been since the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The illicit connection between the Tory party and a section of the Catholics has been dissolved, and the Catholics are for the most part disposed to act with the Liberal party, and to give their support to the Administration. Yet never was there a time which demanded from English and Scotch politicians, in dealing with Irish subjects, greater consideration, greater sacrifice of cherished prejudices, or even of favourite doctrines, than the present. We believe that the Government are alive to the fact, and prepared to deal accordingly with several vexed questions of Irish policy. The question of questions, indeed, which beyond all things actual and curable lies at the root of the Irish difficulty—the Established Church, it would be vain to meddle with at present. Independent politicians may contribute, as Lord Grey has lately done, to the discussion of the subject and the enlightenment of the British mind; but Government must turn its immediate efforts in other directions. One of the most serious dangers which we foresee is that these efforts may possibly be defeated by the blind ‘No Popery’ feeling of a section of their supporters, the *doctrinaire* spirit of others, and the complacent ultra-British dogmatism of many more.

Take, for instance, the question of Irish University Reform, upon

which there have been signs of rebellion in the Liberal ranks. The Government has declared its intention to carry into effect a pledge given in the last session, which amounts to this: that the powers of the Queen's University shall be so enlarged as to enable it to confer degrees upon students educated elsewhere than in the Queen's Colleges; and that, for the sake of gaining for the University the confidence of the Catholic body, a considerable addition shall be made to the Catholic members of the Senate, whose number is now imprudently and unfairly small,—being but four out of seventeen. This plan, although it would not satisfy the Catholic bishops, who ask for State endowment for their college, would remove a real grievance, and greatly tend to raise and stimulate the higher education of the middle classes in Ireland; which can be little influenced by the standard of the Queen's University so long as it is exclusively connected with the Queen's Colleges. There is no intention of interfering with the system of united education upon which the Queen's Colleges are founded. But to maintain in their favour a monopoly of the power of conferring degrees, is surely carrying State support beyond the bounds of policy and justice.

Again, Government is about to make an attempt to deal with the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland. If any measure can be devised, consistent with the rights of property and with freedom of contract, which shall place the general law upon the side of natural equity, and give the tenant some beneficial interest in necessary improvements added to the holding at his own cost, we should be ready to welcome it, undeterred by the unthinking doctrine so often heard, that Ireland has no right to complain of laws under which England herself has flourished; all the

facts of the case, the circumstances of landlord and tenant, and the relations between them, being in the two countries not only different but opposite. This branch of the Irish question was admirably treated by Lord Dufferin in his very able speech on Lord Grey's motion. The most statesmanlike speech on Ireland, from the English point of view, was Mr. Lowe's in the session of 1865. It placed him at once in the first class of political thinkers.

It was the fine remark of Junius, that 'injuries may be atoned for and forgotten; insults, never: they degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.' The loyal Catholics will never forgive Lord Derby's proposal to keep the 'muzzle' on them; and they must be singularly deficient in perspicacity or self-respect if they do not see and feel the covert insult of Mr. Disraeli's amendment to the Oaths Bill.

If a change of Ministry is to be dreaded for the sake of the sister kingdom, still more do we see cause to deprecate it when we contemplate the almost inevitable transfer of the seals of the Foreign Office from the skilful and practised hands of Lord Clarendon, to the feeble grasp of Lord Malmesbury. How is this noble lord, supposing him to eschew truisms and recognise the advantages of orthography, to carry out an enlightened system of policy, under the guidance of a chief who compared the Italian people, in their aspirations towards unity, to an ill-matched or what is called a scratch pack of hounds? Neither should we suppose that the monied or commercial interest will feel any particular satisfaction in seeing Mr. Gladstone's promised Budget exchanged for one hastily concocted by Mr. Disraeli or Sir Stafford Northcote.

These are consequences that cannot fail to influence independent members in the coming division;

and those who are moved by purely personal considerations will reflect that, by carrying Lord Grosvenor's amendment, they run the greatest risk of precipitating a dissolution. The Cabinet have announced a fixed resolve to stake their all upon the cast. Whether, if unsuccessful, they dissolve or resign, will depend on the state of opinion a fortnight hence : that they will do one or the other, no longer admits of a doubt. If they resign, Lord Derby will go through the form of applying to the moderate members of the Liberal party, there being, alas ! no Peelites to whom he could imploringly turn for the fourth time in vain : the chances are that he will induce none to coalesce with him, not even Mr. Lowe

and Mr. Horsman ; and his lordship will start for the third time, in the teeth of an adverse majority in the Commons, with a Cabinet little stronger than his last ; although three or four veterans may be advantageously replaced. We all know by sorrowful experience how rapidly moderate Whigs get rid of their moderation out of office : they will infallibly make common cause with the more advanced Reformers ; and by about this time next year we shall see a compact Liberal phalanx, compelling an appeal to the country and bringing in a Reform Bill which, for boldness and comprehensiveness, will leave nothing for Lord Grosvenor and Lord Elcho to desiderate.



FROM LONDON TO RIO DE JANEIRO,

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

LETTER V.

CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

El sitio es apacible e deleitoso,
La gente muy lucida y muy galana :

Por el calor la gente no esta sana ;
Mas viven á plaza los Lusitanos,
Contentos, muy alegres, muy ufanos.

ARGENTINA DE CENTENERA, Canto ix.

I CANNOT pretend, dear A****, to know much about the Cabo Verdian Archipelago. But you know so much less, and the books upon the subject can teach you so little, that no apology is required for this letter.

In 1446,¹ one year after the discovery of the Cape Verd Promontory, there pushed forth into the Mar das Trevas (Tenebræ), the 'Sea of Darkness,' beyond the Canarian Archipelago, two caravels sent from Sagres by the Infante D. Fernando.² They were commanded by Antonio de Nola (also spelt Nolles, Nolle, and Noli), who, disgusted with his country, had taken service under Portugal, and he was accompanied by his cousins, Bartolomeo and Rafaelle de Nola. Sixteen days after leaving Lisbon, on the 1st of May, they discovered a fair island which they called Mayaes, the modern Maio (May),³ and successively the rest of the Leeward group—S. Christovan (Boa Vista) ; S. Jacobo, the modern Santiago ; S. Tiago, S. Thiago, or St. Jago,

and S. Philippe, since the sixteenth century known as Fogo. The date of exploring the Windward group is not known. The historian De Barros, who is obscure upon the subject, attributes it also to the servants of the Infante D. Fernando, the brother of D. Affonso V., although that authority and Ca da Mosto, the Venetian, who was on board the fleet when the lost Archipelago was re-found, say nothing about it. The whole Archipelago, however, belonged to Portugal, except Maio, which in 1709 was temporarily occupied by half piratical English, under the pretext that it formed part of the dower of the Infanta D. Catherina, espoused to Charles II. The invaders are said to have behaved with great violence and injustice.

The Cape Verd Islands—thirteen in number, without including the very small isles—form a semicircle about 300 miles off Cape Verde, with the concavity facing Africa. These Hesperides⁴ are divided into two groups—the 'Bartovento,'

¹ Lopez de Lima (*Ensaio*, &c.) says, by some mistake, 1460. This is the date when criminals were sent here, and families were established by D. Affonso V. and the Infant Don Henrique (?). Rev. Mr. Walsh (*Notices of Brazil*; London, 1830) says (vol. i. page 104), that 'these islands were first discovered in 1440 by Antonio Noel, a German! He denies that they were known to the ancients, and asserts that they are ten in number.'

² Not, as is vulgarly asserted, by the great Infante Don Henrique.

³ Some state that Boa Vista was the first land sighted; but, as Lopez de Lima justly observes, 'this, if true, would have been mentioned by the accurate contemporary authority, Gomez Cannes de Azurara.'

⁴ Five groups of islands are mentioned by the ancients on the West Coast of Africa:—1. Cerne (Arguim?); 2. Insulæ Purpureæ (the Madeiran group); 3. Fortunatæ (Canarian); 4. Hesperides (Cape Verde); and 5. Gorgades (Isle of Benin Bight?).

or Windward, to the northward; and the 'Sotavento,' or Leeward, to the south. The former, which extend from north-west to south-east, are as follows:—

1. S. Antão (erroneously called in modern English ¹ Saint Antonio), the most northerly of the Archipelago. It is now agricultural, and supplies St. Vincent with flesh, fruit, and vegetables. Of old it was rich in dragon trees (*Dracæna Draco*), and small dark topazes are still found in it. By the census of 1862 the population was 17,965.

2. St. Vincent, the only island which has a direct trade with England. It produces nothing, and supports a population of 1,600 (or 1,337 in 1862). The port is mentioned by the geographer Ricciolus, 'Inter Hesperides Insulas S. Vincentii sinum habet cum optimo portu 20,000 et 25,000 passuum securo et anchoris peridoneo.' Dampier in A.D. 1493 here found a party from S. Antão catching turtle and hunting the numerous wild goats now killed out—in his days it was uninhabited. In the sixteenth century the land was given to the Conde de Portalegre, who is said to have introduced the first colony; but there exists a Carta Regia of July 22, 1795, which talks of the 'Nova povoação de S. Vincente, uma das desertas da Capitania de Cabo Verde.' Others declare that the Windward group was always royal property. After two failures, in 1734 and 1781, the island was populated in 1795 by João Carlos de Fonseca of Fogo, with fifty of his own slaves, and twenty pairs from the other islands. He died soon after building the great church,—in which, says the annalist, he buried his fortune. Nova Mindello, the town, was founded in 1838.

3. S. Luzia, now uninhabited,

and visited at times for its orchilla: formerly there were two or three families, who bred cattle.

4. Branco ²
and
5. Raso, } uninhabited.

6. S. Nicolão, which we call St. Nicholas: it is an agricultural island, with 6,731 souls.

7. Sal-Salt Island, so called from its celebrated Salinas. Pop. 838.

8. Boa Vista ('Belvedere,' 'Beautiful View'), also a salt exporter, with about 2,621 inhabitants. Columbus in 1498 (third voyage) passed Sal and touched at Boa Vista, where he found a leper-house and learned that the disease was cured by the 'temperature of the air and feeding upon tortoises (turtles), with the blood of which the lepers likewise anointed themselves externally.'

The Leeward group, extending from east to west, is composed of—

1. Maco, Mayo, or Mai, celebrated for magnetic rocks: exports salt. Pop. 2,067.

2. Santiago (St. Jago), commonly called Cabo Verde. It is the capital of the Archipelago, and the most unwholesome dwelling-place: its 'carneirada' or bilious remittent being as bad as that of Guinea. It contains the cathedral and the seminary. Its industry is agriculture, and its population 44,200. Santiago was visited by Vasco de Gama and Cabral, the discoverers of Malabar and Brazil. Columbus anchored here, and left it in disgust.

3. Fogo, the only active volcano of late years. It produces the best coffee and maize, and its population has been given at 16,000.³

4. Rombos, or Romos—two large and many small uninhabited rocks.

5. Brava, the most southern and fertile of the Archipelago; the industry is agriculture, and the population reaches 6,824. The total

¹ Southey (*History of Brazil*, vol. iii. p. 448) rightly gives it 'S. Antam.'

² Captain Roberts, 1721, calls this islet Branca. But the common parlance is Branco—Ilho or Ilhote being understood.

³ In 1862 it was 14,226.

superficies of the island is reputed to exceed that of the Alem-Tejo province of Portugal, and is variously estimated at 1,555 square miles to 1,223 square leagues. Most of it is high volcanic ground, wanting water, and some eight-tenths are uncultivated. In 1839, according to the geographer, F. T. F. Pereira, the population was 77,500 (including 8,000 whites and 6,000 to 7,000 slaves). The census of 1841 made it 84,460. In 1844, Lopez de Lima rates it at 67,000 to 75,000, and estimates the whites at one to twenty coloured. Chelmicki (*Corographia Cabo Verdiana*), in 1841, says 63,000. The *Almanach de Gotha*, in 1849, has 80,000. In 1851 it was estimated at 83,393 souls. According to Mr. T. Miller, the census of 1862 gave about 100,000. To the islands were added as appanages, in 1461, the colonies of Portuguese Northern Guinea (Guiné Portuguesa do Norte), lying between 11° and 13° N. lat.;¹ and these form with the islands the province of Cape Verde. The Presidios are chiefly upon the Casamansa, the Rio de S. Domingo, or Cacheo, and the Geba, besides the Bissagos or Bijagoz Archipelago. To the south of the Casamansa, in the lands of the Banhee tribe, lies the island and town of Zinguichor or Zenguichor; it has an eight-gun stockade, guarded by a few soldiers, who defend its exports of wax, rice, hides, and ivory. Near the mouth of the Cacheo river, on the south or left bank, lies Cacheo, about 110 leagues from Santiago; it is in the land of the Papels and Buramos, and contains a *caza-forte* and a town with two streets. On the right bank of the same stream is the small settlement and fort of Bolor, in the land of the Felupes; and 60 leagues up the river is the Presidio

of Tarim, a fort and town with 420 freemen and 250 slaves, not including the Grumates (*mêlés*) de Praça; the natives are Mandengos. At the mouth of the Geba river is the island of Bissão, whose town and fort are known as S. José de Bissão. Portuguese Guinea also includes the Archipelago known as Parcel dos Bissagos, to which belong Bissão Island and Bulama—the latter claimed by the English, and the seat of Captain Phil. Braver's ridiculous colony. There are twelve inhabited islands, not including rocks. The English have ever found these people deadly enemies. Once they were our friends, and remarkable as pilots. In the seventeenth century an English scoundrel skipper carried off a number of the people and sold them as slaves. Their friends broke their canoes and paddles, abjured the sea, and swore to murder every Englishman that might fall into their hands. Captain William Dampier, in 1683, relates something of the same kind. After touching at Sal and S. Nicholas he proceeded to Mayo, where they would not let his men land 'because one Captain Bond, a Bristol man, had not long before carried off some of the chief inhabitants.' So the Bissagos kept their word by murdering the crew of a merchantman in 1830, and the officers of a cruiser in 1833.

The Portuguese complain loudly of the state in which their African colonies are abandoned by the Government. They cannot contend against the French of Senegal or the English of Gambia, and the savages around them are insolent and oppressive.

The thin population of the Cape Verdian Archipelago may be explained by the accidents to which these islands are liable. Famines

¹ Some have fixed the extreme limits between 10° N. lat. and 13° N. lat., or 100 leagues, between the Casamansa River and the Cabo das Vergas, with an uncertain depth, and an estimated area of 3,000 square leagues.

are recorded as far back as 1593; Captain Roberts mentions them in 1721; and severe droughts are recorded in 1746, in 1765, and in 1775. Something of the kind is expected every fifth year. In 1863 the rains completely failed, and the consequences were dreadful; in Santiago alone some 10,000 souls were starved. The water is rarely of the best quality: the taste is brackish, and new-comers are almost always disagreeably affected by it.

In the cool humid highlands, maize, beans, and pumpkins are cultivated; in the warmer grounds, oranges, pine-apples, sweet-limes, bananas, and other tropical fruits flourish. Wherever a valley contains a spring the ground is utilised, and some agricultural labour is expended; but poverty makes the peasant idle. In 1701, wild indigo was discovered; in 1730, the orchilla, which is here of the best quality; in 1783, senna, also wild; in 1790, coffee was introduced. The oldest exportation was salt, which once supplied 120 shiploads a year. Building woods were valuable, and turtle and whale fishing gave employment to many. Formerly vines occupied much of the irrigated ground, and the produce was equal to that of Teneriffe. The 'oidium,' however, appeared here at the same time as at Madeira. Sugar-cane and coffee were then tried. The want of rain and the indolence of the people prevent cotton being an important growth. The principal produce is the wild physic-nut locally called 'Purga;' it is sent to Lisbon for extracting oil. Salt is still a staple. There is no apparent reason why cochineal from the Canaries should not thrive in

the more fertile parts of these islands, and why the stony grounds should not become rabbit-warrens.¹

During the last three years small Spanish and Italian craft have fished for coral about Santiago; but the value is not known. Imports pay according to tariff 10—40 per cent. *ad valorem*, the higher rates being placed to protect the produce and manufactures of Portugal. The English sovereign, worth 4,500 reis in Lisbon, here is valued according to the current rate of exchange at 4,700 reis, though not in payment to Government offices or in exchange for bills. The mil rei is here worth 1,000 reis, the dollar 960, and the five-franc piece 900.

The climate, like the vegetation, resembles that of the temperate zones rather than the tropics, and at once suggests the Canarian Archipelago. Except at Santiago, 'the deadly' (*O mortifero*) malignant fevers are rare, and, according to Lopez de Lima, S. Vincent, S. Antão, and Brava are more healthy than Lisbon. Intermittents sometimes break out after the rains, in September, October, and November. Ophthalmia and other disorders are common; the blacks often show leprous white spots; small-pox must be combated by vaccination or it becomes a plague; and, in order to keep off the scorbutic tendency for which the brackish water bears blame, the people resort to the free use of vinegar and acids—a practice unfavourable to digestion. Centaenarians are spoken of. Dr. M'William, of the Niger Expedition, notices the death of a woman about a hundred years old. She was one Inezinha, mother or aunt of a João Paulo, once military commandant of the island. The Lisbon

¹ At St. Vincent—which so greatly resembles Ascension, even to its 'Green Mountain'—rabbits suffered from the wild cat. The feline here became savage, and wandered into the wilds, sacrificing all the comforts of a house. I remarked the same in Unyanwezi, when even the kittens scratched and fought like furies. The real Cat-o'-Mount does not exist in this group, nor is there any dangerous or poisonous reptile except the African centipede. Perhaps St. Patrick called here.

paper, *O Doze d'Agosto* (Nov. 15, 1865), when giving the obituary of S. Antão between October 1863 and September 1864, remarks that 'half the deaths were above 70 years, many had reached the age of 100 and upwards, whilst there was one case of 127 years.' The general voice of the people confirms this report, which I give in detail, as the question of centagenarianism is one of peculiar interest. So lasting a climate may perhaps attract the attention of the faculty. Here, the Europe-haunting tribes of 'étiques, asthmatiques, pulmonaires et toussereux' can die out of the doctor's way.

The thermometer in the Cabo Verdian Archipelago ranges from 70° to 80° between April and September, and stands at a medium of 75° during the rest of the year. The barometer seldom varies more than 0.10, except during the rare cyclones.¹ Night dews are very heavy, the mornings are cool, and, as in the regions of the Trades, all places sheltered from the wind, either valleys or rooms, are hot and oppressive. December and January are cold months, with high gales and thick weather from the east. The wind, in howling gusts, like the waves of a mighty aerial sea, eddy round the hilltops and strike the ocean, breaking as it were into so many separate blasts. At this season the sails are yellowed by the dust of the Desert; hence the saying, 'Nas Ilhas de Cabo Verde até as velas

dos navios se fazem amarellas.' February and March are also windy, the latter being very clear; April and May are the two finest months, with a cool and pleasant north-easter. June is gusty and sandy—a *briza parda*, or brown Trade, hangs upon the hills, and the heavings in the harbours prognosticate rain; the wind becomes variable, working towards the south. From mid-July to mid-October is the rainy season in the Windward Isles; in the Leeward, it begins somewhat later. The end of October and November are fine months, and travellers who would visit the Cape Verd Islands should prefer this season.

The government of the islands is in the hands of a 'Councillor Governor-General,' who is president of a Council composed of six, namely, the four highest dignitaries in the judicial, military, fiscal, and ecclesiastical departments, together with two of the principal civilians. The head-quarters are at Porto Praya, in Santiago—a place as favourable to promotion and as fatal to the Governor-General race as the City of Plaster Palaces in the Bengal swamps. The other islands are directed by mayors and military commandants, generally Portuguese officers, who are assisted by Chambers (Camaras). There are two circuits of justice, the Windward and the Leeward; the last appeal is to the *Relação*, or High Court of Lisbon.²

It is recorded of the proud old

¹ That of September 2-3, of 1850, was described to me by Mr. Miller. The barometer fell from 30.00 to 28.22, and the quicksilver remained 'pumping' during the whole gale, being marked lowest during the lulls. It was most violent at S. Antão, S. Vincent, and S. Nicholas. At sixty miles west of the former, the ship *Sir Robert Peel*, 900 tons, was lost; and at S. Vincent, the Euston House was blown down. At S. Nicholas, Mr. Miller's house was the only building left standing. A little rain in big drops fell, but the wind is described as uprooting the grass—the luridness of the scene as dreadful. The wind began from the north-east, worked slowly round to the north-west, and after a long lull of overcast weather began to blow from the south-east. Such typhoons, however, are here rare; the 'oldest inhabitant' could not remember one previous to 1850.

² We should do well to copy this sensible practice in our West African 'pest-houses.' Sá Leone the Litigious, for instance, could be managed by police magistrates, with an appeal under certain circumstances to London.

colonists, like those that once inhabited the neck of Virginia, that until the new man could prove his tree they would not allow him to settle amongst them. There are in the Cape Verd Islands many gentlemen of family and good education, nor are fortunes of 2,000*l.* per annum unknown. Now that the degrading institution of *morgado* (primogeniture) has been happily abolished, there will doubtless be an improvement in the tone of society. For years the wealthy have had nothing to do but to drink, dice, and dance, or look at dancing. It is ample time for the home Government to cease the suicidal practice of deporting their *degradados* (convicts) to these colonies;¹ and, finally, in order to mingle the race, polygamy should be permitted, or rather enjoined. This has been recommended by previous observers.

The common people are Africans, slightly blended with European blood, and many are pure negroes. Like all niggers, they have a wild-beast vein in them. See them fiercely clutch their stretchers as the wild English lads pelt them with nuts—the good-humoured Lisbonese would only laugh. They are filthy in manners and person, very fond of the '*matar-bicho*' (dram), and though rarely, if ever, murderers or highway robbers, they are sad liars and persistent petty thieves. Their morality is not increased by the presence of soldiers, some of them white convicts; the country-folks generally are chaste; and at Boa Vista the adulteress would be stoned, according to Mosaic and Koranic law. There is no infanticide, although *rhodas*, or wheels for the reception of foundlings, are unknown. The race is fearfully noisy; one wishes that they would take a lesson from the

women of the Papels in Portuguese Guinea. These people are said, on rising, to fill their mouths with ashes or with water, and to work without removing the stuff till food time. The men wear shirts and drawers, with sometimes waist-belts and jackets; a home-made straw hat covers their woolly heads; and slaves are not allowed shoes. A stout stick of the quince (*marmelo*), short and heavy, with a spur on one naked heel, often complete the costume. The women, who carry loads like horses, affect loose jackets and limp petticoats of calico; on their heads is an '*igualado*' (squared)—a red or yellow cotton kerchief triangularly folded and passed round the hair, so as to present a peaked rise in front. Some prefer the *panno da mão*, or hand-made cottons, which are good and lasting. A favourite article is the *galan*, or *gallan*, a cloth variegated with indigo, and beaten with clubs till it assumes a fine coppery lustre.

Beef in these islands is not bad, and the old residents declare the mutton to be equal to that of England. I have heard this said in many places, but wrongly; if the English excel the world in anything edible, it is in mutton. The short-haired goats produce three or four kids twice a year, and supply plenty of cheese and milk, which is preferred to that of the cow. As in Ireland, pigs are everywhere; but they are the filthiest of feeders. Poultry abounds. The people, like those of all hot climates, refrain from sweet milk; '*dormido*,' the soured article kept for two or three days, is the succedaneum. They make of maize '*cuscus*' and '*butangas*'—balls of flour baked in ashes, as in the Portuguese province of Nimho. '*Xaren*' is coarse flour pounded in huge mortars, mills being unknown; and '*haipim*'

¹ Between 1839 and 1844, the island received a total of 336 convicts, male and female.

or 'aipim' is the sweet manioc root, eaten roasted. The 'farinha da pão,' or wood meal, is better than the Brazilian. The intoxicating drinks are bad rum and a kind of wine made from the sugar-cane. Tobacco grows abundantly, and is cheap. Fêtes and festive occasions are celebrated with drumming and dancing. The former reminds one of the Balafon of the African coast. The great dance is the *Congoese* 'batuque,' compared with which the worst of guingette saltation is decency itself. The 'balladeira,' or performer, is usually an African, who executes her horrors before a circle of sable squatters clapping their hands to a terrible outcry. Widows pass a month in a dark room, sitting on their beds and receiving silent visits, after the fashion of ancient Portugal and modern Brazil.

The dialect of the islands is called 'Crevula,' and even the ladies speak no other. It is a kind of mixture of Guinea and spoiled Portuguese, and some islanders' conservatism goes so far that they preach in it and publish in it.¹ The following specimens are given by Lopez de Lima and others:—'*A mim ca quere*,' 'I don't want.' '*A mim*,' the oblique being used for the nominative, whilst '*ta*' (African) is the sign of the present tense. '*Tam*,' i.e. '*Ta mim*,' 'already,' T being the sign of the past. '*A bo*' (thou for '*tu*,' or '*vos*,' as '*mim*' for '*eu*'); '*jam fla*' is 'thou hast said; '*flar*' or '*papiar*,' meaning 'to speak.' '*Ere*' is 'he,' '*cheo*' means 'must,' and '*bi*' is a general exclamation of admiration. '*Falliado*' means good, '*famado*,' 'evil; breeches are called '*dros*' (our drawers?); 'to taste' is '*cre*.' '*Bece*' (for '*Vossi*') is 'your worship; a pumpkin is '*roca*;'

'*vadio*' is a free black; and a pipe, '*canisto*.' The terminal sound 'ão' is pronounced 'ou,' as in Spanish. 'Sir' is expressed by 'nio,' 'nho,' or 'nio-nio; 'madam' by 'niora,' 'niania,' or 'nhanha.' 'Nio ta fla de man-tanhas cheo pra niania,' means 'the gentleman sends many compliments to the lady.' When men meet in the morning, one asks the other 'Como nio ta passa?' 'how is the gentleman?' and the reply is 'Ac-comodado,' 'well,' or 'Accomoda-dinho,' 'pretty well,' as the case may be.

I must refer you, dear A****, to our *Anthropological Journal* for an account of peculiarities upon which our ancestors would descant with all the innocence in the world; but the delicacy of our days is quite a different matter. You will there, however, find an account of a young monster named Antonio de Ramos, and details of certain practices which are not unamusing.

I am, &c.,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

LETTER VI.

'THE REEF' (ARRIVAL AT).

A oito grãos do Equinocia se dilata
Pernambuco, provincia deliciosa.
Canto vi, s. 75.²

We receive what 'professors' are apt to call a 'solemn warning,' dear A****, touching S. Vincent: small-pox has appeared in eight cases, of which one was confluent. So, Vamos! let us vanish from this old cinder, with its Washington's head.

The Messageries Impériales of the Ligne du Brésil still touch here once a month. The station is about to be transferred to Goree. Four large wheelers (500 h. p.)—the *Guienne*, *Navarre*, *Bearn* (now lost), and *Estremadure*—out of a fleet of

¹ A priest of Santiago wrote a grammar and a vocabulary of this horrible mixture of Europe and Africa.

² *Caramura: Poema Epico do Descobrimento do Bahia*. Composta por Fr. José de S. Rita Durão. Lisboa, 1781.

forty-nine, with six building, perform this service, leaving Bordeaux about noon on the 25th of each month.

As regards the space covered by it, the Messageries is the greatest steam-ship company of modern days. It began thus: In 1835, by the advice of a far-seeing financier, M. Humann, the Chambers granted six millions of francs to start fifteen ships, each of 100 to 160-horse power, on the Mediterranean; and after a favourite hobby of the day, which iron-built craft soon settled, it was to be a transport service that would be converted into a war navy. In 1837 the first vessel, the *Sca-mandre*, left Marseilles amidst great rejoicings.

All tenders from private companies were rejected. Austria had set the example by Lloyd's; England by the 'P. and O.' Still France held to her traditions of government. But the budget of 1850¹ proved that the twelve years between 1837 and 1849 had cost the nation more than thirty-seven millions of francs for eighteen ships, of which fourteen were nearly useless—a deathblow to the system of 1835! One day I hope you will see something of the kind happen to the Government dockyards, to the arms manufactories, and to the many similar obsolete Old Sarum institutions of Great Britain.

The French, than whom no more practical nation exists, turned at once to 'concessionnaires.' There were, of course, slow coaches in the Chambers. '*J'appelle cela le vol de l'État*,' quoth M. de Framboisy. '*C'est le pays jeté en pâture à une compagnie*,' echoed M. de Cerisy. Happily these conservative gentlemen spoke in vain. The large plant

of the Messageries Impériales—you remember Notre Dame des Victoires and the huge lumbering diligences, and the seven-league boots?—had been rendered useless by the rail. The company was glad to turn its new interests into the new channel, and a contract was concluded in July 1851. The young service began with four Mediterranean lines of 105·26 leagues, under a subsidy of twenty-eight francs per league. It proved of national utility in 1854, and again in the Austro-Italian war and in the Syrian expedition. It has revived French commerce in Turkey, Egypt, and China, and now it possesses thirteen main and branch lines, including the 'Shanghai and Yokohama,' which is to be opened in 1866.

The passage of 1,600 miles from S. Vincent to Pernambuco costs 16*l*. The *Estremadure*, Captain Sounnier, was to start at 11 A.M. on July 6. She did not move till 4 P.M., when we were dining—apparently a favourite hour for departure. The main cabin was small; therefore meals were double, to the dire distress of the stewards. There was some excitement when I came on board; some mutinous spirit in the kitchen had *traité de marmite* the first cook—high treason against the highest office of King Gaster.

The place looks picturesque, as there are two tables devoted to ecclesiastics, male and female. The former are of every grade, from the clean-shaven, smartly-dressed aumonier of the Bourbon age and type, bound for the admiral's ship, to the pickpocket-like neophyte—a *sans culotte* of the church, proceeding to some college at Buenos

¹ Until 1850 the whole eastern coast of South America was without European steam navigation. In that year the Royal Mail Company undertook to run a monthly steamer from Southampton to Rio, and a branch boat to the River Plate. 'The consequence,' says Mr. Hadfield, 'was an augmentation of traffic, both of goods and passengers, such as few persons contemplated, and the line proved speedily unequal to the task of dealing with either to the extent required.' Hence the Liverpool line was organised in 1851, and its pioneer, intended for the River Plate, started on August 27, 1853.

Ayres—and the total represents ten males and seven sisters of S. Vincent de Paul. The men have rigged up two altars, fore and aft, for fetish every morning. All the day they mutter over their rosaries and breviaries, and looking out of the corners of their eyes, according to tuition, they let nothing escape them. However unwell be other professions, these never fail at meals; dreadfully ravenous, they resemble in those seedy black robes, grimy talons, and blacking-brush beards, the darker sort of vultures.

The 'Sisters' wore their gull-wing caps, and were, as usual, of two categories—the blousy, happy, hard-eating many, and the pale, delicate, lady-like few. There were also two Irish girls, postulants, with cock-noses, loose mouths, and goggle gooseberry eyes, essentially underbred: if you look at them they turn upon you their backs, the only part whose defects are not visible and palpable.

The Leeward Islands of Cape Verd did not show. The third day after our departure carried us to the climate of Cape Palmas, even to the tornado; this indeed is the only break in the dense, close, damp, heavy atmosphere that bathes us with perspiration as at Zanzibar, whilst the rolling seas never allow the ports of our unventilated cabins to be opened. We are now in the ill-famed 'Doldrums,' the Frenchman's 'Pot-au-noir,' where the north-east and south-east Trades¹ meet, and cause dead airs, as two opposing currents cause dead water. The sun wades in mist, and its rays are sultry without drying. We sit in dangerously damp skins; like Peter Schemil, we have lost our shadows. 'And here it is to be noted,' saith Master John Winter,

'that after we came within four degrees of the equinoctial, until we were as much passed it, no daie did pass without great store of raine.' Such is still the climate near the line, where, according to the eloquent Vieyra, even conscience petrifies!

About noon on the fifth day we crossed the equator, without the *baptême du ligne* now fast waxing obsolete, and we gladly hailed, after much rain and many squalls, the clear blue skies, the dry, elastic, bracing air, and the refreshing temperature of the rapid and steady south-east Trade. If the days are delightful, the nights are magnificent. Between the pure azure flecked with high white cloud above, and the diaphonous lapis-lazuli, foam-fretted waters below, you experience a perfect physical *bien-être*; all caresses the senses, and a vague feeling of enjoyment—the Asiatic Kayf—attaches you to that doubtful gift called life. You have nothing to complain of in this fresh crystal-clear air; you are neither hot nor cold, damp nor dry; your eyes are not dazzled by excessive light, nor are they dulled by saddening grey. You feel that if annihilation were offered to you, you might regret it—by no means an every-day frame of mind.

Early on July 13—we were one day late—all gathered on the paddle-box gangway to sight the New World. We heard the old story that the land could be smelt from afar; but, as usual, our noses were not equal to the task. About noon we saw over the starboard quarter a long, low, purple line, between blue above and blue below, which might be the West African coast. These are the levels stretching to Paraiba do Norte. This length without breadth breaks

¹ Several mariners have declared to me that the south-east is encroaching upon the north-east Trade, which some thirty years ago used to drive them far beyond the Cape Verdian Archipelago. The 'Doldrums,' *alias* 'Variables,' *alias* 'Region of Calms,' are the southern, as the 'Horse latitudes' are the northern limits of the north-east Trade.

up as we advance into little rolling rises which are hardly hills, not unlike the shores of Hampshire, England, were it not for the fringing of palms affecting the physiognomy, cocoa-nut trees, domes, towers, and tall houses bleaching in the sun, and rising from the waves. Eight leagues is the extreme limit at which low-lying Pernambuco can be seen; it then appears, first a faint line of white masonry, then shipping, and lastly the general features of a commercial town, speckling the bottom of a shallow bay, whose southern end, limpy Saint Augustine, is some thirty miles distant. The light is visible at sixteen miles. Passing Olinda, the old Villa de Marina, we give it a wide berth of three miles, and then turn south as though bound for Rio: the object is to avoid the Olinda Reef, 'Baixos de Olinda,' which projects some two nautical miles to the east. The romantic hill, with its rich mosaic work of massive white temples, towers, and houses, pink, grey, or creamy yellow, and sometimes of blue and white Dutch tiles, all red-roofed, and set off by the light-green bananas and dark-green mangos, jacks, and forest trees rising bold, high above the flats, justifies its name, 'O, Pretty!' This embalms the exclamation of its founder, Duaste Coetho Pereira, 'O linda situação para se fundar uma villa.' After expelling the French from Itamarajá Island, he was made by D. João III., on March 10, 1530, donatory of the captaincy, and the donation was confirmed on Sept. 24, 1534. The appellation, you will see, is in better taste than the style adopted by a late Governor-General of Canada, who baptised four townships after Her Excellency's lap-dogs.

Olinda is still, as the ancient

Dutchman called it, 'pulchris cœdibus templis que conspicua.' It has the remains of extreme beauty; from afar the architectural sites are perfect, and the whitewashed buildings sparkle in the sun like snow. Churches swarm there—nearly one to each house; they would easily lodge the Brazilian army. The hill summit, 300 feet high, is crowned by the snowy Sé, or cathedral, whilst the huge masses of S. Bento and the Carmelite Convent (N. S. de Carmo) are almost on a level with the sea.¹ But 'Old Pernambuco,' with its ruddy ochreish soil and its wonderfully green and grand vegetation, is now in the condition of old Goa. It is connected by a sand-strip, one league long, with the new city; and around where the sea is not, are foul mangrove swamps, natural canals of brown water and black soil, like the peat-bog south of Lough Neagh.

After turning from north to southwest, we anchored about 5 P.M. in the Lameirão, about eight miles off the port. The sailing ships were there; the weather had been rough, and they had been compelled to lie far out by the strong winds and the heavy roll of the sea, which can part the strongest cables. The aspect of the third city in the Brazilian empire from a distance is picturesque; her sons fondly compare her to the 'Silent Queen of the Adriatic'; and an enthusiastic Portuguese (Dr. J. M. de Lemos, in his *Guia Luso-Brazileira*) writes as follows:—

Upon that tepid horizon, under that pure and lovely sky, and facing the Orient white, she springs from the salt argent as some chaste nymph, who issuing from the morning bath invests herself in the snowy garb of modesty. She is the Amphitrite of the seas, who rises fresh and serene from the foam, as Aurora breaks in the eastern skies.

I should compare 'Pernam,' not

¹ I could not find the Jewish Cemetery and the Three-gun Battery which older writers place at Olinda.

with the 'Sea Cybele fresh from ocean,' but with humbler Bremen or old Hamburg, and we easily see the traces of the Dutch conquest in the seventeenth century. The houses are still the houses of Holland; the churches and 'cimborios' are the churches and domes of Portugal. The Batavian and the Latin architecture sit side by side about as congenially as Martin Luther *en tête-à-tête* with a certain person of Babylon, 'the tiara of proud towns,' will be, but is not yet. Of the white houses, some are one-storied, in the style of Brazil, where man does not willingly ascend flights and stairs; whilst others, six stories high, and narrow as they are tall, look as if they were turned up on one end and made into a single gable. On the top is a kind of *belvedere*, here called a 'torrião,' and used more for ventilation than for views; and below it the red-channelled roof, with its rough tiles simply laid upon, not fastened to, one another, convex upon concave, as in Lisbon, is built with the steepest possible pitch to throw off the rain. These buildings look wondrous bald and plain; there is no warmth, and the heavy balcony is at a discount. The chimneys of Batavia are absent, and wanting are the windmills of Iberia. There is not even the comfort of a 'lightning rod.'

Close to the town there is a small wood of masts, and the foreground is an awful line of foam and spray, which makes every stranger ask his neighbour how the — he is to get in? A variety of craft gathers around us—civilised lighters for landing goods and baggage, silly row-boats for the passengers, and for a royal personage on board the *Galeotta da Marinha* there was a

large eighteen-oared gondola, or caique, all green and gold, with a white and glass-windowed aft cabin. The black crew of the State barge were dressed in white, and on their woolly heads wore pointed silver toques. Far more of local colouring is in the other craft. The *barcaça* is a cross between the Dutch *treyschuyt* and the long canoes for which the 'Calhetés,'¹ formerly the wild lords of the land, were celebrated. They have generally two masts curving backwards; the sails are triangular—a smaller one at the bow, and another of disproportionate size just behind it. The rudder is enormous, and at each side a corkwood trunk acts at once as float and gangway. With their loads of sugar and coloured crews, they fly over the water at the rate of ten to twelve knots per hour. The *barco* is an undecked schooner, too high to require outriggers, and carrying the single masts and the huge triangular sail of the *barcaça*. But the darling of travellers is the *jangada*, which the comical M. Biard calls 'rangada.' This, the catamaran of India and Arabia, is a simple float of four logs, the trunks of the *Apeiba* *tibourbon*, a kind of linden locally called *Pan de jangada*. These are about ten feet long, and through their diameter of six to eight inches are thrust stout wooden pins; there are no bulwarks, but logs of corkwood,² disposed at the sides and slightly upcurved, prevent frequent upsets. A pole bending backwards, and stepped on a frame of light perpendiculars and a horizontal board, acts as mast, supporting a large lateen of coarse canvas, which drives the thing flying over the seas; behind it, a stool of narrow plank, with four uprights, is pegged to the raft; and

¹ Or Caletés. So we read in *Caramura*—

'Os Caletés, nação possante.'

Canto iv. 1.

² The corkwood of 'Pernam' is, I believe, a species of palm.

behind this again is a kind of clothes-horse, for hanging fishing-nets and water-calabashes. Finally, there is another similar bench further aft, where the helmsman uses his broad paddle. The curious in jangadas can buy toy-models of them in the shops. In fine weather a jangada trip to Itamarajá Island is not to be despised.

And now we are to land without the Mussoolah boats of Madras or the surf canoes of Guinea. We are cheered by the tale of a Spaniard who was lost going off to the last mail: his boat upset, his nigger boatmen swam off and left him to the sharks, which here are fierce and numerous as on the Lagos Bar; they extend up to the second bridge. The sea washes high over the companion ladder, and there follows an awful yawn as the boat sinks deep below. . . . Enfin, we are off; *Estremadura*, adieu!

We steer towards the red buoy which marks the south or English bank—its north is defined by a black ditto—and we make straight for the great bar (Barra do Picão). It is a kind of gate in the reef, not a quarter of a mile wide, and where, for a space of about 200 yards from north to south, you find about fifteen or sixteen feet of water.¹ On the south is the lighthouse (pharol); on the north is a shoal, and a buoy showing another and a deeper entrance, the Barra Grande. North again, a third buoy marks the Barra Velha; it is broader than both the others put together, and is limited on the north by the rock called Pedra Caheça de Coko. After the Bight of Benin, the trial is not severe; but we feel the lift and the scud of the waves as they hurry to catch us, and we sight the dangerous Turtle Rock (Pedra Tartaruga), a northern prolongation of the light-

house reef-head. A pleasant sight before us is a fine English collier, whose drunken master missed stays when going on the bar, and drifted upon his fate. She looks like some new phantom-ship going under water, with her three masts and bows projecting above the surface. I remember a similar spectacle in the *Cigno* steamer ploughing the Potomac.

Then turning to the south at almost a right angle, we crossed what charts call the Second Bar, running east and west, and dividing the Poço (well) or outer basin from the river-like channel inside. This 'little Bar' has almost disappeared before modern improvements, especially two steam dredges.

And now our minds are free to remark the specific features of the entrance. To our right, on the loose sands of the mainland, is a dark square fort, with projecting bastions, *à la Vauban*, at each angle, and a straight curtain, with eighteen old guns, commanding the harbour. This is the Bruno, the Fortalega do Bruno, the Arx or Castrum Brunonis of old authors. Two hundred fathoms further north is the Cruz do Padrão, degraded in our charts to 'the Beacon.' It is a white round tower, with a brick foundation and a finical cross, like the folly erected to the Liberator in Rathmines churchyard; near it is a small square magazine, from which the gunpowder has been removed. Three hundred fathoms further north is another fort, the Buraco (Hole), in old charts Castrum Dorninæ Brunonis—Mad Bruno, the wife of the Dutch general. It is a black and dingy hexagon, with a straight sea wall, mounting nine guns. Beyond it a narrow strip of sand, here too steep for safe bathing, and backed by foetid mire and mangrove, leads to the fair head-

¹ Some declare that there are three fathoms and a half upon the outer bar, but all agree that no ship carrying more than sixteen feet of water can enter 'the Well.'

land on which sits the 'City of Olinda.'

To our left is the peculiar reef—a traveller calls it 'one of the wonders of the world'—which has given to the chief city of the Pernambuco province a local habitation and a name.¹ This is the Recife (o arracife of older writers) quem provida numinis cura huic orce adversus maris insultus objecit. For the Dutchman's words are still true, 'Reciffa statio est plena discriminis.' Yet his countrymen named Pernambuco 'the Paradise of Brazil,'—a paradise flowing with sugar, tobacco, and slaves. The third, if not the second, city of the empire is founded upon a reef, and its reef is its prosperity. In the days of James Lancaster (1595), S. Antonio de Recife was called the 'Base-town.'

This natural sea-wall extends along the coast at intervals from Cabo Frio to Maranhã, but markedly from Maceió to Ceará; here it closely approaches the shore, there it is five miles distant. The material is a pudding of coarse-grained yellow sandstone, calcareous shelly substances, and silex. The soft surface, rough with pot-holes and broken into ledges, is mucilaginous, with small univalves which are still apparently at work upon it. In a broken fragment I found a live bivalve, embedded in what seemed to be an air-tight chamber, and the whole appeared a mass of shells. Opposite the town of Recife, the reef was capped with a brick wall in 1854-59. The breadth is 14 feet; the reef itself is 30 feet, others say 50 feet, wide at the crest, and 180 below; it slopes towards the sea outside, while inside it is perpendicular to many fathoms, and the direction, according to Mr. Lindsay,

who was employed upon it, is North 33° East. When the tide is in, the water is flush with the sea-wall, and the ocean here and there has washed off parts of the parapet. At low water it stands out 5-8 feet, like that beyond the Pigeon House Fort, Dublin. Outside, the heavy swell of the angry Atlantic dashes up against the reef, curls its monstrous length, and breaks in snowy foam, throwing lively jets and gerbs of spray some twenty feet high, or tumbling over it surlily like the waters of a milldam. Inside is a river of smooth water, calm as a pond, some 300-400 yards broad, from which it is a real pleasure to sight the slaty black sky, the dull gleam of the distant sea, and the dark celadon of the concave waves as they raise their backs of yellow green. As this part of the coast is low and sandy, with a north and south direction, and the prevalent winds are NNE. and SSE., it would at times be impossible to land without the reef.

Theories have not been wanting to account for this choice piece of nature's engineering. Mr. Darwin would fashion it out of a consolidated bar of sand and pebbles, elevated above water; or by the hardening of a core of sandspit, from which a change in the set of currents has removed the loose matter, leaving only the hard nucleus. Dr. Gardner finds the sandstone belonging to the lower series of the chalk formation, and believes that the reef owes its origin to a decay of the rock between it and the shore. The little reef-builders, however, those ocean architects whose own bodies supply building-stone and cement, are still at work. The coral animals have vanished, but the rock surface is covered with univalves,

¹ The name-root is still disputed. The learned Fr. Raphael de Jesus, in his *Castriolo Lusitano*, informs us that Parana-buca, whence Pernambuco in the language of the aborigines, meant *pedra furada*—alluding to the gap in the reef; vulgarly Pernambuco, in French Fernambouc, and further corrupted to Fernanbourg, is supposed to mean 'mouth of hell'—probably from its resemblance to Inferno.

which are still raising the wall of live limestone. It is a counterpart of the Floridan Reef, to which Professor Agassiz assigns an antiquity of 70,000 years.¹

The old Dutch maps of 1650 show the site of the Pharol, or lighthouse, to have been an island; it is now connected by hewn and iron-cramped stones with the northern extremity of the reef. This convenience, which dates from 1822—Mr. Graham found it nearly finished in 1821—is a fat, whitewashed round tower, capped with a cage containing a three-light revolver, as all are on this coast, red, yellow and green-yellow, and based upon a platform of brown masonry.

On the sea wall, a little to the south of the Pharos, is the Arx Maritima, now called the Picão. A hexagon and apparently circular, with two sheds on the terre pleine, it is entered like the Pharol from the west, and it still bears the royal arms of Portugal. Why Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher should call it a 'fierce little fort' and an 'angry little fort' I know not; it is guiltless of gun or gunpowder, and it has a flagstaff but no flag.

We now row up the unrippled river, bounded by the town of Recife and its reef. Here the place looks mean: the wharf wall breaks off, *sobrados* or upper-storied houses are rare, the forts of St. George and the Pilar have disappeared, and there is a 'back slum' look about the locality. This part of the town is known as the *Fora-portas* (beyond the gates); there are now no walls, but they are not wanted. At some future time the ground will be valuable for warehouses. We touch the lower guard-boat, with its blue tin flag and lone white star; our carpet-bags are visited, and we are asked if we are engineers. On the reef side is an

old three-master, used for the *élèves de la marine*. On the town side is the Arsenal da Marinha, denoted by a corrugated iron shed, snowy bastions, and little Gothic battlements of D. Manoel's day, by walls adorned with *azulejos* (Dutch tiles) in square patterns, like those which, waved before people's eyes after dinner, cause vertigo, and by a whitewashed tower called the Malakoff, three stories high, conspicuous from the sea, at once belfry and observatory, adorned with a flag, and finished with a metal dome like a narrow-brimmed and much-battered billycock hat. Some thirty hulls, in three or four ranks, moored fore and aft to old cannon planted by the Dutch on the sea wall, lie parallel to, and within pistol-shot of, the town.

Mr. Mansfield remarks, on landing at Pernambuco, that everything is so utterly un-European, so 'crushingly new,' he almost thought he had been dead and had recommenced another life. It is not easy, I found, to call up enthusiasm, although landing in a strange hemisphere—touching a new world—placing foot upon the land of the Southern Cross. As you ascend the ramp leading to the Largo do Trapiche, off which a second guard-boat lies, you find old familiar features, mud and dirt, coffee-houses, 'sweetmeats and fruits,' 'sailors' delights,' 'Portuguese toes,' doggeries and grogeries glaring with signboards, French, English, and American, and at least one flagstaff per house. Other Powers had the power to abate this latter nuisance. When the English authorities attempted it, the freeborn fought to the last; and when the acting consul, aided by the police, removed the bunting, its owner applied for redress to the local law courts.

You will find lodgings at the

¹ In the anti-Darwin book, *Methods of Study in Natural History*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

west angle of the Trapiche Square. The host is a jolly personage, whose fair, round proportions argue the goodness of his cuisine, and the charges are exceedingly moderate—eight shillings per diem. Your olfactories suspect cats, which, however, are far from common here. The odorous matter is the *cassonade*, or brown sugar, of which almost every ground-floor is an *armazem*, or store, and which taints the air far and wide. Consequently it often happens that the *pian terreno* pays more rent than all the rest of the house, and the kitchens are in the attic, as happened to the houses of ancient London city.

Hours are early at the Unvers Hotel, and 'Pernam' is mostly silent after 11 P.M. The last German visitor swaggers out of the public room, a fellow with the beard of a drum-major, 'gig lamps,' and a mop head of hair, shining as if fresh from a soap-boiler's cauldron. There are no mosquitoes; the murmur of the sea is pleasantly

distant; and after rolling about in an unventilated coffin with one side knocked out for ease, you fall asleep, dear A****, over a French novel with astonishing phlegm, though you are in the new world, and in the third city of the empire.

But I must confess that of the long sea voyages known to me, this is the most pleasant. There is a delightful break at Lisbon. Between Portugal and St. Vincent—where there is time to run on shore—the view of El Pico is compensation enough for many troubles. The longest stretch between the Cape Verd Islands and Pernambuco is only six days. 'Pernam' is not always pleasant, but at times is a refuge for the destitute. In two days we shall reach Bahia, and find there a noble view and an introduction to the highest beauties of South American scenery. Finally there is Rio Bay—the Bay of Bays—to be expected, to be dreamed of.

RICHARD F. BURTON.



THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.

A Hotel.

BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOAT.

She floats upon the river . . . of his thoughts.—LONGFELLOW.

AT that moment it became apparent that Lady Clara and her company were not quite alone in the ruins. A wayworn-looking figure, clad in a pair of soldiers' trousers, and a frock-coat, and bearing some marks of military character about him, seemed to come from no one knew where. He had been asleep in the chapel, and now, seeing so many good-looking people around him, bethought himself of the probability of taxing their liberality. There was something about the man that did not look like ordinary pauperism. He blushed as he touched his hat; and nothing but a sad and petitioning expression of the face demanded an alms.

As Violet turned to leave the ruins with her companion, she stopped a moment in front of the intruder. With the impulsive charity common to persons of her character, she put a shilling into his hand; and, although she asked no question of the man, he saw that she had some curiosity to satisfy.

His account of himself was rational enough. He said that he had been discharged from the Indian army, and was making his way to Portsbridge (so he said, at least; and an old soldier's word is as good as his bond—in this case quite as good). She did not detain him long. 'Now, Violet,' said Frank, 'suppose we go down to the boat.'

'Violet!' said the old soldier to himself; 'I knew a Violet once—a little Violet; it has found a safer

shelter and a better garden than any on earth.' Then he bethought him of following to the lake. Mayhap he might be of service—bless her sweet face!—and earn another shilling or two, too.

There were two boats on the lake—one was a good family tub, useful for elderly ladies or timid young ones, and fishing parties; the other was an outrigger, formerly the property of the Honourable Frederick Ashdale, when he indulged in condition and blisters.

The big boat was soon manned. 'Let's have a turn alone, with the rest, first;' and Frank Beauclerc took off his coat, and seated himself amidships—dropping his sculls lightly into the water, after laying the boat's head from the shore.

After taking a sweep or two across the water, Frank returned to the shore. Ladies are proverbially impatient, and his apparent confidence in his own abilities furnished the same virtue in the others. Miss Montgomery thought it would do. Violet had no doubts, and Evelyn Ashdale had been in it hundreds of times; but now she was heavier, she knew. 'Not much,' says her brother. 'Then you scull me, Fred.' 'Nonsense! Beauclerc sculls better than I do.' The young lady thought she might venture, if Mr. Beauclerc was quite certain it wouldn't capsize. Mr. Beauclerc was certain—at least, it depended on the lady. In another minute Miss Ashdale was half across the water, and after ten minutes or a

quarter of an hour she returned to shore, safe and sound. The getting out was not so easy, but was accomplished without even a wet foot.

'Do you think I can go, Captain Ashdale?' Violet was not courageous; but she had an idea that she should like to have a turn on the lake, and certainly quite as well with Frank Beauclerc as with anyone else.

The weather had changed a little. The day had been more than hot—sultry; and now there was a little wind rising. Lord Portarlington might have predicted a change within three days without risk of his reputation. Away went the wherry, and in two or three minutes Violet was reassured. They hailed the other boat, pulled alongside, changed greetings, but were prudent enough not to shake hands.

The large party pulled one way, supremely happy, and Frank pulled the other, towards a pretty waterfall at the lower end of the lake, equally so.

The voyage had been accomplished in safety, and they started to return. Frank had been on the water often enough to know that an inland lake is a treacherous sea with any wind on. The too cautious mariner hugs the shore; but in this case his tactics were right. He pulled close under the trees, which here clothed the water's edge. At one point he would have to leave this shelter, and make for the landing-place, across an open arm of the lake. It was but a couple of hundred yards more, and the comers were hailed with shouts of 'Tea' and 'The Cottage.' As he shot from the shelter of the wooded bank, a sharp and sudden squall caught Violet's parasol. She always acted upon natural impulse—and that impulse was to save it. In one moment she was in the water, and catching at the boat to save herself;—the outrigger careened over, filled, and went down.

Poor child! the scream that was borne to the shore reached the ears of those who were already ascending the hill; while Frank, evading her attempts to take hold of him, caught her in a powerful grasp, and began swimming with his disengaged hand. As fast as we write, a boat was being unchained from her moorings; at least it seemed so to him.

'Still, Violet—still, for the love of heaven; the boat is coming! Violet, Violet—for God's sake, quiet, and we are safe!' But Violet struggled with that fear that is unequalled in this world—the fear of death to the strong, the happy, the young, the prosperous. But the boat was not coming, and the shouts of 'Break the chain!' 'Here's the padlock!' 'The key, the key! who has the key?' showed that all was not right. At last she fainted, and then Frank felt his task lighter; but he prayed mentally for help, as he made but little way with his burden.

At that moment a dark form, without coat or hat, was seen to emerge from the shore at the nearest point, and, with powerful strokes, to swim towards the exhausted pair. Fresh and unembarrassed, it took him but a minute or two to reach them, just as Frank was beginning to feel his strength go. 'Hold on, sir, one more stroke or two, while I get the other side of her.' At that moment she slipped from Frank's grasp, as the new-comer caught her beneath the arm and raised her face again above the surface. Favoured by the relief, and cheered by the manifest capability of his friend, Frank made a few more efforts, and between them they carried the inanimate form of poor Violet Carliss to the bank.

Great was the consternation among the dowagers, and the sympathy among the young; but neither of them would have brought back life

to those pallid cheeks but for other remedies. An old woman, who had no sympathy, had a flannel petticoat, hot as the day had been; and the tea-kettle and blankets supplied other revivers. The old soldier had nobly earned the reward which was pressed upon him, and before he went away only asked the name of the lady and gentleman he had helped to rescue. 'Miss Carlross! He knew the family in India; and Mr. Beauclerc, too—he'd heard of him before;' and Frank gave him his address, and told him the colonel would be glad to see him often when he came home, which he expected him to do some day this year or next.

'We owe you a couple of lives, my good fellow; I couldn't have held on much longer, and the boat never could have reached us in time.'

'Your honour, a big dog would 'a done it better. Maybe I'll take cowl; so I'll wish you good evening, and the young lady too. I'll get to Portsbridge very well with the drop of drink the gentlemen has given me.'

So while they all ran backwards and forwards in the cottage to wait upon Violet, the principal actor disappeared from the scene. Modesty gives strength and beauty even to the absent, whilst the vain we must have ever with us to be admired.

Bacon says that it is as natural to die as to be born. Very likely; and a necessity equally forced upon us. It is strange the most important personage has the least to say in either matter.

Violet had a narrow escape: for days she lay between life and death at the cottage of Madame Rosenfels. After her recovery, she did not love to talk about her accident. She shut her eyes when it was casually mentioned, and most of her neighbours got to respect her fears. So in a few months it came to be forgotten. 'Frank,' she

said, the day before he astonished Chelsea Hospital and its wooden-legged pensioners with his learning, 'I shall never forget it, nor to thank you for it. Two days after, when they thought I might die, and told me how much better and happier I should be out of this world, I felt more than ever grateful to you for your brave struggles for me. Ah! if ever I see our poor soldier again, what shall I do for him? And you can't find his address. Oh! a life at sixteen is a great debt to owe; but I'm glad I have it, and that I owe it to you.'

'But you are less my debtor than you think, Violet. Your brother never told you that he had done the same for me at Grammerton;' and then he tried to relieve her sense of obligation by an account of the battle of the punts in his schoolboy days.

'Never mind, Frank; it makes no difference who saved your life; you saved mine, and I never knew how dear it was to me till that dreadful moment.'

Here Violet tried to assume her really defiant tone, but she was unsuccessful. She put her hands up to shut out the painful vision, and the tears trickled slowly through her fingers. Frank got up from his seat, and as she held out a hand to him to say goodbye, he stooped down and kissed her forehead. He did not wait to see its effect, but walked quickly out of the room.

Then came the business of the examination.

Bentley, and Standish, and Frank Beauclerc represented the strength of the Lymmersfield stable. They sat down outside the Hall at Chelsea to compare notes under the long porticoes. 'Let's look at your Euclid paper, Standish;' and that youth produced a rough draft of what he had sent up to Mr. Heavy-side. He had proved beyond all question that two sides of a triangle were greater than the third; but he

had also given his opinion at the end of the proof that 'that was absurd.' Professor Heavyside not agreeing with that view, nor indeed with some others, as to the value of certain rectangles and squares, or the mode of computing heights and distances, adopted by this gentleman, forgot to put his name down in the list which was afterwards presented to the British public through the valuable columns of the *Times* newspaper. As Bentley had confidently stated that William Rufus was Charles I.'s nephew, and that he had lost the battle of Marston Moor by his rashness, it is not wonderful that his knowledge of English history was called in question by Professor Chepmell. He had written, it is true, an elaborate essay on Roman law and Agrarian outrage, which ought to have given him the command of a squadron at least; but the English failure was too palpable, besides which he wrote 'Triggernometry,' as if it had something to do with sport.

Frank sat on the benches outside, too, and compared notes with the rest. He was not strong in French, which had a decidedly Grammertonian twang. The Welsh gentleman had been manifestly employed. 'What did you put for these derivations, Beauclerc?'

'Well, they rather floored me,' said Frank, 'to tell you the truth.'

'So they did me,' said Standish, evidently astonished that he should have been floored by anything after such a careful preparation from the modern school. 'What did you say "grouse" was derived from?'

'Nothing at all,' said Beauclerc. 'You don't think they meant *grue* (grus), because that's a crane—and that's not much like a grouse, you know; what did you put for that?'

'Well, I was regularly floored, too: would you believe it?'

'Certainly, if you say so.' Standish was not good at a joke, so he

continued—'But the fellow next to me was a regular clever fellow: did everything, and no mistake; and, do you know, he shoved his paper over to me just at that very question, and pointed to that word: and then I saw "grouse—a Moorish word:" so I copied it, of course.'

Here Frank went into a fit of laughter, and even Bentley, not remarkable for a sense of humour, followed his example.

'And I hope you thanked your neighbour for his valuable assistance?'

'Yes, I did afterwards, and he seemed to be rather annoyed.'

'Why, what did he say?'

'Well, he wasn't very polite. He said, "What a confounded idiot you must be! we shall both be shut out for copying. It's only a joke."'

And so out of the three, Colville had two of them back again; and their fathers hoped they worked hard, and that Mr. Colville would keep their noses to the grindstone.

One morning, not long after these events (it was in October), Madame Rosenfels and the Rev. Harry Colville sat opposite to one another in the charming little room which Madame devoted to her own studies in 'The Cottage,' as it was called, at Lymmersfield. She looked much as usual—earnest, however, and clever, and remarkably well. There was a great deal of intellect in her face, but of not a very high character. It was not the intelligence of refinement or cultivation. She was not above small fascinations, to which truly great or good women rarely condescend. She twisted her rings, which were numerous and handsome, and the clear veins showed in a long and somewhat nervous hand, which was of a sufficiently good colour. Her foot, *bien chaussé*, was very busy, and hung out its peculiar lure. Those well-shod women have it sometimes *bien*

forchu. Altogether there was so much to fascinate, that a good physiognomist would have been on his guard. Harry Colville was no match for Madame.

'Then, if I understand you rightly, you think the money would be more profitably invested in this building land than it is now; and that it would add to Violet's comfort and your own.'

'Oh! my dear Mr. Colville,' and she laid that very clever-looking but tenacious hand upon his arm (I don't like it myself, I confess, when I intend to oppose a lady's proposition)—'My dear Mr. Colville, for myself I have enough, and am well satisfied; but for Violet, both now and hereafter, it would be a great advantage to have six or seven per cent. instead of three, which she is getting now.' She forgot to say anything of the security of the funds, and the responsibility of the trustees. Colville knew nothing whatever of business, and was, perhaps, the very worst adviser in the world. He referred Madame to her lawyers, Messrs. Fleechall and Shearham, and returned home unconscious of any mischief he might have done by his fatuity.

CHAPTER XI.

JUST JOINED.

We are but warriors for a working day.
SHAKSPEARE.

In times of peace, the lives of young cavalry officers do not differ much from one another. A little duty, which our colonels expect to have well done; a good mess; a general welcome in the country, which is of course due to their moral and intellectual superiority over any other branch of the service; an unquestioned right to a moustache, which of late years has been shared with Government clerks,

ambitious curates, all the infantry, and most of the volunteers, make life pleasant as well as ornamental. The dress is becoming, and particularly useful in a ball-room, where it is calculated to keep off intruders in a crowd, and to make great employment for the underpaid and overworked milliners' girls—a debt to that class of the fair sex which is fairly due from gentlemen who are said to have such eminent success among them. The hunting-field is recommended, indeed insisted upon, by the press, as the one great school for cavalry officers; and France is at all times pointed to as an illustrious example of its infallibility. Character is developed by the matutinal and post-prandial cigar; a judgment for claret is cultivated; steeplechasing gives a tone to the stomach for the steward's ordinary, and a dignified contempt for cold water in cold blood; while not only a taste for, but a quickness in, calculation is attained by constant attendance on the racecourse, and an unchecked confidence in laying or taking the odds. These are a few of the *agrémens* which assume the position of duties in a crack cavalry corps; and Frank Beaucherc was not slow to profit by them.

But we must do Frank justice. He was no coward; but he was not a man to take a header without first ascertaining the depth of the water, and his own capability for swimming. Neither had he that obliquity of moral vision which pretends to see virtue in vice, because it comes with a gilded exterior. He knew the real value of most things, seen even through the refracted rays of pleasure and enthusiasm. He became a great favourite in his regiment; in fact, the most popular man that had joined since poor Flatman, who was killed in a run from Ballycasey Castle. To be sure, there's a great deal of ill-directed ardour in popularity. The

British public, or the officers of a regiment, follow a cry as staunchly as a pack of hounds score to the cry of one leader, and sometimes have to be whipped off hare. It is very fickle too, and somewhat vulgar. There is a glare and a heat and a crowd about the movements of a popular man, which either oppress and restrain him in following the bent of his own tastes, or urge him to an unnatural anticipation of the tastes of his pursuers. In fact, like the fox, who is taking the lead for safety and to avoid the pressure of the crowd behind, he seems to be playing the same game, when all the time he is conscious of a danger which is being forced upon him, hazardously and unfortunately. Popular men should be leniently criticised: they are not their own masters. Like drunkards, they are acting under a pressure of circumstances; but, unlike them, they are not even responsible for the cause. Only one out of a thousand is allowed to lead from beginning to end. Poor Flatman! He spent all his money in the cause, all his time, and a great deal of his health, and killed himself in support of the prestige of the —th Hussars with the Ballycasey Hounds. The unpopular man, who applauds himself at home, is at least as fortunate as this.

Frank's popularity, however, was not of this kind: it was of a better class altogether. By the time he had left the depôt, and had been with his regiment a twelvemonth or more, he had acquired a character as well as a popularity which did as much good to others as to himself. He was more like the leading hound than the fox; and he gave a good healthy tone to the regimental subalterns, which acted indirectly upon those who were of longer service and higher grade.

'That's a promising young officer, Major, that Frank Beauclerc. I

don't know when we've had such a good-looking, active youngster join us. Certainly not since I've had the regiment.'

'Indeed he is, Colonel,' said Major Steadiman, a Scotch gentleman, who had gained his present position from the ranks, by transcendent courage and an undeviating course of honourable duty, not without a necessary economy for which his countrymen are considered famous. 'Indeed he is a vera extra-a-ordinary young mon; a leetle inclined to be gay, to be sure—'

'Come, Major, I think you're inclined to be hypercritical,' said the Colonel. The Major did not quite understand what that was, but proceeded to defend his position.

'Nae doubt, Colonel, the cal-lant's as fine a looking soldier-like man as ever put foot into stirrup; but he's over-fond of hunting his chargers; and I am told (mind, I don't speak of my own knowledge) that both his hacks can race.'

'Well, it's difficult for a youngster with money to live in a regiment like this without some taste for horse-flesh: it's part of his profession, Major; besides, he's no gambler, even in that. He never puts on above a "tenner," and that with a brother officer. We were young ourselves once.'

The Colonel asserted this with an eye to a moral puerility in which, it should be remarked, the Major had never had any part. 'I'm no speaking against the young mon, Colonel. He's the smartest officer and the best rider we have in the corps, and he's the vera quickest and steadiest coachman I ever sat behind; but I'm no friend to the turf, Colonel.'

'Nor I, Major; I've seen too much of it. Men do begin, as you say, with their "tenners" (not that the Major had said so, for he would

have called it a "ten-pound note"), and go on, like bricks and mortar, till they never know where to stop. But I don't think Frank Beauclerc is likely to commit himself in that way.'

'Maybe not; but it's ill playing wi' edged tools. There's no gentleman of my acquaintance that has raised himself by assorting wi' bad company, and a great many that have brought muckle grief to themselves and their families.'

'I'm told he's a capital billiard player. That's a more dangerous accomplishment than the other, to my mind.'

'I never see a young gentleman knocking about the balls, as they call it, in a public room, without thinking him a fool, and promising that he will become a knave, if Providence has only given him brains for the situation.'

'Frank Beauclerc doesn't want them, at all events; let's hope he may use them to another purpose, Major. Here's his health,'—and the jolly Colonel drained a glass of sherry, and pushed the bottle to his companion. 'One more glass.'

'I remember his father weel, in India. He was as like him as two peas, but younger looking, and not so steady. He'd one great fault, Colonel—he never said "No." He was a mighty favourite with us all. Everybody loved him; and when he married, there wasn't a woman out there that wasn't ready to break her heart.'

'I've heard he was not very happy in his choice,' said Colonel Hoplight.

'I never heard that he replaced the first Mrs. Beauclerc wi' a second, and it's no gude sign that, Colonel.'

'No; but there was some curious story about him and somebody up in the country.'

'Yes, there was, when he was up in the hills; but that was after

his wife's death some length of time, and nobody ever knew the rights o' the story. The ladies in Calcutta (that's them he didn't pay much attention to) were vera wroth for a time; but when he came back they received him wi' all the honours. Ye see then he was a widower, and his uncle had died in the meantime. He opened a great ball at Calcutta wi' the Judge-Advocate's lady, and that put the whole matter right. But I hear he did not marry Sir Joseph Parchment's daughter, after all.'

The stalwart Major here rose, and, wishing the Colonel a good evening, retired to his quarters; while the Colonel himself, lighting a cigar, after exchanging his coat for a shooting-jacket, proceeded to look over his book on the Grand Military, in which his pet cornet and one of his captains were engaged. As he appreciated Frank's appearance in the betting ring, we hope he found his account satisfactory, and not too heavy.

Beauclerc had not lately been to Lymmersfield. His conscience reproached him with his long neglect, and, expecting to find Violet Carlross at 'The Cottage,' he went upon leave.

They were delighted to see him—who ever was not?—and he dined heartily on something plainer but not less excellent, than '*Salmi aux perdreaux* and *champagne*.' He did ample justice to the Southdown mutton and Burgundy which his old tutor put before him. He had asked after pretty nearly everybody in the village, but he had not yet mustered courage to inquire for Violet. 'Why shouldn't I?' thought he; but he never did. At last Colville left the room; and while Mrs. Colville worked away at an antimacassar, he ventured to inquire for her. Men are always bolder with women on such subjects.

'I thought you'd forgotten her

quite, Frank. It's such a time since you were here.'

'Forgotten her!—oh! no; certainly not that—only—only—you see, I—' Here he stuck fast, and Mrs. Colville did not come to the rescue. She continued her crochet work, and looked provokingly quiet and handsome. She thought Frank was capricious, and it disappointed her.

'I suppose I shall see her to-morrow,' added he, making the remark in as commonplace a tone of voice as he well could.

'I suppose not, Frank. They came hence the day before yesterday, and went to Brighton this afternoon. Madame has let her house again.'

Brighton! Four days in this confounded place without her!

The next day he borrowed Colville's hack. I am not romantic myself, but I can forgive Frank for having ridden round the bank of the lake from which he had helped to rescue poor Violet. Surely she couldn't have forgotten him!

And what did Frank in this solitary ride? Well, he thought not very kindly of 'that ass, Dashwood,'—a brother officer who had been very particular in his attentions to Violet at Leamington. Then he wondered whether it would not have been as well that the waters of the lake had closed over them both for ever. But he was just enough to know that this world is not so rich in loveliness and innocence as to have spared Violet. 'To die old, is only to separate for a short time; to be separated young, is to die indeed.' Frank was half a sentimentalist, for which I like him; but he was a man of action, too, for which I like him still better. There and then he determined to play out the game, and to go with his regiment to Brighton.

In the meantime dinner awaited

him at Lymmersfield. Heaven knows, he cared nothing about dinner that day. But Mrs. Colville was a friend in need, and it was a comfort to have some one to whom to open his heart; and when she saw the wound, surely she could pour in oil and wine.

'Frank, you're not happy,' said that lady after dinner on that day, when Colville had retired to his study. 'Can I be of any service to you?'

Indeed she could, of the greatest, and he told her so.

'Mrs. Colville, you think me very odd, I dare say?'

'Not at all; only as capricious as other people, which I did not think you.'

'Then help me out of a difficulty. I've been to the lake at St. Hilda's.'

'So I should have guessed.'

'Indeed! why so?'

and Frank looked eagerly for a solution which would have saved him an explanation.

'Because I saw Harry's pony's legs were adorned with the red clay peculiar to that district.'

'Now you're laughing at me.'

'And don't you deserve it? Violet Carlross has been round that lake fifty times to your once. Now, you must make a confidant of me.'

'Ah! you guess my secret, I see.'

'It ought to be no secret unless she shares it with you. I can't tell how that may be.'

'You know I've had so few opportunities.'

'Opportunities are made by sensible men. There! don't go!' And before Colville rejoined them, he made up his mind to go to Brighton. Women are the best doctors for heart-complaint.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRANSPLANTATION.

Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.—HOR. Ep. l. i. 11.

Everard Beauclerc, the father of Frank, was a remarkable-looking man at the time we speak of. He was remarkably handsome, in the first place. He was pale without being sallow, as so many of our Indian officers and civilians are after a lengthened sojourn in that climate. He was scarcely to be called dark. His hair was brown, and unchanged in colour. His eyes were grey, but the length and colour of the lashes gave them a depth and earnestness which they might otherwise have wanted. His nose was straight and well formed, and his mouth rather full, but with handsome and regular teeth, which he showed when he smiled. He wore a long and drooping moustache, without beard; and his whiskers were thin and straight in line, but wavy and silken in substance. In fact his face had that clean European look which was successfully achieved by cavalry officers of a past date. He was slight and tall—fully six feet high; but his shoulders were broad and flat, and his figure sloped gracefully down, triangularly, to his feet, giving his flanks that unmistakable promise of joint activity and strength so peculiarly English. He was really forty-five years of age, with an appearance at least ten years younger.

He often smiled—whether to show his teeth or his disposition, I cannot tell; probably from both causes. His friends had rarely seen him out of temper; his acquaintances, never.

To physiognomists his face was pre-eminently that of one who never said 'No' to himself or others. He was self-indulgent, and facile of temper: a not unfrequent combi-

nation, though, at first sight, somewhat anomalous. There was talent, too, in his broad white forehead, and courage; but it was rather the courage of impulse and *physique* than that of stern self-reliance and high principle. Generous he was, for it was painful to him to be otherwise; and he was not indifferent to the reputation which is acquired by occasionally great sacrifices at the expense of many petty negligences of that virtue.

It is a great thing to be able to say 'No' in the right place. It entails a victory over self, which is far greater than a victory over many cities. Colonel Beauclerc had never attained to that degree of generalship. He had had his moments of good resolution, but had always capitulated when the enemy presented himself in a specious form. He was always treating resolution, and his resolution never rejected the bribe.

It must not be inferred from this that Everard Beauclerc was a dishonourable man. Nothing of the sort. He would have fought a duel, had it lain in his way, as Falstaff would have picked up honour. He could not have said 'No.' He would have paid a debt, if he had stripped himself of his last farthing: for he could not have said 'No.' But then the creditor must have presented himself as the first claimant, or the farthing would have gone in charity or a cheroot.

When he was young, religion in schools meant one of two things—a lofty aspiration beyond the intelligence of boyhood, and quite impracticable amongst its duties and its pleasures; or an ultra-asceticism, sure to be condemned and kicked at by high spirits and fashionable scholarship. The consequence was a moderate indifference, which laughed at nothing and cared for nothing. It pervaded masters as well as boys; and all

that was good and great vacillated between a Pericles and a Plato. He went to church and said his prayers, to please his mother; but his firmest belief was in his talent for short whist and his high connections.

Frank was in many respects like his father; but that blank paper, of which philosophers speak, had been early impressed in a better school. He had had the opportunity of learning that boys should be honourable from some higher motive than high birth; that there were more kinds of courage than one, and more principles of action than gentility. He had been taught this from his earliest years, and had seen it acted upon by Dr. Armstrong and those in whom he reposed confidence. The result of former public education in fashionable society was this: that men became good in spite of false premises, or taxed all their energies only to become great.

Everard Beauclerc sat in the verandah of a handsome house in that city of palaces, Calcutta. It was detached, built of brick, and stuccoed. It looked towards the north. It was not hot, but the air was soft and mild, and the Colonel smoked his cheroot and thought of many things. The ground story was unused, and he occasionally listened to hear the sound of wheels which might enter the spacious *porte cochère* beneath the pillared porch and covered yard, which belonged to the basement of his house. He watched the craft on the river, with the steamers paddling up to the quay. The busy hum of voices came to him with the soft sea breeze, and the sounds of the life that passed to and fro on the 'course' was borne to him with a pleasant murmur.

At present he waited for his friend Mr. Finney, the junior partner in a great banking firm in

Calcutta. He arrived at last, an hour after his time. The flush of business was upon his brow as he stepped out of his carriage and came upstairs.

'My dear Colonel, I am come in person to answer your note, as I told you I would.'

'Thank you, Finney; it's very good of you to come. I really feel quite a lassitude. I suppose it's this confounded climate.'

'No one ought to be less hard upon it than you. You look as young as you did twenty years ago.'

Finney was a cunning-looking person—small-eyed, long-nosed, with a serpent-like figure that might have penetrated and coiled itself round the profoundest depths of a man's heart. His object at present was to fascinate: it was his worst point. So he smoked the Colonel's cheroot, notwithstanding that it made him a little uncomfortable.

'Do I really, Finney? I don't feel so.'

'You do, indeed. The climate agrees with you wonderfully. You ought to stop out here and become a millionaire.'

'A mummy, you mean, my good fellow. No, no; I've arranged my affairs, and, as I said, I must realise. I've put the business into Sharkers' and Flint's hands, and they must see me through it.'

Sharker and Flint were just the people that Mr. Finney did not care to recognise in the Colonel's affairs just then.

'You might be a millionaire a few years hence, Beauclerc—a millionaire and still a young man.' Finney rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

'A millionaire without a liver is not so good as a goose with one.'

'And, after all,' continued the financier, appearing to commune with himself, but aloud, 'what a pittance in England is a few

thousands a year to a man of such taste, such refinement, such capabilities of enjoyment, such——'

'That's just the reason I want to go, while I have those capabilities of enjoyment, and not when I'm dried up, worn out, and miserable. Besides, you're such a nabob, my dear Finney. What's your idea of a pittance? You bankers must have had a fine time of it.'

'Indeed we have; and that's why I should recommend you to think twice before you draw your money out of the Anglo-Banian Bank. One hundred and fifty-three thousand pounds will be found to be something less than one million one hundred and fifty-three thousand rupees.'

'Let's call it a hundred and fifty.'

'Let's call it what it is; your friends Sharker and Flint will, I can tell you.'

'Well, it's enough to live upon, at all events.'

'Not as you live. Let me see. At three per cent., with the Funds at par, that will be just four thousand——'

'There; never mind that; have another cheroot.'

'On no account—no, thank you,' said Finney, who was more at home with his Colenso than his tobacco; 'on no account. But, as I was saying, four thousand five hundred a year is no great income to begin upon in England. To be sure, there's your uncle's estate, which may be worth——'

'The Jews have had the best part of it long ago. It's let on a lease, or I'd go and live at the place myself, and take the hounds.'

'Take the hounds!' said old Finney with a stare, his own profligacy lying quite in a different direction to dogs and horses.

'Yes: why not? I suppose I'm not so infirm yet as not to be able to ride.'

'Oh, it's not the riding: it's the money I'm thinking of.'

'You don't mean to say that a man with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and a place in the country which must produce something, can't be master of a pack of fox-hounds?'

'I know nothing about hounds, but I should think not, when he only gets three per cent. for it. We've allowed you seven, and you have contrived occasionally to overdraw.' There is no denying the facts of Mr. Finney, nor the extravagance of the Colonel's life, who would have managed to spend any sum of money that could be placed at his disposal. In a capital remarkable for its luxuries and waste, Everard Beanclerc was running the wealthiest Europeans or natives close for first place.

The Colonel understood the position in which Finney's statistics had placed him, and meditated probably as much as he ever had meditated about money matters. Mr. Finney pushed his advances: 'And you give up your appointment too, and retire upon half-pay?'

'Of course; and the Colonel pulled his moustache into his mouth, and held the end of it between his lips—with him an un-failing sign of profundity. 'Why not leave the money if you must go? and draw upon us for your income at sight? Nothing easier: a thing done every day.'

'Do you remember me when I first married, three or four-and-twenty years ago? I was very young, and married imprudently, people said. They said so in England, but I didn't think so. Well, I had thirty thousand pounds then, only—it wasn't much, to be sure, but it was all—and it was in the hands of one of your great houses—Snatchem's. I didn't get much of it back, as you may suppose.'

'Three shillings in the pound,'

N N

said Finney, with a pious ejaculation on the wickedness of mankind in general, and bankers in particular. 'After all, they were but adventurers from Liverpool or Manchester.'

'I did not ask what they were; but I woke one fine morning and went out shooting with Jennyns and Goldicott. They didn't know that I had anything to do with it, but mentioned the failure at luncheon. It was only for two millions three hundred thousand. That was a trifle after Alexander's, you know.'

'What *did* you do?' said old Finney, wondering in his own mind what his friend would do if he had just now such a pleasant piece of intelligence to announce.

'Well, it rather upset me, and I missed the first deer after tiffin; but it made me dreadfully savage; and in the afternoon I shot a tiger, and won fourteen hundred of Bungalow at *ecarté*. One can't do much with fourteen hundred; but it's better than nothing.'

Mr. Finney thought it was. 'Those were awkward times for young men. The merchants and bankers were most improvident—reckless in their way of trading. They speculated in all sorts of things.'

'Speculated!' said Beauclerc, regarding the loss at a distance as rather a joke; 'I believe you; I don't know what I was not a holder of: Indigo, silk, cotton, raw sugars—what the d—l are they?—and monkey skins! and then down they came upon us. I don't think Snatchem was much the worse for it. He sold his race-horses, but he continued to live and give dinners much as usual. I remember his horses, for I bought one of 'em myself; a thorough-bred one, by the King of Oude.'

Finney opened his eyes at this very singular mode of retrenchment.

'I gave a hundred sovereigns for

him, and won the Nizam's Cup, worth at least two thousand rupees, and about twenty thousand more in bets; so that spec. answered better than raw sugar and monkeys' tails, you see.'

'Yours has been a curious life, Colonel; however, you're pretty safe now?'

'I hope so. When my uncle died, a few years after, it quite set me up. Ah! poor dear Florence! she did not live to see it. I've had some lucky *coups* since then. And you think I could do best by leaving the money in your hands?'

'My dear Colonel, what's the difference between four thousand five hundred and ten thousand five hundred?'

'Well, you know best, I dare say. It's a good deal of money, as you say.'

'And as safe as the Bank of England.'

'That's just what they said of Alexander's, and of Snatchem and the rest of them; but they all came to grief.'

'But what a different state of things! Look at the lives they led—the extravagance, the immorality, the insane speculation, the gambling—'

'Very likely, Finney; but you don't mean to say there are no more cakes and ale, because Snatchem's gone, and you stand?'

'There was a general demoralisation of Indian society, at the time you speak of, shocking to contemplate; and the banker looked piously horrified.'

Everard Beauclerc seemed rather entertained, and replied, 'Yes, to be sure there was; they were no worse than their creditors, at all events, in these respects, you know. To be sure, they added robbery to their abnegation of the rest of the decalogue, but then it was on a grand scale; and the Bankruptcy Court, like society, pardons vice on a large

scale with a magnanimity she never uses towards minor infirmities. Poor old Snatchem! I'm glad he went on again. His son is one of the aides-de-camp at Government House.'

'Ah! my dear Colonel Beauclerc, you make a joke of everything; you always did; but in those days we lived over a volcano, and when it burst it spread ruin far and wide. Think of the widow and orphan—'

'And of the unhappy subaltern, who got nothing out of it but a hundred guinea screw——'

'Ha! ha! it's no use talking to you now. We must have this matter over seriously another time. If we can set you up in England with ten thousand a year, Colonel, with your opportunities you may be anything. You may have all the packs of dogs in Newmarket; and your boy—bless my heart!—you may return him for the county. Think of that—young Frank, member for the county.'

'This was a chord to which the Colonel always responded. 'Well, I suppose it would be a great advantage. I think nothing more need be done in the matter till I see Sharker and Flint.'

'D—n Sharker and Flint!' said the pious banker as he went down stairs, and met Captain Jennyns coming up.

'So you really mean going next month, Beauclerc, do you?' said the Captain.

'Well, you see, I had made up my mind; but——'

'So you had three years ago, when your boy was first gazetted. It's more than an even bet you don't go now.' And the Captain stroked his moustache.

'Indeed I must; I mean to go; but I want to settle some money matters. There's old Finney—'pon my soul, I think that fellow's a rascal, with that Anglo-Banian Bank of his. He's been here, and I've

given my lawyers orders to get my account out of his hand, and put everything straight between us.'

When Jennyns heard of Mr. Finney's visit, and the Anglo-Banian Bank, his face turned a shade paler than usual, and he blew a prolonged whistle.

'Why, what's the matter now?' said the Colonel.

'If it's not impertinent, old fellow, may I ask what you consider the amount of your property of one sort or another in that concern?'

'Yes, you may, Charlie. I've just heard, one hundred and fifty-three thousand pounds some shillings; and what the d—l to do with the odd three thousand, I'm sure I can't tell.'

'Don't let that trouble you. Come with me.' They were soon in the Captain's carriage, and driving along the course, where nods and signs of recognition greeted them constantly.

'The sooner you're out of this concern the better for you, Beauclerc. Sharker and Flint are bad enough, but that's a harbour of refuge compared to the Anglo-Banian business.'

'I've ordered Sharker to get the affair wound up a month ago.' The Colonel did not say that he had just been about rescinding the order: that sort of reticence was so like him.

'We'll stir up old Sharker at once, then. I don't like your Anglo-Indian friends. Report just now doesn't speak highly of them.'

'Why, you don't mean to say—'

'I don't mean to say anything. But we'll go and see how matters stand;' and they were soon in the office of Messrs. Sharker and Flint. Sharker was enjoying himself in the cool of the day; Flint was at home—a sharp, hard-featured little man, who looked a match for any number of cavalry officers, and a banker into the bargain.

'Well, Flint, what have you done about my business?'

'What? Mr. Finney and the banking concern? Why, he's just gone; came here to rescind the order for transmission to England; but we want your signature to the power of attorney before we can do anything.' Finney had lost no time.

'How soon can the business be settled?' said Jennyns, who was a good-looking, wiry sort of man, with a quick, imperious manner, highly authoritative when backed by money and right.

'As soon as the Colonel likes—now if he pleases; but if he's going to rescind the order, it doesn't signify. No importance at all. We'll stop the proceedings, and the thing can stand over till the next Board-day.'

'Let's have the papers, and draw out the form. The Colonel has made up his mind, so we'll sign at once.'

Mr. Flint went to a strong box, whence he drew forth the lengthiest document on record, which he proceeded to read. Having finished, he produced a pen and ink, and, pointing to a favoured spot, desired the Colonel to sign, seal, and deliver.

In half an hour the Colonel and his friend were on their way back. The business was to be concluded by that time to-morrow; and when Captain Jennyns shook hands with his friend, he felt that he had done a good day's work.

'You're safe enough now, Beauclerc; and about the time you get your first dividend from the Bank of England, you'll read of the failure of a few more Indian houses, and our friend Finney's will be among the first of them.'

'You don't mean that?' replied Beauclerc, looking remarkably blue. His friend did mean it; and the Colonel's sleep that night was not so wholesome as it was six weeks later, when the proper course had been adopted and the transmission

of 150,000*l.* into English securities was *un fait accompli*.

We may as well finish up Finney and the Anglo-Banian Company at once. Their failure took place within the twelve months. The Colonel's withdrawal was the first stone which hit the windows of a dilapidated house. They carried on, however, for some time. At length Finney became supernaturally pious, and his coadjutors more luxurious and immoral than usual. A great crash came. Half a dozen houses divided the loss of about 15,000,000*l.* between them. Widows and orphans wept, and went into servitude; subalterns and old general officers cursed and drank sangaree, and began life again. Finney forswore champagne and the pleasures of the table for six months; and the confiding public divided five shillings in the pound among them. It would have made a hole in the 150,000*l.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

A few words over a long journey.

And what became of the odd three thousand? He was not troubled at all in getting rid of it. He found claimants enough of all sorts. He was for trusting its distribution to his steward; but finding that it was likely to have found its way very little beyond that worthy's pocket, he called in the aid of Jennyns, who declined acting with Sharkar and Flint. All the local charities, European and native, had a share of the Colonel's parting bounty; the racing fund was enriched to a handsome extent, and a gold cup was given to be run for by officers on active service. A like favour was extended to the civilians; and Captain Jennyns and the Commander-in-Chief were deputed to see the Colonel's bequests carried

out. It might have occurred to him that three thousand would have helped to furnish his house in England, or purchase a step for his son, or do some of those little services so needful upon occasion: but it never did. If the Colonel was the most thoughtless man alive, he was also one of the luckiest. He appeared to be in and out of a fortune or a scrape in no time. The ups and downs he had had were marvellous. He went to bed with a handsome income, and thirty thousand pounds paying him seven per cent; he woke the next morning a beggar. Nobody molested him; but the Governor's lady and all the other ladies laid siege to their lords, and he filled a high official situation in a week; having won fourteen hundred pounds previously, to keep himself and his wife till something turned up. Beauclerc felt as certain of something turning up as Micawber himself, and was much more correct in his conjectures than that much-enduring and disappointed financier. Then he was talked about with a lady—a certain step to ruin or fortune in respectable circles. To be sure, the Indian Government, to make up for its private peccadilloes, acted with a virtue and propriety becoming the mother country, where a privy councillor may be anything as long as he is not found out, and took away his appointment. Luckily, it was after his wife's untimely death some few years. So he starved on double batta; and was found so serviceable as a soldier, and so charming as a companion, that they gave him a still higher official salary than before, and the very best dinners that could be eaten. On his return from obscurity it was voted that his infirmities might be overlooked this time, and the ladies received him again with open arms. This was after his uncle's death, when he came into the property; but we do not think

that that opportune circumstance had anything to do with it. We rather attribute it to the Colonel's luck—the luck of never having made a personal enemy.

'Beauclerc, I'm very hard up; deucedly hit at the Sunderbunds' meeting.'

'Don't say a word, my dear fellow. I'd a capital week. Take your own time; pay when you like.' Beauclerc didn't say that he had been hit too.

'No, no; but if you'll let me give you an I O U, or a bill, or note, or something——'

'Nonsense. What's the use of that between us? You'll pay when you can, I know.' And he pushes out his creditor.

'Lend you a thousand rupees? Yes, I dare say I can manage it for you.'

'Upon my soul, Beauclerc, I'm very much obliged to you. I don't know what I should have done. I'm very short of money just now, and——'

'Don't say a word—there's a general impecuniosity just now about the British soldier in India, which touches my heart. I've been hard up myself more than once; so I know what a bore it is.'

'A horse! I know of the very best lady's horse in Calcutta, Mrs. Vansittart. Vansittart will go as far as a hundred and fifty, you say. I think I can do better for you. If you will accept him as a loan, I shall be delighted; he's one of mine—very handsome, very good.'

'But, my dear Colonel Beauclerc, you don't understand.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Vansittart, I do understand. He's not quite up to my weight. I don't want to sell him; and I can't see why Vansittart should want to give a hundred and fifty guineas, when he can really do me a great favour by taking Conrad off my hands for the present. He knows the horse. He'll carry you splendidly.' So Mrs.

Vansittart is a friend to the Colonel for life.

That was Beauclerc's luck. He was good-looking, clever, generous, and good-tempered; we think no man need have better luck than that. Most men make it for themselves; or manufacture such an article as bad-luck, with which they find fault on every occasion. It is a grand thing to have a scapegoat. So when a man gets drunk and breaks his horse's knees, he calls it bad-luck; if he neglects his duties, annoys his neighbours, skates on thin ice, practically or metaphorically, speculates indiscreetly (for all life is a speculation), or shuts his eyes to consequences, he calls it ill-luck. There is no real ill-luck but a bad wife: no man can contend against that; and the man who comes utterly to grief with a good one is worse than a fool.

With the latter contingency the Colonel had nothing to do. He might have been even more fortunate with his wife than without her. If his luck had been no better, his morality would have had a better chance of withstanding temptation.

When Beauclerc was disturbed in the last chapter by the arrival of Mr. Finney, he was summing up reasons for leaving India at the earliest possible period. He talked of his liver and his money matters; but he carefully concealed from the ferret-eyed banker his strongest motive. He was half ashamed of it, and half afraid of being laughed out of it, too.

Since he had parted with his boy, he had always looked forward to a time for rejoining him. He would have done so long before this, but he was accustomed to Indian life, and unwilling to forego the personal indulgence which he regarded as in some way attached to an eastern residence. Moreover, Colonel Beauclerc was a highly-connected person, and of some consideration in Calcutta. He had learnt that, with all

its advantages in England, high birth required some aid from adventurous circumstances; and now that he had at least a competency, and might aspire to the family seat at Beauclerc without a compromise of dignity from a straitened rent-roll, he had written to his cousin, Lord Ashdale, to sound him on the subject, and received a flattering answer. He was a very affectionate person, however self-indulgent; and one of his most amiable weaknesses was a wish to be once more with his boy; to dine at his mess, to ride with him to cover, to be his friend and his companion. When, one morning, he detected a grey hair or two in his whiskers, he saw it was time to put his intentions into execution. He did so without delay, and the result was that he reached Dover, *viâ* Marseilles, Paris, and Boulogne, about the middle of December, a few days after his letter, which announced no decided determination, but a generally expressed intention of coming home. This intention had been generally and often expressed during the last four years; and when the wolf came, nobody knew of his arrival—not even Frank himself.

He rested at Marseilles: exhibiting himself for a day or two on the Esplanade de la Tourette and the Boulevard des Dames. At Dover he ate his English fare with a moderately good appetite, and drank of the claret, which had been manufactured in Dublin and imported by the Lord Warden. He ascertained that the —th Hussars were quartered at Brighton; and forwarding the main part of his luggage with his valet to the Clarendon, he himself took the rail to that city of Chinese pagodas, cavalry officers, and ever-blowing winds.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LITTLE SOCIETY AT BRIGHTON.

Ἀκτὴ μὲν ἦδε τῆς περιπύρου χθονός.
SOPHOCLES, *Phil.*

Lady Philander had a reception in Sussex Square. She was herself the widow of the late Lord Philander—the present bearer of that title being at Eton, and just now struggling with constitutional lassitude and heavy arrears of elegiacs. She had got together a charming little *réunion*. There was Professor Betell, the entomologist; he had brought, or caused to be brought by a hired porter, a box of magnificent butterflies. The brothers Turnimout were there, to exhibit combinations of spiritualism and legerdemain, which had procured some extraordinary rappings for themselves at Liverpool and elsewhere. There was that clever creature Frontdebrass, who had written a book combining the delicacies of Paul de Kock with the philosophy of Kant; and that charming vocalist Gloriani, who was the *basso profondo* of the East Cliff. There was but a meagre supper: sandwiches, light claret, sherry-and-water; but there were several very good-looking women, and a small detachment of the —th Hussars. They were not there for the supper.

My friend Madame Rosenfels was not the plainest of the guests, and her beautiful protégée looked more beautiful than ever.

Three officers stood in the doorway. Officers will stand in the doorway.

What brought those three cavalry officers to Lady Philander's reception? Violet Carlross, who had become the belle of Brighton; and the military in general, and these three—Dashwood, Ryder, and Sloper—in particular, affected her. She was pre-eminently the fashion; and

after 9 P.M. was only to be found in the reception-rooms of the great menagerie-mongers.

While the ladies were inspecting the Professor's butterflies, another announcement or two took place among them—Colonel Hoplight and Mr. Beauclerc. Lady Philander heard it, as in duty bound. The Professor was describing a very gorgeous specimen of the *Lepidoptera*, and consequently did not hear anything but himself. Sloper, Ryder, and Dashwood were thinking each of themselves, and the ladies possibly of them. There was one more who heard the name, but did not turn round. Violet's cheek became a *soupeon* brighter, and her eyes followed the example. She hardly knew whether she was pleased or pained the most; at all events, the feeling was a mixed one, for Frank's conduct had been a little inexplicable of late.

As Frank got through the rooms towards the crowd which was making its way to the piano and Signor Gloriani, Violet became almost unconsciously aware of his proximity. That singular consciousness is the most convincing proof of the magnetic influence, and the pleasantest application of the science with which we are acquainted. We do not pretend to say what young ladies feel under the circumstances; we know what Violet did: she turned round, and greeted Frank with an honest smile. You may be sure she felt as she looked upon all occasions.

'Frank Beauclerc, how long since I've seen you!'

'You are always out, or jealously guarded at home and abroad,' said he.

'Oh, Frank, what nonsense! By whom, I should like to know?'

'Well, Violet; out, by Dashwood, and Sloper, and Ryder; at home, by Madame Rosenfels.'

'Oh! you're fond of music, Mr. Dashwood,' said a young lady with

florid hair and an eyeglass; what a charming taste it is.'

'Yes, Miss Littleton; nothing I like so much. Gloriani's capital. You can talk as much as you like when he's performing, you know; nobody hears you, he makes such a noise himself.'

Madame Rosenfels had escaped to a corner, with Violet on her arm. Frank Beauclerc followed up vigorously. Something in her conversation, or manner, had inspired him with determination. At all events, Frank was beginning to be jealous of his brother-officers. As he was hurrying on with a gentle violence, Colonel Hoplight crossed him and inquired, 'Is Jenny Jumps as good as they say?'

'I don't believe a word about Dashwood,' said Frank, with a mind somewhat preoccupied.

'Dashwood! but she's Ryder's; unless Sloper has a share in her.'

'Ryder's!—no, that won't do. She's not half a fool, I can tell you. Ryder's! that's too good.' The Colonel looked a little bewildered.

'Fool—no! they tell me she's remarkably clever.'

'That's not the way I should describe her,' said Frank, growing eloquent, and red, under the influence of love and slightly loaded claret; 'she's not clever, but she's a dear —pon my honour, Colonel, I beg your pardon. I—I—the fact is, I—that is——' Colonel Hoplight stood open-mouthed.

'Oh! don't apologise,' said Colonel Hoplight, good-humouredly, 'if there's any stable-secret that I ought not to know; but between ourselves, Beauclerc, if they've told you she's not clever, they've been humbugging you; I don't think the mare as good as your own, and I hope you'll win.'

'Thanks, Colonel, a thousand times.' Frank laughed at the absurd blunder, and Colonel Hoplight thought he had never had his

hand squeezed so warmly for so commonplace a wish.

'What a little difference there is, after all,' Frank began to muse, 'between Jenny Jumps and Violet Carlross. One's clever and the other is not; and Jenny is his love, and Violet is mine!'

'Madame Rosenfels, you'll go to the steeplechase to-morrow?'

'I hardly know. Old Lady Ashdale is down here, and has offered to take Violet: so I'm not wanted.'

'That's a very mean opinion to have formed of your own attractions.'

Madame looked up into his handsome face, and thought how very different Frank was from the Ryders, Dashwoods, and Slopers; and 'how like his father! If he could but make love to me now; and I'm nearly old enough to be his mother.' She quite loved Frank in a semi-maternal way; but she was not one who ever lost sight of herself in the game she had to play,—so she put him on the shelf again, and inquired after his father. 'Have you heard lately from India?'

'Yes! everything as usual. The governor—I mean Colonel Beauclerc (that's a very bad habit of mine)—talks of coming home, but we have given up that idea for the present. I had a letter from Mrs. Colville, who sent her love to you when I saw you.'

'That must have been to Violet, Mr. Beauclerc?'

'Yes, I believe it was; but it's the same thing, I presume.'

'Well, in the case of Mrs. Colville, not exactly; for she never says anything she does not mean, and almost everything she does.'

'How like the Griffin.'

'So it is; but the Griffin is not good-looking enough to do that to women—she can venture upon it with men. It is the reverse with Mrs. Colville. If I were a man, I should be immensely flattered by

having the truth told me by so handsome a woman.'

'Then I ought to feel flattered; for she does me the kindness whenever we meet.'

'You! yes; she's known you like one of her own children. You'll be glad to hear the Griffin is coming here to stay with Violet. She ought to have been here to-day.'

'The very person. Now, Miss Carlross, you must sing us a song,' said Lady Philander, in her blandest tones, stopping opposite the juvenile beauty. 'Come, Mr. Beaucherc, add your persuasions to mine.' Violet laughed heartily at the notion, and appealed to Madame Rosenfels and Frank. 'Of course you do sing?'

'Oh, yes, Lady Philander, indeed I do; but I don't think you would like to hear it; and as to the Signor Gloriani, it's not much like his.'

'But you will sing, Miss Carlross; because, you know, some of us have heard you before,' and her ladyship looked as much in earnest, and so did the other solicitors, as it was in their nature to do. A mask of sincerity is of thin material, and easily seen through.

Everybody knows how an evening is got through with such elements for enjoyment. There was the Signor, who sang again, but he did not go down after Violet. The Professor, having shown his boxes and said all he had to say, went home to bed. The brothers darkened the room, and shut themselves in a closet adjoining, where they were tied up by Colonel Hoplight, and tied down by Dr. O'Meagher; notwithstanding which, tambourines and guitars flew about the room like bats, and the brothers came undone, as if the cords had been the green withes in the hands of Samson. Some of the ladies thought it decidedly wicked; some began by laughing, but were near to hysterics at the consummation; some believed in spiritual manifes-

tations; and all were glad when the room was once more lighted up, excepting, perhaps, a very few who might be situated as Violet and Frank were. At twelve, a carriage or two took off a few of the guests to a ball on the West Cliff; and then the young gentlemen who were left behind solicited Lady Philander for just one carpet waltz.

At the back of the drawing-room was a small conservatory. Flowers in December or January, and a warm atmosphere, promote tenderness of heart as much as carbonic heat promotes tenderness of liver. Frank and Violet were alone; the rooms were deserted; they were accidentally admiring the beautiful texture of the same camellia. I suppose he saw something more than the camellia which prompted him to say—

'Then, Violet, it's not true about Dashwood of ours?'

'Dashwood of ours!—of yours, you mean, Frank. What are you talking about?'

'Listen to me, Violet. Forgive me, and be serious.' He looked so serious himself, that she was obliged to be so.

'Tell me, Violet, it's not true—you're not engaged to him?'

'And that's the reason you've hardly spoken to me a kind word since you came down here? That's why you let him and Mr. Ryder and Lord Alfred come and ride with me and tease me all the morning? That's why you only danced once with me at Mrs. Fanshawe's? Oh, Frank, Frank, you never believed it of me; you —'

'How could I tell? The people said it was true. Madame never contradicted it, and you —'

'Well, sir—and I?—what did I do? Dashwood, indeed! He's a very likely person to think of anybody but himself—to try to make anybody happy.'

'Do you believe I could, Violet?'

'You might—some one, perhaps

—if you tried very hard.’ Her eyes were brimful of tears, but not running over; and her lids were up, looking fearlessly into his.

‘Do you think I could make you happy, Violet?’ Then she dropped her lids, and the tears ran over; but she did not speak, though her lips trembled.

‘I’d try, Violet.’ Still no sound; but she gave him her hand, and looked away.

‘Could you put up with me, Frank, as I am?’

‘I’d try, Violet,’ said Frank, drawing her closer to him.

‘You’d never succeed, Frank; and I should be sorry if you did. Life is one long trial; and when you ceased to try, you would cease to live.’

Soon after, there was the usual noise of carriages and the adieux. Frank joined his brother-officers, who were going home, with a cordial goodwill towards them which he had not experienced since their change of quarters.

As Frank walked up his staircase, he felt amiably towards the whole world.

‘Good night, boys.’ With which words Frank turned round in the doorway of his sitting-room, and saw a handsome middle-aged man in his arm-chair, who had heard the foregoing conversation.

The stranger rose from his seat, or rather from Frank’s seat; and the Beauclercs, father and son, stood face to face.



NATIVE TRIBES ON THE ZAMBÉSI RIVER.

AN EAST AFRICAN SKETCH.

VARIOUS explorers from the days of Vasco de Gama have made us well acquainted with the geography and people of Western Africa, although no European nation, except the Portuguese, has paid much attention to the eastern part of the continent. A wild and unhealthy region, consisting almost entirely of dry sandy deserts, shut in by barren hills, and peopled by ferocious tribes deriving their character from the Moors of the north,—such was the light in which we regarded East Africa until Speke discovered the source of the Nile, and Dr. Livingstone made the Zambési a familiar name. In descending that river, and in his later exploring expeditions, Dr. Livingstone has told us how he passed through extensive tracts of country diversified by the richest scenery, well watered by tributary streams, and possessing great fertility of soil. The inhabitants of these districts, far from being savage and inhospitable, are described by him as generally mild and inoffensive, well disposed and even friendly to strangers: so that in adding to our knowledge, he has been among the first to give a new interest to, and alter our previous ideas of, the eastern interior.

One of the largest tribes on the northern bank of the Zambési is that of the Manganja, whose name, literally translated, means 'The People of the Waters.' The following sketch, taken from notes made during a stay of nearly three years in their country, may afford some interesting particulars relating to this tribe, and at the same time give an idea of native life and habits in East Africa.

By referring to any recent map of the country, it will be seen that

the river Shiré flows out of Lake Nyassa, and, after a south-easterly course of more than 200 miles, joins the larger river Zambési about 80 miles (of latitude) above the coast, and 30 above Mazaro, a Portuguese fort at the head of the Delta. Close to this place runs the Mutu—a small stream that connects the Zambési with the Quelimane river, the northernmost of the Delta branches. Between the mouth of this and the extreme southern branch there are seven large outlets, the intervening coast line of 90 miles of longitude forming an irregular base to the great triangle, of which Mazaro is the apex. The lower part of the Delta consists almost entirely of mangrove swamps and forests, a curious scene of mud tracts underneath and glistening green foliage above, the former teeming with little jumping fish, the latter with birds and monkeys, insect life being abundant everywhere. Higher up, the land is curiously interlaced by a network of creeks and lesser streams that connect and flow in and out of the great mouth branches. Dense, tall, large-leaved bush grows up to the margin of the water, and at low tide overhangs sloping banks of mud. The regular and rounded exterior of these bright green borders of bush gives them the appearance of far-extending barrels or tubes; and with the still water gliding between, they have a very singular effect. Beyond them extend savannas of coarse grass, on which native villages are built, generally surrounded by groves of cocoa-nut and mango trees, with broad banana leaves drooping over the well-made huts. The country is widely cultivated; and as the mangroves disappear and give place to fine bush and forest on open

plains towards the head of the Delta, the blending crops of maize, beans, and cassava, and the rich green of the cocoa-nut and mango groves, contrasting with the more sombre tints of the forest tracts, give it there rather the aspect of a vast park and pleasure grounds. The lands, or 'prazos,' are the property of the Colonial Government of Mozambique, and are rented in long leases, at low prices, by the Portuguese settlers, who place their 'colonos' or tributary landholders upon them. These 'colonos' are natives, doing all the cultivation, and paying large rentals in kind.

Above the Delta, the Zambézi, varying in width from half a mile to two miles, flows down over a bed of loose sand full of mica, which the force of the current forms into constantly shifting shoals and sand-banks. Hence the difficulty of navigation on the Zambézi; and although during most of the year a channel might be found deep enough to ascend for about 300 miles—as far as the rapids of Kebrabasa—with vessels of 70 or 80 tons burthen, none could do so for four months of the dry season except those drawing less than two feet of water. The river is at its lowest point from June to November; it then begins to rise with the rains: and during the highest floods, which occur in March and April, it often reaches an elevation of 15 feet above the ordinary level.

The Shiré is marked at the confluence by the narrow width of the channel and the darker colour of its waters, which are covered with a kind of weed (*Pistia stratiotes*), called 'Alfacynia' by the Portuguese, from its resemblance to small lettuces. A few miles above the mouth of the Shiré lies Mozambala, on the right, the first intimation of a change from plain to hill country, the side rising steeply to the summit from the smaller hills around, and

its heights varied by almost every feature of mountain scenery. At its northern extremity begins the first marsh, a vast level about 40 miles long and 20 wide, overspread with tall coarse grass and reeds. The Shiré flows down the middle; and in the rainy season large lagoons are formed at the sides by the rise of the water, which, with the numberless feeders from the main stream, cause a difficulty in navigation of another character than that on the Zambézi. A long range of granite hills stretches northward from Mozambala, and presents a broken outline of conical peaks and jagged ridges on the right; while on the left another fine but less eccentric mountain chain trends in the same direction from the banks of the Zambézi.

After passing the first marsh, the mountains close in on both sides of the Shiré, running near it on the right, and on the left with an irregular curve to the westward, up to the Murchison Falls. In the stream itself are innumerable small islands, on most of which grow fine trees, festooned with masses of purple convolvuli. About 150 miles from the mouth of the Shiré is the junction of the Ruo, its largest tributary, which flows in from the NE., opposite the island of Malo, sadly memorable as the spot where Bishop Mackenzie died. Beyond the mouth of the Ruo, the second or Elephant Marsh is entered—a smaller tract, but similar in character to the first. A few more miles past the beautiful mountains on the right, and the Lower Shiré Valley is traversed, navigation being stopped at Matiti, the first of the Murchison Cataracts.

After leaving Lake Nyassa, the Shiré flows for 90 miles through what is called the Upper Shiré Valley, and descends for a latitudinal distance of 30 miles over the country of the Cataracts into

the Lower Valley. There are seven falls, three of which, surrounded by wild and broken scenery, are singularly striking.

From the dead level of the Lower Valley the Manganja Highlands rise in three plateaux. The first, 1,200 feet high, and the second, 1,000 feet above that, are narrow, but definitely marked, with continuous clusters of hills upon them. The last, the plateau of the Lakes, consists of extensive plains, varied by ranges of hills or detached mountain masses 3,000 feet above the sea. Nyassa is probably the southernmost of the Lake system, of which the Victoria Nyanza of Speke, the Tanganyika Lake, and the Luta Nzigé, are the most important; and when thoroughly explored to the north, may prove very interesting in connection with the late discoveries.

The country thus intersected by the Shiré, between the 13th and 19th parallels of S. latitude, is that occupied by the Manganja. The river, in fact, divides it into two nearly equal triangular portions, of which the one to the north-east may be generally described as a magnificent highland region; and the other, on the south-west side of the Shiré, within the angle formed by its junction with the Zambézi, as a vast plain, like the Lake plateau, varied by mountain ranges. To the eastward of Lake Nyassa, and only separated from it by a narrow strip of land, lies the smaller Lake Shirwah (or Chiroah, as the natives pronounce it), discovered by Dr. Livingstone, the waters of which are quite brackish. In the Lower Valley of the Shiré, just described, and among the highlands that lie above it, numerous rivers and smaller streams are to be found; and from this peculiar character of their country the name of the tribe is derived. The Manganja (Ma'-nyang-a) are what their name imports, the 'People of the Waters'

Corresponding with this description of their country, the Manganja are divided into highlanders or hill people, and lowlanders or people of the valley. There is a similar division on the Zambézi, the natives who inhabit the lands of the Delta being called 'mud-people,' to distinguish them from those living on the plains beyond, who are named 'sand-people.' All the Manganja are virtually free and independent: for, though the Portuguese nominally claim the whole territory up to Lake Nyassa, their real possessions are small, and extend a very few miles beyond the banks of the Zambézi on either side. Up the Lower Shiré Valley, and on the hills to the north-east, their influence is unfelt. They have no forts or stations above the mouth of the Shiré; the natives pay no tribute, and only know them as the 'Masungu' (white men) who send the 'achagunda' (slave-traders). The last term is applied by the Manganja to all coloured people coming from the Zambézi settlements, and shows what they believe to be one use the Portuguese make of their slaves.

The most important border tribes are the Makoah on the east, a set of inveterate slave-traders, but brave, intelligent, and powerful; the Machinga, Anguru, and Achama (or Wyiow, as they are called on the coast—the Wahiyow of Speke), to the north and north-east, who trade extensively with the coast Arabs, especially at Zanzibar, in slaves and ivory; the Masavi on the north-west (from whom the Manganja are said to have sprung), a large horde of robbers; and the Avisa, Agoa, and Achipeta on the west and south-west, who trade principally with neighbouring people in slaves and ivory to be taken to the coast. There is no tribe, indeed, which does not either sell its own people to other tribes, or send them in large gangs to supply the Arabs and

Portuguese on the seaboard, who thus carry on the slave-trade far into the interior. Wars on the part of stronger tribes against weaker ones, for the sole purpose of making slaves, are of frequent occurrence, and are encouraged by the coast merchants in this way. The native traders who arrive from the interior receive annual orders for a certain number of slaves; when these are delivered, new orders are given for the following year, in order to keep up a constant supply, which rarely fails from inactivity in the native agents. Should it happen, however, that the required number is not made up within the year, the trader has been bound by a partial prepayment of cloth, and is certain to fulfil his engagements sooner or later. This advance of part of the price binds the employer to buy of no other trader, and the employed to sell to no other merchant, between the giving of the order and the delivery of the slaves; nor are broken contracts of frequent occurrence, the employer fearing to lose his cloth and the trader his credit among other merchants. Slavery, nevertheless, does not rest on the support given by strangers; it is a firmly established institution, however it may have originated, among the natives of Eastern Africa, whose wealth and influence depend upon the number of slaves they possess individually; and to this rule the Manganja form no exception.

They belong to the Kafir race, which is now held to include the various tribes of East Africa from Abyssinia to Kaffraria and Natal. The term 'Kafir' is Arabic, being analogous among the Mahomedans to our word 'heathen,' and has no reference to origin. Although applied, therefore, to mark a distinct African family, it is doubtful whether the tribes comprehended under the name have been derived from a common source. Comparing the

Manganja with what is known of other Kafir tribes, some important differences might be found to show this; but such an examination being beside the present purpose, it will be sufficient to notice certain peculiarities in support of a conjecture that may be raised with regard to their derivation.

According to a modern view, the present people of Africa, excluding the Moorish settlers on the north, may be divided into three classes—the Nigritian, the Nilotic, and the Hottentot. The Nigritian class comprises the superior tribes of Northern Guinea, such as the Dahomans and the Ashantees, and are so called from inhabiting country in the neighbourhood of the Niger. Beyond the Mountains of the Moon to the south, appear the Nilotic tribes, who are spread over a great part of the interior, and find their representatives on the west coast in the negroes of Southern Guinea and the Gaboon. The Hottentots are distinct from the above classes both in language and appearance, and, with their cognate races, the Damaras and Namagwas, are now only to be found in Southern Africa. The Nigritian and Nilotic classes are supposed to have been derived, like the Hottentots, from Ethiopia (or Nubia), and the data for this hypothesis are gathered from a detailed comparison of language, customs, and physiognomy, apart from resemblances which would arise from the admixture of tribes bordering on the lines of class demarcation. The natives of Senegambia, from the fact that they are Mahomedans, and from their general superiority, mental and physical, have been reckoned as a fourth class; but it is doubtful whether they are really distinct, and whether as a border race they are not a mixture of Moors and Nigritians, deriving their points of superiority from the former.

So little, however, is known with regard to the origin of the negro races, that nothing can at present be laid down with certainty: yet from the existence of the three classes above-mentioned, it is possible to form a more precise conjecture than has hitherto been done, and in tracing them to their source to assign a common derivation to the Nigritian tribes, and the Kafirs of North-East Africa, more especially the Manganja.

It is assumed, therefore, that the Hottentots who emigrated from Nubia at some remote period, and peopled the contiguous country to the west and south-west, were the original inhabitants of Africa; that the Nilotic tribes dwelt in Southern Nubia, about the Upper Nile; and that the Nigritian tribes were anciently the occupants of country further northward, nearer to Egypt and the Lower Nile. Now, if we suppose a stream of emigration to have set southward from Nubia, and gradually displaced the aboriginal Hottentots as it advanced, we can very easily account for the present allocation of the three classes. Thus an emigration of the Nilotic tribes may have taken place spontaneously, or from pressure by war or otherwise, expelling the Hottentots and driving them southward, or rather, perhaps, to the south-west. Upon this followed an exodus of the Nigritian tribes, pressing upon the Nilotic invaders, and forcing them on the Hottentots, who were driven in this way to the southern extremity of the continent. Such a view is entirely consistent with the general distribution of races in West and South-West Africa; and if the more northern Kafirs, as a branch of the Nigritian family, are supposed to have immigrated eastward from Nubia, we can better account for the settlement of the Nilotic tribes on the west. But judging from their proximity to Egypt, the north-

ern Nubians must have been highly civilised; such at least is the testimony of Herodotus: a resemblance would certainly be found in the habits and customs of people whose countries immediately bordered upon one another; and in those of the Manganja we can so clearly trace an early connection with Egypt as greatly to favour the idea of their assumed Nigritian origin.

The superiority of the Egyptians, extending to their physical appearance, must have had some effect on the adjoining people, with whom they no doubt intermarried. There are traces of such superiority in the Manganja. In person they are fine and tall, if not so muscular and well-proportioned as some of the neighbouring tribes. Their features differ from those of the pure negro, which would appear in the unmixed races of Southern Nubia; the depressed nose and thick lips prevail to some extent, but are often replaced by a cast of countenance thoroughly Caucasian. The mouth is well formed, and the nose not only handsome, but what we in England would designate as 'Roman.' This, indeed, may possibly be derived from the Arabs and Europeans on the coast, inasmuch as the negro face predominates more to the westward; and yet the features of the Manganja mark a South Nubian descent as little as their colour, which is reddish-brown, often approaching a copper tint. The hair is woolly; the eyes dark and shining, in some cases strikingly brilliant. They have broad open foreheads, prominent temples, and the head round and well developed. Comparing the sexes collectively, the features of the women are coarser and less regular than those of the men, and their figures more wanting in symmetry, owing, no doubt, to the constant labour and exposure they have to undergo from childhood. This might be supposed

to denote some inferiority in social position—a similar state of female degradation to that found in other parts of Africa; but if Manganja custom obliges the women to work hard, they have far greater privileges than among the Kafirs of Natal, for instance, where a woman is little else than a saleable commodity.

The general character of the Zambézi tribes has been already referred to as mild and inoffensive; in the case of the Manganja this mildness too often degenerates into cowardice, and a result of this is excessive untruthfulness. These are serious defects, but it is something in their favour to assert that they are the worst traits in their character. They are naturally neither selfish, malicious, nor revengeful; with strong affections, they show themselves open to kindness and sympathy, and soon become attached to their benefactors. While uncontaminated by foreign influences, they are neither treacherous nor thievish; but if once brought into contact with civilised vices and selfishness, they speedily learn to imitate them. Good example, however, is certainly not without its effect. The difference between the 'good heart' and 'bad heart' (such are their expressions) is readily appreciated; and, indeed, in the discernment of character their keenness appears almost like intuitive perception. Nor are they at all destitute of intelligence; if deficient in reasoning power, and the calculation of cause and effect, they have excellent memories, and are quick in understanding the exact nature of facts. They show great ingenuity, and combine considerable taste in design with mechanical skill in execution.

In proceeding to details relating to the Manganja, their dress—if such it may be termed—requires the first notice. Both men and wo-

men alike wear strips of cotton cloth fastened round the waist by a girdle, to which they attach their knives and long snuff-tubes. The cloth hangs down like a kilt, though the men frequently content themselves with a narrow piece passed through the girdle from behind to the front. Where cloth is scarce, they substitute skins and the inner bark of a kind of acacia, prepared by being steeped in water and beaten on a board. They are fond of necklaces of beads, which they string in many pretty devices, showing great taste in their arrangement of the colours. To these they tie their amulets and charms, usually the coloured seeds of various plants, pieces of carved wood, the claws of leopards and eagles, and horns of a small kind of antelope, containing magic ointment or other mixtures.

The men have singular methods of ornamenting the hair. Some raise a ridge, helmet-like, down the centre of the crown: others fasten it up in larger or smaller knobs all over the head: others again shave it off in numerous quaint devices, or thread it with beads over a part or the whole of the head. A very favourite plan, and one by far the most common, is to divide the hair into small locks, round which they neatly wind narrow strips of brown bark. As the hair grows, they keep binding it in this way until the locks are five or six inches long, hanging closely together down the back and sides of the head. Captain Grant mentions the custom as existing among the Wanyamúzi, and it is certainly found in Nubia at the present day.

The Manganja usually carry a spear in the hand, or a bow and bundle of arrows, with a bag of skin slung on the shoulder. The arrow is a formidable weapon, barbed not only at the head, but down the iron shank, which pro-

jects three or four inches beyond the reed shaft. This shank, instead of being barbed, is often poisoned by spreading coloured clay upon it, mixed with gum and the juice of the euphorbia, or some deadly plant of which the properties are well known. The bow is about five feet in length, made of a light but strong yellow wood, and lightly bound with small reed cord at intervals of a few inches. The string is of hide, cut into thin strips and twisted together while raw. The only peculiarity in their spears is the iron spud, which they always insert in the butt end, for digging holes.

The women do not ornament their hair except by stringing beads upon it. In addition to the necklaces, which they wear in profusion, they load their ankles with heavy rings of brass or iron, of which the former are exclusively the decorations of rank.

Their special vanity is the 'pilélé,' or lip-ring. While the girls are quite young, the upper lip is pierced, and a small piece of wood placed in the orifice. As they grow older this is gradually enlarged, until the lip is stretched wide enough to admit a ring or plug two or more inches in diameter! Should the lip break, as it sometimes does, in the process of stretching, the hopes of the unfortunate 'lip-riven' are gone for ever; she can never be ranked as a beauty, and is doomed to sad and hopeless celibacy.

Ear-rings are common everywhere. A very favourite ornament is the ear-plug—a decoration as destitute of elegance as the name is of euphony. The lobe of the ear is pierced and stretched, like the lip for the 'pilélé,' and large round pieces of white wood inserted, at least an inch in diameter. On a close inspection, these are often found to be neither more nor less than hollow cylinders filled with snuff!

VOL. LXXIII.—NO. CCCXXXVI.

All the tribes to the north of the Zambézi practise tattooing, each one having its characteristic mode and marks. The highland Manganja cut long continuous lines, extending from the forehead round the cheek, under the ear, down the back, and so under the arms to the chest, where they are finished in curves and spiral figures. In the Valley of the Shiré they adopt a less complicated system, and content themselves with making small gashes and crossed lines all over the arms and chest. Those who wish to appear to the greatest advantage tattoo the whole of the body, legs and feet included, and in such it is considered a token of magnanimity!

The Manganja are entirely an agricultural people. They have no live stock except fowls, goats, and a few sheep of a brown or speckled colour, with immense tails; and scarcely any of them know what an ox is. This only applies, however, to the more northern people, as those on the Zambézi have seen the cattle of the Portuguese, a beautiful though small breed, with humps above the shoulder like zebus. They are acquainted with the buffalo, which, like the elephant, is plentiful in various parts of the country.

They are laborious and persevering cultivators. In September, before the rainy season commences (towards the end of October), they begin to dig their gardens, using long hoes with short handles, with which they merely raise the surface of the soil. Nothing is known of irrigation, nor have they any idea of improving the soil by manure; but as they usually change the locality of their gardens every two or three years, returning to them again afterwards, they seem to be aware of the advantages of fallow land. The seed is sown in October, with a view to succession of crops in the following order: pumpkins (maungu), maize (chimanga), the 'holcus

sorghum' (mapira), beans and peas of various kinds (nandolo, yemba), yams (mpama), sweet potatoes (batata), and cassava (bwani). These, with 'miéri,' a kind of millet, form the staple food of the people, the addition of flesh being a luxury in which they seldom indulge. During the dry season, from May to the beginning of October, the grass is burnt off nearly the whole face of the country. When the fires are extensive, the smoke hangs heavily over the ground, and produces a continual density in the air for days together, resembling mists.

Like all barbarous tribes, they are very improvident. After their harvests, beginning about January, they feast unsparingly on the maize and 'holcus,' and make great quantities into beer, with which they regale their friends, often prolonging the feast through the whole of the night. Such revelries usually take place at funerals, and while the moon is in the first two quarters and at the full, but are by no means confined to those times: they frequently last for two days and nights without intermission. In this way they waste so much of their corn, that when the produce of July, August, and September is consumed, the first months of the rainy season, October, November, and December, find them almost without food. Those who have been more provident eke out the remainder of their stores in diminished meals. Others, less careful, betake themselves to the woods and marshes, where they contrive to subsist on fruits and roots, especially those of a species of the lotus, until the pumpkin harvest comes round. Most of the natives then have a pinched and haggard look; they grow thin and emaciated, and many die of sheer starvation. Should a drought occur, which is not unfrequently the case, the mortality is fearful. Wherever there are any remaining

hoards of food, thefts continually take place, and give rise to wars that add to the horrors of famine.

The months of September, October, and November are always called 'Miezi a njala' (hunger months). Ants and grasshoppers, which abound during the first rains (in October and November), are eagerly caught and eaten. Many of the starving people cut the young useless stalks of the maize, or those of a sweet reed called 'impi,' and chew them for the sake of the juice. If herbs or pumpkin blossoms can be obtained, they are highly prized as food; and anyone is very fortunate indeed if he can kill a monkey, or catch a wild cat in one of their traps. Snakes are sometimes eaten, but not often, as they are objects of superstitious dread. The greatest dainty, however, at this season, is a fine field rat or mouse, and regular expeditions are made in search of them with hoes and spears. Whenever a hole is discovered, the half starved native commences the most energetic digging, as if for some hidden treasure; nor does he relax his efforts until the unfortunate occupants are dragged from the burrow, or speared as they rush out, and then hung in triumph by the tail round his belt.

Passing on to what we may call the manufactures of the Manganja, their pottery deserves particular notice. The shapes of many of their vessels are remarkable, and once more take us back to North Nubia and the Lower Nile. They are precisely similar to those represented in Egyptian sculpture. They are made by the hand alone, no tool being used except a flat piece of wood for smoothing the outside. The hardening process is baking; light wood is heaped over them and set on fire, and as the dry branches of the thorny mimosa blaze and crackle and die away, one is forcibly reminded of the illustration

in the Psalms. When worked smooth, it is usual to colour them with red burnt clay, which is rubbed over both inside and out. They are then ornamented with black marks, generally zigzagged or vandyked—sometimes waved lines or groups of dots. This is done with plumbago, which is plentiful on the hills.

Large squares of strong cotton cloth are worn in lieu of blankets, which, though often needed, from the coldness of the nights on the hills, are unknown either there or in the valley. The natives weave them by a simple but rather tedious process. The raw cotton, cleared of seed, is drawn out loose and fine, and spun into coarse thread with a light distaff. Four stout poles are then placed in the earth, corresponding with the four corners of the piece to be made, two horizontal cross-poles being fixed parallel to one another at two of the ends, about a foot above the ground. To these the warp is firmly secured. The woof, wound on a netting-needle of large dimensions, is passed backwards and forwards by the hand, and the warp threads are raised for the alternate crossings by a pole fixed horizontally above, to which they are attached by lines. They use no dye, but sometimes unravel coloured cloth of foreign manufacture and weave in the threads. A broad fringe is left at each end like those represented on Egyptian figures, or on the sculptures found at Nineveh.

They work cleverly in iron obtained from ironstone, which is abundant on the highlands. The ore is separated by a process of smelting in small kilns made of clay, with sloping floors. The kiln is round or dome-shaped, with flutings or gutters formed in the floor, extending through holes at the bottom of the wall into a reservoir dug in the earth round the outside. A

quantity of ironstone is placed on the sloping floor inside the kiln, and wood piled over it, which is set on fire. As soon as sufficient heat is obtained by continually adding wood, the melted metal runs down the flutings into the outside reservoir, from which it is taken when cool, and worked at once. The iron, though very soft and flexible, they have no idea of hardening by carbonisation; yet they make knives, rings, hoes, arrow and spear heads of it that show admirable workmanship, and answer all the requisite purposes.

The forge is placed under a small hut, and consists of a fire between two stones, blown by bellows of goatskin. The bellows are like bags with very wide mouths: when used they are drawn up open, then closed with the hand and crushed down perpendicularly, the wind being conducted to the fire through a tube, or passage underground, with which the lower part of the bellows is connected. For an anvil they use a large flat stone, with a hammer and pincers of iron made by themselves. Without having anything in the shape of a file, the accuracy and finish of their work is surprising.

The Portuguese on the Zambézi have shown the natives how to mould and work in brass, and they have taught their slaves to manufacture very beautiful rings and chains from the gold which is found above Tette. The gold is of a very fine quality, but the fields are very little worked. The Portuguese are afraid on account of the hostility of the natives, and the natives are kept back by their superstitious fears. They have a notion that if they were to dig to a greater depth than three or four feet, the crust of the earth would be broken through, and they would fall headlong into some terrible abyss beneath!

The Manganja make mats and

ornaments of grass, palm-leaf, and the outer coverings of reeds, which are plaited in many curious and really beautiful designs. They are very fond of belts, armlets, anklets, and tires for the head, made in this way. On the Zambézi, however, they only wear these plaited ornaments in token of mourning for the dead.

Their huts are neatly built, and have a picturesque appearance, standing as they do in clusters often surrounded by dense hedges of the *Euphorbia lathyris*. The form is always round except on the Zambézi, where square ones have been introduced by the Portuguese. Poles are placed in the ground, about two feet apart and four in height, so as to form a circle with a diameter of from ten to sixteen feet. Between these, courses of bamboo, reeds, or grass are arranged in an upright position, held firmly together by concentric circles of wood tied to the uprights both within and without. The roof, conical in shape, with low projecting eaves, is thatched with grass secured on poles or rafters that radiate downwards from the central point, sloping at an angle of 45° , and often more. Moist clay, or the soil from anthills, is spread for the floor, which becomes as hard as cement after drying. The fireplace, simply a hole surrounded with stones, occupies the centre of the floor. Over it stands a platform on four poles three feet in height, commonly used as a store loft for corn, which is placed on the top in large cases of wicker-work. A square space left open in the side of the hut serves at once for door and chimney, and is closed at night by a wicker frame, leaving the smoke to escape as best it can through the thatch and crevices in the sides. A portion of the floor is elevated a few inches, and allotted as the sleeping place of the owner and his wife. Their substi-

tute for a mattress is one of their mats of plaited reeds, and they have no other covering at night than the cloth they wear in the daytime. Their pillows are blocks of wood hollowed in the shape of the head, or made like diminutive crutches on stands. Similar ones are in use among the Nubians at the present time.

In passing through their country, the small watch-huts built by the Manganja in their gardens are very striking. Far distant from the villages, and surrounded by the spreading shoots and bright green leaves of the pumpkin plant, they forcibly recall Isaiah's figure of solitude, the 'lodge in a garden of cucumbers,' and an emblem of those people 'left alone' under a curse amidst the beauty and wild luxuriance of their land, still seems to speak of a bygone age, before the routine, perhaps, of their daily life was as degraded as it is at present. Requiring very little sleep, they retire late to rest, and are always stirring at the first gleam of day-break. The tall figures of the men shivering in the morning mist, and huddled in their large cotton cloths, are to be seen in the villages moving from hut to hut. Women, mostly with children at their back, sweep the open spaces in front of the huts, light fires, and then prepare their grain for pounding, which is done to remove the husk. Pouring the measure required into a large wooden mortar (*mtondo*), and taking a huge stake for a pestle, two or three stand round and pound vigorously in regular time until the corn is thoroughly bruised. A round flat basket like a sieve (*lichéro*) is then produced: into this one of the women puts the bruised grain, and tossing it with a peculiar action of her wrist and thumb, combined with a circular movement of the basket, the husks are brought together on the top, and then cleverly jerked

out without spilling any of the grain. It is ground between two stones after this, or else pounded into meal, and is then ready for boiling. In the meantime the men have had their talk and early pipe, and if going on a journey take up their spear, or bow and bundle of arrows, and with the bag of skin on their shoulder, sally forth; or if gardens have to be attended to, a hoe is exchanged for bow or spear, and labour goes on until near noon, when the women have cooked their 'nsima,' as they call the white wax-like porridge which is their ordinary food. Then husband and wife, seated under the eaves of their hut, take their first meal out of the pot (mpika) in which it has been cooked, their fingers, washed before and after eating in another ornamental pot (chimpuri), admirably supplying the place of spoon, knife, and fork. A smaller vessel (mbiya) contains the 'ndimo' or sauce,—boiled herbs, or perhaps fish or flesh, of which a very little is added to the porridge, or into which the mouthfuls are dipped, first rolled into neat balls. Children usually eat what their parents leave. Should her husband be at home, the wife (with her baby still tied gipsy fashion behind her) goes afterwards to help him in the field, and late in the afternoon both return to the village,—he perhaps to make his arrows, knives, or hoes, but more likely to talk; she to prepare their second and last meal. When this is finished, soon after sunset, they pass the evening in dancing and singing, or in talking and telling tales ('ndawi,' the night story, not to be related in daytime), as they lie in the moonlight outside their huts. There is no garden work to be done during a great part of the year, and beer drinkings are then most frequent; but even when there is, much of their time is spent in smoking, snuff-taking, and gossiping with neighbours.

They cultivate both hemp and tobacco, and prepare them by steeping and drying in the sun. The former is often smoked to produce stupefaction, the habit being indulged until irreparable injury is done. They grind much of the tobacco, especially the stalk, into snuff, mixing parts of the banana and lotus plants dried and ground with it, to increase the narcotic properties. A smoking party is an amusing scene. The smokers seat themselves, or rather squat, in a circle with their elbows on their knees, and the pipe is brought out—a somewhat unwieldy affair, with a bowl like a mediæval chimney-pot, three feet long and four inches thick, elaborately carved. A thin stem, projecting upwards at an acute angle from a thick bamboo tube about two feet in length, is inserted into the lower end of the bowl. The smoker places his lips in the capacious mouthpiece, and taking two or three long draws,—the term 'whiff' being quite inappropriate,—passes on the pipe to his neighbour. As the smoke has been swallowed, and not puffed out in European fashion, a good deal passes into the lungs, and on relinquishing the 'gunda,' as the pipe is called, each smoker begins to cough as loudly as he can, adding a shout as 'coda' to each cough! When the pipe has gone round the circle, the noise may perhaps be better imagined than described.

Snuff-taking is conducted on the same principles as smoking; several persons squat down in the usual way, and one of them holds a heap of snuff in his hand for the benefit of the circle. The form of etiquette is to take one pinch after another till tears roll down the cheeks; but the coughing that necessarily follows is of an opposite character to that in smoking, being always restrained, and the sound kept very 'piano.' Women are allowed to join the snuff-

circles, though, in spite of a predilection for the pipe, they are not admitted to the smoking parties except as a particular favour!

In the social condition of the Manganja there are many points to be observed which are very interesting, and which certainly raise them above the state of mere savages. Their form of government is monarchical under chiefs. Unlike most other African tribes, however, they have no king or supreme head, but a number of chiefs of various degrees, who are absolute and independent in their own territory, though the lower orders are professedly subordinate to the higher—a fact, no doubt, which has greatly injured their power and influence as a people. These chiefs may be said to consist of three, or perhaps four distinct orders:—

I. The Rundu, who rules over a large division of country, comprising many smaller districts.

II. The Mfumo, or Mwini 'Ziko, chief of one of these districts, the extent of which varies considerably.

III. The Mbiri (pl. Ambiri), subordinate to the last, either as chief of a subdivision of the district, or as headman of a village within it.

IV. Among the Ambiri may be classed those chiefs who, coming from other parts of the country as fugitives in war, or from a desire of change, receive a grant of land from a Rundu or Mfumo. As they belong in most cases to the family (*kamu*) of the local chief, or are of superior birth, they have the privilege of a higher rank 'by courtesy,' though in point of right their position is the lowest. They may be reckoned, therefore, as a distinct order.

The Ambiri are only so styled with regard to the Mfumo. As the Rundu, which is a territorial title, is judicially Mfumo in his own district, the chiefs of the second class

become his Ambiri as well as those of the third and fourth. The Rundu alone receives tribute, which, as there is no currency even in 'cowrie,' his subordinates pay in kind, generally slaves or ivory, and only at long intervals. But wherever elephants abound, the Mwini 'Ziko (lord of the manor) claims a tusk and other portions of every one killed on his lands,—a game-law, however, far more beneficial to the animals than to either chief or hunters; since the latter, having so little to expect for the risk they run, seldom attack the larger game.

The principal officer of the chief is his spokesman, a sort of vizier, through whom on state occasions he always addresses a third person, and who is most frequently some important sub-chief. A body of the higher chiefs act as his councillors. His drummers and trumpeters, the last with horns of the koodoo and waterbuck, go before him on his journeys, and he is followed by an attendant who carries his 'nyumbu' or symbol of authority, the tail of a gnu ornamented with beads and strings. The land in each district is the property of the chief. Strangers may not settle there without his leave; and although the homeborn may appropriate portions for their own use, it is only for life, and gives no right of sale or transference.

While great deference is paid to the person of the chief, his real power is cramped or reduced to tyranny by superstition. The allegiance of his people depends a great deal on circumstances. Thus if a chief is supposed to possess a potent charm or medicine (*mankwara*), his acts are unquestioned—he is gifted and infallible. But if he has no such secret, or is not at least reputed for skill in 'wanga' (magic or divination) he has less influence accordingly. He has no executive

power, or if so is very averse to exercise it, and the execution of his sentence is commonly left to the plaintiff himself. This is probably rather the result of fear than of restricted authority; for if a chief were to enforce his sentence, nothing would convince him but that the condemned person or his friends would speedily take means to bewitch him in revenge, and any subsequent accident or sickness would at once be attributed to him as the cause.

All higher offences, such as murder, witchcraft, or theft, are referred to the 'Mfumo,' who holds a court or 'mirandu' for the trial of the accused; but minor matters like quarrels, or even 'petty larceny,' may be dealt with in the same way by the local 'Ambiri.' The meeting for a mirandu takes place somewhere outside the village of the chief who is the presiding judge, and he goes there attended by his councillors and principal men. The accuser, with his witnesses and supporters, seats himself close to the chief; while the accused and his party retire some little distance, concealing themselves, if possible, behind a bush. An officer or crier regulates the proceedings, and calls on the various persons to speak. The chief states the case. The accuser brings forward his plea, which is answered by the accused. Witnesses are then summoned to speak on either side; and the crier, walking backwards and forwards between the two parties, with the chief's 'nyumbu' in his hand, calls attention to the salient points of the speeches, which are applauded by the party they seem to favour most. The language is peculiar,—what we should term 'forensic,'—differing a good deal from that in common use. After the chief has summed up and given his view of the evidence—seldom to the mutual satisfaction of both sides, the matter is most

frequently decided by the ordeal of 'mwavi.' The infusion of a certain poisonous root is brought, and a small quantity given to the accused in a gourd (chiko), which he drains in the presence of his accusers. As he walks backwards and forwards a few yards in front of them, they cry out, 'If you are guilty, let the mwavi kill you; if you are not guilty, let it leave you.' Should the effect be fatal, he is proved guilty and receives his due punishment; but if vomiting ensues and he recovers, his innocence is established. There exists a singular custom of taking mwavi by proxy, though it is seldom admitted except in minor offences. The accused person may give the poison to a dog or fowl, and his guilt or innocence is determined by the death or recovery of the substitute.

A curious mode of detecting crime among the Manganja is called 'Pambania na m'rondola' (following the Pambania), and is conducted as follows:—A person discovers a theft on his property, and, wishing to find out the offender, sends word to a 'zinanga,' or medicine man, who forthwith sets to work. Taking a couple of stout bamboo sticks (the Pambania), and having charmed them by pouring over an infusion of the 'mwavi' root, he proceeds to the spot where the theft has been committed. He has four attendants as bearers of the Pambania, two to each stick, who, grasping them firmly, with the arms stretched stiffly out, place their ends close together on the ground, and stand waiting the result. The charm soon works, and the sticks begin to gyrate, slowly at first, and then rapidly, carrying the bearers round and round, and pressing them upon one another. An impulse next seems to seize upon the sticks, and off they rush with their supporters through bush and jungle, until they suddenly stop with their points to-

gether on the ground as they were at first. After another of their singular rotatory movements, they pass short distances backwards and forwards as if looking for something, now and then tearing up tufts of trees, and beating the trees, or else rising upwards over the heads of their supporters, who, with glaring eyes and bodies bathed with perspiration, still hold on through it all! Then they dash away again through the tall grass or thicket, till, again coming to an angular standstill, they move round and round as they began. All this time the 'zinanga' is in attendance, arrayed in coloured cloth and beads, with a marvellous cap on, a wooden trumpet or horn and 'nyumbu' in his hands, and near him a boy with a small drum. Keeping his eyes intently fixed on the detective bamboos, he follows closely wherever they lead, heading a crowd of lookers-on, who shout and gesticulate as Africans only can. When a check occurs he walks round the Pambania blowing his horn, and waving the 'nyumbu,' and while the attendant boy beats vigorously on his drum, cries, 'Who has stolen? Where is the thief? We follow the Pambania!—we follow, we follow!' So they proceed, often for several hours, until the hut of some unfortunate native is reached, into which the Pambania enter without warning, and having torn up the sides and roof, subside into a passive state, the token that their work is done. The owner of the hut is supposed to be the guilty person, and must either confess the crime or abide the test of 'mwavi' on the next day.

Sometimes a large spiral horn of the koodoo is kept for the same purpose. When this is used the ceremony is similar; only there is no previous charming, and instead of two it has four bearers. Speke refers to this in his *Journal*, p. 115.

The penalty for most offences is a fine,—cloth, beads, corn, ivory, and very often goats or slaves. In cases of witchcraft it is death by burning, but this is most commonly commuted to a fine. The Manganja are not bloodthirsty, so that public executions are of very rare occurrence.

A 'mirandu' has a secondary meaning, such as we attach to the word 'lawsuit.' Such mirandus are hereditary. There are special laws for sustaining and cancelling them; 'paribi-mirandu' (there is no offence) is a common and necessary phrase even in conversation. They may sleep in one generation and be taken up in the next, but when once cancelled are never revived; nor is it a little surprising to find with what strict honour and justice these regulations are observed, since all laws are oral, writing being unknown.

The salutation (*ku omba manja*) is a most important ceremony. The chief is always saluted at mirandus, or when visited by chiefs or others. Suppose the visit to be official. The visitors then enter the village, and seat themselves in the shaded 'bwaro' (place of assembly) or in the large central hut with open sides, usually built as the chief's lounge and reception room. The visited chief approaches in silent dignity, and, affecting indifference, sits down apart. A pause ensues. The new-comers now rise, and bending forwards clap their hands quickly and in unison twelve times. They then reseat themselves, and slowly perform a series of low hollow claps, effected by retracting the palm of the hand, between each accosting the chief by one of his names or titles, and using some other words to be explained hereafter. Every time they clap, the hands are spread on the ground palm downward, and the body inclined. The visited chief reciprocates in all this, repeat-

ing the distinctive titles of his visitors. Then they rise and clap twelve times again; another silence, after which the object of their visit is announced in a metrical oration prefaced by profuse compliment, the sentences consisting of three syllables, with a pause between each to sustain the rhythm.

The whole salutation is now gone over again in detail, and then the chief addressed, in proof of his attention, repeats verbatim, or nearly so, all that has been said. He then makes a suitable complimentary reply, and after the visitors have again clapped their hands, formality is over, and conversation becomes general. When friends meet, this salutation takes place in a modified form, the speeches on either side being a minute account of the most trivial occurrences since the morning; as the traveller often discovers to the great trial of his patience, when his guides stop to talk over their pipe or pinch of snuff!

The words used in the slow clapping of hands depend upon the following curious fact:—Among the Manganja and neighbouring people there is a system of family affinity or clan-ship, by which a relation is found to subsist between a number of individuals distinct perhaps in their tribe. It is, in fact, a sub-tribal division of these East Africans into families. Each family is called 'Kamu,' the persons who compose it classing themselves under one general title or surname. Thus there are the Apiri, the Abanda, the Amirazi, the Abudzi, the Amirondé, the Achirikopiti, and a variety of others, —names all claimed by right of lineal descent, and laying certain obligations on the members of each family, however widely distributed throughout the country, be they chiefs or common people. Hence the individuals of one 'Kamu' seldom, if ever, intermarry. The laws of hospitality are binding upon

them. If help or benefits are asked for, it is dishonour to refuse. This at once suggests the idea of some earlier and more intimate connection, and in the 'Kamu' of the present day we seem to discover traces of an ancient tribal division. The origin has no doubt been in some great chief of antiquity who gave his name to his descendants; and while the tradition has been upheld, the relationship has extended from tribe to tribe by emigration and intermarriage. And if, as has been supposed, these Kafir races were derived from the Egyptian borders of North Nubia, may not the existing system be the remnant of a patriarchal division into tribes—like those of the children of Israel—which prevailed before the tide of emigration set southward, and peopled the regions where we now find them?

The words, then, left to be explained in describing the salutation, are those of the 'Kamu,' and these are added after the general title of honour, 'Karonga' (chief), or the distinctive one 'Rugdu,' 'Mfumo,' &c. If strangers salute, or in any case the Kamu is unknown, the address made use of is invariably 'Mwan a Mpambi' (Child of the Great Being). At departure, visitors rise, and clapping the hands, say, 'Salani' (sit, or remain); to which the other answers 'Endani' (go). They as often rise abruptly and go away without a word.

The right of succession is singular, depending as it does on the peculiar relations between parents and their children. The line of descent is not in the male, but in the female branch of a family. When a chief dies he is succeeded by a brother (by the same mother), according to seniority; if he has no brother, by the son of an own sister, according to seniority, first of the mother and then of the child; or if he has no sister, by the eldest

son of his nearest female maternal relative. His own sons are thus excluded from the succession to their father's district, although they may inherit that of some other chief whose sister is their mother. The father, indeed, is nothing to the child, except in the name: it belongs to the mother, who is to it all in all. She must bring it up; her country is its country, her 'Kamu' its 'Kamu,' her kindred its kindred: as they protect the mother, so they also protect the child, and will scrupulously admit its claims and sustain its rights as their own. Now, this law of succession is remarkable in more respects than one. In the prevalence of polygamy it may have originated as a safeguard, so that in case of infidelity the lawful heir would still be ensured. But there is no law of the kind among other polygamic tribes, and the superior position thus given to females is opposed to their inferior state implied in polygamy.

The chief has generally from two to twenty wives—seldom more. Of these, the head wife, or 'akumsano,' takes a superior rank, and has various privileges above the others. She is most commonly the first married, a free woman (it being no disgrace to marry a slave), and the daughter of a neighbouring chief. The rest hold an inferior place, living in separate huts near that of their husband, or located singly or two and three together in other villages of the district. As polygamy is a token of rank or opulence, relatives of the chief often have more than one wife, but common people very seldom, if ever.

There is no ceremony connected with marriage. The consent of the woman, then of the natural or adopted father, is obtained, after which the husband takes his wife to his home, usually transferred to her village unless he is a chief. He deposits a quantity of cloth with

her father, and this is kept if she remains dutiful, but forfeited in case of failure.

Her condition is one of complete subjection to her husband. A loquacious tongue or scolding temper is sufficient pretext for him to leave her and take another wife; and should he be of a jealous or suspicious disposition, he may at any time test her innocence or fidelity by the ordeal of 'mwavi.' The wife, however, no matter what may be her grounds of complaint, can have no redress. 'My husband may leave me,' she will say, 'but I may not leave my husband.' Nor are constancy and fidelity exceptions instead of the rule, where foreign example has taught no other lesson. When the husband goes on a journey, the wife appears as a half-mourner: she wears no ornament, and indulges in no amusement till his return, engaging only in her ordinary work. During his sickness, too, ornaments are laid aside, and sitting beside him, with dejected looks, she ministers to his wants by day and night, soothing his unrest, and pillowing his head with careful hands—and feet! Nor may she leave her post for a moment, even to cook; all her minor duties are performed by a friend or assistant.

And yet she has no legal claim on her husband: should she incur a 'mirandu'—commit an offence which demands compensation—he is in no way answerable for her; her brother or some near maternal relative becomes responsible, and must appear for her and pay her penalties, in accordance with the law of family guardianship. Even a husband may make a 'mirandu' against his wife, and recover damages from her family. Should he be disposed, however, he may take up her matter and make compensation; but if so, the result is strange. Although previously free, she be-

comes his slave, and he may now treat her as he pleases, and even sell her, which he could not have done before without a 'mirandu' with her relations.

Under the general term 'Akasi' (sing. Mkasi) are included both single and married women, who have distinguishing names at various periods of life. A young girl is 'Butu' until the ceremony of 'Unamwali,' which takes place at the age of ten or twelve years. She is then styled 'Namwali,' until the birth of a child after marriage distinguishes her as a 'Gwengu.' After the birth of a second she is called 'Jembéri;' and having become the parent of three, she takes the title of 'Amachi a Nwana' (mother of a child). The name of the 'Butu' is changed at the rite of 'Unamwali,' and this she retains for the rest of her life. While bearing children, however, it is most common to call her 'Amachi a M. or N.,' according to the name of the last child.

The rite of Unamwali is the introduction of girls into the status of women on reaching the age of puberty, and lasts from two days to a month, according to the rank of those to be admitted. It consists of two parts—the first, secret and mysterious; the second, public.

I. The secret part is conducted entirely by women, and is so sacred that an intrusion on the part of the other sex could only be atoned for by death. The 'Butu,' having fled from the village in shame, tries to hide herself in the jungle, but is pursued by a body of females and brought back in derision. She is bound to secrecy as regards the rite by an oath by her mother, and then taken to some far-off recess in the bush, where she is seated under a 'msasa,' or temporary hut, to enter upon the first stage of her initiation. She may neither speak nor help herself, everything being done by an atten-

dant who is stationed behind her. She assumes a dejected air, and sits with drooping head, legs stretched out, her hands on her knees, and devoid of any ornament whatever. The women then singly or in groups dance before her the peculiar dances of the ceremony, and communicate to her in song the secrets she has to learn. At intervals they break out into the shrill cry called 'chilulu,' simply a long shake on a singularly high note, produced by striking the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and only used in these and the war dances. These proceedings go on night and day until the closing part, a fowl being brought in the middle of them, and plucked while alive, killed, torn in pieces, and given to the neophyte to be eaten raw!

II. The second part is the public exhibition of the 'Namwali.' On the evening of the last day but one, a band of women set out from the village to conduct her back to it. Men are stationed behind trees at different parts of the path, who imitate the roar of the lion by twirling round flat pieces of wood attached to strings. Lions are said to approach the Namwali, and try to carry her off before she reaches her home, but can do no more than make her afraid. She is then taken to the middle of the village, where, a large circle of spectators being formed, she is placed on one side of the inner circumference, with a number of drums opposite to her on the other. At this time a cloth is often thrown over her as a veil. A series of dances are now performed within the circle, to the music of songs set to words, clapping of hands and beating of drums, most of them of a scenic or descriptive character, and very curious. One called 'Nkupete' is rather pretty, consisting of a set of winding figures executed by one dancer with each of a circle of others, who stand

round, in turn. The performers are mostly women, and in some of the dances they dress themselves up to represent animals, and act in something like a masquerade. This part of the ceremony is called 'Nyáou.'

The Namwali is allowed to sleep in her parents' hut part of the night, and on the following morning joins in the conclusion of the rite. She makes her appearance glistening brown after a plentiful anointing with oil, and gorgeously arrayed in coloured cloth and beads, while a kerchief of brightest hue is fastened round her head and hangs gracefully halfway down her back. After a singular dance called 'chamba,' a succession of grotesque movements of the body, a procession is formed

by the women, who wear their gayest cloth and ornaments, though a few appear with the lip-ring out in token of sorrow. Some carry arms, spears, or bows and arrows, while others bear figures of clay or wood made in strange shapes, which are probably emblematic. All, in particular, have their hair decorated, the greater number displaying fantastically formed head-dresses of clay or rushes. They thus traverse the village two or three times with the Namwali in front, and the rite ends with a performance opposite the hut of the chief, of which rolling in the dust is not the least extraordinary feature.

L. J. P.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1866.

ON PRAYER IN CONNECTION WITH CERTAIN PUBLIC CALAMITIES.

WHILE I am writing these lines, my neighbours — many of them at least — are at church, praying that God would remove from us the grievous murrain which has fallen on our cattle. On their return home most of them intend, by way of signifying their humiliation on account of our national sins, to dine this day, chiefly, if not exclusively, on salt fish.

The absurdity involved in this latter proceeding calls for no remark, unless it be the expression of unfeigned regret that good Christians and sound Protestants should, — especially when Romanising tendencies so much abound — sanction a custom which, however conventionally honoured, unquestionably savours of a formality but little removed from hypocrisy. The church-going is another matter. Prayer, — whatever we may think of the peculiar circumstances which call it forth — is never to be spoken of but with reverence and as a solemn reality.

Again and again have I asked myself to-day, *why* I am staying at home? Why am I so much out of sympathy with this call to supplication as to take no part in it? Is it because the appointment is an ecclesiastical one? Certainly not.

Is it because I think lightly of prayer? Be it far from me thus to judge. Is it because I agree with some modern sceptics in regard to the supposed supremacy of natural law? Assuredly no; for law is but the expression of the Divine Will, and He who framed the law is greater than it. Why then do I hesitate and doubt as to the propriety of the proceeding? Only because I am not satisfied that the observance of the day expresses a right state of mind, or is in accordance with what it becomes us to think and feel under such a calamity as that which has befallen us.

I propose then to meditate a little on this subject, in the hope that I may thereby arrive at conclusions satisfactory to myself and helpful to others.

Two distinct questions seem to me to be involved in the investigation. The *first* is, whether or no the cattle plague, or cholera, or any such visitation should be regarded as a special judgment of God? by which I mean, whether it ought to be considered as sent to indicate the Divine displeasure with anything we may, as a people, have said or done? or whether it should be looked upon only as an integral part of that beneficent system of

government under which all men live,—having undoubtedly, as every occurrence in life has, an end to accomplish, but not any special end of an extraordinary or punitive character? The *second* question relates to the particular place which Prayer is intended to occupy in connection with public calamities, such as drought or pestilence, whether affecting man or beast, and may be put thus:—Have we, or have we not, reason to believe that God favourably hears our supplications for the removal of such afflictions, and, in consequence thereof, graciously alleviates them or takes them away?

Before entering on the inquiry, however, let me once for all observe that I have no sympathy whatever with those who affirm that God is unable, in consistency with His known attributes, to suspend the operation of any law of nature at His pleasure. The uniformity of law is no evidence whatever that it cannot be interfered with, however strong may be the inference drawn therefrom, that such uniformity will not be lightly broken in upon.

Further, it is in my estimation but an impiety to deny that God hears prayer, or to affirm that its only influence is on our own minds. This is to make prayer neither more nor less than devout meditation, and so to destroy its reality altogether; to reduce it, in fact, to a mere illusion; to deprive it of all power to strengthen or to console. On the other hand it may, I think, freely be allowed, that it is scarcely less indeavour to hold, as so many good people do, that the mind of God is *swayed* by the supplications of His creatures. If it were so, the world, instead of being governed by its Creator, would be at the mercy of petitions as adverse as the winds, and as short-sighted as their offerers. Neither does the ordinary theological explanation that God, having determined to do a thing, deter-

mines also to move the minds of His children to pray for the same, fairly meet the supposed difficulty, since in this case prayer is regarded simply as an action of the Divine Being on the mind of man. But I am anticipating.

Our first inquiry is, Whether or no such visitations as cholera or cattle plague ought to be regarded as judgments of God?

That certain calamities of this character, when they befell Israel, were really Divine judgments will not be questioned by any devout believer in the statements of the Old Testament. Drought, mildew, locusts, various diseases, foreign invasions, and such like were each and all, at different periods, inflicted upon the chosen people on account of their sins. The direct affirmations of the prophets forbid any other conclusion. Equally clear is it that under such visitations the Jews were constantly called upon to humble themselves before God, and to entreat that His hand might be withdrawn from them. What can be more striking than the language of Isaiah, when, speaking of the variety of punishments that had been inflicted in vain upon the nation, he exclaims, 'Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores'—(the effects of chastisement). 'Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence' (Isa. i. 5-7).

But two things must be remembered here:—First, that the government of Judea was a Theocracy; and secondly, that the judgments referred to were special, commonly threatened by the prophets long before they took effect, and, when they did arrive, distinctly pointed

out by inspired men to be the fulfilment of Divine predictions. There is nothing whatever to show that, even under the old economy, *all* droughts and diseases, or even all foreign invasions, were regarded as punitive. The Israelites, like other men, lived under the great natural laws which God has appointed, and as such were liable to famines, to earthquakes, and to many and grievous diseases which were by no means considered extraordinary. All these things, come when they might, were then, as now, doubtless considered by wise and good men as intended, in common with every event of life, to teach them dependence on their Divine Ruler, and to 'hide pride from man.' But there is nothing whatever in Scripture to lead us to suppose that such occurrences were thought to be, in themselves, indications of the Divine displeasure, or that they ever called forth national supplications for their removal.

The Israelites, like ourselves, were sinful men, living, as we do, under conditions intended to be disciplinary, and adapted to call forth thoughtfulness, patience, and trust; but apart from these ordinary conditions of humanity, which were common alike to the heathen nations and themselves, they had to bear such special inflictions as it pleased God, their Theocratic Governor, from time to time to send upon them, as the direct consequence of their own sins or those of their rulers. The great famine that afflicted Egypt and Canaan at the same time, in the days of Joseph, though a long predicted occurrence, is nowhere spoken of as a Divine judgment; nor is the great earthquake in the reign of Uzziah (Zech. xiv. 5), which was important enough to be regarded as an event to date from (Amos i. 1), alluded to as anything different from an ordinary operation of nature. That other calamities are marked in

Jewish history as judicial, only shows that such events were exceptional, and were therefore pointed out as direct inflictions from Heaven, whatever might be the agency employed to produce them.

Looking at the matter in this way, I have been much grieved at finding that not long ago, at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in Hull, no inconsiderable number of good and sensible men consented to pass a lengthened resolution embodying declarations to the effect that 'the ravages of cholera,' the 'devastations of locusts'—somewhere near Jaffa—and 'the terrible disease which has fallen upon our cattle,' are judgments of God; and further, that these judgments are the 'more manifestly displayed in rebuke of the rationalistic Pantheism which teaches men to deny the government and the very existence of a personal Almighty Ruler of the world.' I was grieved at this resolution, partly because I happen to know the mischievous effect produced by such statements on the thousands of intelligent young men who have read Mr. Buckle, and who habitually read the *Saturday Review*; and partly because, while neither accepting Mr. Buckle's philosophy, nor in any special sense believing in the *Saturday Review*, I could not but be painfully conscious that no evidence can be found sufficient to warrant any such assertion as that the calamities in question are Divine judgments, or that can justify their being regarded as other than ordinary operations of Divine Providence. Our Lord's remark on the fall of the tower of Siloam, and on the massacre of the Galileans (Luke xiii. 1-5), would seem rather to rebuke than to encourage such interpretations.

I could not but ask myself what effect would be likely to be produced on any industrious cow-keeper who had been ruined by the plague, if it were possible to make him under-

stand that, in the judgment of a large body of Christian ministers and laymen, *his losses* were to be traced to a certain Mr. Buckle having written a somewhat irreligious history of civilisation, and to some clergymen of the Church of England having thought it right to publish a book called *Essays and Reviews*. Might he not, I thought, with great justice, demand on what grounds these gentlemen had arrived at their conviction? and further, for what reasons they attributed the evil deplored to the writings of 'godless philosophers,' rather than to the sins of the professing church, the falsities and unrealities of which, he had often heard say, cried to heaven for vengeance?

Again, should he ask why cholera ought to be regarded as a Divine judgment rather than the yellow fever of the tropics, or any other form of disease long known as a destroyer, such as typhus or influenza, each of which every year occasions the decease of a greater number of persons, what answer could be given? But if he went a step further, and observed that though himself an unlearned man, he read his Bible diligently, and had long thought on these things; that from what he saw in Scripture he could not believe for a moment that the diseases now raging, either here or elsewhere, whether among men or beasts, were anything different from those ordinary agencies by which God teaches us our entire dependence on Himself, and by means of which He tries our faith, disciplines us, and forms character; that his beasts had indeed been carried off, in consequence of which great trial he had humbled himself before God and prayed earnestly for a spirit of acquiescence; yet, while he had done this, he could not but feel that in this affliction there *might* be no wrath at all, for the loss of his property might only be a kind and warning voice, bidding him sit loose

to the possessions of earth; I said to myself, should the man talk in this way, how could any Christian dogmatist about judgments feel other than rebuked and ashamed?

But I must not forget the second branch of the inquiry, viz. the relation which public prayer bears to national calamities. Have we then, I ask, any reason to believe that God will favourably hear supplication for the removal of pestilence or drought, and, in consequence thereof, graciously alleviate or remove them?

In endeavouring to ascertain the facts of the case, we naturally ask ourselves first, 'What is Prayer?' In a paper recently published we are told that 'the fundamental idea and instinct of prayer is *request*;' and in one sense this is indisputable, since prayer is, in fact, but another name for request. But this is not what the excellent writer intends; for he maintains that souls would not be benefited by prayer 'if it were not for the expectation and hope that the petitions offered would be answered.' He thinks that 'no honest soul would pray with the understanding that it is a good thing to utter desires, although we know we can get no reply.' He does not believe that a man would 'get any benefit' from his prayer if he did, adding, 'It is only through the desire and hope that prayer will be answered that we get its reflex benefit.'

I am not quite sure that this statement is correct. God indeed, as the writer urges, 'does not practise a deception upon His children.' If God tells me 'to ask Him for things, then He means to give me things. He would not tell me to ask, never meaning to give, simply because it will do me good to ask.' This is certain. But is it equally certain—for *that* is the question really at issue—that the fundamental idea of prayer is, in all cases, request accompanied by the hope

and expectation that the particular petition will be granted? Are all things proper subjects for prayer? I think not. It is not good for me to ask anything which I have reason to think God will not grant; yet it is always good for me to pray, and that 'without ceasing.' Prayer, therefore, is not always request; it is sometimes nothing more than communion with God. Such communion will, of course, generally involve the expression of need; but it *may* express nothing more than acquiescence in the Divine Will,—happy, trustful acquiescence. Nor is it, on that account, less real or less beneficial; for the soul is conscious that this expression of acquiescence has actually entered into the ear of the Heavenly Father, and it is this consciousness, and not any mere reflex action upon the mind itself, that gives peace.

I have said that all things are not proper subjects of prayer. I have, for instance, no right to ask of God that I may live, say, to be two hundred years old, merely because men once lived far beyond that time. And why? Not because there is anything morally wrong in such a request; not because it is impossible for God to grant it; not because the law which regulates the duration of human life is greater or stronger than He who framed and administers it; but simply because I have no reason to believe that God will answer such a prayer. The usual limitation of earthly existence ought to be considered as clearly intimating that His will is not in accordance with such a wish for unusual longevity.

Shall we err, then, if we conclude that human desires in their relation to God may be classed under three general heads:—

(1.) Those for the fulfilment of which we may pray *unreservedly*, because we know that in relation thereto God is more willing to grant than we are to ask. Under this

head will of course fall all prayers for increasing moral excellence—everything, in short, that expresses the soul's desire to be Christ-like.

(2.) Those things for which we ought to pray *with reserve*, since we are quite incapable of deciding whether or no they would be, on the whole, and in their ultimate bearings, for our good or for the Divine glory. Under this head as naturally falls prayer for temporal prosperity, for the speedy removal of disease or suffering, or for any particular form of blessing desired for children or friends. In all these cases the prayer of the Lord Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane is our model—'Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.'

(3.) Those things in relation to which it is not so much our duty to pray as to *wait*. Silence before God—the absence of request—may sometimes be a higher expression of trust and love than any supplication, however earnest or ardent. I do not say that God is displeased with us when we ask for things which we have little or no reason to suppose He will grant; for He is very pitiful to our infirmities, and far enough from being the stern master He is often represented to be; but the gentle rebuke, 'Ye know not what ye ask,' may in such cases be not only expected but hoped for. Alas! how often is prayer but a vent for our impatience, a relief to our restlessness, an expression of our self-willed sense of necessity.

The practical question immediately under notice, however, is, have we, or have we not, reason to believe that God interferes with natural law in the ordinary course of His providence? If we have ground for this belief, then may we, with the greatest propriety, unite together in seasons of drought to pray for rain, or in the time of pestilence for the removal of any particular disease, whether from man or beast.

If we have not any ground for supposing that such interference is exercised, *then* it surely becomes us to recognise such a fact, and instead of praying, *trustfully to wait* with patience—only taking care, in the latter case, that we do not omit to use any of the means God has appointed for the prevention or alleviation of disease; and in neither forgetting that every calamity has its special lesson to teach and its special work to do.

I have put aside altogether the question of miracles, not only because every believer in Scripture admits them, but because no reasonable person expects that in answer to the petitions either of an individual or of a nation, miracles will now be wrought. To say, therefore, that Elias prayed for rain, and it fell, is nothing to the point. Neither is anything to be deduced from the statement of St. James, that 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick'—for this, too, had relation to a miraculous economy. There can be no doubt that this text is continually pleaded before God by multitudes as a *promise*; that expectations of the recovery of sick friends are frequently founded upon it; and that when disappointment follows, a painful sense of doubt comes over the soul, concealed as much as possible by exclamations on the inscrutable and mysterious providence of God. Yet it is no promise at all.

I am far from saying that no sick person was ever raised up in answer to prayer; for one instance, at least, is certainly recorded. I refer, of course, to the prayer of Hezekiah that he might not die. The prayer of David for his child should also be noticed. In the first of these cases the request was granted; in the second it was refused. But in both there was obviously a believing hope that God would interfere, and in answer to earnest supplication,

lengthen life. Let it, however, be distinctly noticed that Hezekiah seems to have regarded the particular sickness in question as punitive (Isa. xxxviii. 1, 15). He pleads his integrity as the reason why his life should be prolonged; and that the Lord admits the plea and specially raises him up, appears by the message of Isaiah, and the miracle by which the message was confirmed (ver. 5-8.) In David's case we are distinctly told that the child was *judicially* struck (2 Sam. xii. 15); and on this account it was that David so besought God on its behalf.

The errors into which we fall from not separating the *judicial acts* of God, on the one hand, and his *miraculous interferences* on the other, from the operations of the ordinary laws of nature, are both manifold and mischievous. The inexorable law in accordance with which 'one generation passeth away and another cometh' is now not a curse but a blessing. The invariable working of that law, involving, as it does, the departure of men at *every* period of life, and *therefore* frequently at the very moment when continued existence seems to survivors to be almost essential, is of all laws perhaps the most merciful and benevolent. Interference with it, in answer to prayer, would be one of the greatest curses that could be inflicted on mankind. Hence we are justified in saying that God, in His mercy, no more interferes with the ordinary laws under which men sicken and die, than He interferes to save missionaries from plague or shipwreck. And if Christian people 'cannot hear' this truth without having their faith shaken in the love of God and in the power of prayer, they have need to re-learn the very elements of the Gospel. St. Paul says nothing about special prayer for Trophimus, whom he leaves sick; and while he gratefully

acknowledges the mercy of God in raising up Epaphroditus, lest 'he should be crushed by over-much sorrow, he receives his recovery, not as an anticipated reply to the prayer of faith, but as an unexpected mercy.

What, then, it may be said, is the meaning of the apostle when he positively declares that 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick?' I reply, precisely that which any intelligent reader of the Bible would take up, if he simply recollected the actual condition of the Church at the time it was written—a condition under which some persons, as Ananias and Sapphira, were struck dead for falsehood; and others, such as those alluded to by St. Paul, were 'weak' and 'sickly,' or delivered unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh (1 Cor. v. 3-5). Under such circumstances, the elders being sent for, the prayer of faith being offered, and the sin on account of which the disease was inflicted having been confessed to them all, the man's life was saved, the Lord raised him up, and the special sin, whatever it might be, was forgiven. The reference to Elias, as having by his prayer brought rain, is alone proof that a special, and not an ordinary, state of things was in the mind of the Apostle.

Further, we have, I think, in the present inquiry, nothing whatever to do with what has been called the 'Philosophy of Prayer.' I do not, for my own part, believe in the capacity of any man to arrive at a true philosophy of the Divine conduct. The revelation of God to man is simply a revelation of facts. 'We are taught, on the authority of Him who cannot lie, *insulated facts* which we cannot connect with those reasons with which they are un-

doubtedly connected in the Divine mind.'¹ Why, then, should we perplex ourselves, or burden the matter in hand with difficulties—many of them of our own making—of which it is enough to say that although we can start them, we cannot solve them.

The one question that we have to look at is, as I have already said, this—have we, or have we not, reason to believe that God interferes with what we call natural laws in the ordinary course of His providence? I think that we have no reason to believe that He does so; no reason, therefore, to suppose that in seasons of drought rain falls in answer to prayer, or that in time of pestilence disease is checked or removed by human appeals to the mercy of God. Science is not right in saying—if it does say—that in drought or pestilence 'we are simply to attend to the laws of nature and to leave the issue, inasmuch as it is a process that goes on *apart from any possible interference of Providence.*' But Piety is, I think, right when it bids us take this course, because we have reason to believe that it is, on the whole, wisest and best that the laws of nature should not be interfered with. The God who does not interfere—good and loving as He is—to suspend the action of fire when it agonises the martyr, does not, so far as we know, see it to be either wise or good to stay before the appointed time the drought which burns up crops or destroys cattle. On the contrary, He invariably (apart from miracle) allows, so to speak, things to take their natural course, only assuring us that in the long run, all these seemingly disastrous circumstances shall 'work together' for the good of those that confide in Him. A higher faith is undoubtedly required

¹ Robert Hall's sermon on 'The Glory of God in concealing a Matter.' See also Dr. Hampden's *Bampton Lectures*.

trustfully and patiently to wait than earnestly to pray; but God can, and oftentimes does, give it in time of need.

'Prayer,' according to a favourite Christian formula, 'rules the world.' One can only say in answer to such an assertion, 'I hope not!' Far better is it that infinite wisdom and love should regulate our affairs than that any of them should be influenced by our short-sighted petitions. Let us take the case of rain as an illustration. From time to time it falls, too abundantly, as we think, in one part of the world, and is withheld in another until crops fail and cattle die. We do not pretend to have discovered the law under which the supply of this needful element is dispersed, but we are quite sure that there is such a law, and that its operation on the whole is most beneficent. Is it not obvious, then, that if, in answer to prayer, rain were at any time to fall where it otherwise would not, either a miracle must be wrought, or the law—in this case regarded either as unwise or unbeneficent—would be interfered with, or it would be shown that no general law exists?

I do not for a moment say or think that interference with natural law is impossible, or that God could not effect it without deranging the whole order of the universe. Angelic agency, sometimes observed in the New Testament in connection with miracle (Acts v. 19, xii. 7), might doubtless accomplish the end, without greater inconvenience than is suffered when man, by holding a stone in his hand, thwarts for a season in relation thereto the ordinary operation of the law of gravitation; but I do maintain that God has given us no reason to believe that He will act in this way, but, on the contrary, every reason to suppose that He will not. Why, then, should we, by calls to united

supplication, lead people to imagine that the fact is otherwise?

I fear we have all much to unlearn before we can arrive at just views regarding the place and power of united prayer. We have got so accustomed to praying by invitation of others, rather than from our own spiritual impulses; so accustomed, consequently, to expect little result from our petitions, that while we eagerly and justly deny that the effect of prayer is merely reflex, and that the benefit which accrues from it is chiefly subjective, we yet continually act as if that were the case, and are content with the hope that, whether effectual or not, our souls have by the act been refreshed, and our faith in God invigorated.

What, then, ought we to do when calamities such as drought or cholera, or cattle plague, hang over us? Without doubt, to humble ourselves before God, but whether individually or collectively, to do so not by change of food, or by any mere outward observance of the forms of devotion, but inwardly and earnestly; acknowledging our dependence; thankful that God will not suffer us to forget it; anxious to learn any lesson the trial may be intended to convey; and waiting submissively, patiently, and trustfully, until it shall please God, in the order of His providence, to alleviate or to remove it.

These were the considerations that finally enabled me to feel justified in declining to unite with others in a proceeding which, as it appeared to me, failed to convey true thoughts regarding the affliction we all deplore; which might, I thought, possibly mislead many, by occasioning them to suppose that something like magical results might be expected from the quasi-national act in which they were called to share; which could not, I imagined, but injure some by sug-

gesting, as was the case at Hull, uncharitable conclusions; and which might, by diverting men from the consideration of their own personal faults to those of rulers or writers, hinder, rather than advance, the highest interests of humanity.

Let it not be said that, on this showing, prayer for a sick friend is but an impertinence, or that discouragement is cast on an otherwise well-founded hope of benefits to flow from the expression in this form of mortal need. Such an inference would be a most unjust one. The command is plain, 'In all things by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God,' and the scope for petitions, with but one reserve,

'Thy will be done,' is wide enough to embrace all our necessities. Even for rain, or for the cessation of pestilence, or for anything else regarding which we have no right to expect that God will interfere, prayer is every way appropriate; if that which we ask is, *a spirit of acquiescence* in what we believe to be the Divine order. It becomes inappropriate and unreal only when it consists of request for things neither promised nor to be expected. It grows into absolute wrong just in so far as it stakes the Divine veracity on anticipations that can never be realised, simply because they are not founded either on reason or scripture.



THE ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE EAST.

WE propose in the following paper to lay before our readers some details of the present state of the English army in the East, meaning by this term the troops sent out direct from England and now quartered in various parts of India, China, Burmah and Ceylon, whose muster roll, as they yearly diminish in numbers from sickness and other causes, has to be filled up by fresh drafts of recruits from the mother country. We propose to show that, owing to the mismanagement which prevails, and has prevailed so generally throughout the East, an amount of misery has been entailed upon the unfortunate English troops in each of the above-mentioned countries, the greater portion of which might unquestionably have been avoided under regulations properly devised and carried out.

In working out this subject, we shall not deem it necessary to enter, in the case of India, on the wide question of Indian Government, nor shall we consider whether India, undoubtedly the largest of our dependencies, and, therefore, the most important of our national responsibilities, has, practically, gained or lost by the transference of all political power from the old East India Company to the Imperial Government at home. The Mutiny may be held to have settled this and similar questions. The India we have to deal with now has been conquered by the sword and must be held by the sword.

We shall therefore take each individual case in the order mentioned above, and shall begin with

I. Our English troops in India.

Now the direct effect of the mutiny has been that under the existing arrangements we need something like 70,000 men instead of the

20,000 or 30,000 of former days to retain this country under due subjection; hence difficulties, partially felt before, on questions relating to the health, well-being and contentment of so large a force of men not naturally fitted to contend against the multiplied evils of a climate ruinous to English constitutions, together with a total neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions, have to be anxiously considered, and as far as possible obviated. No one can doubt that, on the general efficiency of the English troops in India, no less than on their presence there, depends the security of our sway.

We propose, therefore, to demonstrate, that in India (as well as elsewhere in the East), all the ordinary requisites for the successful maintenance of European troops have been not only neglected but even ignored; that, so far is their health from being adequately cared for, mortality and invaliding carry off, even in healthy years, more than can possibly be supplied by recruits from England; and that from these causes the army is gradually, year by year, falling below its proper numerical strength. Nor is this all: at home, as is but too well known, we do not get recruits with the facility of former years: the opportunities for employment are greater, the necessity for enlistment less felt by the classes from which soldiers are mostly taken. Hence, the supply of a large annual number of new levies for India becomes far more difficult, to say nothing of the fact, for reasons detailed below, and sufficiently well known to every regiment, that service in India has no longer the popular charms it once had, or, at least, was supposed to have. And yet, for the present, we cannot dispense with the English troops in India; if, with the fatal policy of arming and drilling

a vast native army and police, the British force should be sensibly diminished, another and probably a more disastrous mutiny than the last is what we may reasonably expect. Should such an event take place, we shall not pay the penalty of our folly only by the murder of our countrymen and countrywomen: England herself must suffer among nations from the loss of her prestige.

It should be borne in mind that what we popularly call in England 'our army' is really, and should be called, 'an army for service in the East;' our troops at home, excepting the Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry, acting simply as a dépôt for the relief of the regiments serving in India, &c., and being generally absent from England for periods varying from ten to fourteen years.

Our English troops in India at present consist of—

- 11 regiments of Cavalry,
- 56 regiments of Infantry,
- 4 brigades of Horse Artillery,
- 11 brigades of Foot Artillery.

Each brigade of Horse Artillery comprises six batteries, and each battery six guns; so that we have in India 144 guns of Horse Artillery.

The Field Artillery brigades have eight batteries of six guns, but as two or three brigades consist of garrison artillery, the actual number of guns in India amounts to about 400, making in all quite 550 guns, or considerably more than the French and the Allies together brought into the Field of Waterloo.

Our army at home consists of—

- 12 regiments of Cavalry,
- 37 regiments of Infantry,
- 2 brigades of Horse Artillery,
- 6 brigades of Garrison and Field Artillery.

Thus it will be seen that the necessities of our empire in the East

absorb almost double the number of artillery and infantry we keep at home, and this in such a manner and under such conditions that the troops so employed on Eastern service cannot be spared for any other purpose.

They cannot be spared, and why not? Because the native mercenaries, amounting to more than 300,000 men whom we have ourselves armed and drilled, require the whole of these 70,000 Englishmen to watch them.

Whether a fact like this, which is patent to the world, would be overlooked by our numerous well-wishers on the Continent or in America, we are not called on to say. But if these good friends have not overlooked it, is it not conceivable that such a knowledge would have an important bearing, not perhaps on the ultimate issue of a struggle, if struggle there be, but in allowing or inviting one in the first instance?

The matter is really too urgent and fraught with consequences too momentous to the Empire generally to admit of any unnecessary circumlocution. Danger threatens us in India, because of the large bodies of natives whom we are continually training in those arts of war which may be most effectually used against ourselves. The bubble of Sepoy fidelity was thought by many to have completely burst at the time of the mutiny of 1857, when many a gallant fellow paid with his life the price of his infatuation on that point. But it is no less true than lamentable that the great warning has apparently been forgotten, and the fatal practice of training cruel and relentless Orientals in the best possible way for the extinguishing of our power in India is still favoured by the bureaucracy at Calcutta. It is neither necessary nor wise to attribute motives, but it is simply stating a matter of fact to say that interests, the more

tenacious that they are those of family, are involved in the maintenance of a large native force. Many officers and civil servants connected by relationship with the governing class would be deprived of pleasant and valuable appointments by any measure which threw out of our employment large bodies of natives. Hence the astonishing fact that at this very moment upwards of 300,000 mercenaries draw pay in India, this pay being by no means the least part of what they cost us. Yearly this practice costs us, even in healthy years, the lives of nearly 1,600 Englishmen, together with the invaliding of at least 3,000 more. Nor is this all; so large a number of armed natives causes a feeling of insecurity fatal alike to the prestige and power of our Indian Empire, and produces a drain on the bone and muscle of the mother country we cannot meet much longer, and which must eventually entail either a complete change of the system or the loss of Hindostan.

It is essential to draw special public attention to this mortality of our soldiers in India. When we said just above that India costs us annually the lives of 1,600 men, we referred to the year 1863, which has had hardly a parallel for healthiness.

The average of loss in this and previous years is almost as high again. A distinguished officer of Engineers, taking an average of the six years previous to 1863, showed that the mortality of our soldiers in the Punjab was considerably lower than in the other provinces. Yet, even in that province, the annual average of deaths over a period of six years ending with 1863, was 43 per 1,000. Taking, therefore, this as the lowest computation, over 3,000 English soldiers, or three entire regiments of 1,000 strong, disappear yearly from their parade grounds into an early grave. Again, in the Report issued by the Commissioners

appointed by the late Lord Herbert to inquire into the sanitary state of the army in India, we read at page. 19:—

The mortality rate was as high as 134 per 1,000 in 1804, in the first Mahratta war, and it was at 41 in 1852. It was high again in the years of mutiny, and it has been subsequently lower than the Indian standard. From the rate of 55 in 1770-99 the rate rose to 85 in the 30 years, 1800-29; and the mortality fell to 58 in the 27 years, 1830-56; so that the death-rate of the British soldier since the first occupation of the country down to the present day has oscillated round 69 per 1,000. If the mortality is set down at 69 in 1,000, it follows that besides deaths by natural causes, 61, or taking the English standard, 60 per thousand of our troops perish in India annually. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life, leave few children, and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits.

The Report says 'they have to be replaced,' but it is by no means clear how this can be accomplished—even if we had always such exceptional years as that of 1863.

Let us see now to what extent the recruiting-sergeant at home is able to keep pace with the various competitors he has in India, in the form of cholera, fever, dysentery, &c., which take men out of the army as fast as he can induce them to enter it. The exact number of soldiers who died in that year (1863) was 1,596, and 2,322 were invalided home. But, out of the number of invalids, 1,366 were discharged as wholly incapable of further service. Thus, in a healthy year the English army lost for ever the services of 2,962 men. Reinforcements were sent out with despatch and energy to fill the gaps thus made by death and disease, but they were not able to get to India as fast as their comrades were leaving it, 'homeward bound' in more senses than one. The army in 1863 numbered 67,525. In 1864 its numbers were 66,176.

Thus our recruiting-sergeant and his fellow-workers at home had positively been beaten by the Indian climate and Indian mismanagement to the amount of 1,349 men.

The year 1864 was also for India remarkably healthy. In it the army lost by death 1,292. This was less than even in the previous year. But although the year was healthy, it is to be observed that the additional twelve months' exposure to the Indian climate was telling on the men, for 3,008 men were invalided to England, making an excess of 680 over that of 1863. It should also be noticed that these numbers do not include 880 time-expired men, who returned to England on the completion of their ten years' service. The number of men finally discharged as unfit for service has not yet been made public; they are probably more numerous than they were in 1863. In any case, the total drain from sickness and death for two healthy years amounts to the enormous figure of 8,218 men.¹

It will surprise no one, after reading so much, to be told that our army in India is rapidly falling below its proper strength. A few years ago we had 80,000 men in that Peninsula, and it is commonly supposed that we still have 70,000. But this is an error. The numbers of the English army, as we have just seen, were in 1864 only a little over 66,000 men. The infantry of the line had fallen to 47,000. If the regiments were of their full strength they would amount to 50,000. This shows a deficiency of 3,000, or nearly four regiments, that is to say it would require as many men as would make up four regiments to be dispersed among our infantry of the line to bring that infantry up to its proper strength. Thus our army is considerably stronger on paper than

it would really be in the field—a fact which no one but a Red-tapist can contemplate without alarm. And can this be wondered at? Healthy, active, young Englishmen are daily finding a better market for their thews and sinews at home than is afforded them in the pestilential plains and unwholesome barracks of India.

But what renders this waste of English lives so sad is that those most competent to judge regard such a waste as wholly unnecessary and avoidable. Our countrymen have shown pretty extensively that death for any high patriotic or inevitable cause is not clothed with any insupportable terrors. Not only the 'bubble reputation' but the call of duty, however stern, irksome, or fatal, will bring them to the front, in almost any numbers. But here is no reputation to be gained, and what call of duty urges a stalwart young peasant or artisan to evaporate in a few years his exuberant strength under the burning Indian sun, or to die of malaria ere he has reached his prime? Neither his country, nor his class, nor his family, nor he himself can derive the smallest conceivable benefit by so doing. No English interest, no phase or fragment of English honour is benefited. A vicious system alone is supported, and that system requires, for the sake of its perquisites and patronage, that a large native force should be kept up, that a less large but more powerful English force should be in readiness to watch it, and that, consequently, to perform successfully this gaoler's work, the British army should be scattered like a rural police over the length and breadth of the unhealthy plains of India, in defiance of every strategical and sanitary law, instead of being quartered on healthy hills, where the mortality

¹ Since this paper has been in type, we have ascertained, from the Parliamentary returns, that from 1861 to 1864 inclusive 6,610 British soldiers died in India, and 14,483 were invalided to England; out of an average force of 64,332 men, these figures show a yearly loss of 5,273 men, or about 82 per 1,000.

need never exceed, if it exceeded at all, the English standard. Given a supply not equal to the demand; the proverbial schoolboy with a competent knowledge of the most ordinary arithmetic, and the numbers before him of the annual deaths and losses caused by invaliding, will make a tolerably accurate guess at the time when the English troops in India will cease to exist.

Now it is a simple matter of fact that this tropical land of India, infested with fevers, rheumatism, dysentery, liver disease, and cholera, as it doubtless is throughout its plains, contains also mountain ranges of various altitudes, singularly healthy, and well adapted to the constitution of Europeans. As is well known, India is divided into presidencies, of which the western, that of Bombay, is traversed from north to south by the mountainous range called the Ghauts. The Madras Presidency contains the beautiful Neilgherries, while that of Bengal is overlooked almost from Calcutta to Peshawur, by the magnificent Himalayas, which, unlike the former mountains, do not rise abruptly to any very great height from the plains, the usual distance from the commencement of the hills to the snowy range being about 14 stages of 12 miles, and each stage being considered in that rough country a day's work for the tourist. These 14 stages cross and bend round successive tiers of hills, varying from 5,000 to 12,000 feet in altitude, while in the distance the snowy range is to be seen towering above all.

The climate at an altitude of 7,000 feet, is perfectly charming during those months which in the plains are trying in the extreme. Great heat may be said to commence in the low country in the end of March, and to increase rapidly during the months of April, May, June, and July. About the middle of July the rains commence, and

September, when the sun beats with its full fury on the soaking earth, brings its fevers and sickness on constitutions already enfeebled by the terrible summer. There is nothing of all this on the hills, except in their valleys, which, being full of native villages, or cultivated, generally contain fever. On the crests of the hills, the air is calm and pure, and at an elevation of 7,000 feet is bracing at night and in the morning, and extremely healthy. No pen could describe to the reader the extraordinary sight the burning plains present to the eye when viewed from the summit of one of these hills during the hot months. The scene represents as it were a vast ocean of fire and steam, and when one thinks of the poor fellows below, the words 'God help them,' involuntarily rise to one's lips.

There are over 30 infantry regiments in Bengal, 7 cavalry regiments, and 350 guns of the Royal Artillery, yet there are but two hill-stations for the regiments, and a few small stations for invalids. The hill-stations for regiments are about sixty miles from Umballah, and are called Dughshai and Subathoo; the first is at an altitude of 7,000 feet, and is remarkably healthy, the 42nd Highlanders quartered there looking as well as if they were in England; the other, Subathoo, is at an elevation of 4,500 feet, and comes under the influence of the valley fevers, and is therefore unhealthy: the 82nd Regiment lost many men there during 1863. It is but fair, however, to state that the regiment came there in a very sickly state from that pestilential city Delhi, where they had been allowed to remain for nearly three years. No more distressing sight could be conceived than that presented by the little children of that regiment, many of whom were horribly disfigured for life by the Delhi boil in the face. About

twelve miles nearer to Umballah than Subathoo, lies a charming little depôt for sick, called Kussowlie, perched on a hill 7,000 feet high, directly overlooking the plains. But these depôts for sick are rather delusions than anything else, as is so often the case with enterprises taken in hand by the Anglo-Indians, who generally begin at the wrong end. It has long since been proved that it is not when a man becomes sick, perhaps suffering from dysentery, that he should be sent to an altitude of several thousand feet; and, therefore, the medical officers only send such cases as their experience tells them will be benefited by the change: those sick not sent to the hills must either die or be invalided to England. The proper course would be that pointed out by the Medical Sanitary Commission, when they gave it as their opinion that one-third of the English troops should be *always* in the hills, and that troops landing in India should at once be sent to the hills for acclimatisation. The Anglo-Indian Government are ever ready to point out the evil effects of the mountain air on the British soldier; but, in truth, this change is only unadvisable when he is in such a state of exhaustion that his removal to a colder climate may prove fatal.

An excuse constantly offered for the want of hill-stations is the lack of funds to build barracks for the troops in the mountains; but it may be urged that if one-third of the native army were reduced, and the present building of expensive barracks in notoriously unhealthy stations, as Neemuch, for instance, were put a stop to, there would be sufficient money forthcoming for the purpose. During the hot season of 1864, a wing of the 79th Highlanders was sent from Raul Pindee to the vicinity of the hill-station called Murree; they lived in huts, and were employed in repairing the mountain roads. There seems to

be no reason why this system should not be extended as much as possible. At a certain height, about 6,000 feet, the hills are clothed with fine pine timber, and with a good supply of tools, the men could hut themselves. Their presence is, however, regarded with dislike at those hill-stations, in which the house property mostly belongs to the governing classes of civilians, and they are supposed to disturb the peace and privacy of these mountain retreats. But even this terrible calamity can be avoided, for there is room for all the armies of Europe in the Indian hills.

Another objection urged against an extensive removal of the English troops from the plains is the licence which would thereby be allowed to the numerous bands of armed ruffians who find refuge in the Protected Native States. These states are generally very ill-governed, and it is a common occurrence to have fighting going on between the rajah and his oppressed subjects. In this case also our apathy is all but incredible, and can hardly fail to give the natives a contemptuous notion of our power. We suffer the most outrageous and infamous doings to go on without check, and of course the Orientals attribute this to feebleness or fear. When a rajah wants money for an unusually extensive debauch, or it may be, as lately occurred, to make an expensive purchase of an English girl fourteen years old, to stimulate the appetites of an old sensualist of seventy, then a merciless taxation very often drives the wretched multitudes to open resistance, and fighting and bloodshed are the inevitable result. A peremptory notice that such proceedings must cease would have an incalculable effect not only on the general well-being of the country, but as a manifestation of our power. The course pursued is to decorate these vile despots with titles, and to bedizen

them with gimcracks from the toy-shops of the Continent. In these times of general peace, when our hands are unfettered, and all our strength could be conveniently exerted, it might be hoped that some large, wise, well-considered measure for the domestic pacification of India would be brought forward. But such a hope, to judge from the past, is wildly chimerical. No: the plan is to permit native ruffians to prowl about armed to the teeth, and even to increase the natural supply by arming 300,000 more at our own expense, and then to procure 70,000 English soldiers and to keep them festering and dying in the plains for fear the mine we have ourselves dug and filled with combustibles should accidentally be fired.

It is hardly conceivable that the rulers in India should be so ignorant as not to understand that the system of scattering our troops over the country, which obtained in former days, when the means of communication were far less than they are now, should still be necessary, at a time when the Peninsula is daily becoming more and more intersected by railways. We can, however, discern no intention of altering this antiquated plan, or any evidence that the Anglo-Indian Government acknowledge the need of occupying a conquered country on sound strategical and sanitary rules. Indeed, it is too much to hope for any practical or advantageous change from men who have grown old in the management of an effete system. It is only from the most energetic action of the public at home that any useful reform in these Indian matters can be anticipated, for it must never be forgotten that a public in India can scarcely be said to exist. Public opinion there is none: its press, however able, finds no readers, and meets with no echo at home; while the voices of those who *do* try to attract

the attention of the public in England, are few and feeble.

Yet there should be no despairing. England must in time awake to the fact, that her position, as a first-class power, is incompatible with the present military situation in India. She will discover that her good right arm is paralysed through the utter incompetence of those to whom she has entrusted the government of that Empire; and she will then take the steps necessary to settle at once and for ever her military occupation of India on such a footing that, if pressed by enemies in the West, no danger to the stability of her Indian Empire could be incurred, should she recall for service at home some 40,000 men from her Indian garrison.

A Royal Commission would find most useful employment in inquiring into the necessity of maintaining masses of native troops, together with an armed but disorganised police force; and their attention ought to be directed to the length of service in India for English regiments, which at present amounts to banishment to a tropical climate for from 10 to 15 years; add to which, leave of absence is grudgingly doled out to the officers, while the poor private soldiers die off through the prevailing mismanagement of those who rule the country. As to real soldiering, almost the only opportunity for service is the chance of from time to time hunting down armed natives, when mutinous, over an arid soil and under a burning sun.

If, however, an inquiry by a Royal Commission is to be a satisfactory one, care must be taken that the Commission be composed exclusively of men who will approach the subject without prejudice—men on whose judgment reliance can be placed to distinguish between good and bad evidence. It must be borne in mind that the local government of India has hitherto been, as it

were, the patrimony of a certain number of families, who have been far too much in the habit of considering it as their exclusive right. Such men cannot be expected to look with indifference on proceedings which may threaten their interests, and they will certainly oppose them by every means in their power.

Many reasons indeed concur at the present moment to urge the fullest attention of England on the present system of distributing English troops throughout the whole of the East, a system which is so faulty, and shows such consummate ignorance, as to call forth the most indignant protestations. Not only do the officers of our army receive a far better military education than in former days, but the special institution of the Staff College delivers a yearly supply of highly trained scientific officers for the general service of the country. It is therefore not surprising that their voices are raised at the total ignorance of strategical and sanitary laws to which they justly attribute the rapid deaths among their men. Nor is this by any means all: the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers have ready access to the press, which finds its way every fortnight from England to their barrack-rooms in India. They can tell when their comrades' lives are sacrificed to needless mismanagement, and they know perfectly well the healthy or unhealthy qualities of the various stations in India and China; in fact, this knowledge is so certain, that men entitled to their discharge generally demand it on learning that their regiment is likely to be moved to some Oriental pest-house. The occupation of some of these posts *may* be strategically necessary, but it is notorious that many are merely used because there happen to be some old mud barracks ready made on the spot.

II. To take next the case of China.

The decimation by sickness of one whole regiment, and in a great measure that of another in Hongkong, i.e. the 2nd battalions of the 11th and 9th regiments, is a signal instance of Eastern mismanagement. One would almost imagine that the ideas of the authorities in China were cast in the same mould as those of the clique who govern in India, and who appear to be impressed with the notion that English officers and soldiers can be collected as fast in England as rupees are in the East; and that pure air in the hills and healthy stations ought to be reserved for those Anglo-Indian governors who fly to Simla in the summer, and for those Anglo-Chinese authorities who seek the charming climate of Japan at the same unhealthy season.

The innocent cause which led to the Hongkong disaster is to be found in the pay for which officers of the Indian native army take service. These gentlemen undertake to serve the Crown in India, and spend the greater portion of their lives in that country, for a rate of pay amounting to—

For an Ensign,	24ol.	a-year
For a Lieut.	300	"
" Captain,	492	"
" Major,	936	"
" Lieut.-Col.	1,236	"

the retiring pension after 20 years' service in India, irrespective of rank, being the small sum of 191*l.* 12*s.* per annum. Now, though the rate of pay may appear large, it is not so in fact, for the expenses of living in India are, at the present time, more than three times as heavy as before the mutiny. Sometimes it happens that a native regiment is sent on foreign service, and accordingly one took up its quarters at Hongkong, the consequence being that the pittance of colonial pay received by the officers of British regiments already

there was raised to the same standard as that of their comrades in charge of the native troops.

This was too much for the home authorities: economy being the life of the army, they set to work to do the thing cheaply. The native regiment was sent back to its country, and an English regiment from the Cape of Good Hope was directed to relieve it, the pay of the garrison being then and there reduced to the colonial rate, which is, indeed a little higher than that received in England, but much lower than that of the native Indian forces. It further appears that although the Horse Guards had warned the authorities at Hongkong that the 2nd battalion of the 11th Regiment was under orders to proceed to their station, no preparations were made for its reception.

The *Tamar* arrived on the 31st of May 1865 from the Cape with 25 officers, 702 non-commissioned officers and men, 54 women and 92 children.

Now it so happened that there were plenty of houses that might have been hired for the use of the regiment; but, as we know the excessive pressure brought to bear to enforce economy, we can excuse Captain Roberts, the Quartermaster-General, from undertaking such responsibility in the absence of his General, who had gone to Japan: had he acted on his own judgment and made the regiment comfortable he would doubtless have had to pay out of his own purse for any such accommodation by order of the War Office. So Her Majesty's regiment was left to take its chance; two companies were stowed away in an old three-decker, the *Hercules*, a few in another hulk, and the rest of the regiment under sheds placed in a swamp called Kawloon on the mainland opposite Hongkong.

The natural result was an immediate outbreak of disease. In the seven months from June 5th to the

end of December, 2 officers, 58 non-commissioned officers and men, 5 women and 28 children died; 4 officers, 189 non-commissioned officers and men, 22 women and 35 children were invalided. As it is now usual to judge of the rate of death and sickness by taking an average of 1,000 men over the space of one year, we find the deaths in the 2nd battalion of the 11th Regiment amounted to the terrible sum of 140 per 1,000 and the invalids exhibited the no less shocking rate of 461 per 1,000. By the last account there were still 53 men in hospital, and the three surgeons were accounted for, as one dead, one sick, and the third on leave at home. The result of this miserable attempt at economy is that the 11th is so reduced that there are only 36 non-commissioned officers, 136 privates and 12 drummers fit for duty, and the country will be put to the expense of 40,000*l.* to replace the lives thus shamefully wasted.

We must not pass over the sufferings of the 2nd battalion of the 9th Regiment without some notice, though as compared with the 11th, it was so far fortunate that it was quartered in barracks instead of in sheds on a swamp. The strength of this regiment, on its arrival at Hongkong, in February 1865, was 839 non-commissioned officers and men, 47 women and 77 children; by the end of the year 48 men, 6 women and 28 children had died; 139 men, 27 women and 31 children had been sent home sick, and there remained at the station last January only 636 non-commissioned officers and men, 14 women and 18 children — so that the pestilential climate combined with night duty, at all times so fatal to our troops in the East, has inflicted an annual death loss of 62 per thousand and a drain by invaliding of not less than 180 per thousand; in addition to which two officers died and one was invalided home. In both these cases, it

will be observed that by far the largest proportion both of deaths and invaliding fell to the lot of the unfortunate children: in the first instance, out of 92, only 29 remained after seven months; in the second, out of 77, 16 only survived after a sojourn of eleven months. Lastly, it must be distinctly remembered that even the above lists only represent the deaths we know have actually occurred: there cannot be the slightest doubt that many men, women and children, the returns of whom are not at present available, died on their passage to England from the effects of disease contracted at Hongkong.

A large fleet lies idle the greater part of the year on the China station, and there is no reason why it should not land some of its men, on the French principle, to guard the Hongkong dockyard and arsenal. There are two excellent stations within a week's easy steam of Hongkong—one to the north, Japan, with a European climate, the other to the south, Singapore, a station which is salubrious, though its temperature is very high; moreover, Singapore possesses excellent and unoccupied barracks, capable of affording accommodation for two regiments; and being equidistant between Calcutta and China, is in its strategical position unexceptionable. There could be no reasonable objection to moving the English troops now doing garrison duty at Hongkong to Japan and Singapore; and some steps should at once be taken, before the approaching summer repeats the havoc which has recently attracted such just and universal indignation.

III. To take the case of Burmah, a station as deadly as any of those to which we have called attention, but which has hitherto quite escaped notice at home.

The garrison in this territory usually consists of two English re-

giments which are sent thither from Madras, their term of Eastern service being five years in Madras and five in Burmah, a period more than enough to destroy any European constitution. The stations of these regiments are situated on the banks of the Irawaddy, and are three in number, Rangoon, Tongoo and Thyetmyo, the last two being in the vicinity of Prome. The 3rd battalion, 60th Rifles, suffered very severely during their residence in Burmah; and the 2nd battalion, 19th Regiment, has also given many victims to the climate of this country. The left wing of the latter regiment marched into Thyetmyo on the 1st of January 1864, with 21 officers and 400 men: how many non-commissioned officers and privates died and were invalided it is very difficult to ascertain, but some estimate may be formed from the fact that, by the autumn of the year 1865, 2 officers had died and 14 had been invalided to England out of the 21, leaving 5 to carry on the duties in that terrible climate. One young officer is now at home, broken down from sickness, caused by too frequent exposure to the scorching sun in the execution of his duties as orderly officer.

About 60 miles from Thyetmyo are the mountains of Arrakan, offering healthy sites where English regiments could establish themselves, but, as in India, no attempt has been made to make them available; on the contrary, new barracks are being built near the river side at Thyetmyo.

IV. And, lastly, even in Ceylon we find the same customary neglect of advantages offered by nature for the preservation of European constitutions in the East.

In this island the English troops are divided between Colombo, Kandy and Trincomalee, the healthy mountains being almost quite neglected. The lovely plains of

Newera Ellia, elevated 6,000 feet above the sea, are now well known to most visitors to that delightful island; groves of forest trees dot the plains here and there, and on three sides are mountains offering a complete shelter from the monsoon gales, and covered with dense woods, the natural haunts of the Sambar deer, the wild boar and elephant. Numerous houses and villas are scattered over the plains, which are well provided with excellent roads and with an abundant supply of water from rapid mountain streams. With such advantages, it will hardly be believed that on these plains there are barracks for only a single company of soldiers, although the ravages from fever, liver disease, diarrhoea, and dysentery of the most fatal type, the prevailing diseases of all Eastern low countries, must be well known to the Ceylon authorities.

We trust we have now said enough to show the urgent need of an active investigation into the conditions under which this country maintains

her empire in India and other Eastern countries.

It is but too certain that the present state of things cannot endure; and no nation worthy the name of a first-class power can be content to see a great army perish from causes over most of which it has perfect control.

The time is past for vain and empty regrets: the Imperial Government at home must look these difficulties in the face; and committees, alike of the Lords and Commons, must inaugurate a searching inquiry, and fearlessly carry into execution what conclusions they may arrive at. No fancied tenderness for vested interests; no palliating of evil, because certain privileged persons may suffer from the investigation, will satisfy the demands of our English troops in the East, or of their friends and relations in England. They, doubtless, first, but all alike must plainly see that this country will not sacrifice the lives of her sons to please any class, however entitled to consideration for their past services.



A CHAPTER ON CLERICAL SONG-WRITERS IN THE NORTH.

SCOTTISH songs are known and appreciated in every quarter of the globe. The Scot and the snipe (says Bulwer Lytton) are the two animals most tenacious of life; they exist anywhere, and under any conditions. We cannot vouch for the snipe, but we can certify that we have never visited any place, however remote or uninviting, without finding Scotchmen there; and wherever Scotchmen go, they carry with them the songs of their native land. We have listened to hundreds of our Scottish soldiers singing 'Scots wha hae,' on the eve of a battle; it was only the other night that we were kept awake till day-break by a party singing a succession of national songs in a neighbouring tent, while the sentry went his solitary round, and the signal fire of the Maori might be seen in the distance. The plaintive strains of the 'Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon' had a singular effect when sung on the banks of the Waikato, and awoke many reminiscences of Scottish song which may not be without interest to our readers.

Our Scottish songs are the reflex image of our national life. They were written by the people; they treat of the people; they belong to the people. They have been treasured up and handed down from generation to generation; they have tended to foster a spirit of patriotism among the humblest of our peasantry; they have aided in producing that *clannishness* which binds Scotchmen together in every land. They have been sung in the palaces of our princes; they may still be heard in the cottages of the labouring poor. But we need not expatiate on their popularity—that is universally known; we would rather draw attention to the fact that some of the best of them have been written by Scottish ministers.

This statement may take some of our readers by surprise. South of the Tweed, the usual conception of a minister of the kirk is that of a grim Puritan, denouncing all innocent amusements as carnal and sinful—opposed to all progress—retaining the traditions and exhibiting the bigotry of a bygone age. That such men are to be found within and without the national Zion, we are not prepared to deny; bigotry is a weed not confined to any climate or country; but we affirm, in defiance of Mr. Buckle and all other gainsayers, that our ministers have in all ages displayed a spirit of genial humour, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a thorough sympathy with all the joys and sorrows of every-day life. It could not be otherwise: they have all sprung from the bosom of the people, and the avocations of early life have stuck to them to the last. Our ministers no humour! Why, Pedden the prophet was a humorist of the first water; and we have heard as much wit at a Presbytery dinner as would set up a score of facetious writers for life. And what songs we have heard sung! some of them written by the brethren themselves, but now little remembered save among the peasantry, where they still retain their popularity. We shall give a few extracts, not confining our attention to living writers, but including others whose songs, humorous, erotic, or convivial, have taken deep hold on the popular mind.

The first modern song-writer deserving our notice is Alexander Ross. He never actually took orders; like *Dominie Sampson*, he was a sort of 'stickit minister.' He graduated at one of the northern universities, and was originally intended for the Church; but, with rare conscientiousness, declined to

enter it, because he did not feel himself good enough. A native of Kincardine O'Neil, in Aberdeenshire, he spent the greater part of his life as schoolmaster of the small pastoral parish of Lochlee. His income never exceeded 20*l.* a-year, but he was the happiest of men—cheerful, gay, contented. Dr. Beattie describes him as 'a good-humoured, social, happy old man; modest without clownishness, and lively without petulance.' Burns thus alludes to him in one of his letters: 'Our true brother Ross, of Lochlee, was likewise "owre cannie"—a mild warlock; but now he sings among "the sons of the morning."' In 1768 the old man, now in his 70th year, published *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, which as a pastoral in the Scottish dialect ranks only second to Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. The latter is more generally known, but the former is still very popular in Ross's native county; it was one of the favourite books of our infancy. Besides his larger poem, Ross wrote several songs, two of which—'The bridal o't' and 'The spinnin' o't'—are

full of genuine Scottish humour. The first describes the proceedings at one of those penny weddings once so common in the north, where every guest paid for his dinner, and thus aided in setting up the young couple. After describing the dinner and the guests, he thus concludes:

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the heating o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
And loup at ilka reeing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't.

Nothing can be more spirited or natural than the description of Scottish dancing in the last four lines: we seem to see the rapid movement of the feet—to hear the wild shouts of the dancers. 'The spinnin' o't,' which is still a popular song in the north, describes the misadventures of an 'auld wife' who, having failed in her first attempt at spinning, declaims against all innovations in female dress, and asserts her belief that the world got on much better when spinning was unknown:

But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
That ilk ane maun hae a sark and some hae twa;
The world were better where ne'er ane ava
Had a rag but ane at the beginnin' o't.

And we maun hae pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,
And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?

Ross died in 1783, but he still lives in the remembrance of those who speak the language in which he wrote.

John Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum' and other admired Scottish songs, was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, in 1721. Birse is the *Bœotia* of that county: 'gang to Birse and buy skate' is a proverbial expression, familiar to every Aberdonian. To say that a man is from Birse is to imply that he is rude, boorish, and uncultivated; yet Birse gave

birth to John Skinner. Originally a Presbyterian, he changed his Church on being appointed tutor to an Episcopalian family in the Orkneys, and subsequently took orders in the Scotch Episcopal Church. No one can question the purity of his motives; he forsook the dominant Church for one that was then persecuted and poor. When 21 years of age, he received the charge of a small congregation in the parish of Longside, Aberdeenshire, where he continued to officiate for 65 years. He died in

1807. There are old people still alive who have conversed with him. He was a man of the same cheerful, happy temperament as Ross; a skilful player on the violin, and vocalist enough to be able to sing his own songs. During part of his ministry, he, in common with his brethren, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover; they were Jacobites to a man, and suffered some persecution in consequence. It was illegal for more than four persons to assemble in one place for worship. We have been told that Skinner evaded this

law by reading the service at an open window in his cottage to the people assembled outside. The cottage at Linshart, which he occupied for 65 years, has now disappeared. He thus alludes to it in one of his songs:

And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time;
And I hope we shall never need another.

He did not need another; he lived and died in the straw-thatched, mud-built cottage, where he reared a numerous family, to whom he thus refers:

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O!
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O!
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O!

It was well that he thought so, as few of 'the poor yellow steenies' ever came his way. It is doubtful whether his income ever reached that of Goldsmith's village pastor; but a shilling in those days went a long way. With the salary of a footman he had the soul of a gentleman, the genius of a poet, and the learning of a scholar; the poor cottage at Linshart was ennobled by his presence. He lived to see his son the bishop of his diocese. He was a pure-minded, pure-hearted, noble old man, with a soul overflowing with love to God and contentment with his lot; without one spark of religious bigotry. A pleasing proof of this may be related: On one occasion he was passing with a friend close to a dissenting place of worship, and on hearing the sound of the psalmody reverently took off his hat. 'What!' said his friend, 'are you so fond of the Anti-Burghers?' There was much of dignity and Christian charity in the old man's answer: 'Sir, I respect and love any of my fellow-Christians who are engaged in singing to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.' It was the same in

politics. He had taken his side; from principle he had thrown in his lot with the losing party; but the sympathies of his soul were not cribbed by narrow creeds or political exclusiveness. He loved the whole human race, and was as dear to the Presbyterians around him as to his own little flock. There were doubtless clerical Malvolios who scowled on the merry-hearted old man, but to these he could say, 'Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Aye, by St. Ann! and ginger shall be hot in the mouth, too.' Mark the contemptuous pity with which he speaks of all such poor creatures in 'Tullochgorum,' the first of songs, as Burns thought:

Let warldly worms themselves oppress,
Wi' fears o' want and double cess;
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel of Tullochgorum.

Mark the philosophical view he takes of the political disputes of the day :

What signifies 't for folks to chide,
For what was done before them.

And the enthusiasm with which he speaks of Scottish music when compared with Italian—an enthusiasm not confined to him, but common to most aged people in the north :

There needs nae be sae great a praise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
I wad na gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best—
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum ;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Burns expresses the same preference for the sacred songs of the peasantry :

Compared with these,
Italian trills are tame.

No one will question their sincerity ; but neither of them is entitled to the character of an impartial judge. The picture of the old man cultivating the muses of poetry and history in his mud cottage at Longside, the bleakest of northern parishes, chatting with his 'auld wife' on the many changes they had witnessed in the course of more than half a century, or teaching his numerous Jockies and Jeanies to dance to the enlivening strains of those strathspeys which he loved so well, is, to say the least, a very pleasing one—all the more pleasing from its rarity—and we would recommend it to the serious study of the sour and sulky bigots of all churches, in the hope that they may learn the lesson it teaches.

Burns and Skinner never met ; but we give an extract from a letter written by the former, in October

1787, which shows how much he appreciated the venerable pastor of Longside :—

I regret, and while I live I shall regret, that when I was in the north I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw, 'Tullochgorum's my delight.' The world may think lightly of the craft of song-writing if they please ; but as Job says, 'O that mine adversary had written a book !' Let them try. There is a certain something in the old Scottish songs, a wild happiness of thought and expression, which peculiarly marks them not only from English songs, but also from the modern efforts of song-writers in our native manner and language. The only remains of this enchantment, these spells of the imagination, rest with you.

In expressing himself thus, Burns depreciated his own powers as a writer of songs, but he doubtless wished to pay a grateful compliment to his brother poet. What a pity that they never met in the humble parsonage at Longside ! it would have been like one of the meetings between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson at the Boar's Head ; but travelling was difficult, and their resources were limited.

One of the most popular of Skinner's songs is 'John o' Badenyon,' so called from a melancholy old Highland air to which it is set. We have often heard it sung by old people in Buchan, where the poet spent the greater part of his days : its object seems to be to show the vanity of all human pursuits, and the soothing influence of music. The hero of the song looks for happiness in love, in friendship, in patriotism, in study, and is equally disappointed in all. It is startling to find that the non-juring parson of Longside should ever have sympathised with such men as Wilkes and Horne, but he was soon undeceived :—

I thought I would be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes, and cry'd up parson Horne ;
Their noble spirit I admired, and praised their noble zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintained the public weal.

But ere a month or two had passed, I found myself betrayed;
 'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.
 At last, I saw these factious knaves insult the very Throne;
 I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

The same disappointment meets him everywhere: all is vanity and vexation of spirit; so he concludes with the following advice to those who are as sanguine as he once was in the pursuit of happiness:—

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name,
 And girls, and friends, and books also—you'll find them all the same.
 Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me—
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure everywhere; then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe and please yourself with John o' Badenyon.

John o' Badenyon was the sovereign remedy for all the ills of life; but we question whether many of the rising generation will be disposed to adopt it, without undergoing the same experience. The pious peasantry of the north believe that by John o' Badenyon he meant the consolations of religion, but there is nothing in the song itself to show that such was the case. It means simply that the good old man, when sick of the world and its vanity, took up his fiddle and soothed his wearied spirit with the plaintive strains of John o' Badenyon.

'The ewie wi' the crookit horn,' another of Skinner's songs, is supposed to be a metaphor for the illicit whiskey-still, which was in active operation in Buchan and other parts of the north towards the close of the last century. It was thought no sin to defraud the revenue. Burns has faithfully expressed the popular feeling on this point in his spirited song, 'The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman,' which is all the more amusing as he happened to be an exciseman, or gauger, himself. The whiskey manufactured at these illicit stills was secretly hawked about the country; and men who were strictly religious and conscientious in all other matters, had no scruples about purchasing it. Stalwart Highlanders, with small *shellties* or ponies

loaded with kegs or bladders of 'mountain dew'—the popular practical name for smuggled whiskey—paid periodical visits to quiet country houses, and replenished the cellars at a rate which defied all competition on the part of the regular traders. We have heard old men talk with much glee of their encounters with Gillespie and other noted excisemen who tried to rob them of their 'mountain dew;' blows were freely exchanged on those occasions, and the smugglers had not always the worst of it. On a sudden alarm, the whiskey was sometimes concealed beneath the pulpit stairs, the last place liable to suspicion. When the danger was past, part of 'the unclean thing' found its way to the minister's cellar, and was used without compunction. We know a Scotch laird whose grandfather purchased the estate from which he derives his title with the proceeds of illicit distillation, in which he was an adept. We remember on one occasion, while digging with some other schoolboys in the dominie's kail-yard, we found 'The ewie wi' the crookit horn' in the shape of the pipe of a whiskey-still. We had not a long time to examine it: the owner seized it and concealed it in the house. We mention this to show that the parson of Longside was not singular in his admiration

of 'the ewie,' which, as he frankly tells us, was more economical and productive than all the rest of his flock:—

She neither needed tar nor keel
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crookit hornie did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threatened scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd,
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
My ewie never played the like,
But teased about the barn wa'.

Her insensibility to cold and hunger, and superior powers of endurance, are playfully described:

Could nor hunger never dang her;
Mud or rain could never wrang her;
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

At length 'the ewie' is stolen, probably by the gaungers, and the poet concludes by calling upon all his brethren to join with him in lamenting her loss:

O! all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call up your muses; let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn
Frae us stown, and felled, and a'.

The good old man could share with zest in all the joys of existence; he held with Luther,

Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang,

and is at no pains to conceal his contempt for those who thought otherwise. In his song, 'Tune your fiddles,' written in honour of the last Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, he says:

Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,
Every youngster choose his lassie,
Dance wi' life and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy;

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumlie faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted.

Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's perry,
Time enough to come camsterry
When we're auld and doited.

In the political song, 'Lizzy Liberty,' written soon after the French revolution of 1789, the poet, after expatiating on her beauty, proceeds to describe her lovers:

It's seven years and somewhat mair
Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till her,
A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,
Wi' heaps o' breeks and bags o' siller.

The next to him was Baltic John,
Stept up the brae and keekit at her,
Syn'e turned as great a fool 's he came
And in a day or two forgot her.

Now Lawrie French has ta'en the whim,
To toss his airs and frisk about her;
And Malcolm Fleming puffs and swears
He disna value life without her.

Donald Scot is at the top of the list of Lizzy's lovers:

But sweet and pleasant as she is,
She winna thole the marriage tether;
But likes to rove and rant about,
Like Highland nouts amang the heather.

His conception of Matthew Dutch as

A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,
Wi' heaps o' breeks and bags o' siller,

is at once humorous and characteristic; he must have derived it from seeing some of the Dutch skippers who frequent the neighbouring port of Peterhead, and wear as many clothes as if they were about to face an Arctic winter. We have seen a naturally heavy-sterned Dutchskipper wearing seven pairs of 'breeks' on the least cold of all summer days (a hot day is a thing unknown at Peterhead), without appearing to suffer any inconvenience.

Though Skinner's Pegasus was generally peaceable, as became a parson's pony, he could give a playful kick occasionally. His grandson,

who bore the same name and belonged to the same profession, had removed from his first charge in Montrose to another in Banff, and his first congregation ill-naturedly circulated the report that he was influenced, not by the good of the Church, but by the love of lucre and of pork, in which, it would appear, part of his stipend was paid. Conscious of the purity of his motives, and indignant at this vile aspersion, the young minister wrote a long letter to the people of Montrose, vindicating his character. Before sending it off he showed it to his grandfather, who pronounced it too long, and proposed the following substitute:—

Had Skinner been of carnal mind,
As strangely ye suppose,
Or, had he even been fond of swine,
He'd ne'er have left Montrose.

This *jeu d'esprit*, we believe, was never sent: the old poet knew better than to cast his pearls before swine.

Another clerical song-writer in the north was the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D., a clergyman of the Church of Rome. He was born in the county of Banff in 1737, and officiated for years among his countrymen in the north who still adhered to the Church of Rome. It is not unusual for the traveller among the wilder and more mountainous parts of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff to stumble upon some solitary glen, the inhabitants of which, untouched by the progress of modern events, have retained the language, the manners, and the religion of their forefathers, and are in themselves a living picture of what Scotland was before the Reformation. It was in such glens and among such a people that Geddes spent the first years of life, wandering from place to place, and ministering to the spiritual wants of his scattered flock. He was a man of much humour and catholicity of spirit; a keen observer

of Scottish character; a thorough master of the Scottish dialect. It is said that he incurred the displeasure of his superiors through the liberality of his sentiments, and his occasional attendance at a Protestant place of worship; it is certain that he was suspended or deposed from his sacred office and removed to London, where he lived the life of a literary adventurer—such a life as Smollett has graphically described in one of his novels. He wrote pamphlets on politics, on religion, on any subject that would pay; but his great work is an English translation of the Bible, on which he was engaged for many years. He died in 1802; and a brief memoir of his life was published in 1803 by John Mason Good. Two of his songs, 'Lewie Gordon' and 'The Wee Wifukie,' are still popular in the north; his polemical writings have long been forgotten. Lord Lewis Gordon, the hero of the first, was the third son of the Duke of Gordon; in the '45 he declared for Prince Charles, while his father, with a prudence not unusual in those days, remained faithful to the House of Hanover. When all the Pretender's hopes were blasted at Culloden, Lewis Gordon, in common with many of his countrymen, fled to France, where he died in 1754. One of his sisters, a young lady of great beauty, became the third wife of William Earl of Aberdeen, which gave rise to the following lines in the well-known song of 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen, and Custocks in Strathbogie':

Now, Aberdeen, what did you mean,
Sae young a maid to woo, sir?
I'm sure it was nae joke to her,
Whate'er it was to you, sir!
For lassies now are na sae blate,
But they ken auld folks out o' date,
And better playfair can they get
Than custocks in Strathbogie.

The following anecdote shows that the Countess was not

ashamed of her exiled brother. When Cumberland was marching south, after finishing his bloody work in the north, the Countess took her stand, with her infant son in her arms, at a part of the road where she could see the royalist army pass. There was something in her beauty and half-defiant air which attracted the notice of their leader. 'Who are you?' he said, with his usual bluntness. She drew herself up to her full height, and, looking him steadily in the face, said—'I am the sister of Lord Lewis Gordon.' The Duke rode on in silence; he cared not to have further parley with such a dame.

This Lord Lewis was possessed of many popular qualities which endeared him to his father's tenantry in the north, and led them to long for his return from exile. Geddes caught up this feeling, and embodied it in the following song:

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'!
Ochon, my Highlandman!
O, my bonnie Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love kan,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Ochon, &c.

The lovely youth of whom I sing
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
Ochon, &c.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne,
Disasters a' would disappear—
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Ochon, &c.

If Lord Lewis had lived a few years longer, he would have been

permitted to return to the pleasant strath where he was born, and the faithful tenantry who lamented his absence; but he died in France, nine years after the battle of Culloden.

Geddes' other song, 'The Wee Wifukie,' is of a different stamp; but the name itself requires some explanation. The Scottish language or dialect is extremely flexible, and as rich in diminutives as the Italian. These diminutives are formed in both languages on the same principle, by adding something to the termination of the original substantive. Thus, in Italian, *cappello* means a hat, *cappellina* a small hat, *cappellinina* a very small hat. Wife, in Scotch, has no reference to marriage; it is the same as the German *weib*, or the English *woman*; by adding letters we have *wife*, a small woman, and *wifukie*, a very small woman. The heroine, then, of Geddes' song is a *very, very* small woman; all this is implied in the two words *wee wifukie*. There is not a more sober, industrious, hard-working class in the world than the female peasantry of the north: the intemperance of the other sex is notorious; but a drunken woman is almost unknown in country districts. The only occasion when the *guidwife* is tempted to exceed the bounds of temperance is when she accompanies the *guidman* to the neighbouring fair, or goes there alone to dispose of her wool or sheep. When a bargain is struck she must not grudge to give a luck-penny, or to treat her customer to a gill or so of whiskey in the neighbouring tent or booth; etiquette is as exacting in a country fair as in a fashionable drawing-room. Geddes celebrates the adventures, or rather the misadventures, of one of these *guidwives* who had gone to the fair without her *guidman*, and been tempted to take a glass more than was good for her:

There was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,
 Had got a wee bit drappukie that bred her meikle care,
 It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spaw,
 O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou;
 O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;
 But I'll lay down and tak' a nap before that I gae in:
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
 By cam' a packman laddie wi' a little pack—
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, &c.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae lang;
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran;
 And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,
 Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me—
 This is nae me, quo' she, &c.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee,
 And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me;
 But I will look the purse nooks, see gin the cunye be,
 There's neither purse nor plack about me! this is nae me—
 This is nae me, quo' she, &c.

I have a little housukie, but need a kindly man;
 A dog, they ca' him Doussukie—if this be me, he'll fawn;
 And Johnnie, he'll come to the door and kindly welcome me,
 And a' the bairns on the floorhead will dance if this be me—
 Will dance if this be me, quo' she.

The night was late, and dang out weel, and oh! but it was dark—
 The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.
 Oh! when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was she,
 Oh! weel ken ye, Doussukie, quo' she, this is nae me—
 This is nae me, quo' she, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;
 Is that you, Bessukie? How na, man,
 Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be;
 And farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me—
 This is nae me, quo' she, &c.

John ran to the minister—his hair stood a' on end—
 I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;
 My wifie's come home without a head, crying out most piteously,
 Oh farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me—
 This is nae me, quo' she.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!
 But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,
 That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor she—
 Neither you nor she, quo' he, &c.

Now Johnnie, he cam' hame again, and oh! but he was fain
 To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again;
 He got her sitting on a stool wi' Tibbuck on her knee;
 Oh! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me,
 For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie and this is now me—
 This is now me, quo' she.

The appreciation of humour depends so much on early associations and a thorough knowledge of the language, that one must have been born north of the Tweed to understand and enjoy all the details of this

case of doubtful personal identity. Long years have elapsed since we first heard it sung; two trackless oceans intervene between us and the land where its language is spoken; but even here, and now, we cannot repeat 'The Wee Wifukie' aloud without laughter, and a certain feeling of compression in the throat. The song is a faithful transcript of humble Scottish life—as true in its minutest details as one of Teniers' paintings. Does any one remember it or sing it in the north now? If old Priest Gordon of Aberdeen were alive, he could have done it. Scotch was as familiar to him, in the pulpit and out of it, as to old Geddes, his brother-priest. We remember still the racy sermons he used to deliver in the purest of Doric, and the loud applause we wild youngsters bestowed on him when he made some such telling hit as this: 'They say that we worship eemages because we hae them in wur chaupels, but that's a lee. Ye micht just as weel say that the Wast Kirk folk worship the twa cats o' the Toon's Airms.' Is there a priest in the north now that could preach such sermons as Gordon, or write such songs as Geddes?

Another clerical song-writer worthy of some passing notice is the Rev. Alexander Webster, D.D. He was born in Edinburgh in 1707, educated for the Church, and appointed successor to his father, the once highly popular minister of the Tolbooth Church. He was trained in the strictest principles of religion, which he professed to the last, though they seem to have had little influence over his life. His ready and winning eloquence secured for him the honour of being recognised as leader of the evangelical party of the Church, while his convivial habits led him to associate much with the fast men of the age, who esteemed him excellent company, and bestowed on him the name of Dr. Magnum Bonum. He was a five-

bottle man, and in his younger days could lay the hardest drinker beneath the table. Drinking was so universal at this period among all classes in Scotland, that Webster's prowess at the wine-cup detracted nothing from his professional reputation. In the earlier part of his life his constitution enabled him to stand almost any amount of liquor; but latterly he occasionally gave way to excess, without, however, forfeiting the esteem of his party, or the popularity he enjoyed among his own congregation. The doctor seems to have been fully aware of this fact, if we may judge by the following anecdote. On one occasion he had spent the greater part of the night in conviviality; on issuing into the open air he soon discovered that the days were past when he could indulge in his five bottles with impunity. The even tenour of his way soon became uneven: his recusant limbs refused to obey his will; the doctor gave it up in despair, and fell prostrate in the gutter. A friend, who happened to be passing, raised him from his recumbent position, and assisted him to his home, on reaching which he began to remonstrate with him. 'Oh! doctor, what would the Tolbooth folk say if I were to tell them that I picked you up drunk in the gutter?' The doctor's reply was prompt and decisive. "Man," they would say, "you are a liar." He knew his strength, and counted on it.

To Webster belongs the honour of having instituted the Widows' Fund, for granting small annuities to the widows of ministers of the Church of Scotland. Every minister, married or single, contributes a small sum annually; and the pensions derived from this fund are often the only means of support for the poor widows, when they have to leave the manse with their fatherless children. The calculations were made by Dr. Wallace, but Webster

is entitled to the merit of having first suggested the idea, and then carried it into execution. Poor old *Magnum Bonum*! who knows or cares about him now? though the mention of his name ought to make many a widow's heart sing with joy. He was a contemporary of Carlyle of Inveresk, who took the opposite side in Church politics, and speaks of him in slighting terms: 'He could pass at once from the most unbounded jollity to the most fervent devotion; yet I believe that his hypocrisy was no more than habit, grounded merely on temper, and that his aptness to pray was as easy and natural to him as to drink a convivial glass. His familiar saying, however, that it was his lot to drink with gentlemen and to vote with fools, made too full a discovery of the laxity of his mind. Indeed, he lived too long to preserve any respect; for in his latter years his sole object seemed to be where to find the means of inebriety, which he at last too often effected,

for, his constitution having lost its vigour, he was sent home almost every evening like other drunkards who could not boast of strength.' This sketch is evidently drawn by no friendly hand; but, making all allowance for Carlyle's feeling of personal dislike, it gives us a singular idea of the laxity of the times to find that such a man was able to retain his position in the Church. It was only a few years ago that the General Assembly called a young minister to account for giving vent to his exuberant animal spirits by describing somersaults before his parishioners; a century before, Webster could indulge in habitual drunkenness without incurring the censure of his brethren—a striking proof that the standard of morality is always more or less affected by the period in which we live.

Only two of Webster's songs have been preserved; one on *Alloa House*, and the other written in honour of the lady who afterwards became his wife. We give the latter:

Oh! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain?
You said, while they teased you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

Oh, how shall I fauld thee and kiss a' thy charms,
Till fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms,
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till, sinking together, together we're lost?
Oh! where is the maid that like thee can ne'er cloy,
Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal
(Too nice for expression) what only we feel.
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
I wonder and think you a woman no more—
Till mad with admiring, I canna contain,
And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa' care;
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress,
Which never displeases, but always is best.

In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
 I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

Every line of this song is replete with fervent passion, expressed in such glowing language as to be almost incompatible with the sacred profession of the author; and it seems strange that the party which drove John Home from the Church should have delighted in honouring Webster as their leader. The beautiful and accomplished lady who inspired this song was a daughter of Colonel Erskine of Alva, and a relation of the Earl of Dundonald. She had a fortune of 4,000*l.*, which enabled her husband to live in a better style than most of his brethren, and procured him the *entrées* into the best circles of society in Edinburgh. One of his parishioners, a Miss Hunter, left him a legacy of 6,000*l.*; but neither his wife's fortune nor this lady's munificence could save him from pecuniary embarrassment, and the consequent necessity of acting as collector of the fund which he had instituted. He owed his wife and his fortune to that mysterious power over the female heart with which some men are gifted. There is an incident connected with his courtship which would almost seem to have suggested one of the scenes in Goldsmith's play of *The Good-natured Man*. A young gentleman, deeply enamoured of Miss Erskine, but too diffident to declare his passion, employed Webster to plead his cause. The doctor did so with his usual fervour; the lady denied his suit, but told him if he had been pleading for himself the result would have been different. The hint was sufficient: the doctor was soon at her feet, and our readers know the rest.

The Rev. John Logan, another clerical song-writer, was a contemporary of Webster and Carlyle. He was born in 1748, and spent the early part of his life as a clergyman

at Leith. It was his misfortune that he had not 'a constitution calculated to stand the conviviality of the times.' The phrase is not ours: we use the significant language of the minister of Inveresk. He attained some celebrity as a popular preacher, and published a volume of sermons in the style of *Hervey's Meditations*, which were at one time much admired. He shared largely in 'the conviviality of the times,' and, as he was not a five-bottle man like Webster, the weakness of his constitution incurred the displeasure of his brethren, and he was driven from the Church. He spent the latter years of his life as a literary adventurer in London, where he died in 1788. He possessed considerable taste and refinement; but his songs, which have nothing characteristically Scotch in them, never took much hold of the popular mind, and have now almost been forgotten. One of them is in praise of the 'Wood-fringed Esk,' a pastoral stream in the south of Scotland:

While frequent, on Tweed and Tay,
 Their harps all the muses have strung.
 Should a river more limpid than they,
 The wood-fringed Esk, flow unsung?
 While Nelly and Nancy inspire
 The poet with pastoral strains,
 Why silent the voice of the lyre
 On Mary, the pride of the plains?

O, nature's most beautiful bloom
 May flourish unseen and unknown,
 And the shadows of solitude gloom
 A form that might shine on a throne.
 Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,
 In sweetness retired from the sight,
 And Philomel warbles her woes
 Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid
 Amid shades that her triumph deny!
 How often the hero forbid
 From the path that conducts to the sky!
 A Helen has pined in the grove,
 A Homer has wanted his name,
 Unseen in the circle of love,
 Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,
Where poet ne'er wander'd before;
Enamoured of Mary's sweet name—
How the echoes will spread to the shore!
If the voice of the muse be divine,
Thy beauties shall live in my lay;
While reflecting the forest is fine,
Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

Like good Dr. Primrose, on listening to Ephraim Jenkinson's theory of cosmogony in the gaol, we seem to have heard all this before; but whether Gray borrowed from Logan, or Logan from Gray, we cannot undertake to decide. The song is too much in the style of the English poetry of the day ever to have found its way to the hearts of the Scottish peasantry. What could a ploughman know about Philomel, Helen, or Homer? The name of Skinner is a household word among our labouring poor, while that of Logan has long been forgotten: the popularity he enjoyed as a song-writer was confined to the upper classes of society.

The Yarrow is one of the most classical streams in Scottish lyrical poetry. We know of no less than ten songs, some of them of great antiquity, which contain frequent allusions to it. The pencil of the painter has vied with the pen of the poet in rendering 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow' familiar to the public mind. The old songs, two of which are very beautiful, are all founded on the tragical event of a bridegroom being slain on the banks of the Yarrow, or drowned in its waters, while the bride, like Sisera's mother, looks out for him in vain. We give a fragment of one of them, to enable the reader to compare it with Logan's modern version:

Doun in yon garden sweet and gay,
Where bonnie grows the lillie,
I heard a fair maid, sighing, say,
'My wish be wi' sweet Willie.'
O! Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonnie,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

But Willie's gone whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.
Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll make it narrow,
For a' the live-long winter night,
I be twined o' my marrow.

Oh! gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!
Oh! tell sweet Willie to come down,
And bid him no be cruel;
And tell him no to break the heart
Of his true and only jewel.

Oh! tell sweet Willie to come down
And hear the mavis singing;
And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.
The lavrock there wi' her white breist,
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen,
On Leaderhaughs and Yarrow.

O! Leaderhaughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrowhaughs are bonnie;
There Willie hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony.
O, cam' ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lillie?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaning o' a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

The last verse is about as terse and vigorous as one referring to Thurtell's murder, which was popular at the time, and was often quoted by Scott:

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
They dashed his brains in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He lived in Lyons' Inn.

While we have no reason to doubt the genuineness or antiquity of this pathetic song, there are certain passages which engender the suspicion that it must have passed through the plastic hands of Allan Cunningham, the Ettrick Shepherd, or some other renovator of ancient ballads. Logan's modern version is one of the best pieces he ever wrote. It has all the pathos of the ancient

ballads and the refinement of modern poetry :

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever, now, O! Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow!
For ever on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding ring—
The wedding day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone—I saw his ghost—
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister, weeping, walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night—
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lonely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek;
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek;
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Logan is not the only modern writer of Scottish songs who has attempted to improve upon the 'Braes of Yarrow.' Hamilton of Bangour, Allan Ramsay, and others, have tried their hands upon it; but the old ballad has held its own in the popular estimation. If you

were to ask a village maiden in the north to sing the 'Braes of Yarrow,' you would find that she knew nothing of the modern version of the ancient song; she would sing it as it has been sung for centuries :

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,
And let us to the braes of Yarrow.

Logan belongs to the classical school of Scottish song-writers—a school which has never exercised much influence over the popular mind, because its productions contain nothing characteristically national in language or sentiment. Scott, Wilson, and others, have written excellent songs, which are known and appreciated wherever the English language is spoken; but they have never found their way into the cottages of the Scottish peasantry, who are familiar with Burns and Tannahill and Skinner, because these writers belong to themselves, speak their own language, and breathe their own thoughts. It is the same everywhere. The gondoliers of Venice chaunt the heroic stanzas of Tasso's *Gerusalemme* as they ply for hire; every Spaniard and Portuguese has heard of Calderon and Camoëns; the songs of Goethe, and Bürger, and Schiller, have been set to music, and are sung from the banks of the Rhine to the Baltic; there are few English workmen without a certain knowledge of Shakspeare; the works of Béranger are familiar to every artisan in France. Such writers of poetry as Scott and Wilson do not belong exclusively to Scotland: they address themselves to the refined and the intellectual among all the nations of Europe; but their songs are entirely unknown to the great mass of the people, with whom they have little in common. Burns, Skinner, Tannahill, and others, selecting a smaller audience, and expressing themselves

in a language less generally known, have identified themselves with those whom they addressed; realised all their desires, and passions, and aspirations; been tempted and tried in all things like as they were; and thus been fitted for the place they now occupy as the singers of the people. Their songs are part of our national life, and will only be forgotten when the Scottish language and the Scottish nation have ceased to exist.

Poor Logan was the writer of other songs, which, though not without merit, have nothing characteristically Scottish in language or sentiment. He deserved a better fate than to die in harness in Grub Street. The weakness of his con-

stitution, and the conviviality of the times, proved his ruin. If nature had endowed him with a more vigorous frame, or permitted him to associate with more temperate men than the Carlyles and Websters of the day, he might have lived and died in his quiet manse at Leith. His claims to literary fame fortunately do not rest on his songs, which have now almost been forgotten. It is to his elegant pen and refined taste that we are indebted for some of those beautiful phrases of Scripture which were written by the Scottish clergy towards the close of the last century, and are still sung in our Scottish kirks in every quarter of the globe.

P. C. B.



THE PRIEST IN THE SCHOOL.

GODLINESS is the object of education. Man is marked with God's image; and whatever the extent to which that image is defiled, the object of all true teaching must be to repair it—to raise men up towards the standard of truth, love, purity, self-command, and power, which infidels as well as Christians admit to be the ideal of humanity. Thus, however in some instances it be misapprehended or misapplied, religion, in its highest sense, must be the aim and use of all true education: hence it comes naturally within the province of a priest's work. Moreover, a little thought will show us that education is eminently the business of an Anglican priest; it is the principle of a Reformed Church. The Church of England owes its distinctive existence to the working of the spirit of inquiry, and it will survive as a distinct element of Christendom only as that spirit is controlled by a useful desire to know the truth independently of sectarian affections. It must guide the eager horses of thought in the road of conservative investigation, unless it risk the galloping past the needful stages and resting-places of progress, and spilling the treasures which the coach may have already collected and been laden with. Hence the priest who can teach, or see that others teach, the clever boy to walk before he tries to run, and is content to take care that what the stupid can assimilate shall at least be wholesome in quality, if small in bulk, plays a most important part in the training of that nation whose Church permits the exercise of thoughtful inquiry. It is a chief aim of education to direct this, which, without the retarding influence of scholastic machinery, would soon run wild, and skip on to results before seeking the causes

which produce them, or carefully following the processes by which they are reached. What necessity is there for this machinery to be driven or corrected by the spirit of truth, which it is the priest's peculiar charge to engraft and to assist?

Moreover, one main use of schools is not merely to hammer facts into the heads of idle children with as much speed as the short time they are under the master permits, but to teach order and subordination. It is a great thing for a boy to breathe for ever so little a while the atmosphere of authority; it must, more or less, convey the contagion of obedience. No doubt, the world itself is a school; but its apparatus of retribution, interdependence, and respect is not so obvious as in the room where little smock-frocked Hodge smarts immediately for neglect, and, as a matter of course, makes his awkward yet unequivocal bow to the master when he marches out to play. He learns that wrongdoing is disagreeable in its results to himself, and that civility is a social requirement. All this, quite as much as the actual spelling and summing got through, helps to fit him for his place in the world—that advanced or adult school for an higher state which it is the priest's business to help him to attain unto. Thus the priest is in every way closely concerned in the promotion of national education; and according to the theory of the thing, he, as an officer of the body promised to be guided into all truth, should be its presiding genius.

My radical reader—my libero-political-secular-education reader, who pishes at the parson as a stiff prim hindrance to the spread of regenerating almighty knowledge—my reader of this sort (sometimes forgetting that there is a knowledge

of evil as well as of good, and that the heart holds a high command in the army of the world's forces) says, 'Aye, very fine, capital theory; but in fact these parsons Stop a bit; these parsons have done more to promote education than any class. Who grinds at its dull toil like the parson? Who begs the money for building the school-room and paying the master? Aye, the sharpest and most suspicious opponent of priestly influence owes the priest more than he would like to be compelled to confess, for the intelligence and trustworthiness of the lad who has come to his office or manufactory from the National School. Nay, English priests, directly or indirectly, have done more to invite and accelerate religious inquiry than any set of men in the land. Is not the Bible used in every school? Does not the earnest and anxious parson, who day after day takes the Scripture lesson in the class, strive to cultivate intelligence among the children? How often does he pause to say, 'Don't answer without thinking?' Whatever their individual theories, this is the general practice of English priests. Nay, the fiercest promoter of free discussion could hardly provide materials more fitted for a theological explosion than those which the innocent parson who drills and examines the children in the minutest details of Old Testament history, and inexorable arithmetic, places in ominous contact.

We must now look at the priest not only as a promoter of education, but as the manager of a school. It is generally part of his business to appoint the teacher. He receives and reads letters of application for the post, with fat packets of testimonials. He has personal interviews with candidates; he writes to referees; he makes final arrangements with the selected master. He corresponds with the Education Office,

and, by the desire of 'their lordships,' always on foolscap, however short the subject may be, so that a letter often looks like a dining-room table with one plate on it—unless he can fill a folio page with the announcement that 'John Smith began his duties as master on the 30th of September.' He has, moreover, to arrange and preside at committees—that is, if he can find any of the parishioners who will take the trouble to form one, and attend it when formed. He has to conduct, if not to drag on, all a school's machinery of begging, being himself the coachman and horses. He has to keep the accounts, sort the items of annual expenditure, and prepare 'reports' for 'their lordships.' All this and much more of the same small kind involves chronic worry; but, in addition to his other and more ecclesiastical duties, is laid upon the priest as school manager. Perhaps, poor fellow, when he has toiled hard to keep things going well, he finds some wretched deficit at the end of the year, and, with a heavy heart, sits down to his desk to ask for some help of fellow-Christians, who say, as they open his letter, 'Bless this Mr. Jones! he is always begging.' Upon my word, reader, I sometimes think he had better shut the school up, and strike this part of his work altogether.

But the duty of school manager involves much more than mere finance and correspondence. The parish priest must do many things for his school besides presiding at its committee meetings, writing its letters, and scraping together money for its support. He must try to spread the spirit of generous justice among the teachers and children, bringing in a tone of thought higher than the small buzz of elementary learning. There is a strong tendency in all teachers to grow narrow-minded and tyrannical. They pace the same little round of lessons

day after day till they judge the church and the world by the standard of the spelling-book. Even Government school inspectors, who are men of liberal education, feel this shrivelling influence. What wonder, since they themselves report their own doings to 'their lordships' and the public, and are surrounded with a halo of awfulness in the eyes of master and scholars, if they sometimes become bitter and sharply important to their underlings? I remember falling in with one in the Alps; we chanced to walk together over over a pass, and I, as we sat down on the summit and looked over a chaos of glacier and hill-tops, simply said, 'What a relief this must be to you from slate-pencils and the dimensions of the ark.' But I received a sharp reproof. 'These things,' he replied, 'are the more deeply interesting and full of importance the more they are investigated.' So I finished my lunch in silence, and lit my pipe with a blush. And if inspectors are sometimes thus terrible, can we expect masters to be invariably large-hearted? Since they reign supreme, and seldom meet their match in the school, they sometimes become more and more opinionative, unless the manager supplies an antidote in person. He must not shrink from the task of correcting this despotic spirit in the master—not, of course, before his scholars, nor harshly, but in a kind decisive way, which a sensible man will take in good part. The wise priest thanks the world for hints and raps which hinder the growth of his own professional selfishness. So the wise master may admit the wholesomeness of interference and advice from the manager, which is at the time unpleasant. This is especially needed in the conduct of scriptural and religious lessons. I remember once going into a school while a boy's hands were being slapped. 'Boohoo!' were the first words I heard;

'Boohoo! I believe in the Holy Ghost.' The boy had omitted this sentence in his rendering of the Apostles' Creed; but, however sure to fix it in his memory for the future, I did not think this mode of impression likely to increase his love for the faith. On another occasion, two young rascals, who had grossly offended the laws, were sent for to be publicly caned. The scholars were all standing at 'attention' behind their parallel desks, when the master, anxious to employ the interval of suspense before the arrival of the culprits, and not liking to disintegrate the school into classes for perhaps only five minutes, suggested the saying of catechism as a 'general lesson.' There was a stern basis of instructive severity in the hint, but surely a narrow ignorance of the atmosphere in which Christian principles are best taught.

The manager, moreover, will try not only to correct those small daily acidities which spoil the taste of school, but look closely after the style of teaching. For instance, when a boy is learning to read, it saves immediate trouble to tell him the word at which he boggles. Now, a good master will neither do this, nor permit it to be done by his monitors, even though the brisk circulation of the lesson in hand should seem to be checked while each child spells out his own difficulties. Again, a master should beware of putting leading questions. Boys will assent to almost anything, and a chorus of 'Yes-sirs' can be got to a succession of misstatements. Children should take the lesson to the master quite as much as the master to the children. They should be made to reproduce in their own language every item of instruction put into them by the teacher. And the parish priest, as manager of his schools, will find that he must look sharply after this matter, for it is far more tiresome and exhausting to extract a sensible

reply from children than to tell them a useful fact. A man sometimes thinks that he is teaching when he is only talking.

The priest, moreover, will not only look after the teaching, but in some degree teach himself. This is difficult in many parishes where there is a crush of work; but where it can be done, the priest finds the school lesson one of the most pleasant and profitable of his duties. It enables him to keep up the atmosphere of reverence in his school better than by any directions, however faithfully carried out, and he learns much from it himself. No one can instruct children in the Scriptures without being compelled to think and speak freshly and simply about them himself. Many a priest learns more Bible history in his school than in his study. His work there, too, is an excellent corrective to the spirit of educated soliloquy which is likely to mar his sermons if he searches the Scriptures as a student, however devout his attention. When he teaches children, he learns to realise the life and movement of the Bible. Thus he acquires, more or less, the habit of being graphic and plain-spoken when he prepares himself to address the adult members of his congregation in the church.

A word about school-fees, which the priest, as manager, has to regulate. In his desire to see a suitable education within the reach of the poorest, he must be careful not to make the payments too easy. There are schools in which the children suck in a sense of pauperism along with their lessons, and, whatever they learn, go out into the world impressed with the fact of their having been recipients of 'charity.' Now, surely it should be one business of the priest to encourage that sense of independence which is involved in St. Paul's saying, 'If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.' I believe that, as a rule, free

schools not only lessen this sense in the parents who use them, but degrade their estimate of education. Whatever you set a very small price upon is often despised. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, but it is a great question whether the payments in most high-class national schools are not too low. I believe that many of them, when once built and started, might be made, with the help of the Government grant, to support themselves. But this is impossible in a very poor district.

There are several other matters in which the priest, as manager, is especially concerned. One is the opening and closing prayers. These should be few and responsive. A collect, with some short answering sentences, and the Lord's Prayer are enough. A cheerful hymn, too, suits the children; but the whole ought not to last more than a very few minutes.

A word about Sunday-schools. They offer different phases, requiring various treatment, in town and country. What I now say applies, in some respects, mainly to cities. No doubt some children, who would otherwise have run the streets, have been largely benefited by Sunday-schools; but an hour's earnest instruction before, say, the usual morning service, exhausts both children and teachers. The former especially have little power of attention left. The lessons on the week-day are varied and broken with snatches of exercise; but in many schools, where the children are on Sunday first taught, and then taken to church, the single subject of religion demands reverent attention for three hours at a stretch. This is more than children can give. The result is, that if they have been attentive in school they are inattentive in church. Their powers of receiving religious influence are exhausted by the time they begin to worship. Thus they

learn to look upon prayer and praise with a feeling of weariness. Their early experience of the church sets them against it when they leave school. I am inclined to think that, in towns at least, an afternoon Sunday-school, with no service to follow it, has many recommendations. The children might be gathered together in the morning and taken to church; then, if the service is bright and musical, and the sermon short, they can take some genuine part in it, instead of sitting upon hard benches in a mood of restless vacancy, too likely ever afterwards to be associated with public worship. No doubt, some poor parents like their children to go to school and service on Sunday, with an honest wish for their improvement; but many, especially in large towns, look on church only as a convenient place where their children are cared for while the mother cooks the dinner, and the father enjoys *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* and the pipe of peace. It is a fact well worthy of patient thought that many of the working classes who do not attend public worship themselves, send their children. Their object too often is simply to get them out of the way. Tommy and Polly are packed off between nine and ten o'clock; they are safe till one. The parson minds them; the church is a consecrated nursery.

And as for the child, he is soon shrewd enough to suspect what he sees his parents decline. Probably, for a while, he appreciates the kindness of a teacher; but when he gets bigger he resents the two hours of service, and on leaving school he leaves church almost as a matter of course.

Thus there are some clergymen—in towns at least—who feel it best to put no pressure upon the Sunday morning attendance of the children, but teaching those who do come there for as short a time as is possible before service—setting them, for instance, to find out the places in their Bibles, Prayer, and Hymn-books, make the Sunday-school religious instruction the work of the afternoon, sending them home, not to church, as soon as it is over.

If there should be any teaching in the Sunday-school before morning service, the children ought to be sent out as soon as morning prayer is over, or at least before the sermon. If they are dismissed before the communion service, their exit—covered, we will say, by a voluntary on the organ—would help to break the wearisome succession of services to the congregation itself, and even provide a short interval during which worshippers might leave or enter the church without irreverence.

The whole question of Sunday-schools is a very interesting one; but I think it has too often been forgotten that children are more likely to join in public worship if it does not follow immediately upon individual instruction which interests and exhausts them. Therefore, I say, in the morning, if possible, send away the children after prayers, before the communion service or sermon begins, and make the afternoon school, with no service to follow, the chief educational effort of the Sunday. Then, if there is an evening service, many will attend it voluntarily, and learn to enter into it with interest.

THE PRIEST AS A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Let us begin by taking the lowest view of the priest as a professional man. He is a convenient piece of furniture in civilised society. Many

who have formed no lofty ideal of a priest's duty, who neither see nor ask what the principle and motive of his work should be, still attach an

important value to the fact that there is a professional class of religious teachers and advisers. They do not trouble themselves to inquire about the source of the priest's authority and influence; they only see that when certain men have a recognised right to minister in sacred things, much social inconvenience is avoided. Occasions arise when there is no question as to the thing to be done, but a person is wanted who can do it without laying himself open to the charge of being meddlesome or conceited. Many to whom the conduct of public worship, for instance, appears a simple thing, within the power of any intelligent educated man, see that endless confusion is prevented by the appointment of a certain class, whose business it is to christen, marry, bury, and read prayers or sermons in church. They do not concern themselves with questions about the origin or virtue of the priest's office; all they care to know is that the presence of a priesthood helps materially to maintain public order. Again, in private matters, a priest is permitted, or expected, to do what others, from delicate motives, would have much difficulty in attempting. Even when the advice needed is obvious, it frequently seems impertinent to offer it. But it is the business of the priest to reprove, rebuke, and exhort. No one has any right to be offended with him for so doing. He is the recognised mouthpiece of many thoughts which society feels, but is awkward in uttering.

Thus he is respected by many, and tolerated by more, as one who has to do much that is easy, when once its discharge is supported by common sentiment, and may occasionally have to perform duties which are disagreeable, however necessary and plain. Many indeed look down on the priest because of his professional position; they use him as the servant of the public, and as a representative of respectability,

but look elsewhere for the leaders of their thought. They suspect the priest because they conceive that he is bound to teach after a fixed pattern, which hinders the free exercise of natural human power. They admit that he is a necessity of civilisation, but they take jealous care to confine him to his office. Being, as they think, a sort of machine which they can set in motion when wanted, and whose performances they have the power and right to criticise, they treat him with civility and suspicion. This is one view of the priest as a professional man. Keep him in his place, and he is useful enough.

But what is his place—what are his duties? There is another, higher view of the matter, which, while it embraces the fact of his being a public servant, gives us a clearer, truer estimate of his calling. And in thus inquiring what should really mark the priest when viewed as a professional man, we may be helped towards the truth by an examination of this term 'professional man' itself. We are all familiar with the sentiment which dignifies the army, the navy, and the church as liberal professions, or exalts law, physic, and divinity above trade and handicraft. These select employments are supposed to necessitate a superior education and high aims in those who follow them. It may be questioned, indeed, whether trade be not a science, demanding more than an acquaintance with commercial processes and the routine of exchange; and it may well be urged that even mechanical skill becomes more valuable as the ideas of the artisan are enlarged, and his hand is guided by a brain which appreciates the higher necessities of the world that uses the article under his tool. It would seem as if nothing could be done thoroughly well by any fixed machinery. A man of genius will impart an excellence of his own to

lucifer matches and paving stones. A tailor who, in addition to skill in cutting out and joining, possessed such a knowledge of anatomy as is required of a surgeon, would be a prince in his trade.

But if commerce and handicraft are thus raised by brains towards the dignity of professions, surely the callings which stand highest in the scale require a special exercise of intelligence in those who follow them. Any mere routine discharge of their duties lessens their true usefulness and honour. The best officer, e.g., is the man who can most readily apply the principles of his business to any emergency—who can appreciate the resources, feelings, and influence of the country in which he serves—and while he looks closely after the details of his duty, make them most valuable by acting under a quick sense of the object for which an army exists or is engaged. It is the same with a lawyer: he rises to eminence by the power of his own genius to apply the principles of law to the cases which come before him. He must be acute and foreseeing. A man who used only the formulæ of his business would be perpetually suffering from or inflicting legal injustice. The greatest judges have been always distinguished for the common sense which they have brought to bear upon the evidence and arguments used in their courts, and the happy way they have had of promoting the great principles of justice, without an ostentatious display of judicial formalities.

It is on this account that the profession of the soldier and the lawyer is considered liberal, not merely or chiefly because the training for it is expensive. A liberal education is one which rests upon a basis of instruction capable of being used for any profession. The main use of teaching the dead languages is to give the man a general knowledge of language, and to bring his

mind into contact with those minds which belong to all time. Thus he can the better fix upon the principles of his profession, and interpret the successive phases of thought which characterise his own day. A professional education is one which involves merely those subjects which bear directly upon the particular business which the scholar is intended for, and it is generally admitted to produce sharp though narrow-minded men.

Now, let us remember that the profession of the priest is a liberal one. All that applies to the lawyer and the officer applies with equal force to him. He is, by the very nature of his calling, expected to show a generous intelligence in its discharge; and inasmuch as his calling is a very high one—namely, to bring men to God—there is the more necessity for him to free himself from those influences and processes which are merely human. While he uses the ecclesiastical machinery of his day, he must, above all men, be careful lest he becomes entangled in and crushed by that machinery. He should stand clear of that which he overlooks and applies; he is its intelligent master, not its slave.

The true priest, he who does the Church's work as a member of a liberal profession, tries to look upon the subjects of his cure and influence as from God's side, not man's. The aim of his teaching and ministry is to draw men towards God, that God may teach them Himself. He does not lade them with rules, which keep men anxious, and fix their eyes on little things. He knows that the tendency of churches and societies is to multiply regulations and lose sight of the great objects for which the Church or society exists. The true priest, as a member of a liberal profession in its highest sense, is above parties in the Church, as such. He recognises and welcomes all sin-

cerity of purpose; and faith or trust in that which is unseen, rather than in that which is seen. He looks for the truth which underlies error. The nearer he is to God, the wider is the horizon of his thoughts, and the deeper his patience with the sinners of his day. As the leader and teacher of men, especially the religious, he strives to correct that tendency which is shown by religious people in all ages to fix and sharpen the views of their own age; and he strives to do this more by setting forth large truths, than by attacking little errors; more by upholding that which is divine, than by condemning that which is human. He tries to see and show that in which men of opposite parties agree, not as an eclectic, not by picking out

what he thinks the best of their opinions, and stitching them together for a patchwork ground of faith, but rather by getting beneath their opinions down to such desire as they have to accept the truth and serve the Lord. By showing what they have in common that is really divine, he helps to promote true Church union and to quicken faith, which is trust in God Himself.

Thus led by the common sentiment which classes the ministry of the Church among the liberal professions, and seeing what a liberal profession is, especially when it has to do directly with God, we can, more or less, appreciate the aim which should characterise the priest as a professional man.

H. J.



HOW ARE EUROPEAN ARMIES OFFICERED?

THIS is both a pertinent and an interesting question to put just at this present moment, when the amount of the military budgets of the European states—including our own, of course—has reached such a terrific figure; for if officers generally are not what they should be, a large proportion of these immense sums must be wasted: not, indeed, merely that portion expended on their own pay and allowances, which is the least part of the outlay, but in fact nearly the whole cost of the machine.

And this subject could be made interesting enough to general readers if we only possessed the gift of doing so, for it contains within itself a great variety of subordinate ones connected with antiquarian lore, social development, scientific progress, and political history; all of which would require much more time and space than we can command to do them full justice, so that we must content ourselves with an occasional digression here and there into one or the other of these regions.

And having thus prepared the reader for similar excursions we feel no difficulty in commencing our journey with a digression, or at least a dive into an unfrequented by-road, from which, after having caught a general glimpse of the country by climbing to the summits of certain ancient edifices whose ruins still remain, we hope to be able to conduct him, with a somewhat expanded knowledge of the subject, on to the main road.

It is known—at least, it should be—that the feudal system was neither more nor less than a national military organisation, in lieu of which we now have standing armies and a War-office budget; but the transition from the one to the other was very gradual, and presented a

great number of intermediate forms, some of which were exceedingly curious. It will suffice to say here that, although the first nucleus of a standing army was formed in France by Charles VII., and enlarged by Louis XI. and the succeeding monarchs, it was not until the period of the Thirty Years' War that we find anything sufficiently approaching our modern system to form a fair starting-point for what we have to say on the subject of the mode in which officers were selected. At that period there was a general break-up of all the old forms and organisations, and in the urgency of the moment the simplest and the most obvious expedients were resorted to for the purpose of satisfying the various exigencies that arose; and this was particularly the case as regarded military organisation. Many of these makeshifts were subsequently reduced to a regular system, and may be still easily recognised in almost all European armies; for although the German States were, properly speaking, the theatre of this gigantic contest, Spain, France, England, Sweden, and even the Ottoman Porte, &c., were in succession drawn into the vortex, and the United Provinces of Holland may be said to have emerged out of it.

With empty coffers, wasted and pillaged provinces, rebellious cities, and nobles driven to desperate means of holding what they had, or acquiring new property, it was no easy matter to organise the new armies that were being constantly required to take the field; the power of the state was frequently incompetent to the task, the magic of a soldier's name alone could do it; and what was true of an army as a whole became applicable to each of its component parts, a regiment.

A noted leader needed but a com-

mission or Werbebrief from the proper authorities, a town or village where he could set up his standard or colours and his recruiting table (usually in the centre of the market-place), a drummer or trumpeter and a muster-roll clerk, and the regiment was soon got together. As to the officers, some paid for their posts in hard cash, and others by bringing ready-formed companies of foot or horse soldiers. The staff of a regiment was a very simple affair: there was the head-captain or Oberste as the Germans still call him, who was the proprietor or owner;¹ a major, called still in Austria *par courtoisie* 'head serjeant-major,'² and whose chief business it was to draw up the regiment in order of battle; an auditor or judge-advocate, a chaplain, and a provost-major with his assistants; whilst each company had its captain, its ancient, and its serjeant-major, as we now call them.

With regard to pay and other matters, they were all duly set forth in the original commission, and very handsome promises figured on the face of these documents; the performance was, however, usually of a very mild character, as Dugald Dalgetty informs us; money being a very scarce article, and seldom procurable, except by the sack of a town, or when re-extorted from the Church under one pretext or the other; and as there were no Dr. Lashingtons in those days to sit for months listening to long yarns about prize-money, the colonels always took a good round share for themselves, leaving it to the captains to recoup their outlays from the share that fell to the company.

Reader, this was the origin of the

purchase of commissions as it now exists in the second half of the nineteenth century, in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

The soldiers of the period we here allude to, whatever their grade might be, furnished their own clothing, arms, and, in the case of cavalry, horses; just as the irregular troops in the East Indian countries do at this present time; and the curious fashion of 'slashing the doublet and hose,' to allow some piece of fine stuff to protrude as if from a wound, has been traced by military antiquarians to the æsthetic proclivities of the *Landesknechte*.³ At a later period, the necessity for introducing uniformity of colour and pattern became apparent, and colonels or proprietors of regiments were, very naturally, charged with the task of clothing their men, there being no other organs available for that purpose; and it was thus that, in the British army, up to a very recent period, the being made sleeping partner of a merchant-tailor was considered to be the most appropriate mode of rewarding long and distinguished military service, the patronage of appointing the regimental paymaster being a part of the same system.

For meanwhile, the nomination and promotion of the officers had gradually passed into the hands of the Crown, no colonel being in a position to secure a retiring pension or half-pay for his officers, and numbers of regiments being disbanded, whenever things looked a little more peaceable, which we have always observed to be a sure forerunner of a fresh outbreak and panic—just as 'uncommonly fine for

¹ Colonel was a name devised by the Italians and French after the introduction of columns.

² The major-general has also a *courtoisie* title, 'general field-serjeant-major.'

³ This name, we are sorry to say, has been grievously ill-used by being written as if derived from a lance; the *Landesknecht* was the foot soldier of the Flachland or level country, in contradistinction to the Swizz soldiers, who came from the mountains of Uri and Unterwalden.

the season' is always followed by a storm, strewing the whole coast with wrecks. This was the way in which the War-office came to systematise purchase, which was originally a sort of partial indemnification to colonels of regiments for the trouble and expense of enlistment; whereas it was at length converted into a means of saving the Treasury the expense of half-pay for reduced or invalided officers.

But there was a time when the military undertakers who raised regiments were permitted to make the first appointments in them; which was done, of course, for a 'consideration,' as old Trapbois says; and certain noble Scotch families managed to feather their nests well in this way; forty-eight battalions of regular troops, besides a large number of fencibles and irregulars were raised in the Highlands of Scotland between 1740 and 1794; the great draft taking place after 1745 for the purpose of clearing the country of its warlike inhabitants, till none but industrials were left—this was policy: we have seen it repeated elsewhere ourselves.

It will be nearly time now to emerge on the high road. The reader perceives that we have retained a good deal of the old *Landsknecht* tradition, including voluntary enlistment of the men and purchase of commissions for the officers. For the latter, we have now introduced something new, in the shape of competitive examinations, which harmonises with the rest about as well as the pea-jacket costume of the present day would with the slashed doublet and hose of the olden time.

We shall have presently more to say about the competitive system, but we must, in the first instance, see what the other nations have been about since the Thirty Years' War; and as we have a peculiar liking for a good strong antithesis,

let us cross over to France, where 'les grandes principes de 1792' made a *tabula rasa* of everything, including the organisation of the army.

French System.

During the reign of 'Le grand Monarque' and his immediate successors all colonelcies and captaincies were vendible commodities amongst those whose blood was of regulation purity. In the guards or household troops they brought very high prices, being, many of them, held simultaneously with court offices; and it was consequently necessary to obtain the sanction of the King in each case. This was no doubt obtained in the usual way—through favourites, courtiers, &c.; and some portion of the money was always supposed to stick to the fingers of those through whose hands the necessary documents passed or were smuggled. There were also exemptions places, '*tout comme chez nous*.' The marching regiments, of course, had a lower tariff, and were not altogether '*comme il faut*,' except in the matter of fighting, which, it must be confessed, all were equally good at. It is, moreover, only just to mention here that all was not left to money alone; there were certain military academies in which a portion of the '*jeunesse dorée*' received a good preparatory education, and became, after all, more or less qualified for a very rapid transition to the higher commands in regiments and, ultimately, in the army. Napoleon le Grand was educated, as we all know, at Brienne.

We may now jump at once over the whole Revolution to the period at which the aforesaid Napoleon (then General) Bonaparte returned from Egypt, threading his way with difficulty through our own cruisers. One of his first acts was to lay the foundation of new military academies, or remodel those that had

been previously founded; all of which still exist and are in activity; for the Revolution and the wars that had immediately succeeded it swept away all, or almost all, the educated officers of the French army. And Napoleon had found, to his cost, that the great majority of the men taken from the ranks for distinguished conduct in action were so grossly ignorant as to be utterly useless, except for the mere butcher's work of the field of battle. It had become absolutely necessary to get a certain proportion of men specially educated for the service, in order to fill up the higher posts in the staff, &c., adequately.

In reading through the records of services of many of the distinguished officers of the Grand Army, as they drop off from time to time, one finds that a large proportion of these had been educated in the military schools and colleges. Sometimes, indeed, when great gaps had been hewn in the *corps d'officiers* by such battles as Wagram, Eylau, Borodino, &c., the young *élèves* were pushed through their course much more rapidly than the plan of education contemplated, and were consequently but half finished; still there is no doubt that the general instruction of the French army at the end of Napoleon's career was incomparably superior to what it had been at the commencement. In proof of this may be adduced the very considerable number of Napoleonic officers who distinguished themselves in the domain of military literature¹ during the Restoration, although the great captive of St. Helena complains in his *Memoirs* that his officers had not had time to acquire the knowledge they needed.

'Ils ne savaient,' disait-il, 'faire la guerre que sur les grandes routes, et à la portée du canon.'

The Restoration changed the whole face of the French army, and brought into it a great number of heterogeneous elements. It is curious to contrast its system of working under the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain, with what it had been a few years previously under Napoleon; this could only have been a consequence of the officers being inferior—the men were the same.

The July monarchy did a great deal for the army, much more than is generally understood or acknowledged; amongst other things, the whole system of promotion was regulated by the Ordonnance of April 14, 1832, which is still in force; the following are its principal provisions in this respect:—

No private soldier eligible for promotion before six months' service in his grade; corporal, ditto, ditto. All other sous-officiers up to adjutant sous-officier required two years.

Sous-lieutenant must be eighteen years old, and have served as sous-officier two years (consequently in all three years); or have been an élève of one of the military schools, and passed his examination as such. He requires two years' service in his grade to be eligible for promotion to lieutenant, who also requires two years; captains four years, chef de bataillon, escadron, or major three years, lieutenant-colonel two years, after which three years' service in the lower grade is required before an officer is eligible for further promotion.

One third of the vacancies for sous-lieutenant is reserved for the sous-officiers, two thirds for the élèves of the schools.

Two thirds of the vacancies for lieutenants and captains are filled up according to seniority; one third by selection.

One half of the vacancies for chef de bataillon, escadron, is reserved for seniority, the other half for selection; all majors (adjutant major) the latter.

In the colonies or on active service the periods required for rendering eligible for promotion may be curtailed; they may be altogether dispensed with—either on account of a distinguished action that has been mentioned in general orders or to fill up as many vacancies as are absolutely necessary to fill in a corps acting in the field.

¹ Great Britain is the only large state in Europe, Spain and Turkey excepted, which has, properly speaking, no military literature,—if we omit the three names Napier, Gurwood, Siborne.

In war time or in such corps as are actually engaged in the field, *one half* of the vacancies for lieutenants and captains is reserved for selection.

No honorary military grade can be conferred, nor a rank higher than that belonging to the employed. Officers that have been pensioned can never be replaced in activity.

About twenty years ago fully *two thirds* of the vacancies for sous-lieutenants in the line were necessarily conferred on sous-officers; there were not enough élèves to fill up more than one third of them, but this state of things seems to have improved somewhat since that period.¹ It is, however, remarkable that first of all, there is no trace to be found here of our system of appointing raw civilians to be officers; secondly, that it has been considered desirable to have two thirds of the officers educated regularly for their profession; and thirdly, that the rights of seniority are very much restricted, and therefore quite in opposition to the myth of a marshal's bâton forming part of the kit of every conscript. It is evident that the great mass of officers who have risen from the ranks, without previous education, can never get beyond the rank of captain or chef de bataillon.

Now, with regard to the school of St. Cyr, from whence these élèves come, let us say a word. Candidates for this pass an examination; they are eligible from eighteen to twenty-one years of age.² *Non-commissioned officers and privates who have served two years are eligible up to twenty-five*; an entrance sum of 30*l.* and 60*l.* per annum are paid, the course lasts two years, in special cases three years, and comprises

mathematics and descriptive geometry, elements of physics, chemistry, statics and cinesia,³ military scientific history, elements of fortification, attack and defence of fortresses, drawing, topography, history and geography, cosmography, statistics, a course of fine arts, a foreign language, public law, instruction in the theory of manœuvres, artillery exercises, gymnastics. These are also the subjects of examination.

This is pretty well for two years' work; of course it would be scarcely possible to master these subjects in that time, but a sufficient general knowledge of them and of their united bearing on the art of war can be attained, and this is all that is required, so far as mere erudition goes. The chief gain will be, that the moral, intellectual, and physical aptitude of the candidate officer for his profession can be studied and ascertained during these two years; an élève of the school of St. Cyr is at least no recruit when he joins his regiment as sous-lieutenant, and although he may not be a scientific soldier, he has had an opportunity of estimating the exact value of science and its relation to the art of war.

To sum up all, we may say, that *no one can become a military officer in France without having gone through a regular preparatory course of theoretical and practical, or purely practical, instruction of from two to three years' duration*, and the former class is preferred to the latter by the regulation which gives two thirds of the vacancies to the élèves, and only one third to the sous-officers.

And there are very excellent

¹ We have no means of ascertaining the exact proportion at present, but most readers will find the following memorandum interesting. Of a total of 62 French officers killed at Magenta, 20 had been élèves, either before or immediately after first entrance into the army; and at Solferino, the proportion was 65 élèves out of 167 total; or taking both battles together, we have 85 élèves out of a total of 229.

² The number would be greater, and the whole thing more efficient, if this were reduced to 16 years of age.

³ Cinesia, *Kinesis*, the theory of motion.

reasons why this preference should exist. De Chambray,¹ writing in 1835 of what had been the state of the French army previous to 1830 as regards the officers, says :

‘Ainsi donc les cadres des régiments se trouvaient composés, en très-grande partie, d’hommes sans éducation, sans autre instruction souvent que celle qu’ils avaient acquise dans l’école du régiment, qui ne possédaient d’autre moyen d’existence que leur épée, et qu’aucun autre intérêt matériel que la conservation de leurs appointements ne rattachait à la chose publique.’²

This author shows also that the constitution of the army not having been in harmony with either the social or political order of things in France, the success of the revolution of 1830 was inevitable, and this disharmony having been increased by the measures of Louis Philippe’s government, he prophesies the success of further revolutions, notwithstanding the Ordonnance of 1832 quoted above.

Let us wind up what we have to say of the French system of promotion in this place with another passage from De Chambray’s work,³ to which we shall have occasion to revert hereafter :

‘Quand un gouvernement craint de voir les emplois de chefs militaires occupés par les hommes appartenant aux notables de la société, on peut en conclure, ou que ce gouvernement est hostile à cette société, ou qu’il est absurde et qu’il marche à sa ruine.’

Prussian System.

Political writers have very generally attributed the great collapse of the Prussian army in 1806 to the officers having been universally aristocrats to the exclusion of ‘the virtuous middle and lower classes ;’ for political purposes this may serve well enough, but it is simply untrue.

At Jena the first captain of the age opposed to the Prussian army a totally new system of warfare which he himself *had perfected* ; they had substituted ‘le caporalisme de Potsdam’ for the grand and simple principles of him who died ‘tired of reigning over slaves.’⁴ The result could hardly have been otherwise. In truth, the Prussian officers are second to none in Europe either in point of professional information or capacity, whilst they stand on a much higher footing than many others as gentlemen ; and there has never been a doubt as to their perfect fidelity and distinguished gallantry. It cannot be denied, however, that there is a monstrous deal of arrogance and overweening self-conceit amongst these gentlemen, which is certainly less to be attributed to the system of organisation, than to national peculiarities. Prussia can boast of victories over all her neighbours, including three out of the five great Powers, obtained at a time when she was but a very small state ; such traditions have a natural tendency to beget a certain amount of self-confidence which easily lapses into the faults we have noticed above ; but after all, these are less offensive in men of education and real sterling qualities, than they are with those who convert arrogance, pure and simple, into a cloak for their fathomless ignorance and miserable incapacity.

There exists, however, in Prussia no limitation of military employment to persons of what is called noble birth. Legally it is open to all who fulfil certain conditions of service and pass certain examinations ; practically, however, there really does exist a right of selection

¹ *Philosophie de la Guerre*, chap. ix. p. 235, edition of 1839.

² It is notorious that a large proportion of the officers of the Hungarian army in 1848-49 were wholly influenced by these considerations.

³ *Philosophie de la Guerre*, chap. x. p. 279, same edition.

⁴ Ich bin es müde über Sklaven zu regieren.

which is vested to a certain extent in the corps of officers itself, of which more anon; the regulations at present existing date from 1852, and are as follows:

Any person desirous of becoming an officer must enter a regiment, battalion, or corps, either as a volunteer for one or three years,¹ or have been regularly conscribed as a soldier. Any sub-officer or private who has completed his seventeenth year, not yet attained his twenty-fourth birthday, and served six months, has a right to demand an examination for the rank of *Porte-épée-Fähnrich*;² this is the first step, and the individual who attains it performs most of the duties of an officer. If the commandant of the regiment, &c. think fit, he may permit a young man to go up for examination immediately on entering the service; but the certificate of having passed cannot be granted till the six months' service has been completed.

This examination may be dispensed with altogether and the individual put on the list for promotion to the rank in question in two cases; first, for distinguished conduct in the field; secondly, on the production of a certificate from a Prussian gymnasium of having passed the necessary examinations to qualify for entrance at a Prussian university. We must here remark that the gymnasium answers nearly to our undergraduate course.

The subjects of examination are: German language, grammar and composition in writing and orally; Latin language, passages from Livy, Sallust, Cæsar's Commentaries, Curtius, or Cicero, written from dictation, then translated, grammar orally; French language, passages

from French authors written from dictation, translated into German, and vice versa, grammar orally; mathematics, written questions in common arithmetic, theory of equations, progressions or logarithms, geometry, trigonometry, orally the same; geography, mathematical, physical, and political, both in writing and orally; history, in writing, one subject from ancient Rome or Greece, middle ages in Germany, modern, orally general history, drawing, plan, perspective, and from nature, executed in the room.

Having passed this examination satisfactorily, the candidate is placed on the list for promotion to the *Porte-épée-Fähnrich*, and nominated when a vacancy occurs, by Royal patent or commission, the individual continuing his service meanwhile in his regiment or corps.³

We must here mention, that there exist certain military establishments for cadets, where sons of officers, &c., are educated, as in olden time at Great Marlow. A proportion of these youths enter the army with the honorary rank of *Porte-épée-Fähnrich*, which, after six months' service, attested by their captains, &c., is converted into real rank as such by the issue of a patent.

Here we have the first step or probationary period of the Prussian officer; it involves, as we see, two distinct qualifications, the book-learning that may be acquired by the aid of others, but which avails nothing unless evidence has been afforded of the physical and moral aptitude of the candidate during a previous period of actual military service; moreover, the very form of examination insures a more or less perfect understanding of each subject, and puts the mere gabble of

¹ The one-year volunteers are candidates for commissions in the Landwehr.

² *Porte-épée* is the silver sword-knot worn by all Prussian officers. The *Fähnrich*, or ensign, who wears this distinctive mark without the epaulettes; is, in fact, a candidate officer.

³ There is one *Porte-épée-Fähnrich* in each company, squadron, and battery, who takes the place of a subaltern officer.

dition out of the question; the whole thing, too, has reference to military career.

The *Porte-épée-Fähnrich* is permitted to proceed to his officer's examination after nine months' further service,¹ but he must be under twenty-six years of age. Landwehr officers whose eventual transfer to the line has been sanctioned by the King, are permitted to proceed to the line officers' examination immediately after they have passed the *Porte-épée-Fähnrich* one; and young men who have either entirely or nearly completed their University course, and having been, *eo ipso*, without further examination, named *Porte-épée-Fähnrich*, may also at once proceed to the officers' examination.

This takes place at Berlin, and all the *Fähnrichs* are summoned to appear and be examined according to their seniority; the 'honour men' are put on the list for extra promotion, the 'pass men' for promotion by seniority, according as vacancies may occur. Young men who come out of the cadet institutes with officers' patents have their rank adjusted according to the seniority of the *Porte-épée-Fähnrichs* of the regiment, so that the latter are not placed at a disadvantage. It seems, however, that the present tendency is to get as many cadets and as few purely regimental candidates as possible; but this is probably more for simply political reasons than otherwise.

The subjects for the officers' examination embrace nearly the entire cyclus of military art and science, that is to say—the theory of arms, gunpowder, guns and portable firearms, cutting weapons; fortification—field and permanent, including attack and defence; surveying and plan-drawing, instruments, use, topographical surveys, engineering, drawing representation

of ground profiles, &c.; military stylistic reports, orders, &c., knowledge of military regulations, discipline, courts-martial, &c.

Having satisfied all the above requirements, the candidate is put on the list for promotion, as explained above, and gets the vacancy that falls to his lot in his own regiment, provided meanwhile he has not forfeited his claim by bad conduct, and that the corps of officers who are consulted by the colonel for that purpose do not make any objection to him. An individual thus objected to is provided for in some other corps.

The Prussian system has been extolled beyond measure by some persons, and copied more or less servilely; whilst others have been equally unmeasured in their condemnation of it. Let us take our best achromatic spectacles, and see what the real state of things is. To begin, we inquire whether it be absolutely necessary to infuse all this amount of knowledge into the mind of the line officers; no doubt it is all relevant matter, and may some day turn to good account, but is it absolutely necessary? We should say not. Other officers manage to do very well with less. Take the French, for instance, who are anything but well up in history or geography, not to mention other particulars.

But it affords presumption of careful training as a boy when the youth is enabled to master this theoretical knowledge, and his giving evidence of being able to digest it proves, moreover, that he must possess a fair average amount of ability; the army will, therefore, be pretty sure of getting good officers so long as a probationary period of training service is coupled with the examination system; otherwise, not. We may readily admit that both the system and the absolute amount of information required may be per-

¹ This seems to have been reduced to 6 months.

fectly suitable in Prussia, although wholly inapplicable elsewhere. And why? Because there is no country in the world in which learning is more at home than in Prussia, none in which the higher and middle classes possess so large an amount of positive knowledge, especially in general science,¹ and because all the civil employments require preliminary examinations. Now, if the military examinations were not so highly pitched, the army would only get the refuse of the civil services, and be compelled to select its officers from a class that would be undesirable, whereas it can now command its fair share of the cream of those upper and middle classes, who always have produced the best officers in every country, and are moreover desirable, because *our profession is a badly remunerated one*. The real value of the Prussian system is, that it brings into the Prussian army precisely the most desirable class of officers, these being moreover *professionally* well educated; but it is only suitable for Prussia: it would have precisely the contrary effect in other countries, and would tend to exclude the best materials. But, like everything else human, the 'Prussian system' has its defects and shortcomings; the government could scarcely manage to get the class of officers it wishes to have otherwise than by exacting from them evidence of superior knowledge. This was all right so long as the old system of government existed, but since the introduction of constitutional forms, it is beginning to be all wrong, which explains why cadets educated specially *ad hoc* are now being preferred to pure regimental candidates. But let us take up

The Austrian System.

In order to clear the ground and avoid unnecessary repetitions hereafter, we must begin with an explanatory remark, namely, that the officers of the special corps, engineers, artillery and pioneers, in Austria are *now* all educated in military academies or schools, as cadets, much on our Woolwich principle, and what is hereafter to be described applies only to the infantry and cavalry of the line. There is a slight difference in the mode of officering what we should call rifle corps, that is, Jägerbataillons, which shall be noticed in its proper place.

Up to the accession of the present Emperor, the artillery educated its own officers within itself, by far the greater number being conscribed soldiers who acquired their practical and theoretical knowledge *pari passu*, and many of them were very learned men, all being perfectly *au fait* in service matters; but this plan was too slow for a corps requiring so much theoretical knowledge, and the officers became decrepit old men before they reached the rank of major: therefore it became necessary to introduce the cadet system.

The Austrian system is therefore not uniform like the Prussian one; it resembles in this respect the French, and this reminds us, that we omitted to mention that in Prussia the engineer,² and we believe also artillery subalterns are obliged to undergo a preliminary examination before being promoted to the rank of captain—at least it was so formerly; this does not exist in either of the other two armies mentioned above.

The whole traditional system of leaving the nomination and promo-

¹ We do not confound together positive knowledge and education. Eton, Harrow Oxford, Cambridge mean the latter in its broadest and best sense, the former only conditionally.

² In Prussia, the engineer officer is not called by this name, but by that of the Pioneer troops he commands; whereas, in other armies, the latter are called engineer troops, after the officers commanding them, *inaptie*.

tion of officers, up to the rank of captain commandant of a company or squadron, in the hands of the colonel-proprietor of the regiment, still exists in Austria as it did in the Seven Years' or Thirty Years' War; as a matter of course he also possesses the right of nominating all the inferior grades. The medical officers, the auditor and the chaplain are nominated by the central war department, and the selection and promotion of all field-officers, from major upwards, are in the hands of the Sovereign.

The proprietor of a regiment is moreover invested with full and ample jurisdiction over all the individuals composing it, with exception of those whose promotion lies in other hands; even to the extent of ratifying a sentence of death pronounced by a competent court-martial.

But no colonel-proprietor can sell a nomination or promotion, either directly or indirectly; if such a case could be proved he would lose his rights, either temporarily or permanently, and instances have occurred of this in former times, for up to a certain period, officers, although allowed to purchase from one another, were not permitted to make bargains with the proprietor; purchase therefore does not exist in the Austrian army, although favouritism and nepotism does to a certain extent, we believe.

A proprietor *may* nominate any one he pleases to be sub-lieutenant in his regiment, provided there be a vacancy, but this seems never to occur; either a regimental cadet or a sub-officer is always selected. And with regard to the sub-officers it must be borne in mind, that the conscription, embracing all classes of society without exception, brings into the ranks a great number of middle-class people, peasant proprietors' and citizens' sons—in Hungary too, poor nobles; in fact what is equivalent to our yeomanry and

small gentry, with some artisans, and these have all more or less chance of becoming officers. But in general cadets are preferred, not only on account of their superior education and social position, but because there is naturally an objection to promote men late in life.

To become a regimental cadet nothing more is necessary than to obtain the permission of the proprietor, pass an examination of a purely elementary character in German composition, writing from dictation, arithmetic, general physical and the political geography of Austria and the neighbouring states; and, finally, the deposit of a small sum (6*l.* to 8*l.* sterling) for equipment. A man may enter the army as a conscript or volunteer, and afterwards become cadet; or he may volunteer as cadet at first, thereby binding himself to eight years' service; and this is the most usual course.

The regimental cadet has, properly speaking, no rank, but it is usual, as he learns his work, to give him honorary rank as corporal and serjeant. In the infantry they sometimes accept actual rank and pay of non-commissioned officer; but this should not be done generally. During six to eight months in the year, regimental schools are held for the candidate officers (cadets) and candidate under-officers (lance-corporals and privates), the teachers being officers and the commandant either a major or senior captain; the subjects being chiefly military, the junior scholars who may need it also receiving elementary education. The system works very well, and very good practical officers and non-commissioned officers come out of these schools, although they may not be so highly accomplished as their brethren in Prussia; for, during the regular exercise period in summer and autumn, all these cadets, &c., return to their respec-

tive companies to do duty, and they thus become acquainted with the entire routine of the service, both theoretically and practically.¹

It is, however, evident that the system described here could scarcely furnish any considerable number of really scientific officers, and modern warfare demands a much larger proportion of these than would have sufficed some fifty years ago. To supply this want a number of military schools have been lately organised, and there is also a general military academy (college) at Neustadt, near Vienna, founded for this very purpose by Maria Thérèse. These establishments all work into one another; for instance, only those pupils of the junior schools that give a promise of greater proficiency are passed into the cadet schools, the others going into the army as non-commissioned officers; and only the better cadets are passed into the academy at Neustadt, the others going as cadets to the regiments, to take their chance of promotion as practical men. Nearly all the academy men come out as officers, and are allowed to select the corps they may wish to serve in; some few who fall through come out as cadets.

It is not our object to enter into the question of promotion here, but we may as well say that the proprietor of an Austrian regiment promotes up to the rank of first-captain, and the Crown from major upwards. It was necessary to mention this, because it has to do with the qualification lists that are annually made out for the guidance of the proprietor and the Crown in the exercise of this very important function. These qualification lists are made up for the officers and cadets by *all* the field officers of the

regiment or corps *in committee*; or in the case of single battalions the two senior captains act as field officers. The lists for the non-commissioned officers are made up by all the officers of the company, squadron, or battery, *also in committee*. These officers, therefore, assume a responsibility, and the possibility of personal pique being gratified at the expense of ruining the prospects of an individual, as has more than once happened with the confidential reports of the British army, is very much diminished; but, in order to give even those whose conduct may be deserving of censure, or who have proved themselves simply inefficient, every fair chance, the regulations prescribe that whenever anything detrimental, however trifling, has been introduced into the lists, the individual to whom it applies must be made acquainted with it, and is required to affix his signature in evidence.²

We mentioned above that the Jäger battalions and some other infantry troops have either no proprietors or purely honorary ones; we have now to add that the war-office or minister manages the first nomination and promotion of officers in these on precisely the same principles.

It is scarcely possible not to perceive that the Austrian system is of a very mixed character. The results, too, are much less uniform than in either the Prussian or French services. No doubt there are greater inequalities in the degree of education in the various countries composing the Austrian empire than in the other countries mentioned, and, in addition to this, a great number of foreigners have always served in the army; and these circumstances alone are sufficient to

¹ We should have mentioned in its proper place, that schools similar to the above exist also in the French army, in which there are regular 'officiers instructeurs.'

² In the French army, similar qualification lists are prepared in each regiment and corps, and general ones for the whole army at the War Ministry.

account for inequalities and justify want of unity of system. But there also exist great evils and abuses which might be easily remedied, and which we mention here because, on the whole, we consider the Austrian system to be more worthy of our own attention and perhaps imitation, in some respects, than any other.

When a vacancy occurs for a sub-lieutenancy, the proprietor, who is almost always at a distance from his regiment, must depend very much on the proposition made by the colonel commandant as to the individual on whom this is to be conferred; and one colonel will prefer cadets, another non-commissioned officers, particularly when the period of his own promotion to general officer is near, and he wishes to oblige some sergeant who has made himself agreeable, or he does not much care for his successor. And thus it happens that under one colonel the non-commissioned officers have no chance, although they are legally entitled; under another, the cadets are excluded; a third won't recommend either the one or the other in his own regiment, but wants to have strangers, which of course acts as a discouragement, and throws the whole affair into the hands of the proprietor, opening the door for a job, if there is any tendency that way. But the worst of all is when the proprietor and the commandant are at variance; the regiment then necessarily goes to the dogs.

Now, we conceive that the regimental cadet system is a very valuable one—perhaps the best of all for good practical officers, when supplemented by a dash of institute cadets. And the evils we have adverted to here might be remedied by fixing the proportion in which non-commissioned officers are eligible—say one-fourth or one-fifth; and further enacting that, as in Prussia, no one should be made lieutenant after a certain age.

Further, if a regiment had no qualified individuals, it should not be permitted to seek for them elsewhere; this should be left to the war ministry. And, finally, a restriction of the promotion from one rank to another without a certain term of service in each, as in France, would be very advisable, and would restrict nepotism. But this must suffice for the Austrian system.

The Continental Systems in general.

The chief features of all the continental systems are, that the officer is trained in the service for the service; that, without undervaluing general information, the subjects of study and examination are in the closest connection with military art and science; that no purchase exists; and, finally, that *the whole of the instruction and drill of the soldier is carried out by the officers or candidate officers, with the exception, perhaps, of the very first elements, which are sometimes entrusted to non-commissioned officers.*

As regards the subject immediately before us, this last item is of very great importance. It is the link which connects the education of the officer with his subsequent sphere of activity. It renders the whole system of education and selection harmonious; but it has other most important results. It establishes a most valuable bond of union between superiors and inferiors, affording to each a perfect knowledge of the other's capabilities and proficiencies; and thus laying a sure foundation for mutual confidence and respect. Nothing tends more to humanise the private soldier than this kind of intercourse with his officer, if properly carried out; and nothing else can make an officer so truly soldierlike and efficient.

The English System.

It does not require many words to describe what this was, and what

it now is. Let us begin with the former.

The friends of a young man desirous of entering the line as an officer had his name put down at the Horse Guards on a certain list. A vestige of the old system of nominating officers alluded to at the commencement of this article became visible during this operation, in the shape of a certificate signed by a colonel of a regiment, testifying to the general respectability of the candidate and his presumed fitness in point of education and means. There was a limitation as to age—eighteen years for the line (a margin was allowed for colonial regiments). The purchase-money was deposited at the agent's, and the affair was in proper train for being completed. There was also another list kept at the Horse Guards, called the Commander-in-Chief's private one; and this was accessible to candidates in whose favour a general officer could, from actual knowledge of the individual, personally testify. There was a certain amount of selection and guarantee in this method. Perhaps the greatest objection to it was that parliamentary influence was occasionally suffered to interfere too much with what would otherwise have been, on the whole, an equitable distribution of employments.

We may now suppose the young officer gazetted; his two months' leave (granted, ostensibly, for the purpose of equipment—in reality, because the pay of that period is absorbed by regimental subscriptions) at an end; and he himself joined. If this operation has taken place at regimental head-quarters, so much the better. The recruit in epaulettes—salutable by the whole regiment, from sergeant-major downwards—has been handed over to the individual just mentioned, to be instructed by him in

drill; if in the cavalry, to the riding-master also. After a certain time, he has been taken in hand by the adjutant; then mounted guard, and taken other duties under the inspection and guidance of a brother-officer; and in about two months is supposed to be really an officer. From thenceforward he takes his place in his company or troop at all parades, &c.; utters his shibboleth of command; and his military instruction in peace-time is completed. He is esteemed a military chief and leader on a proportionate scale; but the best and most effectual part of his education is at the mess-table, where the 'rough' is taken out of him as far as possible.

What happened to the officer who joined at a *dépôt*—especially one where detachments of several regiments were amalgamated, we are not curious to inquire. In time of war, however, there was a variation, the young ensign or cornet being then plunged at once in *medias res* without much tedious preparation.

De Chambray came into contact with British troops in the Peninsula, and seems to have studied them somewhat more to the purpose than most foreign officers do. He points out very clearly the necessity that exists for bringing the military institutions of a country into harmony with its political and social organisation; and he shows that the system of purchase existing in the British army contributed powerfully to this end, by selecting the military leaders from the class most interested in the maintenance of the institutions of the country. He says very plainly that this harmony of the military institutions with the political and civil ones was one of the principal causes of the stability of the Government from the Revolution of 1689 down to the Reform of 1832.¹

But he goes still further, and ad-

¹ *Philosophie de la Guerre*, chap. x.

mits that the French troops had not, and could not have, the same consistence as the British and Russians because the French military system did not select its officers from a class interested in the maintenance of the political and social institutions; we ourselves are of opinion that there is no such class in France because the political institutions are necessarily short-lived, the social fabric on which they should repose having been utterly disorganised by the 'glorious principles of 1792.'

But, however this may be, it is very evident from a review of the French, Prussian, and Austrian systems, that the first indispensable requisite is to endeavour to secure for the army the best elements that are available both as regards social position and general education; the second is a period of probationary service in some form or another; the third is, that the officer's routine of duty should be as purely military as possible in the sense of calling into exercise his intellectual faculties.

And as regards examinations, we have seen that they are made a test of professional proficiency *subsequent* to the period of probation, and that in Prussia it is not only possible to adopt a high standard in this respect, on account of the comparatively high state of scientific education in that country, but absolutely necessary to do so in order to obtain the best class of candidate officers; *but the very means adopted in Prussia to secure the most desirable class might, nay, would most certainly, in other countries have the effect of excluding them.*

To the system of purchase as it did exist in the British army has been superadded of late a system of competitive examination, as it is called, unaccompanied by any probationary service on the one hand, and practically excluding that small amount of guarantee for personal

character &c. that hitherto existed in the certificate of the colonel of a regiment. This is a curious anomaly; it is so totally at variance with the principles that govern the selection of officers in other armies, and even in our own naval service, that it challenges scrutiny and invites criticism.

This subject may be considered in a great variety of ways. We may ask, for instance, how did the necessity arise for altering the conditions under which officers had hitherto obtained commissions in the army? What object is the competitive examination intended to effect? Is it for the purpose of obtaining better educated officers? and if so, what are we to understand by that expression? What does the officer require to know and *be able to do*? Aye, there's the rub, for the competition proves nothing, and never can prove anything in this latter respect. Did we want to have another and a better class of officers than we previously had? Why that class was confessedly by the testimony of important and impartial witnesses about the best in Europe in many respects, especially in a political point of view. They had their shortcomings, no doubt; but were these the consequence of a certain class being selected, or of the nature of their service, and the total absence of any efficient system of military education beyond the merest routine? Then it was only to get another class that we introduced competitive examinations! Is this other class better or worse for military purposes? Or was it simply a different distribution of patronage that was desired? Finally, what if the well-being of the army and of this country is being sacrificed to this other class and this different distribution of patronage, and the whole gain consists in a certain number of schoolmasters and coaching establishments

realising handsome revenues, or at least being advertised officially?

The writer of this article, before proceeding further, thinks it right to assure his readers that he is no enemy of book-knowledge; on the contrary, he is deeply interested in literature, especially that belonging to his own profession, and has devoted much of his time to it; moreover, he has been employed in scientific services of various kinds. But he is also an old practical soldier, and has seen learned and unlearned officers working together in the field for one common object, and ought, therefore, to be capable of forming a fair estimate of the relative value of mere learning and *that kind of knowledge that grows naturally into action*, which is, in fact, the most indispensable to the soldier.

And now with regard to the first question we put above; as to how the necessity arose, or seemed to arise, for altering the conditions under which officers obtained commissions. This is evidently a very delicate one, and having an intimate conviction that the elucidation of truth is favoured by nothing so much as by the use of temperate and moderate language, we shall endeavour to avoid all cause of offence, even at the risk of understating our case. It will, however, be scarcely too much to say, that British officers in general have not been distinguished as studious men; that, as compared with foreign states, a military literature can scarcely be said to exist in this country; and that what officers are pleased to call theoretic knowledge has been usually held very cheap. On the other hand, when our troops came in 1854 to take a part in European warfare, for the first time after a peace that had lasted thirty-nine years, there was evidently great deficiency of organisation in many branches of the service, particularly those for which a

special education is required. We had, as has often been said, battalions and squadrons, but no army; on the part of the regimental officers too a want of detail knowledge of field-work in general was observable. These faults and defects became painfully apparent at the very outset of the Crimean war. They were brought very prominently forward, sometimes too in an injudicious and hostile manner, and a remedy was loudly demanded. To a certain extent this cannot be fairly objected to.

But it was altogether overlooked and forgotten that the British army excelled, and still excels, all others in internal economy, general discipline, accuracy, and drill—this was all the work of the officers; as to the moral qualities of the British army, we think it quite superfluous to say a single word.

On looking back now, it is not difficult to perceive that our officers were in fact well up in everything that the service had hitherto demanded of them, or which they had had an opportunity of learning and practising; that much of this, in its existing shape, was wholly unsuited to active service in the field is also evident, and that no provision had been made for teaching what was necessary is equally so. But the officers were not answerable for this; they were what the service had made them, and any other class of men would, we suspect, have been much less efficient in many respects. It is scarcely possible to suppress a smile now, at the idea of its having ever been thought possible to remedy the defects alluded to, or any portion of them, by ascertaining, through the medium of a competitive examination, of all things in the world, what quantity of learning had been crammed into the heads of candidates for commissions. What was, and still is, wanted, is a change of system subsequent

and not previous to entrance in the army.

It will be said, perhaps, that our camps of instruction at Aldershot and Shorncliffe will insure this. We are afraid that they will not, but even if they could, the competitive examination could do no good, and might do a great deal of mischief; because being able to pass an examination, or obtain a greater number of marks, is no proof whatever either of superior capacity or of really understanding what has been learned by rote; it may be an evidence of diligence in the pupil, but it is much more so of routine and experience in the teacher. Consequently, this system can never insure the selection of those best qualified, even as far as general information goes, and it will probably exclude a great number who possess the highest moral and physical qualifications.

And this brings us to another question, namely: what does the officer require to know and be able to do? Sir Thomas Seaton says, 'that a man with a good constitution, a firm hand, a good seat, quick in expedients, and well endowed with common sense, will do better than ninety-nine out of a hundred competition Wallahs.' Well, this is merely a rough soldierly way of expressing the result of a long experience in the field; it may be somewhat exaggerated, but there is an immense deal of truth in it. Physical and moral qualities, with a fair share of intellect and cultivation, are what the man who aspires to lead men requires; and these are precisely the qualities that English gentlemen bred in English schools possess in a high degree, and for which they are envied by the whole civilised world.

Now, we would not be misunderstood: an officer can hardly be too well informed. We like men to read, and enlarge their sphere of thought. A knowledge of geography, both

physical and political, as also history, are indispensable for those who feel that they have the stuff in them to justify higher aspirations, and all officers, without exception, require a considerable amount of technical knowledge; but the real value and bearing of the former class of studies becomes apparent only after a certain time, and it is precisely these that the lay professors and teachers cram *usque ad nauseam* into the candidate, whilst the latter ones, which are most required at the very starting post, find no place amongst the subjects of examination.

It is a monstrous absurdity to suppose that the great mass of officers require to be scientific men or even studious men; good practically well-informed men are a thousand times better, and if the general system of the army be good, there never should be any difficulty in getting properly qualified staff officers from amongst these, backed up by a dash of academicians. There can, however, be no doubt that a habit of seeking for information in books, if early acquired, is a very valuable one, because if once taken up it is likely to be continued; and this argument has been put forward by the advocates of the competitive system, who were sanguine enough to predict that after a few years we should have the army full of reading officers. Well, the few years have gone over our heads, and we see no alteration for the better in this respect. Has a military work a better chance of sale than it had ten or fifteen years ago? Have we a military literature? Is it not the fact that our military periodicals *must* contain a modern sensation novel to give them the least chance of sale? and are they not doing worse business than they ever did?

It was said, and very properly, that our officers should not be behind others—the Prussians and

other Germans, for instance—in point of professional information; and the most tangible part of the Prussian system being examination, we introduced it forthwith. But we overlooked or disregarded the very important fact that in Prussia each examination is preceded by a period of probationary service, is confined to professional subjects taught by professional men, and is followed up by a kind of service for which the examination, coupled with the period of probation, really forms a test of proficiency. The principle of competition is a very good one in the abstract—no candid person can object to it: but to be fair and practically useful it should be extended to *all* those subjects in detail whose *ensemble* forms the qualification for the office aspired to, and this is precisely what the competitive *does not do*. The best form of competition is a probationary exercise of the functions of the office; it is that really applied to all other professions, to the law, the church, and to the *navy*; nay, it is the actual basis of the promotion of military officers, and we maintain that it should also be of their selection.

There is a growing tendency in the continental armies to favour exclusively the promotion to the rank of officer young men educated *ab initio* in military establishments, and to exclude all such as have hitherto made their way as cadets, *Porte-épée-Fähnrichs*, or non-commissioned officers in the various regiments; Prussia has been working in this direction for a number of years, and it forms one of the most unpopular points of the present system there; Würtemberg has just now introduced a stringent regulation to this effect, and other states will follow. This is nearly altogether a political measure, although purely military grounds are alleged in support of it; these governments

wish to exclude everything like liberalism from their *corps d'officiers*; their political and social condition may require peculiar military institutions, but our circumstances are widely different, we must endeavour to follow in this respect the system we have hitherto followed and take our officers from that class, or rather those classes, for heaven be praised, it is not one alone, that are most interested in the maintenance of the constitution. 'If a government,' says De Chambray, 'is afraid of seeing the employments of military chiefs occupied by men belonging to the notables of society, we may at once conclude that it (the government) is either hostile to this society or is absurd, and is intent on its own ruin.'

This is not the part of the continental system we should imitate; Colonel Lord West pointed out some years ago, in his brochure entitled 'Want of special Training in Candidates for Commissions,' the necessity for adopting something like cadetships or *Porte-épée-Fähnrichs*; and we believe that this would be one step in the right direction, but it would be scarcely more, we want something in addition.

The interior economy of the British army is one of its most striking features; it is a matter of the greatest importance, but it might possibly be too dearly purchased. What we mean is, that the British non-commissioned officer is entrusted with the higher class of duties relative to instruction that are in foreign armies carefully, and we believe wisely, reserved for the officer, whilst the British officer does the duty belonging to the foreign sub-officer. There is a double danger in this, on the one hand the army becomes *too* dependant on its non-commissioned officers; and on the other, the officer's attention is too forcibly and permanently directed to the purely

administrative instead of the purely military parts of his duty. An instance that came under our own observation will serve to illustrate this. A British cavalry officer visited Prussia a short time ago, and on his return home, spoke somewhat disparagingly of the Prussian cavalry. 'Their barrack rooms, and stables, and kitchens are nothing like ours.' Yes, no doubt, but did you see nothing else? 'Oh, yes, I saw such and such regiments exer-

cise, and the great manoeuvres; there was nothing particular.' And their riding, saddling, biting, packing necessities, skirmishing, exercise? 'Oh! it seemed all very fair.' When foreign officers come to this country they are shown the kitchens and barrack rooms, and the 'Stodare' feat with the Horse Artillery gun at Woolwich, and the inevitable change of front of a brigade;—but we must not mention what they say.



SALONS.¹

THE club is an essentially masculine institution: the seat, the central point, of female influence is the *salon*; and an important social question is consequently involved in the fact that clubs have multiplied and thriven in England, whilst the *salon* can scarcely be said to have taken root or prospered largely out of France. So little, indeed, is the institution understood in this country, that we shall probably be required at the outset to explain the precise meaning of the term; and we are not aware that we can supply a better description or definition than we find at the commencement of one of the books which we propose to use as the text-books of this article: 'When we speak of *salons*,' says Madame Ancelot, 'it is well understood that a *salon* has nothing in common with those numerous fêtes where we crowd together people, strangers to one another, who do not converse, and who are there only to dance, to hear music, or to display dresses more or less sumptuous. No; that is not what is called a *salon*. A *salon* is an intimate *réunion*, which lasts several years, where we get acquainted and look for one another; where we are glad to meet, and with good reason. The persons who receive are a tie between those who are invited, and this tie is the closer when the recognised merit of a clever woman (*femme d'esprit*) has formed it.'

'But many other things are required to form a *salon*: congenial habits, ideas, and tastes; that urbanity which quickly establishes relations, allows talking with every-

body without being acquainted—which in the olden time was a proof of good education, and of familiarity with circles to which none were admitted otherwise than on the supposition of their being worthy to mix with the greatest and best. This continual exchange of ideas makes known the value of each: he or she is most welcome who brings most agreeability, without regard to rank or fortune; and one is appreciated, I might almost say loved, for what one has of real merit: the true king of this kind of republic is the mind (*esprit*)!'

'There were formerly in France many *salons* of this kind, which have given the tone to all the *salons* of Europe. The most cited were those in which was carried farthest the art of saying good things well, of pouring forth mind, of diffusing it to be born anew, and of multiplying it by contact. Many of these *salons* have acquired celebrity, and if they have been less numerous and less before the public in our time, it is that, in general, intelligence has been more actively employed, and moreover that politics have made such a noise as prevented anything from being heard.'

Politics, we regret to say, have had a still worse effect on France than preventing anything from being heard; they have also gone far towards preventing anything from being said—that is, anything frankly, freely, or carelessly; anything which could be twisted to the disadvantage of the speaker; and the complete absence of distrust is essential to the *salon*. It is for this reason

¹ *Les Salons de Paris: Foyers Éteints.* Par Madame ANCELOT. Paris, 1858.

Les Salons d'Autrefois: Souvenirs Intimes. Par Madame LA COMTESSE DE BASSANVILLE. Préface de M. LOUIS ENAULT. Paris, 1862.

Rahel und Ihre Zeit. Von E. SCHMIDT WEISSENFELS. Leipzig, 1851.

Erinnerungsblätter. Von A. VON STERNBERG. Leipzig, 1857.

The Queens of Society. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. In Two Volumes. London, 1863.

probably that the printed experiences of Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot break off some twenty years back, when gentlemen and ladies had not begun to look round them in a crowded room before alluding to any of the topics included in the well-known *Index Expurgatorius* of Figaro; 'either to authority, or religion, or morality, or to people in place, or to people out of place, or, in short, to anything that really concerns anybody.'

The work of the Comtesse de Bassanville is a posthumous publication, with a preface by the editor, who states that 'the happy *apropos* of her birth placed her on the limits of two worlds, at the moment when the old society which was crumbling, was confronted with the new society which was preparing to succeed it. The doors of both, he adds, were opened to her by her connections. Her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Laviato, Neapolitan ambassador at Paris, introduced her to the Princess de Vaudemont. Her father was the intimate friend of Isabey, the painter; and one of her uncles had made the campaign of Egypt with Bourrienne. She was also related to the great parliamentary families of Provence, through whom she became free of the *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort.'

Madame Ancelot, the wife of the dramatic author and academician, was herself the mistress of a very agreeable *salon*, which boasted a fair sprinkling of notabilities. She was honourably distinguished both in literature and art, and her attractions were not limited to her intellectual gifts or accomplishments. She was *in* as well as *of* the world which she undertakes to portray; she puts down little or nothing at second-hand; and her sketches are almost always redolent of reality and life. She is so wedded to self-dependence, that she has not even ventured on an introductory retrospect of the brilliant *salons*

or circles of antecedent periods, like those when the *Précieuses* assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet, or the Du Deffants and D'Épinays (as described by Sydney Smith) 'violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers.' The only instance in which she trusts to tradition, confirmed by personal impressions of a later date, is in describing the *salon* of Madame Le Brun, which was founded prior to the Revolution of 1789, and, renewed repeatedly at long intervals, survived the Revolution of July.

Madame Le Brun was largely endowed with all the chief requisites for the position at which she aimed. She had beauty, charm of manner, and celebrity—that kind of celebrity, too, which necessarily brings the possessor into direct contact with other first-class celebrities. She was the female Reynolds or Lawrence of her day: perhaps the most successful portrait-painter of her sex that ever lived. She was elected a member of all the continental academies of painting, and was on the point of being invested with the cordon of St. Michel, when the old monarchy was swept away. She visited most of the European capitals, where her fame had preceded her; and her success kept pace with her fame. She was received by Catherine of Prussia with the same favour which had been lavished on her by her first patroness, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette; and she sent from Italy a picture (her portrait of Paësillo) which, when placed alongside of a picture by David, extorted from him the bitter avowal: 'One would believe my picture painted by a woman, and the portrait of Paësillo by a man.'

It was Mademoiselle de Staal, we believe, who, when her little room was full, called out to the fresh arrivals on the staircase, 'Attendez qu'emessiégeassent vides.' Madame Le Brun was frequently in the same

...in her small apartment in the Rue de Cléry, where, for want of vacant chairs, marshals of France might be seen seated on the floor; a circumstance rendered memorable by the embarrassment of Marshal de Noailles, an enormously fat man, who was once unable to get up again. The Comte de Vaudreuil, the Prince de Ligne, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, with a host of great ladies, were amongst the throng, which also comprised a fair allowance of originals. A farmer general, named Grimod de la Reynière, was conspicuous in this character, if only by dint of his hair, which was curled and puffed to a breadth and height that rendered the putting on of his hat an impossibility. A short man who occupied the seat behind him at the opera, finding the view completely obstructed, contrived little by little to perforate a seeing place through the mass with his fingers. Grimod de la Reynière never stirred during the operation or the performance, but when the piece terminated, he drew a comb from his pocket, and calmly presented it to the gentleman, with these words: 'Monsieur, I have permitted you to see the ballet at your ease, not to interfere with your amusement: it is now your turn not to interfere with mine: I am going to a supper party; you must see that I cannot appear there with my hair in its present state, and you will have the goodness to arrange it properly, or to-morrow we must cross swords.' The peaceful alternative was laughingly accepted, and they parted friends.

A similar adventure is related of Turenne in his youth, and ended less agreeably for the future hero, who had cut off the side curls of an elderly chevalier in the pit, in order to see better. The offended senior was one of the best fencers in Paris,

Turenne was severely wounded
duel that ensued. Not long

after his recovery, he fell in with his old antagonist, who insisted on a renewal of the combat, with the pleasing intimation that a third or fourth meeting might still leave the satisfaction of wounded honour incomplete. Turenne was run through the sword-arm, and confined to his room for some weeks, at the end of which he was thinking how best to evade the further consequences of his indiscretion, when he was opportunely relieved by the death of the chevalier.

The name is peculiar, and a Grimod de la Reynière was the editor and principal writer of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which set the fashion of that semi-serious mode of discussing gastronomic subjects in which Brillat-Savarin shone pre-eminent, and which, we trust, will henceforth be dropped, for nothing can be worse than the taste and style of recent plagiarists and imitators. It was Grimod de la Reynière who said that a gala dinner occupied him five hours, although he could despatch an ordinary one in three hours and a half; cautioning his readers not to infer that he was a bad breakfast eater.

Another of Madame le Brun's *habitués*, the Comte d'Espinhal, prided himself on knowing everybody belonging to what was termed society; and one night at an opera ball he gave a singular proof of the extent and accuracy of his information. Seeing a stranger, much agitated, hurrying from one room to another and examining group after group, he volunteered to aid him in the search in which he was apparently engaged. The stranger stated that he had arrived that very morning from Orleans with his wife; that she had begged to be taken to the ball; that he had lost her in the crowd, and that she knew neither the name of their hotel nor that of the street in which they had been set down. 'Make yourself easy,' said M. d'Espinhal, 'your wife is

sitting in the *foyer* by the second window. 'I will take you to her.' He did so, and on being asked how he had recognised her, he replied; 'Nothing is more simple: your wife is the only woman in the ball that I do not know, and I took it for granted that she had just arrived from the country.' The husband was profuse in his thanks; but we are left in doubt whether the wife was equally grateful for the discovery.

David, the painter, who attached an undue importance to social distinctions from want of early familiarity with rank, was blaming Madame Le Brun for receiving so many great lords and ladies. 'Ah!' was her reply, 'you are mortified at not being a duke or marquis; as for me, to whom titles are indifferent, I receive all agreeable people with pleasure.' This was the secret of her success.

A useful if hackneyed moral may be enforced by a story told of her friend, M. de Beaujon, the financier, who built the *Élysée Bourbon* and fitted it up in a style of luxury that made it one of the wonders of Paris. An Englishman obtained leave to visit it and on entering the dining-room found a table magnificently laid out. 'Your master,' he observed to the *maître-d'hôtel*, 'makes wonderfully good cheer.' 'Hélas, sir, my master never sits down to a regular dinner: a single plate of vegetables is prepared for him.' 'Here at least is food for the eye,' said the visitor pointing to the pictures. 'Hélas, sir, my master is nearly blind.' 'Well,' resumed the Englishman on entering the second suite, 'he compensates himself by listening to good music.' 'Hélas, sir, my master has never heard the music which is played here; he goes to bed early in the hopes of snatching a few minutes' sleep.' 'But at all events he enjoys the pleasure of walking in that magnificent garden.' 'Hélas, sir, he cannot walk.' In a

word, the supposed Lucullus was leading the life of Tantalus; for all purposes of enjoyment, the millionaire was the poorest of the poor.

He also built the *Hôtel Beaujon*, now the property of one of the most eminent of modern French artists, the marine painter, M. Gudin, who has made it the seat of a liberal hospitality of which the original proprietor might be proud. It contains one room which, without any extraordinary stretch of imagination, might be converted into the scene of a telling drama by Victor Hugo or Dumas. It is a round room so constructed, that on touching a spring it turns on its axis till the door and windows are effaced.

The second *salon* on Madame Ancelet's list is also that of a painter, Gerard, whose reputation, dating from the commencement of the century, speedily became European. He ended, we are told, by painting all the crowned heads of the Continent; and it was said of him that he was at once the painter of kings and the king of painters. His houses, in town and country, were open to the *élite* of every land who happened to be sojourning in Paris; and amongst his intimates are enumerated Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Pozzo de Borgo, Cuvier, Humboldt, Rossini, Martinez de la Rosa, Alfred de Vigny, Beyle, Mérimée, &c. &c. 'In whatever Gerard had set about,' remarks Madame Ancelet, 'he would have succeeded so as to be found in the first line, and although born in an inferior condition, however high the rank to which he had attained, he would never have been a *parvenu*; he would have been an *arrivé*—arrived by the main road, in the light of day, in the sight, with the knowledge, and with the approbation of all.' We should be puzzled to name an instance in which the distinctive merit of the French language is more strikingly illustrated than by the contrast of *arrivé* with *parvenu*.

Gerard's Wednesdays lasted with rare intermissions for thirty years ; and their attractive character may be collected from the varied complexion and acquirements of the company. The evening of her matriculation, Madame Ancelot found Gerard relating as a fact what certainly sounds very like a fable or an acted proverb.

The scene is Florence. A young man of rank calls on a painter named Carlo Pedrero, to order a picture of Hymen. 'There is no time to be lost. I want it the day before my marriage with the beautiful Francesca. The God of Marriage must be accompanied by all the Graces and all the Joys ; his torch must be more brilliant than that of Love ; the expression of his face must be more celestial, and his happiness must appear to be borrowed more from heaven than from earth. Tax your imagination to the uttermost, and I will pay you in proportion.'

'The painter surpassed himself ; what he brought the day before the wedding was a genuine masterpiece ; but the young man was not satisfied, and maintained that Hymen was far from being painted with all his charms. The artist took the criticism in good part ; made the best excuse in his power on the ground of haste : said that the colours would mellow with time ; and took leave promising to have the picture ready by the return of the bridegroom from his honeymoon trip. At the expiration of some months, the votary of Hymen came to claim the picture, and on the first glance exclaimed, "Ah, you had good reason to say that time would improve your picture ! What a difference ! However, I cannot help telling you that the face of Hymen is too gay ; you have given him a joybeaming air which by no means belongs to him." "Sir," replied the painter, laughing, "it is not my picture that has changed, but my state of feeling. Some months

ago you were in love, now you are—married."'

Gerard had finished his story in the middle of the applauding merri-ment which it provoked, when one of the listeners struck in : 'And do you know what happened afterwards ?' Every eye turned to him. He was about the same age as Gerard, a little taller, with refined, intelligent and animated features, and his whole exterior conveyed the impression of a man of family with distinction, carelessness, and wit. He continued, smiling : 'The painter, content with the price he had received, promised to represent Hymen so as to please both lovers and husbands, and after some months he opened his rooms to the public for the exhibition of this masterpiece, perhaps imprudently promised. The public came, but only a few were admitted at a time. The picture was placed in a long gallery, and quite at the end. The effect of the colours was so contrived as to render the portrait of Hymen appear charming to those who saw it from a distance ; but seen close it was no longer the same, and nothing that had so charmed was discovered in it.'

This ingenious and improvised continuation was duly applauded, not the less when the narrator stood confessed as one of the royalties of science, Alexander von Humboldt. There is a story however that compresses the point of the narrative in two pithy sentences ; that of the Irishman exclaiming—'During the first three months after my marriage I was so fond of my wife that I was ready to eat her up : at the end of the second three months I was sorry I did not.'

We are introduced to the Duchess d'Abrantes at the house of Madame Ancelot, exclaiming : 'Qu'on est donc bien ainsi la nuit pour causer ! On ne craint ni les ennuyeux ni les créanciers.' Here was the secret ; she was never out of debt, yet she would

have her *salon*, whether in a palace or a garret; and distinguished friends flocked round her to the last. Her eldest son resembled her in improvisance. It was he who produced a piece of stamped paper with the remark: 'You see this piece of paper. It is worth 25 centimes; when I have written my name at the bottom, it will be worth nothing.' She was the widow of Junot, and descended from the imperial family of Commène. Balzac, after his presentation to her, exclaimed: 'That woman has seen Napoleon in his infancy; has seen him a young man, still unknown; has seen him occupied with the common affairs of life; then she has seen him grow great, mount high, and cover the world with his name. She is to me like one of the blessed who should come and seat himself at my side, after having dwelt in heaven close to God.' In his own lodgings he had erected a little altar to Napoleon with the inscription; 'Ce qu'il avait commencé par l'épée, je l'achèverai par la plume.'

Associated with this *salon* is the memory of the Marquise de Polastron, the heroine of a romantic passion, which has well earned a record by its durability and effects. She was the beloved of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., whom she followed to England in 1792. She there gave herself up to devotion, and on her death-bed imparted her religious convictions to the Prince in the sincere and avowed hope of securing their reunion in a better world. Young, handsome, and gallant as he was at this epoch, he promised complete fidelity, which no time should alter. Madame Ancelot believes that he kept his word, and 'on the throne as well as in exile, nothing could distract him from the austerity of a life, all the poetry of which was an ardent aspiration towards that heaven where the woman he so fondly loved was expecting him.'

Mademoiselle Plessy was origi-

nally brought forward by a distinguished member of this set, and it is told of her that when she was little more than sixteen, and had just been playing in Madame Ancelot's *Mariage Raisonnable*, an English lord, 'young, handsome, enormously rich, and member of parliament,' made her this proposition: 'Are you willing to quit the stage, become my wife, and inhabit a magnificent château in Northumberland? As for me, I will remain nine months of the year with you, and I will only go to London for the session. We shall there spend *tête-à-tête* the best years of our youth; then, when you have reached thirty, we will go to London together, where you will be presented and received as one of the greatest ladies of England.'

About the same time, another English lord, Lord W., the type of elegance and fashion, came to Paris, and the Marquis de Custines proposed taking him to a party at the Princess Czartoriska's. He came accordingly, went through the required forms with the hostess, and was seen to mingle with the company; but when M. de Custines looked for him with a view to a promised introduction to Madame Ancelot, he had vanished. Early the next morning, M. de Custines called to inquire for his lordship, and found him on the point of starting for England, the carriage packed and post-horses at the door. 'But you came to pass the winter in Paris?' 'How can I after this shocking event?' 'What event?' 'Do not try to conceal my misfortune.' 'But what misfortune?' 'Alas!'

The solution of the mystery was this: Lord W., ready dressed, with the exception of his polished leather shoes, was seated by the fire in red morocco slippers. In his eagerness not to keep M. de Custines waiting when the carriage was announced, he forgot his shoes; and it was in

the middle of the Princess's *salon* that he first became aware of the red slippers on his feet. Overcome with shame, he rushed out like one possessed, threw himself into the first hack carriage he could find, and hurried to his hotel to call up his servants and get ready for a start. It was found impossible to alter his resolution, and he drove off pursued and haunted by the phantom of ridicule which he had conjured up.

It would be difficult to say anything new of Madame Récamier, or to improve upon Madame Mohl's sketch of her beautiful and fascinating friend;¹ but there is a subdued and refined malice in Madame Ancelot's impressions of this celebrated lady and her *salon*, that tempts us to borrow a trait or two. Despite of her personal attractions, the charm by which she drew round her such a succession of illustrious admirers is pronounced, on careful analysis, to have been neither more nor less than flattery. She is compared to Sterne's beggar, who never failed to extort a donation from rich and poor, old and young, the most occupied and the most uncharitable, by a dexterous appeal to their self-love; and her stereotyped phrase in addressing an artist, writer, or orator of note, is reported to have run thus: 'The emotion which I feel at the sight of a superior man prevents me from expressing as I could wish all my admiration, all my sympathy. But you guess—you comprehend—my emotion says enough.'

This, or something like it, murmured in tremulous tones with a befitting accompaniment of glances, seldom or never failed; and neither pains nor expense were spared to bring any one whom she especially wished to fascinate within reach of her spell. An amusing story is told

of her hiring a house at Autenil, in order to get acquainted with a statesman in power who had taken up his temporary residence there for his health. The plot, we regret to say, failed; either for want of sufficient opportunity, or by reason of the pre-occupation of the intended victim.

Chateaubriand; we need hardly state, was for many years the distinguishing feature of her *salon*, where he was worshipped (to borrow Beyle's simile) like the Grand Lama. When he deigned to talk, everybody was bound to listen; and nobody was allowed to talk a moment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol, who had well-understood ways of intimating his wearisomeness or impatience. When he was moderately tired of the speaker, he stroked an ugly cat placed purposely on a chair by his side; when tired beyond endurance, he began playing with a bell-rope conveniently hung within reach. This was the signal for Madame de Récamier to rush to the rescue, *coûte qui coûte*. His deafness, too, was observed to come and go upon occasions; confirming Talleyrand's sarcastic remark, that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* lost his sense of hearing about the time when the world left off talking of him. His vanity was excessive, but he knew his weakness, and could trifle with it; as Madame Ancelot bears testimony, by repeating his own story of what fell out at the first representation of his tragedy of *Moïse* at the Odéon theatre:

'I went to bed,' he said, 'not wishing to make any change in my habits, lest people should believe me anxious about the result.' 'But,' added he, with a smile, 'the fact is, I did not go to sleep, and I waited with impatience the arrival of my old servant, whom I had

¹ *Madame Récamier; with a Sketch of the History of Society in France.* By Madame M * * *. London, 1862.

sent with directions to see and listen attentively, so as to give me an account of what took place. I was kept waiting a long time for his return, which induced me to hope that the piece had been acted to the end; and I was beginning to laugh at myself for refusing to receive news of my work through my friends, competent judges, and for expecting anxiously the opinion of my domestic, when he entered unceremoniously, excusing himself for arriving so late on the ground of the length of the spectacle, but saying nothing of what had happened. I was obliged to question him.

"Well, how did it go off?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Vicomte. They did indeed try to make a little noise."

"During the tragedy?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte, during the tragedy. But that did not last long, and they soon got merry again."

"Merry? during the tragedy?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur le Vicomte; I will answer for it that they were pleased in the pit where I was; for they never left off laughing, and saying such funny things that I laughed heartily too."

This may pair off with Charles Lamb's story of what occurred during the first (and only) representation of his farce, *Mr. H.* It had not gone far, when his neighbour in the pit turned round to him and said: 'This is sad stuff, sir; I'll hiss, if you'll begin.'

Madame Mohl's reminiscences of Madame Récamier and her society leave a far more favourable and (we believe) correct impression of them. The following passage may afford a useful hint or two to any English aspirant to the honours of a *salon*:

Tête-à-têtes in a low voice were entirely discouraged. If any of the younger *habitués* took this liberty, they received a gentle chiding in a real *tête-à-tête* when everybody was gone. There were generally from six

to twelve persons. Madame Récamier sat on one side of the fireplace, the others round in a circle. Two or three stood against the chimney-piece, and spoke loud enough to be heard by all. Whoever had an observation to make contributed it to the common stock. Madame Récamier spoke little, but threw in an occasional word; or if a new person entered who happened to know anything of the subject going on she would instantly question him, that the others might be aware of it; otherwise it was his place to try and understand. If any one in the circle was likely to have any special knowledge, she would appeal to him with an air of deference; if he chanced to be unknown and shy, her manner raised his spirits. Some, who before they frequented the Abbaye could only talk to one or two persons, soon learnt to put their ideas into the compact form fitted for several. The number who were thus drawn into the conversation secured this advantage; that talking of the weather or of one's health, or any other egotistical topic, could scarcely be indulged in long.

Sometimes a chance visitor would come in: occasionally, if a lady, she would sit down by Madame Récamier, and in a low voice tell her something extremely unworthy of so much mystery. Meantime, the circular conversation was going on, and Madame Récamier could not attend to it. On one occasion of this sort, after the lady was gone, she complained of having lost the thread: some one said of the whisperer, 'No doubt it was from timidity.' 'When people are too timid to speak, they should be modest enough to listen,' was her answer—which ought to become an axiom.

The talent for narration is much cultivated in Paris. Sometimes one of the *habitués*, standing up, would tell his story; it was short and pithy. A wise or witty remark would shoot forth from one of the circle; then a quick repartee rose up like a rocket from another side. If a *mot* was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take it up and show it to the audience as a connoisseur shows a picture. She was not fond of talking. If she knew an anecdote *apropos* of something, she would call on any one else who knew it also to relate it, though no one narrated better than herself.

No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage: if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavour to draw up what was valuable. This was one of her great charms; and as the spirits of the speaker were raised by his success, he became really more animated, and his ideas and words flowed on more rapidly.

Speaking of a person who had

fine qualities, but, from the violence of her feelings and the vivacity of her fancy, kept those she loved in perpetual agitation, Madame Récamier said: 'Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue.' Equally suggestive is the maxim: 'On ne plaît pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit.'

We are glad that Madame Ancelot has devoted a chapter to the Vicomte d'Arincourt, although neither his habits nor (during the greater part of his life) his means qualified him for the establishment of a *salon*. He was an amusing combination of talent, amiability, and absurdity. His novel, *Le Solitaire*, and some others of his writings, attained temporary popularity; and he was permitted to assume the position of a distinguished man of letters, although he tried in vain to consolidate his title by one of the forty *fauteuils* of the Academy. He made up for this disappointment as he best might by procuring all the foreign orders he could pick up, and on grand occasions he appeared with three stars, two broad ribands, and seventeen smaller decorations on his breast. Replying rather to a look than a remark directed towards them, he exclaimed to Madame Ancelot: 'I am expecting two more.' In the three-fold capacity of Vicomte, legitimist, and man of letters, he was fond of coupling himself with Chateaubriand: 'Paris,' he would say, 'cares for nothing but her two viscounts—the two great writers of the nineteenth century.' His imitation of his illustrious parallel went to the length of writing a tragedy, *Le Siège de Paris*, which the audience persisted in treating as a comedy. One of the *dramatis personæ* is made to say:

'Mon vieux père, en ce lieu, seul à manger m'apporte.'

This sounded and was understood 'seul a mangé ma porte;' on

which a man in the pit called out: 'The old fellow must have had good teeth;' and the joke was clamorously applauded. The author rubbed his hands, delightedly remarking, 'C'est comme Chateaubriand, et comme Victor Hugo.' This is the *vitiis imitabile* with a vengeance.

By dint of constant pressure, he got a writer in the *Journal des Débats* to prepare a criticism on his poem entitled, *Ismalie, ou la Mort et l'Amour*. The day before its promised insertion, the critic was invited to dinner, and so agreeably engaged as to manifest a strong reluctance to go away for the purpose of correcting the proofs. 'Leave that to me,' said D'Arincourt, 'and do you stay here and amuse the company till I come back.' He hurried off to the printing office, and proceeded to correct the article according to his own understanding of the process. He struck out not only every shade of censure but every limitation of the praise. He substituted *genius* for *talent*, *choses sublimes* for *bonnes choses*, and so on. The surprise of the writer, the editor, and the public, on the following morning, may be guessed. As for the happy author, who saw not the smallest impropriety or bad faith in rendering himself what he thought simple justice in this fashion, he bought an immense number of copies, and started on a tour of visits. Wherever he called, he incidentally introduced the subject of the *Journal des Débats*, spoke of its usual reticence of praise, and produced the flattering exception in his own case, contriving to drop the paper as he went away in some spot where it was sure to attract attention.

His legitimist opinions and his reputation procured him an invitation to Frosdorff, the residence of the exiled royal family, where he stayed a fortnight. On leaving, he

said to one of the suite, 'How I pity these unhappy princesses,' a burst of sentiment which seemed natural enough till he added, 'How bored they will be now that I have quitted the palace, for during the last fortnight I read my works aloud to them every evening.'

We now turn to Madame de Bassanville, who has followed nearly the same plan as Madame Ancelot. Her characteristic traits and illustrative anecdotes are selected with equal tact, and she possesses the same talent of narration. She starts with the Princess de Vaudemont, *née* Montmorency, *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers, although her face and figure ill qualified her for the part. She was not only short and redfaced, but plump and thin at the same time, that is, plump where she ought to be thin, and thin where she ought to be plump. Yet she carried off all her physical disadvantages by dint of air, manner, and address. Superior to exclusiveness, she attracted and received merit and distinction of all kinds and classes, on the one condition of agreeability. She made a point of being at home every evening, giving up balls, plays, concerts, and evening engagements, for years; and if by a rare accident she dined out, she was punctually at home by nine; the visitors who preceded her being received in her absence by her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Leroy.

One of her most intimate friends was the Duchesse de Duras, who had resided in England during the emigration, and there made the acquaintance of a tall stiff nobleman, Lord Claydfort, whom some of our readers may succeed in identifying by the following anecdote narrated by her. During the Queen's trial, he was on his way to the House of Lords, when his carriage was stopped by the mob, and he was required to join in the cry of 'Long live the Queen: 'With all my heart, my friends; long

live Queen Caroline, and may your wives and daughters resemble her.' Another story told of him is not authenticated by the same stamp of probability.

Lord Claydfort had an only son whom he adored, and he also possessed a superb Newfoundland dog, named Black. One day the son fell into the river, and would have been drowned without the prompt assistance of Black. A few days after this event, Lord Claydfort invited his family to a grand festival. The table was covered with the rarest dishes and the finest fruit, and in the middle was an immense *pâté*, in the form of a tomb. 'My friends,' said his lordship, his eyes moistened by emotion, pointing to the *pâté*, 'here reposes the excellent Black, to whom I owe my son. I thought that the best mode of proving my gratitude was to parcel him out amongst you, so that his flesh might mingle with your blood. Do as I do, and let your stomachs be his eternal resting-place.' 'Does not this,' adds Madame Ancelot, 'recall the reply of the savage to the civilised man?—"Barbarian, you eat your aged father." "Ingrate, you leave yours to be eaten by the worms."'

Speaking of another *habitué* of this *salon*, she says: The Englishman's name was Cunningham, a puritan of the first order, professing the deepest hatred for France, although living more in Paris than London, and seeming to live most happily amongst the French. It was told of him that, the English ministers being anxious to have him of the Cabinet on account of his city interest, Mr. Pitt went the length of calling on him. 'I come,' he said, 'to assure you in the King's name of the pleasure it would give him to offer you an employment worthy of your merit.' As Mr. Cunningham bowed without answering, his dinner was announced. 'I was just going to dinner, sir,'

he said, with a smile, 'and if your excellency will do me the honour of sharing my humble meal, we will afterwards talk of the subject which brings you here.' Pitt eagerly accepted. They went to the dining-room, and the dinner consisted of hashed mutton, potatoes, a pudding, and a pot of beer. When they had got to the cheese, Mr. Cunningham reflected that the confidential moment had arrived, and sent away the servant who had waited on them, that he might be alone with his guest, who, believing that he could renew his offers with better chance of success on account of the apparent poverty of his host, frankly explained the object of his visit. 'Mr. Minister,' replied the Amphytrion, 'you will tell the King that my fortune suffices for my moderate wants, and that a man who lives on so little is not for sale.'

This, we need hardly explain, is the story of Andrew Marvell modernised. It may be taken as a specimen of the guise in which English history and biography figure in the light literature of France.

The French Lifeguards (*gardes du corps*) under the Restoration had got into bad odour, like the Tenth forty years since. A label was posted on their barracks: 'Fabrique de plats argentés qui ne vont pas au feu;' a singularly unjust sarcasm, for no corps had better reason to boast of the bravery of its members. One of them, the Vicomte de S., was talking to a friend in the green-room of the opera on a ball night, when all of a sudden a stranger rushed upon him, and without saying a word gave him a box on the ear. Whilst every one was lost in astonishment and terror at the probable results, the aggressor (an American) cried out: 'Oh, my God, I have made a mistake—accept my best apologies, sir.' Apologies were out of the question. The affront could only be expiated by blood. A duel ensued the next morning, and the American was

wounded in the arm. 'My name,' said he to the Vicomte, who had spared him, 'is ———. I start to-morrow for Havre; but if you are not completely satisfied, I am at your service for fifteen days, at the end of which I embark for Louisiana, where my property lies.'

They separated on terms of courtesy. But the comrades of the Vicomte having declared the wound of the American much too slight to expiate the offence offered to a lifeguardsman, when the honour of the corps was at stake, the conqueror found himself constrained to set out for Havre, to recommence the chastisement he had already inflicted on his adversary. This time the American was run through the body, and left for dead: the doctors of Havre gave him but a few hours to live. The Vicomte returned triumphant, though saddened, and the story was almost forgotten, when news arrived that the American had belied the medical prophecy, and was alive and merry in America. This news was brought by an enemy of the Lifeguards, who satirically observed that the people whom they killed enjoyed excellent health.

Their reputation was involved: there was no help for it, and the Vicomte started for Louisiana with his mind thoroughly made up to bring the affair to a definite conclusion this time. The sensations of the American on seeing him were the reverse of agreeable. 'But you must be the devil incarnate. I give you a box on the ear by mistake: you wound me in the arm. That is not enough: you run me through the body and leave me for dead. What more do you want?' 'To kill you outright.' The American gave a start. 'You have, then, set your heart on killing me?' 'Not at all: but I have set my heart on my position, and so long as you live I shall be a cause of scandal to my regiment.' The American fell into deep thought 'If you resigned your commission I

could live without inconveniencing you, could I not?' he suddenly inquired. The Frenchman burst out laughing. 'No doubt,' he replied, gaily; 'for it is not on my own account that I want to put you to death, I give you my word. I have not the smallest ill-feeling towards you; but I cannot adopt your suggestion, because I am young, without fortune, and cannot sacrifice my position to save you. Come, you must make up your mind.' The American burst out laughing in his turn. 'I propose to you in exchange for your epaulettes my daughter, who is young, handsome, and will have a million for her dowry. Do you agree?' The Vicomte did agree, and the catastrophe was cut short, like many other impending catastrophes, by a marriage.

Some good stories are told of Isabey, *apropos* of his *salon*. When the allied sovereigns met at Paris in 1815, he was commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Vienna, in which the whole of the members were to be introduced. 'Monsieur,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'I consent to appear in your picture solely on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I insist upon it.' 'My dear friend,' whispered Talleyrand, who represented France, 'for your sake and mine, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture or not appear in it at all.' How were these two pretensions to be reconciled? It must, notwithstanding, be done; and this is what the artist resolved on after the deepest reflection: 'The Duke was represented entering the chamber of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him: he might, therefore, believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Prince Talleyrand, seated in the central chair, had thereby the place of honour in the picture. Besides, Isabey persuaded the noble Duke that he was much handsomer seen in profile, because he then resembled Henry

IV.; which so adroitly flattered his Grace that he insisted absolutely on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in the family of the noble lord as one of the most glorious memorials of his career.' Of the internal probability of this story, which we have translated literally, it is for our readers to judge.

A difficulty of an opposite description was raised by Humboldt (the diplomat), who had no reason to pride himself on his good looks, and was conscious of the fact. 'Look at me,' was his reply to Isabey's request for a sitting, 'and acknowledge that nature has given me so ugly a face that you cannot but approve the law I have laid down, never to spend a halfpenny to preserve the likeness for posterity. Dame Nature would have too good a laugh at my expense on seeing me sit for my portrait; and to punish her for the shabby trick she has played me, I will never give her that pleasure.' Isabeau did not despair, but simply requested Humboldt to allow him an hour's conversation the next morning. The request was granted, and when the picture appeared he exclaimed, 'I determined to pay nothing for my portrait, and the rogue of a painter has taken his revenge by making it like!'

There is a dressmaker at Paris, named Worth, who professes to imagine and compose dresses according to the genuine principles of art; to blend and harmonise form and colour like a painter, with a studied view to effect. It is an understood thing, when he has produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, that the favoured customer is to give him a private view to be adjusted and touched up. In this treatment of the living form like a lay figure, he was anticipated by Isabey, who, whenever his wife wished to be more than ordinarily smart, undertook in person the pleasing task of attiring her in this fashion:

'When Madame Isabey was completely dressed all but her robe or gown, and had got together a sufficient stock of silk, gauze and laces, she sent for her husband, who proceeded to cut, shape, and pin on till the costume was complete.' On one occasion, when cloth of gold and silver was the fashion, he made her a robe for a fancy ball with gold and silver paper pasted upon muslin, which, according to the chronicler, extorted the envy of many and the admiration of all.' It should be added that everything became Madame Isabey, who was remarkably handsome.

Few women occupied a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the last generation than the Comtesse Merlin. She had birth, wealth, and accomplishment, besides agreeable manners and a warm heart. She was an amateur musician of the first class, and her concerts were of the highest excellence, for all the great composers and singers regarded her as a sister, and put forth their utmost powers when she called upon them.

All the evenings (says Madame de Basanville) were not consecrated to music. The arts, literature, science, even the futilities of the world, had their turn; but when I say futilities, I do not say sillinesses, for the intimacy of the countess included as many distinguished women as men of merit. To begin, there was the Princess Belgioso, patrician and plebeian combined; great lady and artist, uniting all the most opposite qualities, as if to show that, whether on the first or last rung of the world's ladder, she would have been out of the line. The Duchesse de Plaisance was then aiming at rivalry with her, and one evening they were talking of the *salon* of Madame Merlin. 'This *salon*,' said one of the ladies present, is a regular collection; everything is represented in it: the arts, by Malibran and Rossini; literature, by Villemain; poetry, by Alfred de Musset; journalism, by MM. Malitorne and Merle. 'Beauty,' added Madame de Plaisance, eagerly, 'by Mlle. de Saint-Aldegonde; wit, by Madame de Balby.' 'And you, madame, what do you represent?' asked the Princess, with a bitter smile; for she thought herself entitled to two at least of the distinctions which were so lightly accorded to others. The

Duchess, who reddened at this question, replied, naïvely, with a charming smile, 'Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas—vertu, peut-être.' 'Nous prenez-vous donc pour des masques?' rejoined the Princess.

It was Madame Merlin who said 'J'aime fort les jeux innocents avec ceux qui ne le sont pas.' Her games, innocent or the contrary, were intended to bring out the talents of her society, which abounded in talents. At a single game of forfeits, M. Villemain was condemned to make a speech, M. Berryer to tell a story, Alfred de Musset to improvise another, and Philippe Dupin to compose a history on a given subject: *La Femme et le Chien*, on which he produced a charming one with a moral.

She proscribed politics, the more willingly because she was opposed to the liberal opinions in vogue, and was fond of turning representative institutions into ridicule. Her favourite story on this subject ran thus:—

A colonist of St. Domingo, my respectable relative, had a mania for establishing a kind of domestic congress amongst his negroes. Everything was done by the plurality of votes, and, above all, they were recommended to vote according to their consciences. Nevertheless, the result was found to be always in accordance with the secret desire of the master. One day he took it into his head to establish a reform on several points of his administration. He proposed, in my presence, to these good people to decree that henceforth the offender that hitherto had been punished with five lashes, should receive seven; that they should have twenty-five rations instead of thirty; and, lastly, that a part of their allowance should be kept back for the benefit of certain half-castes, who had nothing, and rested while the others worked. Well—who would believe it?—these propositions, so adverse to their interests, were adopted by a large majority.

'What stupid creatures these blacks are!' I exclaimed, when I was alone with my relative.

'Less than you think,' replied he. 'I have been playing a comedy for my amusement. *Voilà tout!* Do you not remark that I have reserved to myself the right of putting the questions and collecting the votes? Well, that is the whole secret!' I comprehended at once; and yet this

expedient, so simple, so easy, so natural, would never have occurred to me.

It is an expedient that readily occurred to the framer of the Imperial system of representation; and it is one, moreover, to which he will probably be compelled to revert.

Count D'Orsay is frequently named in connection with this *salon* and two or three others, in which he may have been seen during his flying visits to Paris prior to his final return. All French writers will have it that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years; and the following story is told in proof of his supremacy. 'The Count was returning from a steeplechase when he was caught in a storm. Looking round him, he observed a sailor wrapped up in a loose overcoat of coarse cloth reaching to his knees. "Will you sell your greatcoat?" said the Count, after tempting the sailor into a public-house by the offer of a dram. "Willingly, my lord," answered the sailor, pocketing the ten guineas offered him for a garment not worth one. The Count put it on, and rode into London. The storm had blown over, and he joined the riders in the Park, who all flocked round him with exclamation of "C'est original, c'est charmant! c'est délicieux! No one but D'Orsay would have thought of such a thing." The day following all the fashionables wore similar overcoats, and behold the invention of the paletot, which, like the tricolour, has made the tour of the world.'

The plain matter of fact is that D'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense. He exercised considerable influence in a particular set at a time when the autocrats of fashion had been dethroned or abdicated, and the lower empire had begun. When he came upon the stage, men were getting careless of dress, they were growing sick of affectation, and a second Brummel was an impossibility.

D'Orsay had very few imitators, and his notoriety rested on his singularity. We say his notoriety; for those who knew him well had a real regard for him on account of his fineness of perception, his geniality, and his wit. The Earl of Norwich, who took the lead among the *beaux esprits* in the court of Charles I., was voted a bore at the Restoration. A somewhat similar fate befell D'Orsay when he returned to France with Lady Blessington. His countrymen would not or could not understand what the English had discovered in him. We happened to be with him at a dinner, mostly made up of artistic, literary and political celebrities, when the conversation was directed to a topic on which he was admirably qualified to shine—the comparative merits of the English and French schools of painting. He talked his best and talked well, yet his failure was undeniable. He was quickly, almost contemptuously, put down.

The *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort is one of the most noteworthy recorded by Madame de Bassanville, but we can only find room for the sketch of one of her *habituées*, a female physician, a Yankee doctress, named Palmyra, who claimed an unbroken descent in the male line from Cortez, was pre-eminently beautiful, and appeared every day in the Tuileries gardens, between two hideous negresses who acted as foils. She only received patients of her own sex, and her fee for a consultation was more than treble what was commonly paid to the first regular physician in Paris:

What do you suppose was her prescription? Jalaps, potions, bleedings, purges, tonics, leeches? Nothing of the kind. All that might do for MM. Diafoirus, Desfontandres, or Purgon. She prescribed amusements, new dresses, *fêtes*, balls, garlands of flowers, pleasure trips.

She would say to one—'You are suffering from languor: you must go oftener to balls; I will teach you a new step.'

To another—'Your weak point is your nerves. Your husband must give you a new set of dresses. This gown does not

'become you. Write directly to your dress-maker.'

To a third—'You are wasting away. Yes, I understand—a diamond necklace must be administered by your husband.'

To a fourth—'Your pulse, which I have just felt carefully, demands a new equipage.'

The fair patients went away delighted, and none of them regretted the fee of six crowns that was to cost the husband two or three thousand. What science! what a *coup-d'état*! what admirable therapeutics! Willingly would they have shouted out, '*Enfoncé, Hippocrate!*' as the romanticists shouted out at the commencement of the Revolution of 1830—'*Enfoncé, Racine!*' It is not recorded that the husbands were equally satisfied; and I imagine the contrary, for Palmyra disappeared one fine morning, without any one knowing what had become of her.

Madame de Bassanville has many more upon her list; which might be enlarged at discretion, for during most of the period of which she treats, almost every one with a large acquaintance and competent means took a day. To the best of our belief, based on personal knowledge, Alfred de Vigny conscientiously adhered to *his* for a full quarter of a century.

Social sway in France was at no time monopolised by Frenchwomen. The Russians were formidable competitors, especially the Princess Bagration, the Princess Lieven, and Madame Svetchine, whose *salon* exercised a marked influence on the religious movement of the age. The Americans were occasionally well represented, as by Mrs. Child, the daughter of General Henry Lee; and we remember when the best society were wont to meet in the *salon* of Madame Graham, the wife of a Scotch laird of moderate fortune.

We must turn to other sources than our two female reminiscents for the materials of a brief retrospect.

The *salons* of the seventeenth century have been rendered familiar to all conversant with modern French literature by M. Cousin, to whom it has been a labour of love to portray, analyse and speculate on the lives and characters of their founders

and illustrations. The results of his researches have been ably and pleasantly compressed by Madame Mohl. 'Of the distinguished ladies of the seventeenth century,' she remarks, 'the Marquise de Rambouillet deserves the first place, not only as the earliest in order of time, but because she first set on foot that long series of *salons* which for two hundred and fifty years have been a real institution, known only to modern civilisation. The general spirit of social intercourse that was afloat; the great improvement in the education of women of the higher classes; and, above all, the taste, not to say the passion, for their society, aided by the general prosperity under Henry IV., might indeed have created *salons*; but it is to Madame de Rambouillet's individual qualities that we owe the moral stamp given to the society she founded, which, in spite of all the inferior imitations that appeared for long after, remains the precedent which has always been unconsciously followed.'

The famous Hotel, built after plans drawn by her, was situate in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, close to the Hôtel Longueville; both have been destroyed. It is described by Madame Scudéry as full of objects of art and curiosity. Around one room were the portraits of her dearest friends: a style of ornament which, prompted by the some kindly feeling and good taste, Frances Countess of Waldegrave has adopted with the happiest effect at Strawberry Hill. The drawing-room of the Hotel, then called a *cabinet*, had windows opening from top to bottom on gardens reaching to the Tuileries. This room led into others, forming a suite, a fashion introduced by her, as was also that of perfuming them with baskets of flowers hung about.

The origin of the French Academy has been clearly traced to the co-terie which met in this drawing-room; one of their favourite

pursuits being the improvement of the language. 'Several words,' says Madame Mohl, 'were banished from conversation by the Marquise so completely that I could not venture even to quote them.' Judging from words that have kept their ground, the queen of the *Précieuses* might have banished a good many more without being accused of prudery. She was tall, handsome and dignified, with a marked expression of sweetness and benevolence. 'I loved her, I venerated her, I adored her. She was like no one else,' exclaims the Grande Mademoiselle. Her charm was inherited by her eldest daughter, Julie, who exercised a joint influence at the hotel, till she quitted it to marry the Marquis de Montausier; and three or four years afterwards, 1648, the intellectual intercourse of their circle was rudely interrupted by the Fronde.

Immediately after the cessation of political turmoil, Mademoiselle de Scudéry began her famous Saturday evenings, to which M. Cousin alludes in his account of her society:

'As at first nothing was thought of but harmless amusement, these assemblies were for a long time free from pedantry. The habitual conversation was easy and airy, tending to pleasantry; the women, like those of the Hôtel Rambouillet, were correct without prudery or primness; the men were gallant and attentive, and surrounded them with the graceful homage which distinguished the best manners of the time. A slight shade of tenderness was allowed, but passion was entirely forbidden. The greatest stretch of gallantry was a certain semblance of Platonic love, and even this introduced now and then some slight jealousies.'

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who has drawn her own intellectual portrait under the name of Sappho, was very plain, and dark complexioned; a mortifying circumstance at a time when *blondes* were

pre-eminently in vogue. But she had admirers in abundance, and her Platonic *liaison* with Péliisson is cited as a masterpiece of that much calumniated species of tie. Describing it under her feigned name in the *Grand Cyrus*, she says:—

Phaon's love increased with his happiness, and Sappho's affection became more tender from the knowledge of the great love he had for her. No hearts ever were so united, and never did love join so much purity to so much ardour. They told all their thoughts to each other; they even understood them without words; they saw in each other's eyes their whole hearts, and sentiments so tender, that the more they knew each other, the more entire was their love. Peace was not, however, so profoundly established as to let their affection grow dull or languid; for although they loved each other as much as it is possible to love, they complained each in turn that it was not enough.

Her Saturdays did not last above five years, and Madame Mohl states that her assemblies never acquired the importance of those of the Hôtel Rambouillet or of Madame de Sablé, nor of many that succeeded each other through the eighteenth century, down to those of Madame Récamier.

The Marquise de Sablé, to whom M. Cousin has devoted a volume, was the real successor to the Marquise de Rambouillet; and has been justly cited as one of the earliest instances of women, no longer young, rich, nor handsome, becoming more influential in the mellow evening of their lives than in the brilliant morning or the glowing noon. Madame de Sablé, an admired beauty of the Court of Anne of Austria, was a childless widow, past fifty, and without literary reputation, when her *salon* was at the height of its fame: when we find Mazarin noting down in his pocket-book the names of the personages of consideration that frequented it, concluding with this N.B.:—'Madame de Longueville is very intimate with Madame de Sablé; they talk freely of everybody. I must get some one into

her assemblies to tell me what they say.'

Richelieu had manifested the same anxiety to know what was going on at the Hôtel Rambouillet after he had left off visiting there. He sent his secretary, Boisrobert, to request the Marquise, as an act of friendship, to let him know who spoke against him; to which the spirited reply was that, as all her friends knew her respect for his eminence, none of them would be guilty of the ill-breeding of speaking against him in her house. So we see that Napoleon I. had high precedent in his favour when he took alarm at Madame de Staël's sallies; and that the *espionnage* which has ruined social freedom, under the guise of saving society, under Napoleon III., is traditional.

Madame Mohl thinks that the maxims of La Rochefoucault were elaborated from the conversations at Madame de Sablé's. They were certainly based on the selfish and intriguing men and women of the Fronde. M. Cousin has satisfied himself that the *Pensées de Pascal* were suggested by these conversations. Madame Mohl also claims for these ladies the credit of having been the first to recognise the claims of men of letters to be received on a footing of equality with the great. 'It was this sympathy of women that so early made literary men an important portion of society in France; but in what other country would women have had the power of conferring such importance? Among the anecdotes preserved of the Hôtel Rambouillet is one relating that the grand Condé, being angry at Voiture, one of its greatest favourites, said, "If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour."' Is this a proof of social equality? We draw the opposite inference from the anecdote; and remembering Voltaire's treatment at the hands of one of the privileged class, who had him caned, we are reluctantly

led to conclude that men of letters, or of purely personal distinction, not born in the purple, were not received on a footing of conventional equality till shortly before the Revolution of 1789.

A tolerably correct notion of the state of Parisian society when this crisis was in preparation, may be collected from *Julien, ou la Fin d'un Siècle*, by M. Bungener. 'Serious topics were too anxiously discussed to admit of light, discursive, or literary talk. Some salons, however endeavoured to preserve in some degree the traditions of their superannated predecessors. Madame Geoffrin was dead, Madame du Deffant retained but a small number of faithful adherents. It was at the Princess de Beauvan's, the Duchess de Grammont's, the Duchess d'Anville's, the Countess de Tessi's, the Countess de Ségur's, Madame de Beauharnais', Madame de Montesson's, that the French world assembled its wittiest and most cultivated representatives.' Madame de Luxembourg, widow of the Marshal, must be added to the list. It was a select circle of her friends that Rousseau gratified with the first reading of the *Confessions*; and by a strange coincidence he began the very day after the death of Voltaire.

Having brought down the series of Parisian salons to about the point where Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot take them up, we look round to see whether the institution, as we venture to call it, has been imitated or acclimatised out of France. Goethe at Weimar, and Tieck at Dresden, were the centres of very remarkable circles, which will fill a large space in the history of German society and thought. It would appear from Gentz's *Diaries* that female influence was rife at Vienna during the Congress. But the German *salon* that best satisfies the conditions which we assumed at starting, is that of the celebrated

Rahel, the wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who has thus recorded his impression of her at their first meeting :

She appeared, a light, graceful figure, small but well formed; her foot and hand surprisingly small; the brow, with its rich braids of dark hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances caused a doubt whether they betrayed or took in most; a suffering expression lent a winning softness to the well-defined features. She moved about in her dark dress almost like a shadow, but with a free and sure step. What, however, overcame me most was her ringing, sweet, and soul-reaching voice, and the most wonderful mode of speaking that I had ever met.

This was in 1803. She was not married till 1814, when she was about forty-four, and he thirty. She was of a Jewish family, named Levin, and her position was due entirely to her own strength of character, to her intellectual superiority, and (above all) to her power of entering into the feelings of others, to her being emphatically what the Neapolitans mean by *simpatica*. Several chapters in books, and some separate publications, have been devoted to her. Both before and after her marriage we find her surrounded by such men as Frederic Schlegel, Gentz, Prince Radzivill, Humboldt, Prince Püchler Muskau, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and Gans. It was to her that Gentz addressed the curious letters describing the growth and restorative effects of his passion for Fanny Elsler.¹ Madame de Staël's impression after a first interview was characteristically expressed to Baron Brinkman: 'Elle est étonnante. Vous êtes bien heureux de posséder ici une telle amie. Vous me communiquerez ce qu'elle dira de moi.'

Rahel died in 1833. M. de Sternberg, referring to a later period, says: 'I have done with my Berlin salons. The real founder of the

modern *salons* of Berlin is still living, but without a *salon*. It is Varnhagen von Ense, who, in conjunction with or rather as the literary and diplomatic support of Rahel, founded every kind of intellectual sociability, and whose example was followed by many others, both men and women. It may be said that German life caught from them the first notion of a *salon* in the sense in which it had long existed in France. North-German and especially Berlin life, was adverse to the firm establishment and further development of this kind of intercourse.'²

The most influential and popular *salon* of which Italy could boast at any period was that of the Countess of Albany at Florence. All travellers make honourable mention of it; and she has been truly described as the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. In May 1809, she was ordered to repair to Paris without delay, and at her first interview with the Emperor was thus addressed by him:—'I know your influence over the society of Florence. I know also that you employ it in a sense adverse to my policy; you are an obstacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for the fine arts.' She was not allowed to return to Florence till November 1810. She died in January 1824, and left a void which is not likely to be filled up.

A very remarkable circle, commemorated by Byron, Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), and Beyle, who were temporarily amongst its most distinguished members, collected at Milan round the Abate de Brema shortly after the peace of 1816; but their principal place of meeting was the opera. Writing in 1823, Lord Byron says:—'So many

¹ See *The Edinburgh Review* for Jan. 1863.
VOL. LXXIII.—NO. CCCCXXXVII.

² *Erinnerungsblätter*, Dritter Theil, p. 24

changes have taken place in the Milan circle that I hardly dare recur to it: some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons.' Lord Broughton speaks in the same tone in his *Italy*: 'I passed through Milan in 1822. All my friends of the Liberal party had disappeared.'

Writing from Venice, Byron says: 'The Contessa Albrizzi is the De Staël of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and I believe not at all dissolute as most of the women are.' Lord Broughton states that, at his first visit to Venice, only two or three houses were open to respectable recommendations, and at his last visit, only one. Houses might be named in both Naples and Rome which have largely promoted the best sort of social intercourse, but the want of duration, regularity, and continuity disentitles them to rank with those which are popularly accepted as *salons*. The same remark applies, with few exceptions, to the society which has occasionally clustered or crystallised in Geneva and its vicinity. We must except Sismondi's, the historian, whose villa during many years formed the grand attraction of a locality with which so many recollections of genius are imperishably associated. We must also except Coppet, and hope, with Lord Broughton, that some one may be found 'not to celebrate but describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her.' At Geneva, as indeed in every continental capital, the political state at present is enough to account for the absence or decline of the *salon*.

M. de Lamartine, who has devoted two eloquent and interesting Numbers of his *Cours de Littérature* to Madame de Récamier and Chateau-

briand, concludes with this paragraph:—'To return to our literary *salons*—they are throughout the sign of an exuberant civilisation: they are also the sign of the happy influence of women on the human mind. From Pericles and Socrates at Aspasia's, from Michael Angelo and Raphael at Vittoria Colonna's, from Ariosto and Tasso at Eleonora d'Este's, from Petrarch at Laura de Sade's, from Bossuet and Racine at the Hôtel Rambouillet, from Voltaire at Madame du Deffant's or Madame du Chatelet's, from J. J. Rousseau at Madame d'Épinay's or Madame de Luxembourg's, from Vergnaud at Madame Roland's, from Chateaubriand at Madame Récamier's;—everywhere it is from the fireside (*coin du feu*) of a lettered, political, or enthusiastic woman that an age is lighted up or an eloquence bursts forth. Always a woman—as the nurse of genius, at the cradle of literature! When these *salons* are closed, I dread civil storms or literary decline. They are closed.'

'The clubs in England and the *salons* in France,' remarks Madame Mohl, 'have long been places where, like the porticos of Athens, public affairs have been discussed and public men criticised.' This is the key to the problem why clubs are flourishing in England, and *salons* are dying out in France. We can discuss public affairs freely, and our neighbours cannot. A literary man of the highest distinction, who has a weekly reception at his house, having been summoned to appear as a witness before the Tribunal of Police Correctionnelle, discovered from the tone and course of the examination that much of the conversation at his last soirée had been faithfully reported to the magistrate. A single occurrence of this kind creates an all-pervading feeling of distrust. Yet Madame de C.'s *salon*, the last of the *foyers éteints*, retained its reputation and attractiveness till her lamented death: Madame d'A. holds on gallantly:

a well-known *rez-de-chaussée* in the Place St. Georges is the nightly scene of about the best conversation in Paris; and a small apartment *au troisième* in the Rue du Bac is still redolent of the social and intellectual charm which made Madame de Staël prefer the gutter of that street to the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone or the calm waters which reflect the rocks of Meilleraye.

The expansion of Paris, and increased facilities of locomotion, are also thought to have accelerated the decline of the *salon*, which thrives best when the higher class of Parisians lived most of the year in close proximity, and were seldom long or far absent from the capital. When Madame Merlin left Paris, it was only for a villa at St. Germain's, where she had dinners and receptions every Sunday and Wednesday.

The state of things is still more unfavourable to constant intimacy in London; no longer the London of Brummell, bounded on the south by Pall Mall, on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Regent Street, on the west by Park Lane. English country life, and the national fondness for travelling, form another serious drawback. The *élite* of our society are not settled in the metropolis till the spring is far advanced, and are off again soon after midsummer. The late dinner-hour, and the importance we attach to this (in many men's estimate) most important event of the day, with the club to fall back upon, lead us to undervalue the privileged access to the drawing-room, which is pretty sure to be empty till that part of the evening which the French *salon* occupied has passed away. Nor are we aware that any qualified Englishwoman has ever submitted to the sacrifice required for a fair trial of the experiment, by a self-denying ordinance like that to which, as we have seen, the Princess de Vaudemont submitted for thirty years.

The nearest approximation was made by the Berrys, whose habits had been formed or modified abroad. 'With the lives of the sisters,' remarks their thoughtful and refined biographer, Lady Theresa Lewis, closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented these pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to attend, and on entering it might be to find only a few *habitués* or a larger and more brilliant assembly.' But a notice of some sort, if not a formal invitation, was necessary to insure against disappointment; and this is the touchstone or turning-point.

A glance at the 'Queens of Society' will suggest a proud array of distinguished Englishwomen who have done good service in blending, harmonising, and elevating society; in associating genius, learning, and accomplishment with rank, wealth, and fashion; in facilitating, refining, and enhancing the pleasures of intellectual intimacy. But not one of them has set about her appointed task in the manner of a Frenchwoman; not one of them, in fact, has successfully attempted the institution of the *salon*. A few, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Palmerston, for example, may have done more, may have done better, but they have not done this. Nor could even they, with all their rare combination of attractions and advantages, have attained the proposed object without first revolutionising the ingrained habits of the nation. Yet, although the *salon* has little chance in England, and is at a temporary discount on the Continent, we do not despair of its future. It is too congenial to its native soil to be exterminated or die out. It faded with the free institutions of France; it will revive with her reviving liberties.

THE DEATH OF OLD KING GORM.

A BALLAD.

BY SIR EDMUND HEAD.

This ballad is founded on the story told in the *Jomsvikingasaga*, which, if it be the most striking, is probably not the most authentic account of the events to which it relates. Historians seem to think it probable that Knut was killed in Ireland or in Yorkshire, rather than slain by his brother Harald in Jutland. Queen Thyra is the person to whom the Danes owed that work of which we have again heard within the last few years—the ‘Danavirke.’ She bore the name of ‘Thyre Danebod’ (Dane’s help) as her son Knut was called ‘Dana-ast’ or ‘Denmark’s Darling.’ In one of the popular songs describing the erection of the Danavirke, we are told :

Det var Ord af Dronning Thyre
Ret kaldt Dannebod
Kvinden, som ved Danmark’s Styre
Sød med Mandemod.

‘The ‘Lymfiörd’ is the narrow inlet across the peninsula of Jutland just south of the main channel into the Baltic; the western end was formerly closed by a neck of land from the North Sea, but Mr. Laing says ‘this neck has within these fifteen years been washed away, and there is now a channel into the Baltic by this new passage for small craft.’ (*Heimskringla*, vol. i. p. 378, n. 1844.) The date of Knut’s death was about A.D. 935.

1.

‘My brother is slain, and the fight is won!
Go now,’ Earl Harald said;
‘And find me the man that will tell King Gorm,
How Knut his son is dead.’

2.

He paus’d and look’d on his liegemen all,
But, I trow, no liegeman spoke;
He heard but the boom of the heaving tide
As each crested billow broke.

3.

O’er Lymfiörd the level sun
Shed his last rays around,
Where ships and corpses, oars and shields,
Went drifting up the Sound.

4.

At length one said: ‘We know right well
‘That man, Lord Earl, is fey,
Who shall dare to tell to thy father’s face,
The deed that was done this day.

5.

'King Gorm hath spoken—who bears that tale,
Full sore shall his tidings rue ;
The death of Knut is the death of the King,
And the death of its teller too.'

6.

The Earl hath gone to his mother's bow'r ;
They have conn'd their counsels o'er,
And when King Gorm at his wine was set
Earl Harald spoke on the floor : —

7.

'I saw two falcons fight yestreen,
One white—the other grey :
'The grey soar'd high in his pride of place,
But the white death-stricken lay.'

8.

No more he utter'd, and fled from the hall
As a man for his life doth fly ;
But the old King sate with mien unchang'd,
And drain'd his goblet dry.

9.

'Now busk ye ! busk ye ! my maidens all,'
Queen Thyra cried that night,
'For sable hangings must deck my hall
In lieu of the scarlet bright.'

10.

Again on the morrow King Gorm sat there
To drink with his liegemen bold ;
He look'd on the walls, and he look'd on the Queen,
And his heart grew chill and cold.

11.

He rose and rax'd him, while the tears
Fell fast on his beard like rain—
'Woe ! Denmark, woe ! my hour is come,
For Knut my son is slain !'

12.

'No tongue but thine own hath told the tale,'
Queen Thyra gently said ;
He leant to the wall—he sunk in his chair—
And Gorm the King was dead.

FOREST LIFE.

Let any one select a small district, and pick up the dialectic varieties, phrases, proverbs, and stories.—MAX MÜLLER.

THE New Forest is almost the only large district left in England which has not been invaded by the nineteenth century. You may drive or ride for miles over thousands of acres, and find the country in exactly the same state that it was left by the Norman kings; the roads are probably a good deal better, and the poachers use guns instead of bows and arrows; but except in these particulars, the same wide commons stretch bleak and bare, with here and there a withered stump by a sullen, black, boggy pool, succeeded by beautiful knolls where the tall deer, whom the 'Conqueror loved as if he were their father,' enjoy themselves as then, with picturesque oaks and beautiful green hollies dotted about as in a park, from amongst which William Rufus might ride out without any sense of incongruity; while old Perkins, who carried the King's body in a cart to Winchester, lived in just such a mud hovél, dressed in much such a dark 'surpice' (smock frock) and leathern leggings as his descendant who now inhabits the same spot, having neither risen nor fallen in the scale during almost 800 years. The very tongue has hardly changed; the Anglo-Saxon lingers fondly there. The plural 'en'—housen, cheesen; the unpronounceable form of 'th,' ð; the syllabic augment in the perfect participle — 'she've alost,' 'he've abroke'—are to be found in all their pride. 'It,' as in the older translations of the Bible, hardly exists; 'everything is "he" (says a great authority) but a tomcat, who is "she."'

'The district belonged to the kingdom of the West Saxons, and the dialect has come down by independent descent from the

language brought by them from what is now Sleswick-Holstein. It is often purer, and in some cases richer, than the dialect chosen as our national speech,' says the same authority. In the struggle for life of dialects, 'natural selection' has not always perhaps chosen the best in every respect; probably sometimes the one accidentally combined with the strongest fists.

Our beloved *patois*, however, is being rapidly improved off the face of the earth; there is incalculable harm done by the prigs of little schoolmasters and mistresses who infest the present world. All the historical traces of language, by which the successive waves that have colonised England may be traced, are being destroyed before the levelling hands of the pert little oracles of the national schools.

The population is a very lawless one, living, like their ancestors, on woodstealing and poaching; and of all the lawless parts, a district called No Man's Land stands pre-eminent. The old Spartans, I believe, considered theft was not a fault unless it were found out: No Man's Land thought the same. Their very houses were stolen from the waste and built on the stolen soil; their cows and sheep, and pigs and geese, fed on the commons whence came their peat fuel, and there was not a shilling of rent for anything paid by the whole community. The late Speaker of the House of Commons tells how, when riding with the ranger (a good, easy man) over these parts, they both took notice of a remarkably fine oak. Three or four days after they again passed the place; the tree was gone, trunk, branches—not a trace of any kind was left.

Hardly any notice was taken: it was considered the custom of the country, though many horses and carts must have been required to carry it away.

Every mud cottage stood separate. In the whole hamlet there were not three dwellings together. Mud has not a tempting sound, but it is, in fact, very comfortable wear, warm in winter, cool in summer; and standing, as many of them did, in their own little orchards and brilliant gardens, they were much more picturesque and pleasant than the hideous red boxes, with blue slate roofs, thin as paper, that are succeeding them. The most substantial and prettiest of them all belonged to the parish clerk; it possessed a second story, and was partly built of brick; for Silas Russell was a considerable man in those parts—'a rich fellow enough, and a fellow who had had losses, and one who had two gowns.' He lived nearly two miles from the little village church, but as he was the only man in the hamlet at the time of his appointment who could read, there had been no choice in the matter. He was as proud of his rare accomplishment as Beauclerc himself; and as knowledge was power even in No Man's Land, he was greatly considered for it. His house stood on the edge of a little hill sheltered from the north, with an orchard of merries (the little black cherry) about it, and a passion-flower trained over the front, for the climate is almost as mild as Devonshire; while the little garden made a gorgeous show in June, with great red peonies, blue larkspurs, and golden marigolds.

It was Sunday mid-day, and he and his granddaughter were just returning from the 'berrin' of his old wife. He did not speak, and Rachel, always rather afraid of him, dared not begin. At last they reached the door, the empty house-place seemed to strike cold on the

old man—the vacant chimney corner where they two had sat opposite each other for so many years, and he spoke out but it was not a sentimental grief. 'Eh, but she were fallen away to nothing; she var a perfec' notamy. "Small heft shall I be to carry to the lictun," says she; and she var that sure. But it were a fine berrin, chile, and a sight of voke, and they all spoke as how she were a terrible good woman.'

And so poor old Lizzie's funeral oration was done.

Rachel Russell was a very pretty girl, of the type common in those parts, small and well-made, with delicate refined features, and what would be called elegance in another class in all her motions and looks. She was an orphan. There is nothing but association in names; no high-born sound was there to any one who heard hers. Russells were exceedingly common about there, and no one saw anything the least incongruous in dirty old Howard the blacksmith, or Stanley the gipsy tinker in the lane.

Old Russell was exceedingly particular about his grandchild; no one was 'allowed' about the place, and it was so lonely that his task would have seemed easy; but as when a flower comes out in the forest, the bees appear where none were to be seen before, so if there is a pretty girl, those ne'er-do-weels young men will find her out; and poor Russell was sadly put about. It never seemed to occur to him, in his horror at the species, that they were necessary to replenish the supply of old ones, who alone he thought worthy to inherit the earth.

Their nearest neighbour was an old woodcutter, a widower, whose children had all left him except the youngest, Maurice. He was a tall, well-grown stripling, about one-and-twenty, with a pleasant face, not in the least handsome; with a keen eye for a stag, and the

fleetest runner in the parish. He was supposed to help his father in the wood, and if they both combined less lawful callings with their nominal one, No Man's Land did not think the worse of them. Old Lizzie Russell had been very fond of the striving woman who had died of hard work, and Maurice and Rachel had known each other from babies; many were the wood-pigeons' eggs, the feathers of wood-pecker and jay, that were among her treasures in those old days. And now, if he met her coming home with a bundle from the shop, four miles off, there was no harm in his carrying it for her, or in his helping with a yoke of water from the little well at the bottom of the steep orchard; for he had been scarcely allowed to come within the house since the old woman's death. Everything looked fair for the pair; he had never spoken a word of love to her, however, they were still on their old friendly footing, and old Silas, who did not like the prospect of losing his grandchild, could not have objected in the long run, when—there was a sudden change in the Government, the Ministry resigned, and a number of great people went in and out, with whom Maurice and Rachel did not seem at first sight to have much to do. There are many clever books written to prove what small causes led to great events; *un verre d'eau* turned out the Duchess of Marlborough and changed the fate and policy of Europe. My great work shews that great things have a multitude of small tails which they know nothing about. Among a number of changes and cries for reform, there had been an outcry about the malversations of the Forest. The old ranger was dead, and the new Ministry appointed a fresh one, who began his reign as is the fashion of new brooms. The keeper of that part of the district was a very worthy old butler

belonging to the last dynasty, who never stirred out after eight o'clock, and knew as much about woodcraft as a cobbler. He and his old wife lived about a mile and a half further in the wood, at a lodge in a most beautiful situation on a hill overlooking the country for miles round. Great sweeps of wood alternating with wild heathery commons stretched out to the Channel, the blue sea and the beautiful lines of the Isle of Wight beyond—'the Island,' as it is fondly called—and a white sail like a gull's wing here and there. It was surrounded by tufts of beech and holly set on the short green sward, the boughs from which strewed the ground, cut in winter as fodder for the deer, who loved and frequented the spot, and were to be seen flashing in and out of the glades between the groups of trees which are scattered about as in a magnificent park. Here Rachel was in the habit of coming as a child to Mrs. Strange, who was very fond of her mother. There were a multitude of creatures there in which she delighted: sometimes a fawn which had lost its dam and was kept to be fed, or a family of the little brown wild pigs, or a litter of pointer pups; even the stately bloodhound was not insensible to her blandishments, and would lie with his tawny muzzle and magnificent ears on her knee as she sat with a puppy in her lap embracing a fluffy chicken. Still his red eye was only at rest, not tamed; and there were few people whom Bran allowed to take liberties with him, but the helplessness and fearlessness of a little girl is very attractive to both man and beast.

On this pleasant place of much play and little work came the terrible shadow of reform. But abuses were long-lived in those days, and after much talk of stricter management, in a little while matters

subsided, and the anticlimax of the magnificent plans of improvement was that the under-keeper was desired to take an assistant.

He was not long in appearing—one Ralph Leverton, the son of a small farmer a few miles off, shrewdly suspected of having the best possible chance of circumventing the poachers by being well practised in all their ways. He was a very good-looking fellow, tall and straight, with curling black hair, and keen eyes; and in his black velvet coat, and long gaiters, looked the very ideal of a young gamekeeper.

He was known to most in the village, but he graduated as it were, on the first Sunday after his appointment, when the congregation were much disturbed by discussing him outside in the church porch, and watching within how he joined in the hymns.

After church he seemed to think that so great a man might pick his company; and as Rachel was decidedly the prettiest girl there, he joined the old clerk at the first stile, ostensibly to inquire about a deer's run near the house, and walked home with them, Rachel keeping shyly by her grandfather with her prayer-book wrapped in a red pocket-handkerchief. The old man, however, did not ask him in when they reached the cottage, and rather fought shy of his new acquaintance.

After that, however, Ralph was constantly in and out; sometimes 'would Master Russell give him a cup of mead,' or lend him a hammer, or he brought a bit of newspaper, only three weeks old, containing some wonderful battle or murder for the erudite clerk.

Rachel did not much like him; but she was very young and innocent; she never looked forwards, he rather amused her; he had seen the great world, had been even as far as 'Hampton,' and she thought it very

good-natured of him to look in on them.

Maurice had been away, selling wood for his father, who was laid up with the rheumatics, and the few times he had been near the clerk's house, he had not 'chanced' on Leverton; but one day when he came to the well at the time Rachel generally fetched her water, he saw Ralph saunter slowly out of the house, with his hands in his pockets like an *habitué*, and go whistling up the hill. Poor Maurice was dumb-founded; his holy place, where he was scarcely allowed to enter, to be profaned by such a man; for Leverton's character was not particularly good; and moreover, he regarded the ex-poacher with something of the feelings of a soldier towards a deserter. That evening Rachel did not come to the well; probably Ralph had carried her water for her, and Maurice went home in a towering rage.

He did not manage to see her for the next few days, while he was nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last one evening she was tripping across the forest, the nearest way home; there was no path, only the aimless tracks of the cows in and out of the holly and thorn thickets, and round the great beech and oak; the long level rays of the sun lay on the tall fern, and touched the beautiful green mossy trunks of the beech, which looked like velvet, the evening shadows crept in and out, and nothing stirred but a squirrel, chattering at her as she passed, or the rustle of the carpet of dead leaves where a hind stole away.

Presently she heard a nearer rustle, and turning, found Maurice at her side; she gave him such a bright look, her face beamed with such genuine pleasure, that his wrath subsided at once.

'Why, Maurice, where ha' ye been this age, like?' 'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' said he, sadly; 'you've had other things to mind nor mindin' o'

me, Rachel.' She looked up surprised, and then blushed deeply at the expression in Maurice's face. 'He's abeen in and out, out and in, most days, I da know, Rachel. I'd swaller it, and never miake no muoan, but that I da know he be na fit for thee; he be a loose hand, a wild chap that fears neither God nor man, and he means no good by thee. 'Tain't 'cause I hate one as have aturned on his own trade, darling; there's deeper wrong nor thissen; ask them as da know Ralph Leverton. Do ye love un, Rachel, dear?' he said, tenderly and sadly. 'I ha' little to offer, heaven do know; but I ha' loved thee ever sin' thou werst so high, wid all my soul, and all my strength. I've never alooked at ere a lass only thee. I'd twoil all a man mid to make thine a happy life—God bless thee.'

In her sudden terror, she sat down where she stood, among the fern, and covered her face with her hands. As Maurice had been speaking, she remembered her first instinctive repugnance to Leverton; that strange power by which natures perfectly innocent and ignorant of evil detect by instinct what more practised minds often miss; as if endowed with an additional sense for their preservation, if they would but listen to it. Leverton had unconsciously modified his ordinary bold, reckless look and manner when he came near her gentle purity, as you would hardly speak harshly to a fawn, and her first impression had worn off.

A very wise woman once said that she often altered her first impression of a person; that as she knew more of a character, she modified her opinion very much, but that she always came back to the first, when the mind had been quite unprejudiced, and the instinct, which is far stronger in women than men, had had fair play; and 'des trois sources de la connaissance

humaine, l'intuition, la déduction et l'induction, la première est de beaucoup la plus féconde et la plus élevée.'

Poor Rachel's cogitations were not so abstruse, though they came to the same end. She instinctively felt that what Maurice said was true; she remembered her early impression against Leverton; could it be possible that she could care for this man? Then came up before her the frank, hearty nature that was standing near her, the loving and tender hand which had always been helpful in her little perplexities, and the tears began to start through her fingers. It took a long time, or it seemed so to him, for her little mind, so unpractised in reading its own or others' emotions, to get so far; and poor Maurice standing on thorns watching her, and at last seeing her tears, thought it was all up with him and turned away with a sort of smothered groan.

'Good-bye, Rachel,' he said, and he swore within himself (though in his rude chivalry he thought it unmanly to threaten her with it), that he'd 'list next day.'

'Bide, Maurice, bide,' cried Rachel, leaping up in terror, 'I carena naught for yon man.' 'But then you care naught for me either, Rachel, I'm feared,' answered Maurice with a bound back to her side; but his arm round her waist certainly belied him. Rachel, however, did not push it away; on the contrary, she lifted up her little, shy, blushing, tearful face for him to kiss—at least that was the result, the first he had ever given her; and then the two sauntered together into paradise, through that open door still left for poor scrubby earth, as some people consider it. (I do not mean heaven at all, but only that garden out of which Adam had us all turned out.)

Then Rachel crept quietly home, and was perfectly unconscious of her grandfather's remarks, answer-

ing yes or no at random all the evening, 'for the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard,' while she lived that one hour over and over again.

Leverton was not long in finding out the difference of her manner. She had never shown him anything more than simple civility, but now she looked fluttered instead of amused when he came into the house, and he very soon guessed the cause. Next he dogged her footsteps and found the two together. Maurice had been working hard to find some settled occupation; when he thought he might go to the old clerk with a better chance of success. One evening Rachel heard his low whistle near the cottage and stole out to hear news of his plans. They lingered just a little too long at the edge of the orchard, bidding good-bye a little too often, for Leverton passed by the edge of the wood and scowled like the fiend at the sight of Adam and Eve. He went immediately by the back of the house in to the old clerk.

'Do ye know where be Rachel at this minit, Master Russell? that young scoundrel Maurice and she be colloquing in the orchat, at the stile.' Old Silas hobbled out in time to see the parting, and when Rachel turned homeward she met his angry growls, as he seized her arm and dragged her into the cottage, vowing that Maurice should never darken his doorstep, a beggarly fellow, who would never own naught; a chap as were no use to nobody, &c.

Poor Rachel led a sad time of it. Her grandfather hardly let her go out of his sight. Leverton continued to frequent the house. Rachel had till now been a mere plaything for a spare half hour: his inclination for her would probably have died away if all had been smooth, but it became very earnest now that she took so much winning.

His whole soul was bent upon catching Maurice in some act which might entail a long imprisonment upon him, and so dispose of him for a time. He hated him as an overbearing nature detests what stands in the path to its will.

Maurice had kept out of the way as much as possible in order that poor Rachel might not suffer, and had continued his earnest search for permanent work which yet should not take him out of the district, (which your true forest autochthones hate like death). One fine autumn Sunday, however, he went up to church, keeping rather apart from the scattered groups out of the different cottages. The church, built of flint with stone quoins, stood on a little hill apart from any village, with some beautiful old elms and picturesque oaks round it. The only dwelling in sight was an old farmhouse, the remains of a large manor which had belonged to one of the régicides, who, on windy nights, without his head (I suppose as an appropriate punishment, in which case the tradition was curious as an indication of feeling in England at the time of his death), drove four headless horses down the hollow lane to the churchyard; he was not pleasant company to meet, and that side of the hill had rather an evil savour. At the bottom of the hill ran a little river, with a footbridge across it. Beyond lay the few fields of the parsonage, and round in every direction the great forest folding in on all sides. On week-days, it was a most solitary place, on Sunday it served as the rural Pall Mall or Hyde Park; staid old labourers who never met on other days, interchanged the gossip of the week, or more often sat in dignified silence, sunning themselves in the porch. The ivy which covered tower and walls with a thick green coat, and even crept through the roof and hung within in long festoons un-

mindful of rural deans, had a trunk like a tree, and the boughs stuck out three or four feet from the wall. It was clipped up to a certain height, so as to form a shelter or pent-house from the rain and sun, under which stood a row of men with their backs leaning against the wall. It was almost as great an ordeal for a young girl to pass this raking fire of eyes into church, as for the squire's daughter to perform her first minnet at her first ball—the most tremendous exaction which society ever made on a modest young girl.

Rachel was sitting on the tombstone of her grandmother (whom she sorely missed), in a quiet part of the churchyard, just before the service, while the old clerk was busy inside. She sat sad and silent, playing with little Reuben, youngest of ten boys of one of her few acquaintances, when Maurice's voice sounded close to her.

'She var a good friend to me,' he muttered, looking at the grave; then turning to her, 'I've abrought thee a posy, Rachel. I got un from the squeezer's gardener (this was four miles away). I dunna know what name thou givest they flowers, but my mother called um "love in idles,"' and he put a bunch of purple and yellow pansies with their velvet leaves into her hand. She looked up with a bright smile and a blush, said nothing, but put the flowers into her bosom. The parson's bell was ringing, and with Reuben and his mother she followed the congregation who trooped in. But Leverton had seen it all, and as he followed Maurice into the church, he said in a loud whisper, so that all the philosophers of the porch could hear, 'What, he's afraid now of going after the stag and will only run after the women.' Maurice ground his teeth but did not turn.

It was true that he had not been 'out' for a long time, but not with the least idea of growing steady, as the polite world may suppose. It is almost impossible for a settled state of society to realise the feelings of peasants in those parts in those days. The Crown is such an extremely impersonal proprietor, its rights are held so lightly, its duties are still less considered; the deer are such thoroughly wild animals, that the land seems to belong to no one, and to be of use to nobody; and the result altogether was that no young man's conscience was at all more hurt by going out after the deer than the Hon. Mowbray Plantagenet suffers remorse in a Canadian forest going after an elk. It was a trial of skill between gentlemen of different professions: if the poacher caught the stag, well; if the keeper circumvented the poacher, it was fair too, if not well.

Silas himself, the majestic Silas, though as an official himself he had a natural leaning to the authorities, would just as soon that his granddaughter should marry a poacher as a keeper, if he had been as well doing; but Maurice just 'scratted along,' while Leverton had eighteen good shillings a week and a house, with the chance of better.

Church began, but Maurice did not profit greatly; in vain the clerk's periods struck his occupied ear. Silas was particularly great to-day in certain psalms where he could sound the proper plurals 'priestesses' and 'beastesses,' in their place; there was a new curate, a north countryman, and he had been so ill-advised as to try and reform these peculiar terminations, but Silas knew better. 'I won't be put down by nobody, let alone by he; why I dunnot understan' above half o' what he do say, he do talk so queer, he do;' therefore in conscious rectitude he now rolled them out with

* Probably idlesse—'and maidens call it love in idleness.'—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

redoubled fervour. But neither this nor the psalmody had any effect on Maurice. This greatly resembled the cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music which Nebuchadnezzar the king had for his private enjoyment. The instruments were many and singular; so were the minds of the performers—each went on his way rejoicing, quite regardless of any one else, with wonderful results. The curate also sometimes desired one spiritual song, the choir another, and both continued their separate performance at the tops of their voices, till the strongest had it, which was of course the choir, numbers against authority.

All this, however, was lost on Maurice, filled with his own thoughts. Where he sat he could just catch Rachel's pure sweet profile, looking very pale, but calm and still. There was a curious old corbel over her with a beautiful head upon it; almost all the rest were queer grinning apish faces. (By what strange rule of contraries did our ancestors put such things into their churches?) It was evidently the portrait of a Queen—the companion, a Richard II. sadly mutilated, was still decipherable—but Maurice always took it for an angel, and said it was like Rachel, and his prayer that day, if its vague longings had been translated into words, would have read, 'Sancte Rachele, ora pro me.'

At last church was 'loosed.' It was a pretty sight to watch the little rivulets of people streaming in their different directions, over green field and through wooded glade home: white surplices (the smock frock) and red cloaks abounded; the flat black silk hat, however, which went with it had even here disappeared into the bonnet.

CHAPTER II.

That evening Maurice's father began upon him about the 'powney;' she was 'growing too old for the bavin¹ trade; and ye mid get me another in no time, Maurice, if ye were the boy ye was, and had a mind to't. There's a stag of prime, to be found most nights now by the Squab-hollow, and I'd acome round with the powney for to carry on him whuom.'

Perugino makes his arch-tempter in the Vatican fresco a very reverend old man. His was a shrewder guess at human nature than the usual form given to that worthy; there is certainly no more dangerous or subtle one; and Maurice, stung in the morning by Leverton's gibe, and under the sort of fascination which makes a man of another class spend the day in the wet reeds after a wild duck, or pay 1,000*l.* a-year to stalk the red deer in the Highlands, consented to go. For a fortnight after, however, there was a great down-pour of rain, and the nights were dark; moreover, Maurice was not anxious to go while he thought Leverton was on the alert. At last, one night the moon was full, the rain had ceased, and the clouds were high, but they went drifting across the heavens with a strong wind in the upper sky. It was a gusty, wild-looking night—great fleecy masses of enormous size careering along, and making the moon as murky at times as if there were none, though the lower sky and the earth were very still. Maurice did not start from home; the keepers might be upon his trail, so he walked at sunset across the forest by the high road, and as soon as night fell, beat towards the haunt of the stag which he had marked for the last month. He passed over hill and dale, watching

¹ Faggot.

the moonlit glades, and the glancing holly bushes, and the dark masses of shade under the trees; and though without troubling himself much about the picturesque, there was a keen sense of enjoyment in it. At last stalking cautiously a little eminence in the middle of an open heathy part, which the wary deer had chosen for his bed-chamber, in order to be able to see all around, he caught sight of the branching antlers among a herd of does. He dragged himself nearer and nearer still, and at last fired. The head fell, and he ran rapidly up the hill, the hinds racing off in all directions; he took out his knife to finish the poor thing's life, and begin cutting him up, when, very low on the still night breeze came the bay of a hound. 'They've agot the blood-hound out after me,' thought Maurice, with a thrill, not exactly of terror, though there were terrible stories told of the hound, and he was only brought out on great occasions.

There was no use in attempting to get the stag off now; and he set off at a long trot towards running water, and a frequented road to destroy the scent. He ran up a little stream, but the rain had filled it, and it was unpleasantly deep, and prevented his getting on. He passed into a byre, where some lean cows had been driven in, for the same reason; still on and on, for he could hear the low bay of the hound growing nearer and nearer; evidently he was upon the scent, and was summoning his master. The perspiration ran down Maurice's face, and his blood curdled, for he was beginning to grow faint with fatigue; the horrible brute's dreaded and dreadful voice was the only sound except the wind that reached his ear; and besides the physical dread of being torn by a beast, which even a brave man shrinks from, the thought came over him with a force he never had felt before, that if ever Leverton caught and put him in prison, what

a chance it was giving him with Rachel's grandfather; and he ground his teeth at his own folly. He might have thought of this before, says a sage reader. Yes, but Maurice was not the first or the last young man who has eaten sour grapes, and whose teeth have been consequently set on edge.

His strength was very nearly gone. He, the swift-foot of the village, was reduced to a pace that a child might have overtaken, when he suddenly remembered that the river was so full with the rain, that it could not be crossed save at the bridge far below; and that, if he could but jump a certain place which he well knew, where the overarching banks had narrowed the channel, he should be safe for a time from the human part of his pursuers. No man but himself he knew would dare such a leap, and he could do battle with the beast as from a vantage ground. He felt very uncertain whether he could cross it himself, exhausted as he was; but it was his last chance, and he plunged short off to the right. The river was overflowing its banks on either side; a dark mass of troubled water, bringing with it matted clods of grass and boughs of trees broken away in its forest course, swept past. When it reached the narrow, it foamed, and tumbled, and swirled into whirlpools; the ground about was wet and swampy with the rain. It was an ugly leap, and Maurice felt that if he missed his footing, he must be lost; for neither man nor beast could live in such a torrent. He had generally too taken the jump from the other side, where the ground was a little the highest; here he would have to jump up, which increased the difficulty, and he stood for a second or two measuring the distance. The night wind sighed among the branches; everything was still but the turbid rushing water. He had lost time by coming down that way; he

must jump or be taken. He sprang at last in desperation. The ground was so soaked that, in spite of the run which he took, he had hardly any impetus; he caught at a sapling as his foot touched the other side; both it and the ground gave way, but a friendly beech-root below held good, and he fell foremost by main strength on shore, and on the right side. He was hardly sensible for the next few minutes; and when he rose, panting, he could scarcely bear to go near the foaming brink again; but it was his best hope, and he ensconced himself in the roots of the beech, with his gun reversed in his hand. He could hear the growl of the hound, now on the crest of the knowl, whence he had just himself come down; the clouds were gathering again over the moon, but enough light was left to see the huge and dreaded brute come in sight at his slow, unerring trot, and pause on the edge before making his spring, for he saw his man. Now or never. As he sprang, Maurice aimed a tremendous blow at him with the butt-end of his gun, and with a frightful yell he fell into the boiling seething whirlpool. Maurice shook from head to foot with rage and fatigue, and a sort of misery at his deed; his sportsman nature could not bear to have killed a dog as he would a wild beast; it was a sort of high treason in woodcraft; and besides, he remembered how Rachel used to fondle him. The dog never reappeared, and sadly he turned home, footsore and completely beat.

His father, who had gone out with the 'powney,' had reached home before him, and was anxiously on the watch. When the keepers came up to the house, both father and son were in bed; but, although Leverton felt certain that Maurice was the culprit, no one had seen him, there was not the slightest evidence against him; and as Leverton had taken the dog without leave, he was not

anxious to make much fuss about its death, lest the blame should fall on him. So the thing blew over, but he hated Maurice all the worse for the failure of his night's work.

It had been a great lesson for Maurice himself. He began to mistrust his father, to see that whatever might be the abstract right and wrong of poaching, it never would enable him to win Rachel, and that he was playing his rival's game with the old clerk most satisfactorily. Regular work was slack, but to keep himself out of mischief he hired himself as carekeeper to a farmer four miles off, and the winter passed quietly away. He was now hardly ever at home, for he was off by daylight and home long after dark; but somehow Leverton was convinced that he and Rachel met if only for a minute at a time.

With all his care he could not come upon them, but sometimes she looked a little brighter and her steps were more light, and then Leverton, whose senses were sharpened by jealousy, could have told pretty nearly to an hour when they had come together.

It was a long and hard winter to poor Rachel, but spring came at last, and Maurice's six months were over; his master wanted him no more, and he returned home for a time.

It was a beautiful May. The apple and cherry orchards were sheets of blossom, May and yellow broom and 'fuzzen' scented the air, the ground was a perfect carpet of anemones, blue harebells, and primroses,

While the blackbird and the thrush,
Good morrow said from brake and bush,

and Maurice and Rachel, like the birds, could not but be glad too in their spring, and feel convinced that all must go right with their love. 'Look at yon,' he said as they stood hand in hand one day 'under the hawthorn in the dale.'

He pointed to a chaffinch flying with a long straw in its beak to make its nest. 'They've a-had a hard winter too, but it be all acome right with um, and they're abuilding their nesteses as we shall soon own, Rachel.' She smiled a happy smile and turned to go. 'What art thou adoin' of to-morrow?' said Maurice; 'art agoing to Mrs. Strange's?' 'No not to-morrow, on'y Thursday.' 'And what time wilt thou be a coming whuom, for my feyther be aworkin' up by Long-dean and I allus come back that way if so be I can. I love the grove, and I'd be there to take thee back at any time thou bidd'st.' They settled the hour and she tripped off home. There had been another listener.

On Thursday Rachel made good haste with her work; Mrs. Strange had never known her so anxious to have done. She was rather a fussy old body however, and it was past five before Rachel was able to get away. She had flurried herself by her haste, and only breathed freely when she came to the grove of tall beech.

The beauty of the forest in spring is indescribable: the sort of pink bloom on the oak before the leaves come out, the bright green of the young beech buds just bursting, the emerald moss and the curled bracken before it opens looking like a regiment of bishop's croziers; nothing else grows under a beech, but wherever there is an opening, there lies a whole garland of flowers, rare orchises, and crowfoot and violets, and tall thorns covered with showers of bloom crowning the whole. It was here that Maurice had met her nearly two years before, and told her that he loved her; and for some time she was so occupied with her own thoughts that she did find the time long. At last it grew quite late, there was no Maurice, the shadows began to creep fast under the trees, the sun was almost

down, and she was growing nervous, when she saw a number of cows on their leisurely road home, poking their noses into a thicket not far off, snuffing the ground, galloping off again, and returning to look once more, as is the manner of cows, who are very curious by nature. She could see the herd-boys trying to get them home, at last go and examine for themselves, and heard their cries of wonder; one raced off to the nearest cottage, the smallest, little Reuben, saw her and ran up, great in his importance at having a story to tell.

'Oh Rachel, it's blood, there's quite a pool of blood, and it's all trampled and torn round, only p'raps the cows has made that; and Rachel, Tom says that both Leverton and Maurice is missin' sin' yesterday evenin'. The keeper was a callin' of him all about the village to-day, and old Master Lovel wanted Maurice badly, for the wood-cuttin' could na be finished without he.' Rachel sat down in mute terror, too miserable even to think out her own thought. Tom was not long in returning; that part of the wood was very unfrequented, but there was a sort of path not far beyond, and he overtook some men going home from their work, one with his fork over his shoulder. It was growing almost too dusk to see footmarks, but a little moon was rising and they could just see by it and the waning sunlight, traces of broken boughs and fern where something had been dragged along; a sullen little dark boggy pool lay in the heather just outside the farthest trees, and thither the tracks led.

The woodmen began to tear down pieces of bark and light them, and a number of flaming torches were soon moving about round the pool. How does news, particularly bad news, travel so fast? there were now fifteen or twenty men about, coming from all sides; a discovery

of this kind seems to be perceived long distances off as vultures scent a dead body. They began with their rude pieces of stick to sound the ill-looking pool, black with peaty soil. Poor Rachel could not stir: she watched the glancing lights, the dark forms in and out among the giant trunks, the red glare on the water, as if it were not a horrible reality but only a picture. Little Reuben had taken his stand on a bank commanding both positions; the men had abused him for getting between their legs in his vehement curiosity, and he now acted as telegraph to Rachel, who had buried her face in her hands, and besides, where she sat could hardly see what was doing. 'Master Tomkins says as how he feels summat—no, 'taint only a log;' then a dead silence, and the gesticulating little arms rose again. 'They've afound un, they've afound un;' found him, found whom?—Rachel's heart stood still, 'Oh! not him, not Maurice, good God, not him!' Then she felt as if she were praying for the death of another man, and besides was it not better that he were the murdered than the murderer?

Her suspense seemed to make her live hours in the minutes that passed, before the boy who had gone down, in his mad excitement, to the pond again to see for himself, rushed back to her.

It was neither Maurice nor Leverton, no one knew the face—it was a stranger's.

CHAPTER III.

'The crowner sat upon the body,' but he did not elicit much. There was a vague rumour of a man of the same height and appearance having been seen at ———, ten miles off, but it was a thriving and frequented port, where many strangers came and went, and nothing

followed from the clue. Old Lovel knew nothing of his son.

A night or two afterwards, however, Rachel was sitting sadly at the foot of her little bed; the moon threw the shadow of the quarries of the window-panes over her, not a breath stirred, when a handful of thin gravel was thrown gently against the window. She looked out; a dark figure was standing in the moonlight, and she flew downstairs and gently opened the door. Maurice was leaning sadly against the doorpost, but at the sight of her he seemed for a moment to forget his troubles, and snatching hold of her he covered her with kisses.

'Oh, Maurice,' she whispered, as he drew her into the little orchard, where they could see all round, 'what has thee done? Where's Leverton?' 'Dost ask first for him, lass?' he answered, sadly. 'He's all right, for aught I know.'

'Dear, thee should remember neighbours say thou hadst killed he or he thee, or both yon stranger.'

'Nay, I know naught o' any stranger, nor o' Leverton either. He's a-hiding watching for me, I'll be bound; he've agot what'll send me to prison any day. I were a-coming home 'cross the beech grove, just awhistlin' and thinking o' thee, when I cum across a snare and a hare in it. I never laid it, Rachel. I'd aswore for thy sake to give up poaching, but flesh and blood cannot stand a hare in one's path, and a' took it out; when out lept Leverton and dree more. He couldn't beat me running,' he said, with a bit of his old smile; 'but, there he has his proof. I'd go to prison an it would win thee, but thy grandfather would allus be acasting it up to me; and I'm acum to tell thee thou'rt free,' and he shook with his own deep sob. 'Thou must na think o' one as will not know where to lay his head.'

'Nay,' said Rachel, very quietly and steadily, 'I'm troth-plighted to thee, Maurice. I feel all one as if

we were married i' Summerhurst Church. I'll not leave loving thee nor forsake thought of thee till death do us part. If thou'st courage to wait, come and seek when the storms be overpast, and thou'lt find me the same.'

He took her in his arms again. 'Thou'rt true and holy, like the angel in the church, Rachel, and I'm na worthy o' thee. God bless thee and reward thee.'

As they stood under the fruit trees the white petals showered on them like snow in the light breeze; their hopes seemed falling as fast under the moonlight, which looked tranquilly down on their sorrow. 'Art thou safe here?' said Rachel, at length. 'No; I mun be gone,' he answered, peering anxiously round. 'Leverton will leave no stun unturned to catch me, and he'll seek me sooner here nor anywhere. God bless thee, darling, true heart and brave;' and he disappeared in the shadow of the great trees.

A woman's share in such partings is much the hardest; a man has to do battle with life, and cannot brood over his sorrows, while with her 'it walks up and down with her, sits with her, lies in her bed, and talks with her.' As she crept upstairs she felt stunned. Her life had made a plunge, indeed; she felt ten years older than four short days ago. Leverton had altogether vanished. The nine days' wonder of the murder and the disappearance of the two young men died away; the rather stolid life of No Man's Land did not trouble itself about anything for very long, and except to his father and Rachel, poor Maurice was as if he had never been. The days went on long and drearily to her. No one can conceive the utter solitude of an outlying cottage in so thinly peopled a district, and 'if it had not been for the little white hen,' Rachel thought sometimes she would have gone out of her mind.

Maurice gave no sign; he could neither read nor write. The posts were slow and uncertain in those days, and rarely used. Rachel herself could not write, and only 'read in Bible and Prayer Book.' Any one who has had much intercourse with the poor knows how, in almost every family, there has been a lost one, never heard of since his departure into the wide world, and expected vainly and patiently, sometimes 'a matter o' fifty year.'

At the end of about three years there was a dull booming of cannon heard from Hurst Castle Portsmouth, wherever, in short, there were forts in reach, and a vehement ringing of bells at church, where they heard there had been 'a famous victory;' and later more guns and more ringing for the peace after it. Also, six weeks after, the only result of it that seemed much to concern No Man's Land, viz. Leverton's appearance. He had been seized by a press-gang he said, and sent off immediately to a distant station, and only released when both ships and men were disbanded.

A few days after he appeared at the clerk's. Unwelcome as he was to Rachel, she could not refuse a greeting and congratulation in such circumstances, particularly as he looked ill and worn and depressed. He seemed to have some incomprehensible pleasure in coming, for he would sit an hour or two at a time without speaking in the chimney corner, smoking with old Silas. Rachel at first used always to leave the room, but as he neither spoke to her nor looked at her, and hardly seemed conscious of her presence, she soon went on with her ironing or her cooking as if he were not there. She had some sort of soothing influence over him, however, though she did not know it; if she stayed long away he grew restless and uneasy. He said he was too ill to take to keeping again, even if

there had been a place vacant. Altogether it was hardly possible to recognise the high-spirited overbearing Ralph in the silent, almost sullen, depressed man. Rachel was surprised that people did not remark it, but he exerted himself more in public, and emotions are not delicately noted in village life.

As for the murder, 'it were a long time ago; it warn't their business. The man were none of theirs, and Ralph was; and most like he knew naught about it. He had brought his ship papers all right home with him, which everybody might see;' and so the matter dropped.

And soon a rumour arose that Maurice was dead, no one could say how or when, but Rachel utterly refused to believe it. Leverton went on coming, and the old man consulted him about everything; he seemed to grow more cheerful as Rachel grew more dispirited. At last, after some weeks, she was struggling on a windy day with some drying clothes, when he came out and helped her.

'Ye work too hard, Rachel; I wish ye'd let me help ye. I wish ye'd let me help ye through life; the thought o' ye has been wi' me all these weary days. Why won't ye hearken what I hae to say?'

'Oh, Leverton,' she answered, wrenching her hands away from him, 'how can ye? I feel as good as married to Maurice, and I'll never forsake him.' 'But if he's dead?' said Leverton, sadly. 'He ben't dead; I dunna believe it. I shall ha' him back again. I wanna b'lieve it.'

Leverton set his teeth and went back into the house without a word. Still he came as before; the old man, apparently out of sheer contradiction, seemed as if he could not do without him, and Leverton took it all in good part.

He made no way with Rachel, but she grew used to seeing him

there, and buried in her own thoughts, hardly seemed aware when he was by. He went on with a patience and perseverance which in a better cause would have been beyond praise, to save her and help her with her grandfather, to ward off trouble and anxiety; and she could not but be grateful to him when he turned off a scolding from the fierce and sullen old man, and advised him always, as Rachel saw, wisely and well.

The Forest has long been a favourite haunt of gypsies, and the pale blue smoke of their encampments is often seen among its grassy glades. Up one of these went Leverton in search, not for the first time, of the old gypsy grandam of the tribe, who was held in fear and awe by the whole neighbourhood. The tents, with their complement of carts and horses, were pitched in an open space where weird old pollard-oaks, covered with the long grey lichen which waves like hair in the wind, fringed a gravel bank which shut out the wind; a little stream ran below. An iron pot slung on crossed sticks hung over a small fire; the old woman, with a red handkerchief tied over her grizzled elf-locks, that protruded from under it, sat and stirred. There was a pleasant savour of savoury meat, which was probably not the case with the stew of the witches whom she resembled; but she looked like a Fate as she lifted up her filmy black eyes on him. 'Well, mother, here I am again,' said he.

'And what do ye want with me, Ralph Leverton? No good I'll be bound; ye won't get that, with yer years, I'm thinking.'

'Nobody can't say as it's bad this time. I want to be married.' She looked at him with her piercing eyes, but said nothing. 'She'd marry me, I believe, now, but that she's tied herself to that poor crettur Maurice Lovel, and he's dead; I

know he's dead,' he repeated, vehemently.

'And that's what you want me to incense her wi',' answered the woman, with a sort of savage laugh, and raising herself up with a long stick; 'you as makes yer bed on better men's graves. Not bad! However,' she added, for it is pleasant to indulge your sharp tongue and your love of gain at once, 'pay for yer merchandise, and get gone wi' yer.'

A few days after, Rachel had gone on one of her rare expeditions to the little market-town. Her grandfather was ailing, and she was late in setting out; the long June twilight of a close, hot day had set in as she took a short cut across the forest, and she sat down wearily by a sort of ford where the gravel had been washed away from the roots of the fantastic old beech-trees, and bathed her hands and face in the little stream, which made a pleasant ripple among the stones. Presently she heard the dull tread of a horse on the sward in the still evening, and she drew back among the holly-bushes, for it was a lonely place, and she did not want to be seen. A man on a bare-backed horse passed close beside her, and was turning his head over his shoulder, as if to see whether he were followed.

He was so near that, though the light was fast fading, she recognised him as a loose sort of fellow who belonged to the parish, but had no regular work, and made his bread as he could. What was he doing with farmer Baker's horse? which she knew also, because Leverton had been discussing it with her father. Both horse and man, however, disappeared quickly over the hill, and Rachel went on. She made her way back to the road as fast as she could, for she did not like the encounter. As she came, however, to the turn which led up to her grandfather's, the old

hag who was always called Queen of the Gypsies barred the way. She was standing in an open glade, under an arch of green boughs, with her scarlet cloak and a staff in her hand. There is a curious love of stage effect in the race; they are born actors. There seems to be no absolute truth in words for them; they are only used relatively to produce an impression on you.

She began—'I have a word to speak to you, Rachel Russell.' Rachel had been brought up in a righteous horror of gypsies, however, and she hurried on, a good deal frightened, and refusing to listen.

'And you're the more fool for your pains, girl; for none but I could tell of the one who is gone, and where he is.'

'If ye ha' any news o' Maurice,' said the poor girl, trembling, 'tell me, in God's name.'

'Ah, now you want my news, when you haven't the manners to be civil to them old enough to be your grandmother. Pay me for my tale, then.'

'I haven't got no money; and them's my father's things,' said poor Rachel, wringing her hands.

'Then give me that shawl off o' your shoulders,' said the old woman, fiercely.

Rachel pulled it off and held it out piteously to her.

'I saw a dark place among the holes of the earth, and there were great wheels and fiery furnaces; and as I looked, the young man was struck down by the fierce heat, and torn asunder by the whirl; and there he lay dead.'

Poor Rachel walked away, stunned, without a word. She hardly noticed a young man with a peaked hat and a peacock's feather in it, who came up in front of her when he saw the interview was over.

The old hag looked slowly after her. 'I've settled her,' she muttered, 'with a pain in her heart and salt tears in her eyes.'

'Why do you hate her, mother?'

'The old clerk has turned us out of the church lane, and done us grief scores o' times,' answered she; 'and I love to hurt them as hurt us.'

That evening, as Leverton was sitting with the old clerk, Rachel rushed breathlessly in. 'Why, what's come to yer?' said her grandfather; 'and what's come o' yer shawl?' 'It were the old gypsy wife as said she had news o' Maurice, and I gived it her for to tell me;' and she burst into an hysterical flood of tears as she wrung her hands passionately. Leverton swore a deep oath as he rose angrily at the 'rascally old randy quean.' He had robbed Rachel of what was more precious to her than many shawls, and yet he was furious at the old woman for thus exacting a double fee for her lie. His rage, like David's, was all reserved for the minor offender.

The old clerk grew more infirm. Rachel was the most patient and attentive of nurses, but whenever Leverton was away for a day or two he kept up a whining complaint against her of how 'ill voke behaved to him.' A grievance with some people is the dearest thing they possess, and they regard you with infinite ill-will if you rob them of their property by explaining it away.

The following Sunday Silas got down with great difficulty to the church. An assistant had been appointed, but that great dignitary, a clerk, cannot be removed; he held to his rights, and whenever he was able he hobbled down and read the responses, together with the *remplaçant*, which did not improve the service. When he and Rachel arrived in the churchyard, they found the parliament or talking-place of the village in great agitation about the stealing of farmer Baker's horse. The gypsy encampment was so near, that it was

all laid to the door of Geordy Stanley, horsebreaker and horse-dealer, grandson of the old queen. The gypsies had so much the best of it in ordinary life, that the whole community seized greedily on any opening for retaliation.

'But I saw Will Snell riding away on the horse, that evening,' said Rachel, simply.

She immediately found herself the centre of interest, to her great dismay; she had to tell her story over and over again: they crowded round her. 'But could ye assay for certain sure it were Will?' said the clerk, sternly.

Rachel was thankful when the bell carried off her tormentors.

The following week, however, poor Geordy was safely lodged in the county gaol. The horse had been found at a great fair, farther down in the west, at which Geordy was present, and though the link between the two was still wanting, 'society' considered him guilty without more ado. A day or two after, a tall gypsy, with a sullen look on her handsome face, appeared suddenly at the door of the clerk's cottage, having carefully watched him go out. Rachel was leaning against the chimney, gazing sadly into the fire, and she shrank back as she saw the red cloak.

'You've no call to fear me, Rachel Russell,' said the woman, 'It's I as come to you for help. I hear ye say you saw that fellow Snell riding off on the horse that they've lay at my poor boy's door. He's as innicent of it as a babe unborn. Ye saw him yersell *that* night along wi' my mother at the tents, arter ye met Snell. Will ye come up and swear so at the 'sizes?'

Rachel shuddered; it was terrible to her timid nature to think of standing up before 'Grandfa Judge' and the court.

'Rachel,' said the woman, striding up to her, and catching hold of her arm, 'do ye know what it is

I ask? It's a hanging matter to steal a horse; hearken to me: I'll swear by anything you please he didn't do it. You know you saw him yersell arter the horse were gone. Will ye let him be killed afore my eyes? What's all that praying and singing for, if ye let the innicint suffer and the rascals go free?' she added solemnly, standing over the chair where Rachel had sunk in her agitation. It was against all her class prejudices; the gypsies were feared and hated by every one round her; they were considered beyond the pale, outcast, an accursed race, and she knew she should encounter her grandfather's wrath if she actively helped them, as well as the, to her, terrible ordeal of the trial.

'If you'd a mother,' the woman went on, the great veins swelling in her throat with her efforts to conceal her agitation, 'you wouldn't serve a mother so.'

'I can swear I seed un after Will Snell rode off. I'll bear true witness for you: God Almighty help us a,' said the poor girl with a gasping sob and a white face.

'Is it God or the other as is the bad un?'¹ said the woman drearily, as she seized her hands with a passionate expression of gratitude, and disappeared in the noiseless way she came in.

At last the rheumatics grew so bad that old Silas took to his bed, and sore work Rachel had in the nursing, till at last her friend Mrs. Ten-boy (so called to distinguish her from others of the name) interfered—'You see, chile, ye can't mind un alone any longer; he'd be much better wi' an old nuss. He'd just apotter and abother wi' she, and she'd up and answer he, and that 'ud stir un and please un like; while he goes on a-hammering and

agirding at you, and ye won't answer, and it ben't no satidgefaction to a man as had allus had his own way, and likes some un as'll stand up to un. I doubt Sally Skene would come for her vittles and a shilling.'

Mrs. Page was quite right; and when that lady was established in the house, and never gave him anything without 'argufying,' and held her own as obstinately as Silas himself, he was twice as happy as with the gentle, patient Rachel, obedient to all his whims.

At last he drew near his end, and the old rector came up to see the last of his ancient co-partner, as the clerk considered himself. When he chose, Silas had the *belles manières* of the old school—a manner self-respecting and respectful, which is fast dying out in these days, when each class is trying to appear something above it; and their uneasy familiarity shows the little faith they have in their assertion.

Silas was not a good specimen of his class. His life was by no means that of a true gentleman; but security of position is one element of manners. As clerk he felt himself a truly great man, and his reception of the rector was perfect. He was pleased with the attention (the rector was not given to visiting his people—it was in the old days); he was not grateful; he knew that it was his due; he liked to have the reading and prayers all proper. He considered that he had done his duty, and was no wise anxious about his state; and nothing could be more curious, contrasted with his usual humours, than the dignified farewell he took of his ancient chief, and his dying hospitalities.

His end arrived a few days after. 'He's been right down fractious

¹ There is a strange confusion about the idea in the minds of the tribe; perhaps the reason may be that 'Deva is Sanscrit for God, and Devel in the gypsy tongue means the same.'—MAX MÜLLER.

to be sure,' said the old nurse. 'I weren't yable to do nothing as was right, he were that uncommon queer, but he's as quiet as a lamb to-night, for I've ataken away the feathers pillar; he'll die quiet enough now.'

Mrs. Ten-boy made an earnest but vain effort in favour of his soul. She would have brought in her good little husband, a Methodist preacher, but Silas was furious.

'Now, don't ye go afussing and abuzzing any longer. It ain't a mossel o' good. It stann's to reason as I, as have been parish-clerk a matter o' forty year, and could cipher and write my name alongside the parson's, must aknow a mort more than any Methodie about my soul and my salvation, and all them things; and I ain't agoing to be worried o' that fashion. My soul—I know all about my soul,' he muttered, angrily; and the familiar word stirring the old association, 'Awake, my soul,' he sang in a quavering voice, 'and with the sun—Let us sing to the praise and glory;' then, as uneasy sensations wandered over his dying limbs, 'There's fuzzen in the bed, tie up thae bavin's;' and so the old recollections mingling in death, the old heathen passed away; and let us hope his was a true prophecy, and that his soul did awake in that other morning—it had been mostly asleep here.

'It were very queer,' moralised good Mrs. Page, 'how I couldn't get him for to listen; I likes to be alarmed.'

'Have ye told the bees?' she continued; and she went out to perform that important ceremony. If it is neglected they either resent the discourtesy by flying away, or take it to heart so much that they all die. Why they require this attention, while the horse, cow and pig, to whom it is so much more important, are left to find it out for themselves, is not known, 'so 'tis.'

It is a merciful dispensation that we never see the faults of our own belongings in the clear light which we dispense to those of other people. The clerk died in the odour of sanctity, as far as Rachel was concerned, and she missed him very much. 'I've got nobody to scold me now,' she said pitifully to Mrs. Page.

She was now a good deal thrown upon Leverton, to whom her grandfather had entrusted all his affairs. He never put himself forward, yet he was always ready to help her, and poor Rachel felt herself obliged to be grateful, and obliged to depend upon him. She felt as if a net were gradually closing round her, for his feeling for her was so real and deep that her gentle nature could not find it in her heart to express her dislike to him; and his spirits rose as he thought he was making way with her.

The day for the trial came on. Leverton had his own reasons for not going near 'the law,' and Mrs. Page volunteered to accompany Rachel, in a small cart, on her weary pilgrimage. 'Don't ye get set down as a witness for Geordy,' was Leverton's last recommendation as he helped her in.

She felt almost as if she were going to execution herself as the tall spire broke on her sight. Mrs. Page was chattering all the way as she went, and greatly enjoying the unaccustomed 'ploy.' 'What a sight o' housen,' said she; 'where can a' the voke come from?'

'Here's the gypsy's witness,' was whispered as they made their way through the crowded court.

She listened without hearing till her turn came, when she uttered the few sentences required of her, and held to her story with gentle firmness through all the badgering and baiting of the opposing counsel. But the evidence was too strong against poor Geordy, and he was found guilty and left for execution.

The passionate grief and anger among the gypsies was frightful to witness. As Rachel came out of court her arm was seized by the poor mother, who nearly wrung it off. 'You've done what yer could, child, you've done what yer could. Ye shall be the better for it; 'taint for nothing you harm or help the tribe,' she said, savagely.

Sadly and wearily the two women turned home again; and hardly a word was said till they reached Summerhurst, and Rachel returned to her desolate home, where the old nurse kept house for her.

A few nights after, as she slept a disturbed sleep, she was wakened by a wild cry, weird and shrill, on the still air, and she sprang to the window. There was nothing to be seen, but the wonderful beauty of the early morning: the dead stillness of the world just before a summer's dawn is very striking; not a breath, not a leaf, not an insect stirring—all that world of life in the deadest of sleep, just before the waking. Then the gradual growth of the light—the twilight of expectation—so different from that of night. She turned away from the casement, when suddenly came the old signal, the handful of gravel against the window, and a voice called 'Rachel.' She could hardly believe her ears or her eyes.

'Let me in, Rachel, it's me in flesh and blood,' said he.

'What's yon?' said old Sally, as she heard Rachel preparing to go down. 'An he's halloaing and squealing in that way he's no come back a Christian man.'

'And ye're not married to Leverton?' said he, seizing her in his arms.

'And how could ye ever think it?' she answered, reproachfully; 'and wherever ha' ye abeen all this long, long while?'

'Working in the black country, as they ca' it, digging iron and coal in Wales, hoping for to come back

wi' money to satisfy thy grandfather. Then I had a sore accident as used up all my gains, and I heerd from the gypsies that thou wast amarrried to Leverton, and I didn't care what I did.'

'And no one for to nurse thee! How wast thou hurted?' said she.

'A poor little chap were smote by the mill-wheel, and I dragged un out, and were hit myself. Howso-ever, the day before yesterday there came a fellow as attelled me (and swore it too) that the gypsy queen sent me word to come home directly, that thou werst na married, and there was peril near.'

'And she were no that far wrong,' said Rachel, with her gentle smile; 'it's been a sore time, Maurice.'

'And it were all Leverton's doing, I know,' muttered he.

'What were that dreadful noise, Maurice,' said she, 'we heerd a while back?'

'Twere the gypsy queen as they were wailing,' said he; 'they telled me she were heart-broke when her grandson were found guilty. She set such store by him.'

(The poor fellow years after was discovered to have been innocent, and his execution was one of the last under the fierce old law.)

Not many days after their marriage Rachel was standing at the door one evening looking out for Maurice, when, to her utter amazement, Leverton came slowly up the steep sandy path.

'You!' said she, in blank dismay.

'Ye need not be 'fraid o' me,' he said. 'I'm away altogether. I thought I'd just see thee and bid thee good-bye. Thou couldst have amade a man o' me, Rachel; but that's gone now, and I'm but come that thou shouldst say a good word to me to end wi', and gie me a drink o' milk as in the old days. Tell Maurice he's got what must amake it easy to forgive.' He stood moodily gazing out on the distant blue line of sea over the woodland, which

gives such peculiar charm to that country.

'I shall go to sea again, in a merchant vessel,' he said, and added, dreamily, 'I think 'twould amake my mind cleaner to tell some un, Rachel.'

'Oh, don't,' said she.

'Tain't anything so bad,' he answered. 'It's true I strove to get Maurice out o' my way for poaching; but he were too fleet and wary, and I were forced to seek summat else. One day I chanced on some voke I knew, as were part of a pressgang, and I promised to help un to take off Maurice.'

'And ye call that not so bad?' said Rachel, angrily.

'Ye young lass, as has never been tempted, what dost thou know? I set a snare wi' a hare in it, right in his path in the beech grove, and we watched. I could na think he'd 'scape four pair of legs, but they come out afore he'd got hold o' the trap, and I tripped over a snag. The others didn't know the wood, and he were off like a deer.'

'Aye, Maurice were always the fastest foot in these parts,' said Rachel, with pride.

'Then they began to abuse me, when it were their own stupid fault,' said he, forgetting to whom he was speaking; 'and one on um broke out violent that if they didn't ha' one, they'd ha' the other; and he seized my arms. My blood were up, and I got at my hunting-knife, and swore I'd ha' the life of the first as touched me. They all closed in, and I hit out at the nighest. He fell back in his blood, Rachel, a'most wi'out a groan. I were just

stunned. I'd scarce had time to feel angry even, and they did their worst wi' me, and took me away bound, saying they'd gi'e me up for a murderer an I wouldn't walk wi' um, and put me aboard a king's ship. They didn't care how they got men then in war-time. I'd no heart to write home, thinking o' nights o' that horrid pool, when they should afind the body. I must be going. Good-bye, dearie; shake hands—you'll wish me well, Rachel?'

'God bless ye and keep ye straight, Ralph,' said she, tearfully. 'You've made a poor hand o' life—you'll do better now?' she went on, laying her hand on his arm, anxiously.

He looked wistfully into her eyes, but at that moment Maurice's whistle was heard, and he was off like a shot.

'Yon's a bad un,' said Maurice, moodily, as he caught sight of his retreating enemy.

'Poor fellow,' said Rachel, 'arter all he haven't adone us much hurt, so we've acome together at last. 'Twere like silver tried in the fire, were our love, dearie. Please God, past troubles is like the dead leaves as falls off of a tree and nourishes it again;' and she turned his face towards her, and held it till the cloud cleared away; and he smiled fondly at her as she told Ralph's story.

'Well, thou wert worth serving long years for, like Jacob,' he said at last, as he took her in his arms; 'but I'm thankful I shan't niver see un again, or I should do un a mischief yet!'

OUR COMMONS AND OPEN SPACES.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety has of late been felt respecting our commons, forests, and open spaces, particularly those near the metropolis, and there really is much danger that the public will soon cease to have any further enjoyment of them. This is occasioned by their increasing value for building purposes, which has made the temptation to inclose and sell them almost irresistible to the lords of manors, who desire to increase their wealth, without much regard to the means of doing so. But there is no person uninfluenced by pecuniary motives who is not ready to admit that such a result would be lamentable. We desire to render such assistance as we can to prevent this public misfortune, and we will with that view give a few explanations that may prove generally interesting, and be of use to those who would willingly co-operate for the same purpose, if they only knew how. The law on the subject is in an unsettled state, and certain persons whose rights are of an unsubstantial character, have taken advantage of its obscurity to make the most extravagant claims. But a few prefatory remarks will enable the leading principles to be intelligible to all.

Every rood of land in England has, in contemplation of law, its owner. We do not recognise any such thing as 'no man's land,' though a plot of ground may occasionally be found which has that appellation in its immediate neighbourhood. Even the foreshore of the sea between high and low water-mark is owned by the Crown, for the benefit of its subjects, and the general public has little more than a right of way over its surface. The ownership of the soil of high roads is generally in the owners of the roads on each side of them, subject

to the right of the public to traverse them in all directions, and to the special jurisdiction of certain local authorities. The land over which rivers flow, belongs to the riparian proprietors whose properties extend *ad medium filum aquæ*; and it has even been doubted whether the land forming the bottoms of great lakes, like those of Cumberland, is not subject to the same rule. The broad tracts of waste land which once formed so vast a proportion of England, and still occupy millions of acres, were from very early times appropriated by certain great lords, so far as relates to ownership in the soil, though other persons were also permitted to have important rights, as commoners, in the surface. It is not our intention to give an historical account of the origin of the great manors and lordships of England, of whose possessions our principal waste lands form part, nor shall we here explain how those titles arose which are now too well established to be successfully disputed. It is sufficient to say that many of the manors can be traced back to a period long before the Norman Conquest. Thus the manor of Hampstead, about which there has lately been so much discussion, is of great antiquity, having been first granted by King Edgar. There was afterwards a confirmatory grant by Ethelstan; but that under which Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson holds the manor is said to bear date the 4th Edward VI.

But it is well-established law that, although the right to the soil of the waste lands of manors is in the lord, the right to take as pasture the herbage grown upon it, may, with other rights affecting the soil itself, be vested in the commoners.

According to the opinion of our most eminent lawyers, the principal

part of England became, even before the Conquest, gradually parcelled out into a variety of great manors, granted by the Crown, and owned by lords who exercised important jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, within the limits of their territories. These lords distributed their possessions in various parcels, retaining some as demesne lands for their own use, and granting others to persons who held of them either as tenants at will by copy of court roll, now called copyholders, or as free tenants in socage, or by knight's service, since converted into socage, and these free tenants are now the freeholders of the manor. Other parcels constituting the waste lands of the manor were left uninclosed, and afforded pasture to the cattle of the lord and his tenants, and fuel for their houses.

The Norman Conquest, though it did not introduce the feudal system into England, methodised and perfected it in a remarkable manner. Numerous statutes, and the ingenuity of English lawyers, have from time to time modified this system, and in certain cases destroyed some of its most fundamental principles. The result, which has come down to us in the existing state of our law of real property, is a curious piece of patchwork, and often very surprising, whether examined as a whole or in its details, and there is no part of it more so than that which our lawyers are compelled to consider as established doctrine with respect to the total absence of all right on the part of the public to place a foot on the commons, forests, and open spaces of the kingdom. According to this doctrine, every Englishman passes his life in almost constant violation of the law: he lives in trespasses, if not in sins. If he ventures off a public street or highway and wanders over the wildest moors or barest hills, still the ground on which he stands is 'holy,' for it is

consecrated not merely by the 'genius of universal emancipation' about which Curran declaimed, but also, and sometimes rather inconveniently, by the English law of real property, which is of a more practical character, and he may find himself liable to be mulcted in damages and costs. So excessive is this strictness, that grave discussions have arisen as to whether the commoners themselves, who have rights of pasture on the land, are entitled to go on it except for certain defined and special purposes; and if our old law books are to be believed, it has even been adjudged in ancient times, that though a commoner may go on the waste land to take his cattle to pasture, or even to see that the ground is in a fit state for pasture, yet he has no other business there, and will be guilty of trespass if his only object be the idle one of personal recreation. Fortunately the common sense of landowners and their instinct of self-preservation, have kept them from insisting with strictness on rights so extravagant, although our lawyers in ancient times were far too ready to concede their claims without sufficient examination. The intervention of Parliament has, therefore, not yet been felt necessary to correct what would otherwise have been an intolerable evil.

Irksome as are the restraints said to be imposed by law on the commoners themselves in respect of their enjoyment of waste lands, and afflicting as is the total disregard of all acknowledged right on the part of the general public, the position of the lords of manors who own the soil has never itself been very satisfactory.

The lords were, long subsequently to the Norman Conquest, hampered in the enjoyment of their property by the rights of the Sovereign as paramount lord, on the one side, and by the rights of their own tenants on the other. Their pos-

sessions had been granted or confirmed to them upon a title not intended for their own personal benefit only, but as something to which onerous duties also attached. They were bound to render military assistance in war at their own charges, and to see to the administration of justice. They were also liable to have their possessions afforested by the King, who, down to the reign of Henry III., had the clear right to convert any wooded lands, whether belonging to his subjects or constituting his own demesnes, into forest, for no other object than for his recreation, or as it was expressed, 'for the King's princely delight and pleasure.' If any man ventured to inclose the land so afforested, he became liable to severe punishment. But Henry III., by the *Charta de foresta* (afterwards confirmed by many succeeding monarchs, particularly Edward III.), lightened this burden, which had become oppressive, and directed that all forests made by himself of the lands of any of his subjects which were not the King's own demesne lands, should be disafforested again. The lands afforested by his predecessors were, however, left in their former condition. Subsequent statutes, particularly the 17 Car. I. c. 16, granted further relief. But the forestal rights of the Crown still continue down to our day over the great forest of Waltham, of which Epping forms part, and over other ancient forests, except so far as in later times they have been improvidently granted away for an insufficient consideration. Even as late as the time of the Tudors, the forestal rights of the Crown were again, for a special purpose, revived or reaffirmed under the sanction of Parliament; and we read in the statute 31 Hen. VIII. c. 5, that the King having bought Hampton Court, and made it 'a most beautiful and sumptuous manor,' and adorned it with pleasure-grounds,

&c., assigned and limited a certain territory of ground lying and being within the precincts of East Moulsey, West Moulsey, Walton, and Esher, near and adjoining to his said manor, to be a forest; and because the King had afforested the lands of *divers other persons* to their prejudice and hindrance, he allowed them certain privileges of cutting down woods without licence, and fencing off their corn from the deer (Manwood, 61). According to the forestal laws, the ownership of all lands within their precincts continues with the subjects to whom they belong; and if there are any manors within the regard of the forest, the lord and the commoners may enjoy the herbage and profits of the land according to their respective rights, subject only to the rights of the Crown; but no one can cut down woods or coverts without the licence of the King's officers, and to do so is a waste of the forest. But grave as that offence is against the forestal laws, it is still worse to commit an 'assart' of the forest; that is, to convert forest into arable land for tillage. To build houses or inclose ground within a forest, without licence, is another offence called a *purpresture*, though done on a man's own land. Such acts are in general a purpresture against the King only. But there may also be a purpresture against the King and commonwealth; as where a house or mill is erected, within a forest, which is to the hindrance or annoyance of the common passage of the King's subjects (Manwood, 172).

It is obvious, therefore, that wherever the Sovereign's forestal rights continue to exist, which they still do over many extensive districts in the neighbourhood of London and other large towns, they might easily be made to some extent available for enabling the public, under authority to be derived from the Crown, to go there

for purposes of health and recreation, and neither the lords who are owners of the soil, nor the commoners who have rights over the surface, could prevent them.

The case is different throughout England generally, where there are no forestal rights of the Crown; for if the lord and the commoners of a manor unanimously agree to inclose the waste lands, and to partition them amongst themselves, they may do so of their own authority, and thereby exclude the public from all but rights of way over them. The dissent of a single commoner or his inability, by infancy or otherwise, to consent, would however be fatal to such a proceeding by private agreement. There are other methods by which inclosures are sometimes effected without the assistance of the Inclosure Acts, though often in complete disregard of the law.

The commoners may be divided into two great classes, viz. freeholders and copyholders of the manor. The latter, when duly convened and assembled at a court customary, constitute what is called the 'homage.' The freeholders of the manor are by the common law entitled to common of pasture, and they can generally show a presumptive title to other rights of common. But the right of the copyholders to common depends on the custom of each manor. There are, however, but few manors in which such custom does not exist.

It is said that the lord, with the consent of the homage, may, as against the copyholders, 'approve,' i.e. inclose portions of the waste of the manor for his own use, or grant them away to third persons; but that is not always so, for there must be in each manor a custom to authorise that being done, and it is upon those who assert such custom to prove it. The lord has sometimes asserted as against the copyholders a custom of his ma-

nor authorising him, even without the consent of the homage, to enclose such parts of the waste as he pleases, but it has been held by the Court of Queen's Bench that such a custom is bad; for it would enable the lord gradually to annihilate the commons altogether. (*Arlett v. Ellis*, 7 B. & C. 346.)

The reason why a custom, though an immemorial one, is bad, is because it is unreasonable; for it is not every ancient custom that can be supported. For instance, we learn from the grave statement by Manwood Justice in a case reported in Leonard, that in an action against the hundred for a robbery on Gadd's Hill, the defendants pleaded 'that time out of mind, &c., felons had used to rob on Gadd's Hill, and so prescribed to be discharged,' but the plea was as unsuccessful as we think a similar plea would be, if preferred to excuse a robbery of a common itself, instead of to escape responsibility for a robbery on it.

In order to enable the rights of copyholders who are commoners to be destroyed on any part of the waste the consent of the homage is clearly necessary, and all the copyholders must have been fairly summoned to the court at which such consent is to be given. The better opinion is that the homage must be unanimous, but the point is undecided. The lord or his steward cannot select or pack the homage. No consent of the homage can, however, in any way bind the freeholders of the manor. In order to enable the lord to 'approve' part of the waste, so as to bind the freeholders of the manor, the provisions of the statute of Merton (20 Hen. III. c. 4) have to be relied on; but this statute has no application as between the lord and the copyholders of the manor. An inclosure to be valid against the copyholders must be supported by showing a custom to approve with the consent of the homage, and a consent duly given. Again, in

order to be supported against the freeholders, it must be shown that the case comes within the provisions of the statute of Merton. It will be useful to give here a few words of explanation about this famous statute, as to which there is much misapprehension. The freeholders of a manor may be subdivided into two classes—1. Freeholders whose lands were granted by the lords before the statute *Quia Emptores* (18 Ed. I. c. 1), to be held of the manor by certain services or quit rents. Every such freeholder has appendant to his land a right of common of pasture, entitling him to place on the waste lands of the manor his horses, oxen, cows, and sheep, but they must be 'levant and couchant,' which limits them to such a number as the winter eatage of his own land is capable of maintaining. 2. Other freeholders, who, under express grant from the lords, made after the statute *Quia Emptores* (which grant may be proved by production of the deed of grant or by long usage, which implies an ancient grant), have a right of common appurtenant to their lands or houses within the manor. It was formerly necessary that the evidence of usage should be sufficient to establish an immemorial right, going back to the reign of Richard I.; but under the Prescription Act of 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 71, proof of enjoyment of the right by the freeholder without interruption for the full period of thirty years is sufficient. Many commoners, whether freeholders or copyholders, have not merely rights of pasture, but other commonable rights, such as that of 'turbary,'—(i.e. the right of digging peat for fuel for their own houses), the right of digging gravel for their own use, and the right to 'estovers,'—i.e. cutting gorse, furze, or loppings of pollards for fuel. In some manors they may, by special custom or prescriptive usage, even cut timber for

building or for repairs on their premises. It is doubtful whether before the Statute of Merton the lord could 'approve,'—i.e. inclose—any part of waste land as against the freeholders, though some great authorities, including Lord Coke, are sometimes quoted as favourable to the lord's right in that respect. Lord Coke, however, may be quoted on both sides; and it was, at all events, well settled that the lord could not approve against his own grant. Therefore, if he had granted to freeholders the right of pasturing their cattle over *every* part of the waste lands, he could not by approving exclude them from *any* part. But by the Statute of Merton (20 Hen. III. c. 4) it was in substance enacted that the lord might approve or inclose as against the freeholders if they, after the inclosure, had still sufficient pasture left for their tenements, with free egress and regress from their tenements to the same. The *onus*, however, is on the lord to prove this sufficiency, and it is not enough for him to show that there is sufficient for the person who complains, if there be not sufficient left for him and all the other commoners as well. The statute, moreover, has no application except to common of *pasture*, and the lord, therefore, cannot approve as against persons having rights of turbary, piscary, estovers, &c. Again, where the lord has made grants of common *in gross*—that is, rights which are not appendant or appurtenant to any land or houses of the manor, but are personal rights—the persons so entitled cannot be approved against, for the statute does not apply to them.

It is obvious from this explanation that the difficulty of the lord *lawfully* inclosing commons without the authority of an Inclosure Act must in all cases be great, and in most, insuperable. For this reason, approvments under the Statute of Merton fell into disuse for centuries.

Even if the statute could be made effectual against the freeholders, it had no application to the copyholders. Again, if the copyholders were unanimous in the lord's favour, and there was a custom authorising inclosure and the homage consented, the act could not be done if any of the freeholders had other rights of common besides that of pasture, to which alone the Statute of Merton applies.

Under these circumstances, large tracts of waste land which were capable of cultivation were long suffered to remain unproductive, to the great detriment of the nation generally, as well as of the owners and commoners; and the subject received the anxious attention of Parliament at the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the years 1795, 1797, and 1800, Select Committees of the House of Commons, presided over by Sir John Sinclair as chairman, made some valuable reports; and it was ascertained by their investigations that in 1795 there were in Great Britain 22,000,000 acres of waste land to 51,000,000 acres of cultivated land, the proportion in England being nearly 8,000,000 waste to 39,000,000 cultivated; and it was estimated that of these 22,000,000 of waste in Great Britain, all except one million acres were capable of some kind of cultivation, and might be made to yield an amount of produce that would be worth more than 20,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. The Select Committee, after referring to the Statute of Merton and the other statutes relating to the same subject, made the following observations in their Report:—

These are the only statutes which have any important reference to the subject in question. It is hardly necessary to remark how insufficient they were for bringing any considerable portion of waste lands into a state of cultivation. It was seldom that any common was sufficiently extensive to afford a surplus of any moment after the claims of those who had a right of common

on it were satisfied. It was hardly possible, indeed, in many cases, to ascertain what was a sufficiency of pasture; and where a common of turbary or estovers existed, the lord could not improve any part of that waste. The more opulent and powerful also the commoners of the kingdom grew, the more opposition they made, and the greater difficulty there was found in carrying on this proceeding; insomuch that in modern times there is scarce an instance of an improvement, as it is technically called, having taken place.

Under special Inclosure Acts passed in the reigns of Queen Anne, Geo. I., Geo. II., and Geo. III., nearly 3,000,000 acres of waste lands were inclosed; but the expense of obtaining a special Act in each case was too great to be incurred, except when the intended inclosure was very extensive. With a view, therefore, to the public interests, and not for the mere personal benefit of the lords and commoners of manors, the Legislature passed the General Inclosure Act of 41 Geo. III. c. 109, which has since been followed by several others on the same subject, the General Act now in force being the 8 and 9 Vic. c. 118. The facilities for dealing with waste lands have been so increased by these Acts, that a vast extent of commons have already been inclosed under them. Whenever a commoner desires an inclosure, he makes application to the commissioners under these Acts, and an assistant-commissioner is then sent down to make inquiries and hear objections, and report upon the circumstances of the case; and the commissioners, after examining the matter, may make a provisional order for inclosure, which must, however, receive the consent of the lord of the manor and two-thirds in value of the commoners; and if that be done, the commissioners may then report in favour of the scheme to Parliament, when the practice is to schedule in one general Act a number of the inclosure schemes so approved of by

the commissioners. The inclosure is then made under their award. In inclosures thus made under authority of Parliament, the right of the general public to be considered has to some extent been recognised; for where inclosures are called for in the neighbourhood of large towns, the commissioners are now empowered to reserve, as recreation grounds for the public, a certain area not exceeding ten acres; but although this might be quite sufficient for the recreation of a small town, it is of no value for the recreation of a vast population like that which inhabits London or any large city or town at a distance from it. Notwithstanding the great zeal with which the Inclosure Commissioners have gone to work to inclose as much land as possible whenever their assistance has been invoked, there are still, even in the neighbourhood of London, large open spaces to which those in 'populous city pent,' may at times resort, to enjoy a little fresh air and admire the charms of nature. It appears, by a late parliamentary return, that there yet remains an area of more than 13,000 acres of uninclosed land within a radius of fifteen miles round London, and more than 38,000 acres within a radius of twenty-five miles. If we took the radius of one hour's distance by railway from London the quantity would be still greater, and this is the true mode of measurement. The value of such land for building purposes has so enormously increased of late years, that the wonder is that every acre has not been inclosed already; but, fortunately for the public, there are practical difficulties in the way of proceedings under the Inclosure Acts which arise out of conflicts between the claims of the lords and commoners of manors, and these have hitherto operated to impede the progress of inclosures, except in the agricultural districts,

and it is in those districts alone that they are now necessary with reference to the interests of the public.

The fact is, that, in the view of the Inclosure Commissioners, the rights of the lord are in general sufficiently compensated by an allotment to him of no more than one-fifteenth or one-twelfth part of the land inclosed, the remainder being apportioned among the commoners. This is according to the general practice, though a few exceptional cases have occurred in which, for special reasons, the lord has had a larger proportion. In a recent case where a railway company purchased part of Barnes Common, and paid the purchase-money into the Court of Chancery, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Wm. Page Wood, distributed it among the lord and commoners by giving one-twelfth to the lord, and eleven-twelfths to the commoners. The justness of the view on which the Inclosure Commissioners have so long proceeded has therefore been substantially confirmed by one of our most eminent judges. This method of apportionment makes an inclosure under the Acts more valuable to the commoners than to the lord. The latter may also have another reason for not wishing an inclosure to be made when the waste land is in a populous district; for he may have lands of his own surrounding the common, the value of which, for building purposes, may be made greater by the common being kept open. But the lord has an absolute veto on inclosure, and the commoners without his concurrence can do nothing.

The railways, however, have lately made all land in the neighbourhood of London so easily accessible, and therefore of such increased value for building purposes, that the commons and open spaces have presented an irresistible temptation to the cupidity of certain lords of manors who have set their wits to

work in order to discover a method of turning them to a profitable account, by inclosing and appropriating the whole for their exclusive use, without having recourse to the Inclosure Acts at all, for under the provisions of those Acts not more than one-fifteenth or one-twelfth would be allotted to them; and several aggressive attempts of the most audacious kind, as, for instance, at Berkhamsted, have lately been made for that purpose, in open defiance of the rights of the commoners. With this view the dust has been brushed off the ancient Statute of Merton, which had so long been considered as a 'dead letter,' and the lords now pretend that under its obsolete provisions they are, to use its barbarous language, entitled to 'approve' the waste lands of which the soil belongs to them, but the usufruct and herbage to the commoners. As to the commoners, their rights are flatly denied; and in disregard of the fact that the Statute of Merton has no application whatever to commoners who are copyholders, and can only, in very few cases, be made available against freeholders, the lords, without any consent of the homage and acting on no authority but their own, have lately sold numerous portions of the wastes of their manors, and put the entire proceeds into their own pockets. They have already carried their aggressions so far, that in a short time, if their unlawful acts continue unresisted, we shall find that the beautiful commons and open spaces which environ London, and are its choicest ornaments, will be absorbed by the greed of persons who have little more than nominal rights over them. In the mean time, the commoners, whose rights are invaded, look on in angry wonder, but do nothing effectual in the way of resistance, except occasionally. In the case of Berkhamsted Common, however, a gentleman really was found who, in the un-

doubted exercise of his rights, if he, as a commoner, has been injuriously affected by Lord Brownlow's invasion of that beautiful district, lately caused a fence and iron rails extending over several miles which had been raised by Lord Brownlow's land-agent, to be levelled in one night. The law as to commons is obscure in many respects; but if any point is well settled, it is that illegal inclosures by the lord may be broken down by any commoner aggrieved thereby, and the whole obstruction may be removed out of the way, and not merely a breach made in it sufficient to enable the commoner and his cattle to obtain access.

The notable discovery which the lords of manors have made within the last few years, that commons may be enclosed by them of their own authority, under the Statute of Merton, arises from the circumstance that very few of the persons entitled to common of pasture have lately availed themselves of the practical exercise of their rights. Increased attention has been paid to the breeding and feeding of cattle, and the rough methods of our ancestors have been superseded by a more scientific system. It has been found by experience that valuable cattle turned out to graze on commons are liable to catch diseases, and will not when sold realise so much profit as they would have done if fed on inclosed and improved land, though the rent payable for the inclosure has to be deducted from the price. The commoners, therefore, have suspended, though they have not renounced, the exercise of their rights. The lords, perceiving how few have turned out cattle on the commons, have persuaded themselves into the erroneous belief that no one has the right to do so except those few who have, in their recollection, availed themselves of it; and in some cases, where there was, according to the custom of the manor,

a commonable right to estovers, the lords have purposely cut down all pollards which commoners might lop, in the vain belief that with the removal of the pollards the right to estovers would disappear also. It has, however, been decided that when a right of common has once been established, mere neglect or non-user will not destroy the right. A positive, unequivocal abandonment of the right must be proved; but evidence of mere neglect is not sufficient for that purpose.

The mischief arising from illegal inclosures having become notorious, and being still on the increase, the House of Commons, in February 1865, appointed a Select Committee 'to inquire into the best means of preserving for the public use, the Forests, Commons, and Open Spaces in and around the Metropolis.' This Select Committee, which had Mr. John Locke, Q.C., for its chairman, displayed much ability in the examination of the witnesses brought before it, collected a great body of valuable evidence, and made two reports, in April and June 1865, which have since been printed by order of the House.

Some of the information elicited by this Committee will be found highly instructive, more especially that which relates to several of the most beautiful spots near London, which, as places of recreation, many of us have known and enjoyed from youth upwards until now, and which we must all wish to see 'rescued from obliteration. Epping Forest is one of these. It extends over about 7,000 acres, of which 2,680 acres are still uninclosed. It formerly extended over about 60,000 acres, of which 12,000 were uninclosed in 1640. This favourite haunt of those who reside at the east of London, is sometimes visited by 50,000 persons on Sundays and Mondays, in fine weather, and on certain special holidays, like Easter Monday, the number has been

computed at 200,000. The parts most frequented are the 1,800 acres of open space of the forest comprised in Wanstead Flats and Woodford Common, and situated at Leyton and Walthamstow. But buildings are springing up in every direction, and the lords of manors and the wealthy landowners in the district are constantly taking advantage of the supineness of the Board of Woods to make inclosures there, in defiance as well of the forestal rights of the Crown as of the rights of the commoners. If these forestal rights were properly insisted on, such inclosures would be impracticable; for, although the soil of Epping Forest belongs to the lords of the manors or their grantees, the Crown has an exclusive right, throughout the whole extent, to the beasts of forest, the beasts of chase, and the beasts and fowls of warren; and these comprise all deer, roes, hares, rabbits, pheasants, and partridges. The Crown is also entitled to the 'vert'—i.e. the covert necessary to supply these animals with food and shelter. For many centuries the rights of the Crown were protected by a particular jurisdiction called the Verderer's Court, which has only of late years been suffered to fall into abeyance, and, under the orders of this court, any improper inclosures were at once pulled down and abated. But, by the Act of 10 Geo. IV. c. 50, the forests and chases of the Crown were placed in the hands of the Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues; and in 1851 a new arrangement was made, by which the land revenues were placed under the management of the Board of Woods, and the parks and pleasure-grounds under the Board of Works. The charge of Epping Forest devolved on the Hon. J. K. Howard, of the Board of Woods, who, considering his department as one of revenue only, and finding that the forestal rights

brought in no pecuniary return, came to the determination that the public should no longer be put to the expense of preventing encroachments; such prevention, he told the Select Committee, conferred no benefit on the general tax-payers of the country, though it might be beneficial to persons living at the east end of London! Acting on this narrow view, he was actually on the point of selling the rights of the Crown over the 2,680 acres of uninclosed land in Epping Forest for the paltry sum of 12,000*l*. This would have enabled the entirety of that invaluable district to be inclosed, and the public excluded; but his career of improvidence was checked in 1863 by the House of Commons voting an address to the Queen, that she would be graciously pleased to give directions that no sales to facilitate inclosures be made of Crown lands or Crown forestal rights within fifteen miles of the metropolis. The course so taken by the House of Commons appears to have been particularly distasteful to Mr. Howard, who not being able to sell, has wilfully abstained from all proceedings to maintain the forestal rights.

In consequence of its having become notorious that no steps would be taken on the part of the Crown to prevent encroachments, numerous inclosures have been lately made, and are still going on within the forest; and one gentleman has boldly enclosed more than 300 acres at Chingford, which he only purchased in 1844, subject to the forestal rights of the Crown, and no steps have been taken against him. We are glad, however, to find that the evidence taken by the Select Committee on this subject, and the strong opinion expressed by them, has roused the Government to the necessity of doing something, and that, at the first meeting of Parliament after the Easter recess, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving certain resolutions of the

House as a foundation for legislation during this session, explained that one change intended to be made was to transfer the supervision of the forestal rights of the Crown in Epping Forest from the Board of Woods to the Board of Works. He has since brought in a Bill for that purpose, the effect of which will be to place what is transferred on the same footing as the Parks, from which no revenue is derived. We believe that the Board of Works will not tolerate any robbery of public rights entrusted to it, merely because it would cost money to enforce redress.

The circumstances relating to Lord Spencer's late scheme for inclosing Wimbledon Common under parliamentary authority, and making it into a park, and selling large outlying portions, is one which will be well remembered by our readers. The scheme was not approved by the House of Commons, and although really intended by Lord Spencer in perfect good faith as a public benefit, it was founded on assumptions of an exclusive title in himself which we cannot consider to be well founded. Wimbledon has, for the present, been saved. It is admitted that there are at least 250 copyholders of the manor, some of whom have cottages, and although their rights and those of the freeholders of the manor are denied by the lord, it will not be found very easy to dispute them successfully, or to inclose without their concurrence; and we hope that Wimbledon may yet remain for centuries to come as a wild open common. We are, however, sorry to learn that Lord Spencer has already commenced a series of aggressions that may speedily involve him in litigation, and that there are indications of an intention on his part to commence brick-making operations, and gravel-digging devastations, which if unchecked may reduce Wimbledon to the miserable plight of Wandsworth.

Wandsworth Common, which was once from its great beauty a very jewel of the metropolis, has fared cruelly under the auspices of the Spencer family. It now comprises about 150 acres only; but the present lord and his predecessor have sold, within the last thirteen years, upwards of 140 acres for sums which have realised 15,336*l*. Some, however, were purchased by a railway company. The residents in the district had formerly a lease of the lord's rights, and under their management the common was kept in excellent order as an open space for the use and enjoyment of the public. Gravel and turf were only permitted to be taken in such a manner and under such restrictions as did not interfere with the beauty of the place. But on the expiration of the lease, the late Lord Spencer refused to renew it, and the work of destruction was soon after commenced. There are about fifty copyholders of the manor, but their rights, and those of the freeholders of the manor, have been wholly disregarded. It was assumed that the lord was absolute owner, or, at least, that there would be no commoner who would have the courage to litigate the question with him. The persons who reside around the common are few in number, and most of the persons interested are poor. When the inclosures first commenced, four of the principal residents met together to consider what should be done; but it turned out that they were all lawyers, and their dislike of litigation at their own risk was as great as the dislike of a doctor to his own physic. Nothing therefore was done, though a good example had been set them several years before at Wimbledon by Mr. Drax, who owns property adjoining that common. It appears that a gentleman named Tucker purchased the lord's manorial rights over a small portion of that common and inclosed it; but Mr. Drax

broke down the fence, and neither Mr. Tucker nor the lord ventured to proceed against him. The consequences of the want of spirit displayed by the commoners of Wandsworth have been most calamitous. Not only has half the common been illegally inclosed, but the remaining half has been subjected to the vilest treatment. The green turf has been stripped off its surface, the trees have been injured or destroyed, enormous quantities of gravel have been excavated without regard to any consideration but the convenience of those who dig it, and large pits have been formed, filled to the depth of several feet with water, from which on one morning there was pulled out the dead body of a drowned man, who had vainly sought health and recreation there, and lost his life in the attempt. Mr. Rose, one of the four lawyers who would not litigate, gave his personal assistance in fishing for the dead body, but found that the excitement it gave him before breakfast was, after all, only a poor compensation for the former amenities of the place.

Fortunately Clapham Common has at present escaped from being ruined in the same manner; for the inhabitants have still a lease from Lord Spencer of that portion which belongs to him. The principal portion, however, belongs to Colonel Bowyer, who has always acted in the most liberal way to the commoners. Lord Spencer's lease has not expired, and the commoners are a rich and powerful body of persons who are not likely to suffer their rights to be invaded with impunity. If it should ever experience the unhappy fate of its lamented sister at Wandsworth, the name of Spencer, which was formerly given, in honour of one member of that noble family, to a coat with its tails torn off, may aptly be applied to a devastated and degraded metropolitan common.

Tooting Common is also so

flagrant a case that it cannot be passed over in silence. The facts relating to it are peculiar. That part of the common which is in the parish of Tooting alone, extends over nearly 60 acres. In 1812, Mr. Thomas, the then lord of the manor of Tooting Graveney, sold a small portion of this common. The statute of Merton had not then been exhumed from the dust of ages, and the inclosure was probably made in reliance that the act would pass unchallenged, and that what it was everybody's business to oppose would be effectually opposed by nobody. The inhabitants, however, took up the matter with great spirit, and resolutions were passed at meetings of the parish vestry, declaring that the inhabitants had always enjoyed unlimited rights of pasture on the common, and would not permit any part to be inclosed, and they refused to come to any arrangement with Mr. Thomas until he had paid all the expenses and removed any obstruction. A compromise was ultimately effected. But in 1824, Mr. Thomas again inclosed three or four acres with the consent of the parishioners, on his contributing 400*l.* to the building of the new church. Trifling encroachments were afterwards made, but always with compensation. In 1861 the manor and some houses and cottages were in the market for sale. The residents in the neighbourhood were anxious that the property, when sold, should pass into the hands of some one who was equally desirous with themselves that it should be preserved in its existing state; and several of the most influential men were in communication with one another to make arrangements for purchasing it with that view, when their proceedings were stayed by the circulation of a report that Mr. William James Thompson, a colonial broker of the City of London, who had resided at Tooting for eighteen years,

and lived in the manor house, and was well known to be opposed to all inclosure, had determined to bid for it. His neighbours immediately jumped at the conclusion that the matter had better be left to him, and by universal consent none of them would bid against him, as in his hands the common was considered safe. Mr. Thompson, however, as carefully avoided giving any pledge that would bind him on the subject, as he did giving any hint that might disabuse the minds of his neighbours from the conclusion so favourable to himself which they had too hastily arrived at. He left them, by his silence, in a fool's paradise; and his prudence was so effective that he was suffered, at the sale, to become the purchaser of the manor and the houses and cottages for 3,285*l.* only. The houses and cottages were let at 100*l.* a year. The manor itself was estimated at the sale at the like annual sum, and therefore about 1,650*l.* was all it fetched at the sale. The premises were conveyed to Mr. Thompson in December 1862, when a new light instantaneously, and as by magic, broke in upon his mind as to the extensive nature of the rights of the lord and the limited nature of the rights of the commoners. His solicitor possibly enlightened him as to the Statute of Merton, and the new doctrine that commons could be inclosed under it by the lord alone; and perhaps the circumstance that some of the common was estimated by himself as worth 1,000*l.* an acre for building, may have induced him to study the merits of the legal question with more industry than impartiality. Under the influence of his new impressions he vigorously set to work to inclose the whole common, and convert it into building-land for his own benefit; and acted with so much rapidity, that Mr. Wetherell, the Assistant Inclosure Commissioner, was put in motion, and commenced his operations within four

months from the date of the conveyance. Mr. Thompson also—with the benevolent desire of ‘making the nature of his claims understood’—commenced some actions of trespass against his neighbours who had ventured on the common; and on being remonstrated with, and offers being made to take the purchase off his hands, he declared that his purchase was fairly worth 30,000*l.*; and so, in truth, it might have been, if he could inclose the common of his own authority, in disregard of what he was now, for the first time, pleased to term the ‘imaginary rights’ of the commoners. He stated before the Select Committee that when he made his purchase he really believed that the rights of common existed, and had bought expressly subject to such rights; but he unblushingly asserted that his subsequent researches had convinced him of the groundlessness of his former opinion, and he had ascertained that the alleged commoners had now no rights over the common, and that there were very few actual commoners, none in fact except one person, who had rights of common in respect of a little tenement of two and a half acres. The Select Committee appear to have been very much struck with this interesting case, and with the naïve simplicity which Mr. Thompson and his steward displayed when examined as witnesses. Ultimately, whilst the inquiry was proceeding, it was announced that an amicable arrangement had been come to between Mr. Thompson and the affrighted inhabitants, who desired to avoid litigation, though they had in truth but little reason to fear it. Should this arrangement be effected, half the common will be kept open, and the other half be appropriated by Mr. Thompson for his own exclusive use, with liberty to inclose and build on it at the end of twenty-one years, when every acre will probably be worth 1,000*l.*, or even

more. It is doubtful, however, whether such an arrangement can be made binding without the sanction of Parliament, and should that sanction be applied for, there will be an opportunity of considering the matter in the public interests. At present it can only be regarded as a provisional arrangement of imperfect obligation. Should some dissatisfied commoner, who has done nothing to bind himself, break down Mr. Thompson’s inclosure within the next twenty years, that gentleman may yet find that he has not made so good and sure a bargain as he imagines, and the whole common may ultimately be preserved. We shall indulge in no reflections on the skill of Mr. Thompson’s manoeuvres, beyond the remark that they enable us to appreciate, better than we could before, the bitter sarcasm of Henri Heine, that God listens with more complacency to the swearing of a French trooper than to the praying of a London trader.

Our space will not allow us to explain the circumstances relating to the other commons round London, or even to discuss the question respecting Hampstead Heath, and the alleged wrongs of the disconsolate Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, though if we were to relate the latter we might elicit more smiles than tears from an unsympathising public. We must, however, take notice of a delightful incident which was brought to the attention of the select committee by Sir Denis Le Marchant. This important functionary, the clerk of the House of Commons, resides at Chobham Place, on the border of Chobham Common. His estate has cost him about 40,000*l.*, and if the common were inclosed under the Inclosure Acts, he would, as a commoner, have perhaps several hundred acres allotted to him immediately adjoining his own ground. He and his predecessors in title have delighted themselves in the amenities to their

residence afforded by the common, and they have been accustomed to consider Chobham Place as the paragon of health, and a place secluded from all possible annoyances by unpleasant neighbours. The lord of the manor of Chobham is, however, a nobleman of advanced age, and too infirm to attend to business, and the management of his affairs is left wholly in the hands of his agent, who appears to be a convert to the doctrines of the Board of Woods. We can fancy the consternation of Sir Denis, when getting up one fine morning to sniff the country air, he found that a brickmaker, under the authority of a lease from the lord of the manor, had established himself on a portion of the common immediately opposite Chobham Place, which he had taken of the lord at the rent of 5*l.* an acre, and was building a brick-kiln there, with the amiable purpose of making profit for himself at the expense of the happiness of Sir Denis and his family. To smoke out the House of Commons in the person of their esteemed officer during the pendency of the inquiry by their Select Committee, was a bold stroke on the part of lords of manors, and excellently adapted to teach the meaning of 'improvement' under the Statute of Merton! One anecdote however, of a more pleasing character remains. The lord of the manor of Banstead (Mr. Alcock, M.P.), deserves to be mentioned with special honour, for he appeared before the Select Committee and offered to give up his rights as lord in order to secure the vast downs of the manor, extending over 1,400 acres, as open spaces for the use and recreation of the public.

The details we have thus given respecting the metropolitan commons prove how eager most lords of manors are, just at present, to act in excess of their rights; and show also that any timidity exhibited by the commoners will imme-

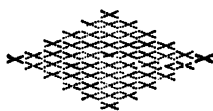
diately be presumed on. If the latter are not willing to see themselves 'approved' off the face of the earth, they should be prompt in repelling every fresh invasion of their commons, or they will soon have nothing left to defend. The commons round London have been preserved for centuries by the public spirit of those to whose rights the present commoners have succeeded, and the men of the present day will be covered with ignominy if, when their rights are infringed, they tamely submit without resistance. A subject of such great importance should be looked upon, both by individuals and by Government Boards, as something more than a mere question of money, and if the assistance of Parliament to preserve or defend existing rights is ever to be invoked, it can only be obtained by the previous exhibition of such manly conduct as will command and deserve public sympathy.

We cannot now discuss so extensive a question as the course which Parliament should pursue in legislating on the subject, but will restrict ourselves to one or two observations only.

The Select Committee by their first report recommended the repeal of the Statute of Merton, and that no inclosure shall be made under the Inclosure Acts within the metropolitan area. We concur in thinking that the repeal of the Statute of Merton should take place, not because it gives any benefit to the lords of manors of which they should be deprived, but because it was intended for the public benefit and has proved to be either useless or mischievous. The Legislature has by the Inclosure Acts provided a method of inclosure which answers all just purposes, and no other method should be permitted. By their second report the Select Committee have further recommended that a Board be appointed as trustees for

the preservation of commons and open spaces within the metropolitan area, with certain specified duties and powers; and a Bill has been already brought into Parliament with that view. These recommendations are very well so far as they go; but the simple repeal of the obscurely worded and ill-understood statute of Merton would not be sufficient to remove the uncertainty which environs the legal view of the question, and something more explicit in the way of legislation is required in its place. It

would, moreover, give great dissatisfaction if the metropolis alone is to be considered. There are extensive commons in the immediate neighbourhood of numerous large towns throughout Great Britain, which ought, if possible, to be preserved, either wholly or in part, as open spaces to which the inhabitants may resort for exercise and recreation, and some opportunity ought to be afforded for enabling them to remain perpetually unclosed and accessible to the public without trespass.



THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.

A. Nobel.

BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STEEPLECHASE.

Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos.—VIRG. *Georg.* liber 3.

The knights will ride
In all their pride.—MACAULAY.

VIOLET CARLOSS in the mean time went to bed. She was supremely happy; she had never indeed been anything else, but this was a new era of happiness. There was no false sentimentality about Violet; she admitted to herself that she had long loved Frank, and was glad that she had now a right to tell him so. Violet's was no pleasure alloyed with pain, a fitful feverish attack of straight noses, or sabretasches. It was a love of singular simplicity; full, rich, guileless and unsuspecting, sure to be a happy love, and all-enduring: somewhat exacting from its intensity. Yet a love to mellow into friendship, not a mere child of fancy, but the offspring of an instinct in Violet, akin to inspiration. It was a blossom hardy enough in a kindly soil; not to be killed, but made unproductive by neglect. These are the hearts that live through every trial; that feeling no distrust believe in none; that bend, oh, how long and painfully! before they break. And there was a great deal of childishness in Violet in the midst of it all. She was not much wiser than when he was first introduced to her at Lymmersfield; but then it is not the wisdom of women that men fall in love with. Frank fell in love with her beauty, her sincerity, her cheerfulness, her guileless innocence, but not with her understanding; and he often told her so.

She was fond of comparing Frank to other people, and the comparison

was generally a flattering one. She saw Lord Alfred Sloper with his hands in his trowser-pockets, gloves and all, in which his fingers appeared to reach to his knees: and she thought how much better it was to carry an umbrella as Frank did. She saw that Charlie Ryder wore his hat a little on one side, and had difficulty to get his head round from the elaborate nature of his collar. She preferred Frank's unpretending looseness of toilette, though the strangulation style seemed by far the most popular. Captain Cheesman was one of the very best fellows in the British army; but he would wear the thickest and largest of boots at the end of the very tightest and trimmest of trowsers. She would picture the two arm in arm on the Parade, and draw most unworthy comparisons between them and Frank. In the middle of her true and honest love, these were childish prejudices; but she cherished them.

It will be observed that Frank Beauclerc had neither time to make a formal proposal to Madame Rosenfels, nor inclination that night to tell his secret to his own father. They two had plenty to talk about, without putting new wine into such old bottles as their reminiscences. They tried to recollect one another. The Colonel swore to the eyes; but he was thinking of his dead wife after many years of absence, and alas! some of infidelity. Frank remembered the dark hair, and thin

... he said; the nervous ... remarkable enough forsooth, ... used to draw horses on his ... for him. They soon recol- ... enough between them to ... building a temple to eternal ... friendship, past and to come.

'Are you going to dress before you go to the course, Frank?' said little Charlie Ryder, walking in and picking up a black jacket with gold belt, which was lying on a chair near the fire the following morning.

'No: I'm going to drive the drag, otherwise I should. You'd better.'

Breakfast went on merrily in the mess-room. It was full of hard-riding captains, of all services, who were hungry and impatient. Terrier-dogs were there, smooth, rough, toy, and badger-drawing. The unhappy 'sub,' who had come in from stable-duty, was tightly buttoned up, and his spurs and accoutrements clanked like the bow of Apollo as he walked by the shore of the hoarse-sounding main. Two or three more, the victims of circumstances, rather than misplaced affection for their duty, were in semi-mufti, gold-laced pantaloons, and fancy monkey-jackets. A few wore the insignia of their day's calling; the neatest and most highly-polished tops and leathers, and the very hairiest of topcoats. That is what is called 'business.'

'Charming day, Colonel; not too cold,' said Frank, looking out of window.

'Very pleasant for the time of year. Who's going to drive?'

'I am, sir,' replied he, turning round sharply.

'What sort of a team; not your favourite mare, I hope?'

'No, sir; a new one, that hasn't been before the bars yet. That was a good animal, Colonel. She was, indeed; only she would get her hind-leg over the traces; peculiar going.'

'Is very like kicking, Frank. We ought to start soon.'

'Ready?' said Frank; 'Colonel, would you like to come by me? Put that rug over you. Now then,' and they turned out of the yard, and came down the Stein, with the bars swinging, and the leaders only just beginning to settle as they got on to the Parade.

'Beauclerc, here's your brother on the steps of the Bedford,' said Tom Dashwood, as the team turned through the gates in front of that hostelry.

'Not exactly,' said Frank, laughing. 'I'm an only son. The Colonel has allowed me to give my father a lift as far as the course; he only came down last night, and here he is.' Saying which, they came to a halt at the foot of the steps, at the top of which stood Everard Beauclerc.

The drag of the —th Hussars could not have had a more agreeable addition to its load. Frank felt proud of his father, and the opportunity of introducing him to his brother-officers was a good one. They had inquiries to make about old friends in India, the service, civil and military; late events; and the thousand topics that men in high military society always have. The youngsters regarded him as an old acquaintance from the popularity of his son, and soon discovered that he was as young as they. Some men die young at eighty.

'Get up in front, Colonel Beauclerc,' said Sloper, jumping down with his hands out of his pockets this time, when he knew who he was; 'pray don't sit behind; we can go anywhere, and you'll like to be with Frank.'

So Everard Beauclerc settled himself behind his son; and it would be a delicate and not very amusing task to unravel the feelings of the father, when he found himself in his present position.

Presently the drag got into a crowd of carriages, as it neared the course, and began threading its way

safely, thanks to Frank Beauclerc's coachmanship, at a good pace in and out of all descriptions of vehicles—private barouches, with pairs out, costermongers' carts, holiday vans, mysteriously tenanted broughams, led horses, rival or friendly drags from other regiments and quarters, Brighton flies without number, and a band of musicians in a large four-horse waggonette, which struck up prospectively 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and nearly sent the novice before the bars into hysterics.

'Now then, gentlemen,' said the gate-keeper, who stopped the way at a sort of field-gate, with a mongrel kind of road, something between a heap of stones and a cart rut, 'pay here.' The janitor was satisfied with a sovereign, and the novice, after standing on her hind-legs, while he ascertained whether it was a good one or not, found herself on some stiff clay; she seemed to get her hind-legs out of it with greater freedom than her fore-legs; and, as the Colonel remarked, 'if it hadn't been for her colour, she might have been taken for Frank's old favourite.'

The longest lane has a turning, and shortly they were all in the weighing-room, and the drag was drawn up opposite to the grand stand.

It was a great day for South-downshire. Everybody was there. The master of the hounds lent his servants to keep the course on their best horses (it was a non-hunting day, of course). He was himself doing his duty as a steward; an arduous one enough; but which does not usually appear to entail much responsibility. It would be well for the sport if it did more. The county was there, or arriving, in great force. The hampers were large, the bonnets small but startling, and the pasties done to a turn. Everybody seemed to have some ribbons somewhere, excepting the

farmers, who were great in top-boots and brown cords. The gentleman who undertook the office of starter for this occasion only, was sufficiently well known even in his disguise. He had adopted the boots, leggings, corduroy breeches, and velvet shooting-jacket of his own keeper, and rode a ragged old bald-faced cob with a dog-whip, having left several hundred guineas' worth of horseflesh in his stable at home.

The stand was admirably situated at the side of a hill; and opposite to it was a large open space for the carriages and foot people, commanding at least two-thirds of a very fair hunting vale. The brook was within view of both; and as the popular opinion is in favour of a good ducking, with an idea that you cannot get hurt in taking a bath, a great many were drawn up in its vicinity. There were, more or less, forty fences to be jumped, and four miles of country to be run over.

The arrangements were good, considering that they had been entrusted, in the main, to the principal innkeeper in the sporting little town of Purlover. He was excited at breakfast; what is called by the Dutch up-zee (qu. tipsy), or half-seas over, by luncheon; and had arrived at the shaking-hands point by the time the principal race was to be run. He cleared all the money that was to be got out of the meeting, was in everybody's way, gave some incoherent instructions as to the course to be run, and was found towards the end of the day, when some question was to be settled by the stewards, with a wet hay-band round his head, and fast asleep in the weighing room.

A match opened the proceedings, which excited but little beyond local interest. The little bay mare ran clean away from the old brown horse, who came in lame. So it was locally described.

The farmers were delighted.

They had a hundred pounds of somebody's money to run for in return for having enjoyed themselves over their own and their neighbours' fences and wheat, at the gallant master's expense.

The hare-hunting interest was duly represented of course. I cannot say positively that a master of harriers appeared in the saddle; but there was a strong entry for the handicap, and it was pocketed by a notorious poacher, half-brother to the drunken innkeeper, strongly suspected of shooting hares. The half-brother was sober enough when he made the handicap, and was just capable of witnessing the success of his performance.

The great event of the day, and indeed that which brought together so many innocent-looking bonnets and bright eyes on a January morning, was the Officers' Challenge cup, open to the district, and to be ridden for only by officers on active service. *Active* service appears to me to embrace a great deal.

'Sloper, my boy, how are you? are you going to ride?' said an old gentleman.

'No, I've nothing fit.'

'Active service in country quarters varies a little from larger and more fashionable localities,' again persisted his too curious friend.

'Undoubtedly.' Though, to say the truth, his lordship was equally active everywhere.

'Yes,' continued he, 'We're always pretty lucky; Dublin, or Brighton, or Hounslow, but when a fellow gets into Connemara or up in Scotland, or a small country town up among the manufacturers, it's rather dull.'

'So I should think. What do you do then?'

'There's always snipe-shooting in Ireland, and hunting generally.'

'That's very active service, and ought to qualify a man for anything.'

'Yes, but it's not so bad as

Brighton,' rejoined Sloper rather quickly. 'The life there is intolerably hard. There's a daily inspection of all the women. Morning and evening parade. Lots of ball practice, and beauty without end to lay siege to.'

'We're very late;' of course they were; being gentlemen-jockeys it was but natural. There were six starters, who all wanted button-hooks, excepting two who had dressed themselves beforehand. There was not a saddle nor a man whose weight did not want adjusting at the last moment; and when Frank emerged, as he did now from the inclosure, the clerk of the course had not even rung the bell for clearing it. The proverbial dog was still walking about in the crowd unmolested; not a glass was up, excepting those of sherry and champagne.

Jenny Jumps was made the favourite. 'Now then, out of the way if you please,' shouted her owner, as he took his preliminary canter, turning over a gaping rustic without doing much damage to him, and effectually clearing a course for Tom Dashwood on the Clipper. Frank Beauclerc came next on the Don, and the remaining four in succession; the Skedaddler, at length saddled and his owner dressed, bringing up the rear.

'Nice mover that horse of Mr. Beauclerc's,' said a ringman, eyeing him critically as he galloped past. 'He can ride him too. If his condition's as good as his horse's he ought to win. I lay four to one against the Don.' This unexpected conclusion at which he had arrived astonished no one but the inexperienced, of whom there were not many in the neighbourhood.

'Done, in hundreds,' said a tall handsome man in the most good-humoured of voices, close at the speaker's elbow. 'Again, if you like.'

'Not for me, sir; may I trouble you for your name?'

'Beaunclerc, Colonel Beaunclerc; the Clarendon; but I shall be at Tattersall's on Monday.'

Frank Beaunclerc was accustomed to take the world as he found it. He had always had a liberal allowance, and had spent it not entirely on himself, nor recklessly upon others; and, though not an experienced financier, he had done as much good with a thousand a year as any colonel of cavalry in the service. He was always helping others out of scrapes; the Colonel's generosity more frequently helped others into them.

On the present occasion he was not long in finding Violet. He brought his father to the Ashdale carriage; and the introduction, so unexpected, was a sufficient explanation of Frank's absence from Madame Rosenfels' house that morning. When presented by name to that young lady, Colonel Beaunclerc looked at her with considerable interest at first. He talked to her much: seemed charmed with her *naïveté*, as everybody was with her beauty. Violet too thought she had never seen such a person as Frank's father, and set down his particular attentions to her to a wrong cause. 'Ashdale,' said the Colonel presently, taking his newly found cousin on one side, and renewing their former acquaintance. 'Who is Miss Carlloss? I mean of what family was she; as she tells me that she was born in India, and has lived ever since she was a baby with Madame Somebody, at Lymmersfield. Which of the Carllosses is she?—there are half-a-dozen in the three presidencies.'

'Really I haven't the least idea; I'll ask Evelyn,' and Fred Ashdale turned for that purpose.

'No, no: on no account,—it's a matter of mere curiosity.'

'I suppose you know your boy saved her life at a pic-nic?'

'Indeed I know nothing—I've only been in the country about eight-

and-forty hours. It's a very dangerous amusement with such a girl as that.'

They're off! The magic sound operated like a charm: glasses went up and obscured bright eyes—the buzz of conversation ceased, excepting an occasional soliloquy. 'Jenny Jumps will win this,' says an authority aloud, addressing nobody in particular. 'Not if Cheesman can get Vagabond over the water,' replies another well-informed plunger on the top of a drag, without removing the glasses from his eyes. 'They're all over; the next fence is a good one.'

Violet strained her eyes from the Ashdale carriage, and seemed to think it odd that no one sympathised with her. They made no more room for her to see than if she had not been more interested in the race than the rest of the spectators. She was strangely excited, and watched the Don and his rider. 'Jenny Jumps is getting beat, Charlie has been going too fast,' said Fred Ashdale from the box of his mother's carriage. Lady Evelyn wanted to know all about it. Violet Carlloss never opened her lips.

'There's somebody down,' said Ashdale again. 'Who is it?'

'I don't know: but he's up again and gone on. They'll be at the brook in a minute, Miss Carlloss: here, take my glasses. They pass this side of the carriages the first time, and into the course to finish: there's the water between the two flags. Here they come, Vagabond first; by Jove, he's put his ears back! he won't have it.' True enough Vagabond refused, and as he turned the Skedaddler's chance was put out by running straight into him, and the two went ignominiously into the water; Frank Beaunclerc and Charlie Ryder cleared it to the right, side by side, and were followed by the rest, who got over safely, one with a scramble.

In this order the five who were

in the race went on with it. Violet watched them with her heart as well as eyes. 'There's one down at the timber; I believe it's Beauclerc.' Violet had time to turn pale,—'No, it's not—it's Jenny Jumps: Cheesman's nearly caught 'em. What a pace that Vagabond can go. Well jumped, Beauclerc; only three more fences. The Don wins for a hundred.' And no takers. Violet's heart beat faster and faster. 'Frank Beauclerc's leading by a length, Cheesman's second, Dashwood's third, and Jenny Jumps fourth, the rest nowhere.' They had now made a turn with only two fences to jump, and a straight run in between the stand and the carriages. On they came, heads, eyes, glasses, and hearts, all pointing one way. It's a race,' roars one. 'Beauclerc wins,' shouts another. 'No—Vagabond comes at last,' as the thoroughbred one, splendidly handled, came by his two horses, after landing over the last flight of hurdles, and challenged the Don.

It was a race indeed, the two best men in the district, and an honest struggle; neck and neck they came. But Beauclerc had not yet moved on his horse: he had made no mistake throughout, and Vagabond, though faster, had been in grief at the brook. So good a horseman as Frank Beauclerc was not likely to forget this, and sitting down on his horse, he gave him one taste of the spur, landing him on the post, a winner by about half a length.

The numbers were not up; and shouts of 'Beauclerc' and 'Cheesman' still rent the air, when the crowd rushed in. 'Three, five, Beauclerc first, Vagabond second, all right;' and down went Frederick Ashdale from the box.

At that moment, in his endeavour to pull up, and avoid doing mischief to the heedless crowd, the Don crossed his legs and fell head over heels with his rider. The crowd closed in; Frank tried to rise, but to no purpose: and fell back into

the arms of Colonel Beauclerc, who laid him on the ground apparently lifeless.

The quick eyes of Violet had followed her lover closely: she saw the fall, and the crowd. Then came a minute of intense apprehension—the horse was up, but the rider was nowhere to be seen. At length the crowd began to open; was he walking?—an accident, a broken limb perhaps, anything to relieve her anxiety. And then she saw, as they moved the people away to give him air, her idol Frank, the preserver of her life and her betrothed, insensible, and borne in the arms of his father and the people. Ah! how near is the one to the other—the essence of life and death. She had no power to speak; she had no right to weep. She looked round; the men had left the carriage to see what was the matter. Lady Ashdale and her daughter were busied with something else. She felt the colour deserting her face, as every drop of blood seemed frozen in her heart: her hands were clenched; her teeth began to close, as though to shut in an exclamation which her pride and maidenly reserve forbade, but which her whole soul prompted. Unconsciousness came to her relief, and she fell heavily into the corner of the carriage in which she had been sitting.

'I say, Goldfinch, how's that? he can't go to scale. Does he win?'

'Of course he does,' says Goldfinch; 'what! have you lost?'

'Well but, old fellow, he's obliged to ride back to scale, or else he's disqualified,' replies Swallowtail of ours; 'and he can't ride back.'

'Always excepting in case of accident, when he may be carried back or walk. See, they're taking him in now: he's badly hurt, but he's standing up, and leaning on somebody. What did you say?'

'I laid five hundred to two against him just before starting.'

'Then the sooner you pay the

better, for you've lost: it will be off your mind, and you can well afford it.'

So, for the satisfaction of the reader, we know that Frank Beaucherc was not dead yet; but Violet Carliss did not know it till some time afterwards, when Frederick Ashdale brought the intelligence. What with smelling-salts and the Inquisition, she had a rough time of it going home.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEGOTIATIONS.

*Non vultus instanti Tyrannus
Mente quatit solidâ.*—*Hor. Odes.*

The winter, which had been shorter than usual, and without frost, was lengthening into spring. Already the yellow crocuses in the gardens south and south-west of London were peeping from the ground. The grass was beginning to grow, and the world was looking for a forward, a fruitful, and consequently a sickly season.

We are back again at Lymmersfield. Madame Rosenfels' cottage is once more untenanted; and having spent her three or four months at Brighton, she is again amongst her books and her flowers. Ah! Madame Rosenfels! these innocent enjoyments are no longer for you. She was come back to economise. The change, too, was good for Violet. She had had too much excitement: at least, so said Madame. And truly the poor child did not look well. There were four persons in the cottage at Lymmersfield on this early spring morning, besides the servants. In the pretty sitting-room on the right of the door, and looking on the crocuses and the lawn—into which room I have before taken my reader—sat two young girls, totally different in disposition, as they were in appearance and talent. One was Violet—a little changed, a little thinner, more

beautiful than ever, but exhibiting a predominance of eyes over her other features which is the result of anxiety or delicacy of health. The clear outline of her nose and mouth was more marked than usual. The colour on her cheek was less pronounced. The blue veins over her eyes were fuller and more ethereal, and the beautiful eyes themselves were larger and less quiet. They had a watchful look at times, which argued want of sleep and suspicions somewhat undefined; but the long lashes still swept the cheek below, and the massive hair rippled over her low white forehead. She looked only a little too full of eyes.

Alice Colville (amongst her intimates, 'the Griffin') now sat by the side of her friend Violet, on a sofa facing the window opening upon the neat well-kept lawn and beds, studded with spring flowers ready to blossom. There was a tender interest in her look, as she put her arm round Violet's neck, and drew her head towards her own shoulder.

'So, at last it's all right, dear: Frank is well enough to be moved. He's going on leave, and he's coming here at once.'

'And why didn't he write to me, Alice? I should so like to have had a line.'

'Because he could not see Madame before you left Brighton, and he thought it better that you should not be compromised without a proper explanation.'

'Well, Griffin, I suppose you're right; but I should have written to him.'

'Of course you would, and a very pretty mess you'd have made of it. It was a very fortunate circumstance that I was at Brighton with you.'

'And what's to be done about Madame? You know she doesn't like Frank.' Violet threw a little anxiety into her voice.

'Doesn't she? That's like her perversity. She hasn't a single

quality in her mind which would enable her to appreciate him.'

'Griffin!' This was uttered reproachfully, but had no proper effect.

'Oh! I know Madame Rosenfels better than you do, Vi. So she does not like Frank? I do. I love—well, I like Frank Beauclerc better than anybody, and I—'

'What! better than your own family, Alice?'

'Excepting my own family, of course. And, if I were you, I should insist upon marrying him.'

Then they rose, and walked out of one door as Alice's father walked in at the other.

After the severe illness of Frank, consequent upon falling upon his head—which, indeed, saves some men, while others are said to be saved by falling on their legs—his first letter had been to Colville. He had followed his advice in not writing until he had had an opportunity of proposing in form. Frank's own anxiety would have led to an earlier *éclaircissement*; but, I presume, ecclesiastics are of a less ardent temperament. Be that as it may, nothing is easier than to prescribe for other people. Colville had undertaken to break the ice, and as Frank was coming tomorrow, it was time to begin, if he was to get any water. 'Now, dear, where shall we go for our drive?' As these words were pronounced, there rushed from Colville's yard a fiery, self-willed donkey, uncared-for and unkempt; the harness chiefly of string, the carriage the veriest of costermongers' carts. Neddy disdained all form and restraint, and rushed up the village, with the two girls seated side by side.

'I'm not going to be upset, Griffin, so I tell you,' exclaimed Violet, who was cognisant of her friend's mode of progression, and not sanguine of safety.

'Of course you are not, dear; I could have told you that. Where

shall we go?' Violet was silent. 'Let's go to St. Hilda's Mount. Come up, Neddy.' And in process of time they reached the scene of our former catastrophe.

'Here we are.' Neddy was with difficulty reduced to a walk, and the two girls began to admire the beauty of the drives and rides, the magnificent trees just beginning to exhibit their blossoms, the ever-green pines and deodaras, and the rhododendrons putting forth their new and bright green leaves in the early spring.

We have seen that, while the two had been spending their morning together, the Reverend Harry Colville had called upon Madame Rosenfels. That lady was at the moment concluding a conversation of an important character with the old Indian nurse, Baba; and as Mr. Colville walked in at the front door, he saw that respectable-looking woman—for a good black silk dress and brightly trimmed bonnet does wonders even for a woman of colour—walk out at the back. He recognised her notwithstanding the change. The conversation had been important. Baba herself, having but few natural advantages, and these somewhat obscured by her complexion and her age, was not unaware of the assistance which might accrue to her from an unusual attention to dress. It would have been evident to any one that for a person in her station of life her purchases, if not guided by the best taste, had been made at least regardless of expense. Madame Rosenfels felt it, with less surprise than pleasure; for, whether urged by certain natural impulses or sympathetic reminiscences, or by any mutual benefits likely to accrue, she had proposed to act towards Baba with an almost needless liberality. That dusky female had indeed availed herself of the opportunity; she was in good case altogether, and widely different in

appearance from the worn and decrepit dependant we saw in her company some months back.

'But, Baba, I'm not able to give so much, and surely you can hardly require more at present.' But Madame's display of power was not decisive enough.

'I have much to do with my money, madame; and now I want it to send back to India: I cannot go myself.'

'Not go yourself, Baba!—why not?' Madame looked hopeful that she might.

'No, no; what should I do? I have changed; I stop in England.' Baba looked cunning, and nodded at her late mistress.

'Well, then, Baba, you must talk to Mr. Shearham, and see what he can do.'

'Shearham? Very good man, Mister Shearham; but he is all talkee, talkee: no money. He says, "Go ask Madame;" Madame says, "You go ask Shearham."''

'Well, well'—here the bell rang, and Madame caught sight of Harry Colville—'we must make it out for you; only go to Shearham, and I'll write to him myself. Now do go, Baba; that's a good creature.'

When Mr. Colville had followed the old Indian woman with his eyes through the garden door at the other end of the hall, he advanced towards the entrance of the sitting-room, in which Madame Rosenfels was now alone. He came with somewhat the air of an ambassador; with a sort of assumed right of admittance, and a certainty of welcome, yet withal as an ambassador in bonds. The subject on which he was to treat was a delicate one, though no one in the neighbourhood could have been expected to manage it with greater facility or more satisfaction than he. An intimate friend of both parties, only newly released from the guardianship of one, and still retaining some sort of negative interest in the young lady,

he was a well-selected; and ought to have been a self-confident, mediator. He came to offer a very handsome alliance to an amiable and beautiful girl; plenty of money, superiority in position and birth, and something more than an average of intellectual and moral excellences; an equality in physique proportionate to their difference of sex, and an affection which was the result of an acquaintanceship of long standing.

Why did Colville hesitate on the threshold of delivery to speak out his mission? Why was he not as bold as the classic evangelist, and as certain of his reward? Because he knew instinctively that Madame Rosenfels had other objects in view for Violet, though he knew not what. Colville believed Frank Beaulclerc to be irresistible; and therefore he felt no fears for the ultimate result of his proposal in Frank's favour. But he was that moment struck with the assurance that Madame Rosenfels was not on his side, and that on her part the opposition would be strenuous.

'My dear Madame Rosenfels'—Colville was here made aware that Madame was not so capable of assuming amiability upon this particular occasion as usual. The fact is, that she had just been reminded by Baba that she was to some extent in that lady's power; and that she intended to apply pressure to see how much was to be got out of her. Even a clever, determined woman, like Adelaide Rosenfels, requires some little time to compose herself after so fatal a discovery.

'Mr. Colville!' said the handsome widow, with a somewhat dramatic start, which did not disclose the fact that he had been seen through the window—'Mr. Colville! This is very good of you, with all you have to do, to come and sit with me. Perhaps you want to see Violet: she's only in the next room: let me ring.'

'On no account. My visit is to you.' And he rose to prevent her.

'That's very flattering. Now let me ask after Mrs. Colville, and poor Frank Beauclerc; I hope he's getting well again. It was a terrible fall, wasn't it?'

'Strange to say, I came here to talk to you about Frank Beauclerc'—here Colville went on rather faster—'He's coming here to-day—probably is here at this very time. Do you know, he's taken a great fancy to Violet, and—and—' Madame gave a great start, and then a rather prolonged stare. If she meant it to signify that it was more than she could have conceived possible, she rather overacted her part.

'Frank is a very excellent fellow, Madame, and has a very great respect for you; and although he's one of the most straightforward men alive, he has asked me just to break the ice for him.'

Madame Rosenfels gave no sign of encouragement or the reverse. She only smiled, good-humouredly enough; leaving Colville in the hole which he was digging for himself.

'I think he has everything to offer that a girl can require; and if I know anything of Violet Carlross, ambition is about the last of her characteristics.'

Madame played with her bracelets, which were good. 'But I may be ambitious for her.'

'Surely not beyond the love of an honest man, with such prospects as Frank's, madame.'

'Is she likely to be influenced by them, Mr. Colville?'

'Ah! madame, do you think she would refuse?'

'Before I can entertain your proposal, Mr. Colville, I shall take care to ascertain. She has not made me her confidante; and as I have heard from neither Frank nor Colonel Beauclerc, I may assume that the question has gone no farther. They are both very young.'

'So much the better, Madame Rosenfels. Youthful marriages are happy ones. Girls and boys ought not to fritter away their best and holiest feelings upon half-a-dozen objects in their search after one. I'm an advocate for first loves and early marriage; you ought to be one of its advocates, too; like ourselves, I've heard that you were so practically.'

Madame Rosenfels thought of her own early marriage, remembered its object, its results, and how little it had to do with a first love. It gave her a cold shudder, which was almost proof against the enthusiasm of her visitor. 'You speak warmly,' said she.

'I ought to do so. I love Frank Beauclerc almost as my own children; and I plead his cause, having my own for a precedent.'

Madame Rosenfels was a little perplexed; and as Colville got warmer, he became more eloquent.

'Surely, a lady of your penetration might have discovered their secret.'

'Violet was greatly admired, and has been so wherever we have been,' said Madame, indirectly answering the question this time.

'But Frank's admiration must have had something peculiar in it. I know that, with all his warmth of heart and strength of feeling, he is self-dominant to a degree. But as there was no inequality, no need for reticence, he must have shown by his conduct—'

'Not more than others; and as neither he nor Violet have yet taken me into their confidence, I am at a loss to know how to act.'

It was true. The lady had been slighted; and she must be pacified, thought Colville. It is but right. She wants nothing but the compliment, which she certainly deserved.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BREEZE BY THE SEASIDE.

Consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram.

When Colville had taken his leave he did not go at once to his pupil room, but mounted his hack, which not unfrequently proved an Egeria to him; while Madame took a constitutional round her garden, and admired her own diplomacy. He came in the course of his ride to this conclusion: 'Madame Rosenfels' vanity has been hurt by Frank's apparent neglect of herself; or she has some reason for thinking that Violet may do better for herself. Women are terrible schemers about matrimony.'

Madame decided, with the aid of a sharp turn or two round her limited extent of shrubbery, that it would not do to part with Violet Carlross for some time to come, either to Frank Beauclerc or to any one else. She would lose all her income, all her command over Shearham and the property; and, what was infinitely worse, she would have to give an account of the trust, which would bring to light some awkward disclosures.

She determined, therefore, upon evasion or opposition. Evasion was the easier method, if but little mischief had been done. Absence, thought Madame, does not make 'the heart grow fonder,' unless it be supported by some well-assured confidence of final success. She would take care that these young people were kept apart; the great difficulty would be to find an excuse for shelving Frank Beauclerc, should he present himself to her. But she trusted to a general recognition of the inconstancy of cavalry officers, without analysing the character of Frank himself. Madame had some experience of such matters, and hoped much from hereditary infirmity of purpose, which she

believed must belong to Everard Beauclerc's son.

In the meantime, however, the little mischief was brewing.

When Alice Colville and Violet Carlross found themselves at St. Hilda's Mount, they drove gently on to the highest point of view, and from there naturally enough, and without premeditation, towards the lake.

Here the Griffin pulled up Neddy 'quite short,' as the coachmen and grammarians say. 'Now then, Vi, out with you at once; he's going to kick.' Violet sat quite still, however. 'Come, quick, get out behind; I always know when Neddy is going to begin; and I wouldn't have your death on my shoulders just now for anything. There, that's right; now you're out, are you? You'll find me at the Ruins, if we don't come to grief on the road. I shall go and sketch there. Come up, sir!' with which she gave the inoffensive little animal a most masculine refresher, and started for the Ruins at a hand gallop, leaving her friend staring upon her in hopeless mystification.

Violet had just made up her mind that the donkey had no more kick in him than the leg of a piano, and that the Griffin's eccentricity was fast verging upon insanity, when there emerged from a ride not twenty yards in front of her, a figure on horseback which she thought she knew. Seeing her, it stopped short for an instant, and then came towards her.

'Violet, dear Violet!' 'Frank at last!' and Frank Beauclerc dropped from his horse and stood by her side.

He was paler, and not quite so strong as usual; but in other respects the same. He had a thousand things to tell her—about his father; about his prospects and affairs; about their intended return to Beauvale, the old family seat; and, above all, about his illness, which had brought him nigh to death's door.

‘And Madame Rosenfels, Violet, how is she?’ added he, after a pause.

‘Aunt is much the same as usual.’

‘That was an unlucky tumble. I lost the opportunity of paying my court to her. I must begin to-morrow;’ and then, as all lovers do when they have nothing and nobody to interrupt them, they began to talk upon indifferent subjects. Those subjects, however, must have been interesting to Violet at least; for until Frank asked her how she came there, she had forgotten the kicking donkey and the sketcher among the ruins of the old abbey, and everything but the living image that stood before her.

The Ragged Staff at Lymmersfield was beautifully situated. It looked on to the village green, where it was the fashion (and is still, unless the building associations have bought up the village green, and converted it into a Paradise Row) for the boys and young men to play at cricket in the summer evening; on the left of which green rose the parish church, the parsonage, and the village school. At an open window, over a bottle of very fine claret, which Mr. Boniface had drawn from the inmost recesses of his cellar (for even his proverbial surliness had been overcome by the good-natured Colonel), sat the father and son. The spring has advanced since the visit to St. Hilda’s Mount, and Frank has been backwards and forwards between Lymmersfield and London many times since that eventful day.

‘My boy, you must sell out. I can’t get on without you; and you can’t have leave for ever.’ The Colonel filled his glass as he enunciated a truth.

‘No, sir; certainly not. But I should be a very bad hand at passing a life without responsibility.’ Frank was disposed to fence with the question.

‘You’ll have plenty of responsibility at Beauvale. You must come

and help me to manage the property. It wants plenty of looking after.’

‘Beauvale! are we going to live there?’

‘Yes; I have persuaded the tenants of my good old uncle to turn out.’

‘You have seen Beauvale, Frank? it’s a charming place,’ continued the Colonel, after a pause.

‘Once or twice only. I crossed it with the hounds the season before last.’

‘And what did you think of it? It will do—aye, my boy, you and I ought to have some happy days there. I’ve waited for mine; yours come early, thank God.’ The Colonel looked almost young enough to be Frank’s brother, and as cheerful as if he never had had a care in his life.

Now, Frank Beauclerc loved his father dearly—just as the rest of the world did, only much more. But he knew his father well, and while he gave him his fullest confidence, strange to say, he never asked his advice. He listened, however, dutifully enough when it came gratuitously.

‘Before you marry, you must leave the army, Frank. A married officer is a bore to himself and to everybody in the regiment. Besides, in your case you’ll have plenty to do without regimental duty. Now, good night, my boy.’

Saying which, Colonel Beauclerc shut down the window of the Ragged Staff, and Frank went his way to Colville’s, where there was always a bed at his service.

Madame Rosenfels and Violet were at Scarborough; the former enjoying the wholesome breezes of the Yorkshire coast, and rejoicing in the success of her manœuvres; the latter heartily tired of seaside gaieties, and desiring her old home and her old friends.

The under-current of opposition—negative opposition—to Violet’s

avowed attachment to Frank Beauclerc had produced an extraordinary change in her character. I ought to say, apparent change; for she exhibited it to no one but Madame. She was, if possible, more beautiful than ever; but the peculiarity of the beauty had somewhat changed. Whereas she once took every one by storm with a gentle violence, did everything she pleased, and won her own way in matters indifferent; whereas she once insisted with a childish simplicity, and her large eyes filled with astonishment at a contradiction, now she settled down resolutely to contest the point with her guardian. I tell you that whereas Love is our weakness, it is a woman's strength. These two had a battle to fight. They were both well fitted for the contest.

Madame Rosenfels was possessed of a good, active, energetic courage, which could act on the offensive when her own interests were concerned with wonderful skill. She was, from education and antecedents, not much fettered by high principles; and the light by which she acted had a near relationship to darkness. Violet Carlross was as honest, as truthful, as innocent, and as gentle, as she was lovely and affectionate. Grace is the characteristic of nature, as elegance is of education. In Violet Carlross the former of these was conspicuous; the latter could hardly be said to exist at all. Her opportunities for its cultivation had been but few; and it is mainly an imitative art.

At the bottom of this graceful, lovable disposition, however, there was a quality not unfrequently joined to the tenderest and softest nature—a fund of great passive determination, of patient endurance, of almost settled obstinacy, which exhibits itself, in ordinary circumstances, in a playful self-indulgence; in times of adversity, in powerful self-control.

Science, energy, activity, were all in favour of Madame.

Weight, and a capacity for punishment without flinching, distinguished her *protégée*. Violet might not fight, but she would not run away.

The sun was sparkling brightly upon the waters that danced before the eyes of the visitors to the Yorkshire coast, as they sat at breakfast.

'Violet, dear, you had a letter this morning. I sent it up to you.'

'Yes, aunt.' And Violet Carlross looked on her plate, and began an attack upon a prawn. 'It was from Frank Beauclerc.'

'And was there no message to me, dear?'

'None whatever. He is gone to Beauvale, where his father is going to live, and is coming here soon, so we shall see him on his way to Scotland.'

'Coming here! and when?' said Madame, swallowing something or other—it might be a crumb of dry toast, it sounded like a crumb of ill-humour. 'Why should he come to Scarborough?'

Why should he, indeed, excepting that he was going to Scotland, and he chose to come to see Violet on his way? It would have been very extraordinary to her had he not done so. So thought Violet, and so she said.

'And when does Frank Beauclerc think of coming?'

'He has not mentioned the day, but he is going to Scotland on the 12th if possible, and will come here as soon as some meeting has taken place about the hounds, which he wishes to attend.'

'But I hardly think we shall be here so long. I thought of going back to Lymmerville this week, if there was nothing to prevent it.' This was so new to Violet, that she looked up rather hurriedly, and said—

'Go this week! oh, that's out of the question.' Then she got up

and came round to her aunt, and putting on her old smile, while her eyes filled with tears at the same moment, she placed her hand upon Madame's shoulder, and said, 'No, aunt, that's impossible. You would not do that. It would be unkind to him, and I could not bear it. Come, aunt, you must be candid with me. What is there that you dislike in our engagement?'

'Engagement!' And Madame Rosenfels looked as incredulous and as good-humoured as if the whole were an acknowledged joke. 'It can scarcely be called that, I hope, Violet.' Violet reseated herself.

'An engagement requires good faith on both parts.'

Violet's face flushed slightly as she answered, 'Do you doubt mine?'

'No, my dear, certainly not.'

'And you have still less reason to doubt his.' Here a defiant tear stole into the girl's eyes. She could fight for her lover at any rate.

'What I meant to say was, that circumstances might alter your positions in that respect. He has seen more of the world than you; yet but little; and rumour does say——' Here she paused.

'Does rumour say anything derogatory to him?'

'Not particularly; yet, you know, he has been coupled with Lady Evelyn Ashdale; and, between ourselves, there are appearances which——'

'No, aunt, I'll not believe them. Do as you like, say what you like, but no one who knows Frank Beauclerc——'

'That's exactly what I say. Still the world will talk; and Colonel Beauclerc may be forgiven for looking higher for his son.'

'I don't know Colonel Beauclerc, it is true. He has done his best to know us—it is not his fault that he does not.'

'His fault?'

'Yes—his fault. I say it is not his fault.'

'Then, my dear child, whose fault is it?' Madame Rosenfels put on an injured air when she asked the question.

'Yours, aunt—yours. You have kept him from the house; you have made excuses for never meeting him; you have gone from place to place to avoid him; and now we are down at Scarborough, when we might have been at Lymmersfield.' All this time Madame Rosenfels had sat mute with astonishment at the courage which she had never seen before.

'Then let us go to Lymmersfield.'

'No, not now. I repeat, it is unfair upon Frank; it is unkind by me.'

'But I think that there are circumstances which make it necessary that we should return home. Let us go at once.'

'No; I cannot go, aunt.'

'Violet!'

'Until after Frank Beauclerc's proposed visit, I cannot go.'

'My dear, you forget yourself.'

'Perhaps I do, but I remember him.'

'Are you aware that you are in my power—a power that I have never exercised, but which you compel me to assert?' Madame Rosenfels stood upright to her full height, as if to give effect to her words.

'Then I shall appeal to Mr. Colville.'

'Mr. Colville can be but of little service to you here. Do you know that I can appeal to the police?' Madame was losing her temper.

'But you will not.' Violet threw herself back in her chair.

'And why not?'

'Because you desire such an *exposé* quite as little as I do.'

Whether this thrust went deeper than it was intended to go, or whether Madame was peculiarly sensitive upon the point on which it struck, I cannot say. I only know that she turned a shade paler, which was not discernible by Violet her-

self, and that she maintained a suspicious silence for the best part of a minute.

'Violet?'

'Well, aunt.'

'Do you mean to say that you refuse to leave Scarborough with me the day after to-morrow, for your own home?'

Violet still lolled back in her arm-chair, and answered, 'I do.'

'And that, in spite of my injunctions or advice,'—her voice trembled much—'you insist upon receiving the visits of a man, as your affianced lover, who is playing fast and loose with you?'

'No, I do not; but I deny that Frank is capable of doing so.'

'It is my duty, as your mother,'—a tear trembled in Violet's eyes again, but not in those of Madame—'to protect you from yourself; from your idle passion for one who may be unworthy of you.'

'He is not; I wish I were worthy of him.'

'He cannot keep you. He is wholly dependent upon his father.'

'There can be no better dependence, aunt.'

'Have you any guarantee for his sincerity?'

'His own word.'

'I know the value of such words better than you. But this is folly. Violet, forget him, as he will, and does, forget you. We leave this place the day after to-morrow.' Madame Rosenfels turned on her heel, and shut the door after her, not so gently as she was wont to do.

Violet maintained her position in the arm-chair. She had made up her mind to remain where she was. Five minutes later she put her handkerchief before her face, and the silent tears dropped into it. But her faith was not shaken in her lover, and she determined to abide his coming, and to endure the wrath of Madame.

From the small cheerful room in

which the ladies had breakfasted and battled, the door-steps were visible. When Violet took her hand from before her eyes, which were about resuming their somewhat defiant look, she saw a tall man, in a light loose sort of coat, spring up the steps and knock impatiently at the door. The servant had scarcely time to answer it when that of the sitting-room was thrown open, and Violet was in the arms of Reginald Carlross.

That gentleman is much changed since we last saw him at Dr. Armstrong's, at Grammerton. As Reginald Carlross was then a perfect schoolboy, so since he has become a perfect soldier. All quarters have seen him and approved of him. His visits to his sister have been few and far between; but his correspondence has been as constant and regular as the orthography and the grammar of a simple cavalry officer could allow. He is grown into a fine broad-shouldered fellow, has a handsome bronzed complexion, dark eyes and drooping moustache, not so good-looking nor so neat as Frank—who might be the *beau sabreur* of the British army—but always with a grand despotic air about him, and an energetic interest in his profession, which contrasted remarkably with the *dolce far niente* of his sister, and even with the calmer and more business-like habits of Frank Beauclerc.

'Violet, you look serious.'

'Do I? I am a little serious to-day,'—her voice faltered, and her eyes twinkled.

'Something new for you, Violet. What's the matter?' She was obliged to make a clean breast of it.

'But I thought you and Madame Rosenfels were such excellent friends.'

'Not now, Reginald dear.'

'Ah! she's contradicted you; and everybody else — They've spoilt you, my darling sister. Tell me all about it.'

So Violet Carlross, finding that her brother was inclined to misjudge her, and knowing that, under ordinary circumstances, his view would have been the correct one, told him all about Frank Beauclerc.

After a great deal of conversation on Violet's prospects; the good position of Frank and his father, who were now about to settle at Beauvale; and the probable happiness which might result from such an alliance, Madame drew in her horns. Under any circumstances, that would have been the case. Violet's resolution was without compromise; Madame's was tempered with a prudent reserve, which was available for a change of purpose. She was as crafty as she was resolute; and with Violet's unexpected ally, she stood on the defensive. At all events, there was no further talk of going for the present, and in the course of a few days Frank Beauclerc joined his old schoolfellow, whom he had scarcely seen since he pulled him out of the water more dead than alive.

Frank Beauclerc was a good soldier; but he seemed well disposed to think that his duty to his country might wait upon that which was due to his father and himself. I don't say that he was right: on the contrary, philosophers might argue that he was wrong—I know some would—but it is difficult to give in to such transcendentalism. They

came to a compromise which, with Violet in the background, was very honourable to the younger man. He was not to leave his regiment at present, but to get a prolongation of leave for the winter months. The liberal offers of his father, who seemed to have but two thoughts in life—his boy's happiness and the prosperity of the county hounds—made all pecuniary objections to his marriage futile. He could be married in the spring.

The Beauclercs of Beauvale had always been great people. The place was about twenty miles from Gram-merton, where the name was known favourably, and honoured. It was soon bruited abroad that the General's heir had returned from India with an ample fortune, to prop the failing resources of the house; and the county families concerted together to see how to combine respect to him and advantage to themselves. The London season was over; the county season about to begin. The Colonel had shot tigers all his life, so handed over a moor which he had rented to his son. He determined upon looking over his estate and putting his house in order during the autumn. His boy was not with him, and at the end of a month he began to be bored. A sleepy cob, and a steward's plans and account-book, are but sorry companions to a man who knew nothing of ways and means but how to spend them.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1866.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM AND THE GOVERNMENT.

MANY of the speeches on the Bill for the Representation of the People come fairly within our province as a critical journal; but if we wanted a reason for attempting a calm retrospect of the recent discussion, we could not do better than appeal to what Mr. Gladstone said of it in his memorable reply on the 27th April: 'This is not only a protracted debate—it is not only one upon which the House of Commons has freely lavished on both sides the choicest treasures of its wit, its argument, and its persuasive powers—it is also an historical debate. We are now doing that which is called "making history." We are now laying the foundations of much that is to come. This is a starting-point from which I presume to think the career we have to run as individuals and parties will take its character and colour.'

Let us, then, try to ascertain what character and colour the leading parties and their prominent members have taken or are to take. Let us trace their true motives, and lay bare their real objects, if we can. Let us at all events be candid in our estimates, and make ample allowance for the difficulties with which the path of the practical statesman, who has to legislate for and through a representative body like the House of Commons, is beset.

It is a common belief, to which

we temporarily inclined, that the question of parliamentary reform was undertaken by the Cabinet in compliance with the personal exigencies of their chief; and that, if Lord Palmerston had continued at their head, things would have been permitted to remain in the same quiescent state as during the concluding years of his popular and conciliatory reign. But doubts may be raised whether the new Parliament would have proved as docile, or as averse from change or agitation, as the old; for enterprising and restless spirits were abroad, who spoke disrespectfully of octogenarian ministers, and made no secret of their intention to inaugurate a fresh era.

Although Lord Palmerston disliked reform, he had been a consenting party to a good many Reform Bills in his time, including the great measure of 1832 and two (Lord Aberdeen's and his own in 1860) which reduced the borough franchise to 6*l*. He was not likely to obey the dictation of an individual, but he was in the habit of lending a ready ear to the suggestions of expediency; and on finding that a formidable section of the Liberal party were prepared to make a given course of policy the condition of their support, the chances were that he would have yielded rather than break up his govern-

ment or appeal to the Conservatives for aid. The utmost that he himself anticipated when the results of the general election were talked over was, that the settlement, or attempted settlement, of the question might be postponed till the second session of the new Parliament. Whether his authority or fascination, as Mr. Coleridge happily termed it, would or would not have availed to this extent, we have good reasons for believing that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone had no alternative but to redeem the pledges given to the advanced Liberals when they lent their aid in ejecting Lord Derby in 1859, or submit to be ejected by a combination of open enemies and dissatisfied friends. There would have been a cave of Adullam just the same; the only difference being that it would have been more numerous, and, as regards principle or consistency, more respectably tenanted.

All things considered, we adhere to our original impression that, assuming a Reform Bill to have been a necessity of the ministerial position, a fragmentary measure, a mere Franchise Bill, was a mistake; but by no means a glaring or self-evident one, by no means one justifying the extraordinary step taken by Lord Grosvenor and his ill-assorted band. His Resolution, we repeat, was simply mischievous. In no imaginable contingency could it, if carried, have done good. Independently of the grave evils that must have resulted both at home and abroad from a change of government, the effect as regards reform would have been either to postpone it for a year to grow and strengthen, or hand it over to be settled by the Conservatives, who could not settle it in any manner without the wholesale abandonment of such distinctive convictions as may remain to them. We should then have another disruption of party ties, like those brought about by Catholic Emanci-

pation and the repeal of the Corn Laws; the traitors being Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli instead of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

The genuine Reformers, however, have small reason to complain of the Adullamite manoeuvre, for the upshot has been the decided advancement of their views. What they had most cause to dread and deprecate was the indifference which proved fatal to the measure of 1860. The ministerial error, if it be one, met by the opposition error, has induced all the political parties to throw off their lethargy, has roused a certain amount of public spirit throughout the country, and has caused the essential all-important topic of the reduction of the franchise to be thoroughly and exhaustively discussed.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will;

and probably no course originally open to the Government, would have brought them nearer to the goal than that which they were accused of selecting from motives made up of suspicion, cunning, short-sightedness, and faint-heartedness.

The disadvantages under which they lay from the commencement were materially increased by their own hesitation and procrastination. They were said to be waiting for Returns, which, when produced, showed a state of things different from that on which their measure was avowedly based. If their case was not weakened, their argument was materially varied by the alleged discovery that the working class, supposed to have next to no share in the borough representation, were already in the enjoyment of a fourth. Then, an unaccountable reluctance was betrayed to give a positive assurance that the Franchise Bill should be practically coupled with a Bill for the Redistribution of Seats; without which the proposed

increase of voters in many constituencies would be so much additional material for corruption.

The call for this assurance was clearly distinguishable from the call for a complete or all-embracing measure at once; although no one could well doubt that a redistribution of some kind would be inevitable after the reduction of the franchise, or that any reasonable or probable redistribution would prevent the apprehended augmentation of venality. All that the sincere Reformer really wished or cared to know beforehand, was that the electoral power would be so distributed as to neutralise the salable quality of votes: i.e. so far as this can be neutralised by diluting it, for some of the large constituencies are quite as open to indirect influences as the small. The precise details of the promised supplemental Bill could have no decisive bearing on the broad question, whether the existing qualification, or standard of electoral fitness, for the entire kingdom should be reduced; and many thought that the Government position was rather weakened than improved by the concession wrung from them by Mr. Kinglake on the evening of the adjournment for the recess.

Logically speaking, their position certainly was weakened, and Lord Stanley's most telling point was, that, if the required information was necessary before going into committee, it could not be reasonably withheld till after the second reading. His other strong point, on which so much stress was laid by his friends, was summarily demolished by Mr. Mill, and we quote the entire passage from the reprint of that gentleman's speech, because it strikes us to be the happiest exhibition of debating power the new House of Commons has hitherto produced.

What is the very worst extremity of evil with which the noble lord threatens the

House, in case it should be so unguarded as to pass this bill without the other measures of Parliamentary Reform by which it is to be succeeded? Why, it is this—that if something happens which it requires the most improbable concurrence of chances to bring about, something against which neither the personal honour of the Government, nor the inexorable dates fixed by the Registration Acts, nor even the expressed will of Parliament, if Parliament should think fit to express its will, can guarantee us; in this all but impossible case, there may happen—what? That the redistribution of seats may, in spite of all that can be done, possibly devolve upon a House of Commons elected under the enlarged franchise. Now, I put it to the noble lord's clear intellect—and impartial because clear—is this an argument which can have any weight with anybody who thinks the enlarged franchise an improvement, who thinks it calculated to give us a better Legislature? If the Legislature it gives us is a better one for all other purposes, will it not be a better one for this purpose? If it can be trusted to govern us, if it can be trusted to tax us, if it can be trusted to legislate for us, can it not be trusted to revise its own constitution? Does experience teach us to expect that this of all things is the work in which legislative bodies in general, and British Parliaments in particular, are likely to be rash, headstrong, precipitate, subversive, revolutionary? I think, Sir, that a Parliament which was cautious in nothing else might be depended on for caution in meddling with the conditions of its own power. Sir, this formidable one chance in a thousand with which the noble lord threatens us, is only terrific to those in whose eyes the bill is a rash and portentous transfer of power to the working classes. To those who think that the enfranchising provisions are good in themselves, good even if there were no redistribution of seats, and still better if there is, this phantom of evil has no terrors. And that I believe to be the opinion of the great body of Reformers, both in and out of the House.

This is clenched by a capital specimen of polished irony:

We are, I dare say, as sincerely desirous as the noble mover of the amendment that family and pocket boroughs should be extinguished, and the inordinate political influence of a few noble and opulent families curtailed. We are, I believe, as anxious to control the power which wealth possesses,—of buying its way into the House of Commons, and shutting the door upon other people—as the wealthiest gentleman present. But though we are quite orthodox

on these great points of Conservative Parliamentary Reform, and look forward with delight to our expected co-operation with gentlemen on the opposite benches in the congenial occupation of converting them from theories into facts, we yet think that a measure of enfranchisement like this bill—moderate, indeed—far more moderate than is desired by the majority of Reformers, but which does make the working classes a substantial power in this House—is not only a valuable part of a scheme of Parliamentary Reform, but highly valuable even if nothing else were to follow. And as this is the only question among those raised on the present occasion, which seems to me in the smallest degree worth discussing, I shall make no further apology for confining myself to it.

There is yet another mode in which Lord Stanley's objection may be met, or shown to be simply a corollary from the broad general argument founded on distrust of the working classes. On the late Lord Herbert's remarking that, under a reduced franchise, very nearly the same sort of members would be returned; 'Yes,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'but there is a difference between actors playing to the pit and boxes, and the same actors playing to the galleries.' The members who may be expected to play to the galleries after the next election, if the Franchise Bill should pass, will begin playing to them so soon as it has passed; for they will be thinking how the favours of the enlarged constituencies are to be won.

Lord Grosvenor's Resolution was what lawyers call a special demurrer for matter of form, and Lord Stanley's speech was an admirable piece of technical reasoning in support of it. If judgment had been given in his favour, he would simply have delayed the cause. The grand speech on the merits was delivered by Mr. Lowe, and an astounding production it was in every way. Rarely, if ever, have such command of language, such range of knowledge, such variety and brilliancy of illustration, been combined with such lack of judgment and moderation,

such transparent sophistry, such perversion of the plain lessons of history, such contemptuous disregard of admitted facts and principles. Of the statesmanship displayed in his speech on Ireland last year, there was scarcely a trace. Whilst the occupants of the ladies' gallery, with the Tories and Adulamites, were in ecstasies, prudent politicians shook their heads, and walked away in an opposite mood to that inspired by the great orator who 'fulmin'd over Greece.' Instead of 'Let us march against democracy,' their word of order was, 'Let us not march (or, let us not stand still) with Mr. Lowe.'

His earnestness and disinterestedness increase the difficulty, when we try to analyse or account for such an intellectual portent: when we ask ourselves, Can this be the high-minded champion of national education who, in the maturity of his political experience, attributed the sure progress of democracy to a beneficent Providence: who acted steadily with the Liberal party—Reform Bills *non obstantibus*—till he was ungenerously shuffled out of office a year back? His first great speech (on the first reading) sounded like one composed in 1831. We must go back further still for a crisis in which his second would not be thought an anachronism: to the epoch when the *Anti-Jacobite* was started and the famous *Reflections on the French Revolution* came out. But Burke and Canning were fighting with something more solid than shadows, more real and substantial than the creations of a heated fancy.

The opening sentence of Mr. Gladstone's reply acted like the spear of Ithuriel in compelling things to resume their natural forms and proportions by a touch: 'At last, we have obtained a clear declaration from an authoritative source; and we now know that a bill which, in a country with 5,000,000

adult males proposes to add to a limited constituency 200,000 of the middle class and 200,000 of the working class, is, in the judgment of the leaders of the Tory party, a bill to reconstruct the constitution on the American principle.' In the judgment of Mr. Lowe it is a bill to destroy everything and construct nothing; to sweep away the whole of our free institutions, to sacrifice order, liberty and property on the shrine of 'revolutionary passion or maudlin enthusiasm.' When we heard him emphatically declare that all these terrible consequences were to be brought about by a 7*l.* franchise, we were reminded of the impassioned appeal of a barrister in the Queen's Bench: 'My lords, my lords, in the names of Mercy and Justice, consider the agonising effects of a rule *nisi*.'

Goethe says that a fair critic will never omit to look at the subject from the author's point of view; and Charles Fox, before answering an argument which he felt he could answer, was wont to state it as clearly and strongly as it could be stated, most especially when it had been weakly or imperfectly stated by his adversary; otherwise, as he clearly saw, any triumph he might obtain would be temporary, and a reaction would ensue. Now, if Mr. Lowe had set to work on the same principle, he would have found that the real argument, sound or unsound, for the reduction of the borough franchise stood thus:

In the thirty-four years that have elapsed since the franchise was fixed, national education has immeasurably advanced; and the demand for cheap publications (including newspapers) of a useful and improving kind, justifies a presumption that the working classes are turning their reading to good account. There is reason to believe that the 7*l.* occupiers of 1866 are on a par, in point of gene-

ral knowledge and habits, with the 10*l.* occupiers of 1832. All the tests of fitness that can be applied to the artisan or working class in towns, of late years, are favourable to them. They have been patient under prolonged privation upon principle. They have turned a deaf ear to political agitators; and their very combinations prove that the majority are always amenable to reason, when they are sure of an impartial and sympathising investigation of their differences. Very recently, the arbitration of a nobleman, Lord Lichfield, was gratefully accepted.

Again, their influence on the representation has been quite as unexceptionable as that of the class immediately above them, to whom Mr. Lowe now wishes to confine the stigma he was understood to fix indiscriminately on them. All the members who entered the present House of Commons by virtue of literary distinction have been returned by independent or popular constituencies; and we are at a loss to see how the mechanic who, from honest admiration for genius, learning, or talent, votes for Mr. Mill, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Layard, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. George Trevelyan, Mr. Oliphant, or Sir Henry Rawlinson, is not as worthy a recipient of a political privilege as the peer who issues his mandate for the return of Sir John Hay or Mr. Lowe.

When we are told that the batch of claimants it is proposed to admit now, will be followed by similar batches at corresponding intervals till we get to household suffrage, we reply, that, relying as we do on national progress, we look forward hopefully instead of apprehensively to this result. The question in each contingency will be what it is now: are they fit? If they are fit, they will be welcome; if they are unfit, they will be more easily kept out by the aid of those

who, on due proof of fitness, have been let in. To revert to our former simile, instead of treating these successive batches as railway travellers are treated on the Continent, and parking them up for an ugly rush, we would let them take their seats quietly, on the exhibition of their tickets and in the order of their arrival. The apprehension that a step in the vertical direction renders it impossible to stop, has been likened by the *Examiner* to the assertion that a traveller who left London for Dover, could not stop there, but *volens volens* must go over the cliff. What is to prevent him, or us, from stopping? Has there not been a complete halt since 1832? Are the class next in turn for enfranchisement, unduly, indecorously or dangerously eager to break in? If they are let in, with whom are they most likely to sympathise or co-operate?—their copartners in political power, or the noisy multitude who, on the alarmist hypothesis, will peremptorily demand the whole or the lion's share of it?

Surely, this gradual participation of the entire people in the blessings of self-government through their representatives, must be what Mr. Lowe had in view in 1852 when, after ridiculing his present friends, the Derbyites, for assuming a mission 'to exalt their horn against democracy, a great bugbear which they intended to put down,' he spoke thus:

'It is all very well to tell you about putting down democracy, but this country is not to be ruled like France or Germany; and, further than this, when they talk of suppressing democracy, they not only miscalculate their own power, but likewise the end and object of government. It may be that in France, when they elect a president, they elect a master; but not so in England. Our ministries are appointed to execute our will; it is

from us that the original power is derived. We appoint them to make the laws obeyed; but not to say—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." We can fix our limits for ourselves, not to be controlled by men who have been notoriously wrong in every principle.

'I will go even further, and say that, not only is it the duty of a government to refrain from a perverse opposition to public opinion, but that they are unable to read the signs of the times, and unfit to be entrusted with the government of the country, if they cannot perceive that there is, by the permission of Divine Providence, an obvious tendency in this country towards democracy.'

Tocqueville was evidently pursuing the same train of thought when he urged the expediency of introducing democratic institutions by degrees, and of paving the way by education for the 'peaceable empire of the greatest number.' If, then, in the calm judgment of one of the profoundest political thinkers that ever lived, the time must come when the numerical majority will be self-governing, there can be nothing so very extravagant in Mr. Gladstone's notion touching the *prima facie* or presumptive right of every adult tax-payer of unimpeached character to a vote. Of course we only use the term *right* in the sense in which it is used by the landed interest when they say that the counties have a *right* to a greater share in the representation; and we are not aware that it has been used in any other sense by any advocate of extension since the commencement of the controversy.

Perfectly fair, too, was Mr. Gladstone's retort to some prominent members of the Opposition, that they were treating the claimants of the franchise as an invading army; and fully justified by their tone and language was his appeal to them, to remember that the men they were

denouncing were, at all events, fellow-countrymen, fellow-Christians, and of the same flesh and blood. But fair or unfair, provoked or unprovoked, these unpremeditated outbursts were utterly unconnected with the broad grounds of expediency on which the measure was introduced and defended.

Now, having given an outline of the real argument, let us see how the trained logician selects and deals with his points; how he separates the material from the immaterial, the husk from the kernel, the grain from the chaff; what candour he displays towards his adversaries, what pains he takes to satisfy the reflecting portion of his audience.

If there is one branch of the subject more than another on which Mr. Lowe is at issue with nine tenths of his cultivated contemporaries, it is in insisting that the people have no cause to complain of being excluded from the management of their affairs, provided their affairs are well managed for them. If they are not satisfied, they ought to be. He makes no account of the solidity and durability which result from breadth of foundation; it matters nothing in his eyes that a constitution stands on its apex, so that it does stand; and he refuses to see either danger, impolicy, or injustice in keeping three fourths of the population, whom he has been zealously educating, without the pale. He chooses to treat those who do see both danger and injustice in such a course, as upholders of abstract doctrines analogous to the famous *Rights of Man*; and he superciliously looks down upon them as visionaries or enthusiasts on whom reason and experience have been thrown away:

‘I can only imagine two grounds on which this bill for lowering the elective franchise can be proposed to the House. The first of these grounds is that the franchise is a

thing which ought to be given for its own sake: the second is that it is a means for attaining some ulterior object. Which of these two is the principle of this bill?’

The reply is that both constitute its principle; it being of course understood that those who declare the franchise to be a good in itself, apart from its influence on legislation, mean simply that it is better to have the recipients loyal than disloyal,—better to enrol them in the garrison than to shut the gates in their faces and drive them to join the invading army without the walls.

‘According to that theory,’ continued Mr. Lowe, ‘all they have to do is to find a person fitted to have the elective franchise; and they are not very particular or exacting in the proof of fitness, nor very strict in the presumptions they apply to it; and, having found that person, the giving of the franchise to him follows as a matter of immediate and cogent necessity. According to this view, this is not a question of politics at all, but of morality, of right and wrong. It is a *debt*, to use the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and when you find a man presumably fit for the franchise, you are as much bound to give it him as you are to pay your ordinary debts.’

This is a verbal quibble, not an answer. Mr. Lowe knew full well that the word debt, if used at all, was used metaphorically; and he knew, moreover, that the admission of the presumably fit is advocated by practical men on the plainest and most practical grounds. Yet he ventures to assert that their view entirely eludes anything like reason or argument.

‘Those who propound it may be great philosophers; they may be inspired apostles of a new religion of humanity; but so far as they lay down this doctrine, they are not politicians, nor do they use arguments

within the range of the science or the art of politics. They may, on the other hand, be victims of the most puerile fallacy. They may have mistaken the means for the end, and inferred because we believe, from our long experience of it, that the elective franchise is a good thing for the purpose of obtaining the end of good government, therefore it is necessarily a good thing in itself.'

This fallacy, which he has invented for the nonce, is not more puerile than one which underlies his whole train of reasoning, namely, that there is such a thing as good government in the abstract, good in itself without reference to the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of the community. But good administrative measures do not necessarily constitute good government, or the palm of excellence must be frequently awarded to arbitrary rulers and oligarchies; and we come round to 'whatever's best administered is best!' Mr. Gladstone might contend that there is no really good government which does not educate the people, which does not elevate them morally and intellectually, which does not gradually lead to self-government, which does not in fact promote democracy as heralded, under Divine Providence, by Mr. Lowe in 1852.

Is it not puerile to suppose that the same form of government, or scale of representation, which is good for one stage of progress, is *ex vi termini* equally good for another? Is it not puerile to place the grand merit of a representative system in its antiquity, in its having lasted six hundred years, in its having sprung

complete at all points, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, from the brains of the rude barons of the Plantagenets?—even if it were not notorious that our present system of government is the result of a succession of changes, the greatest of which was consummated within living memory. Till some time after the accession of the Stuarts, the House of Commons played a comparatively humble part; and till past the middle of Charles II.'s reign, the Crown could create boroughs, as easily as it creates peers.¹

Mr. Lowe's challenge to show how good government in the narrowest sense would be promoted by extending the franchise, was immediately accepted by Mr. Mill, yet he coolly assumes that it had been evaded or refused, and proceeds in this fashion: 'The right hon. gentleman has taken no notice of that challenge, nor indeed has anybody attempted to meet it. But I will not put the matter upon this ground. I think the right hon. gentleman deliberately averted his eyes from the results in this matter, and, like the hon. member for Birmingham, has determined to regard the question as a matter of justice, with which expediency, the good of the State, and the destiny of future ages have nothing whatever to do.'

They had argued it as a question with which expediency, the good of the State, and the destiny of future ages had everything to do. But he proceeds:—

'This brings me back to the first of the two principles to which I have alluded, and I do not think that I am wrong in identifying the

¹ 'As trade is of a fluctuating nature, and seldom long fixed in a place, it was formerly left to the Crown to summon, *pro re nata*, the most flourishing towns to send representatives to parliament. So that, as towns increased in trade, and grew populous, they were admitted to a share in the legislature. But the misfortune is that the deserted boroughs continued to be summoned, as well as those to whom their trade and inhabitants were transferred; except a few which petitioned to be eased of the expense, then usual, of maintaining their members.'—(*Blackstone's Com.*, Book i. ch. 2.) During five entire reigns, dating from 35 Ed. III, Lancashire sent no borough members to parliament on account of the expense. So much for the six hundred years argument.

Chancellor of the Exchequer with it. You will find that the same train of argument pervades the whole of his speech. The right hon. gentleman says that we ought to give the franchise to the 204,000 persons who will be affected by this bill *because* they are our fellow-Christians. But is that an argument for admitting them? Why, sir, who are the people in this country who do not call themselves Christians? It is an argument, if anything, for the admission of the whole of the male, and perhaps the female population, but it is no argument whatever for admitting the 204,000 more than anybody else. So, in the same way, with the fathers of families, who are by no means peculiar to the British nation. Then, again, with regard to the taxpayers, or, as I should prefer to call them, consumers of taxable commodities, which is a very different thing. This class would include the whole of the criminals, paupers, idiots, lunatics, children, and, in fact, everybody else, and does not consist only of the 204,000 to whom this bill refers. Well, then, the flesh and blood applies not only to the human race, but extends also to the animal kingdom, and if this principle were allowed we might possibly have another "Beasts' Parliament," proposed after the pattern of that assembly commemorated in the old epic of *Reynard the Fox*.

This is speaking to the galleries with a vengeance. Mr. Gladstone said that, for beauty and force of language, Mr. Lowe's prophecies *à la* Burke might be selected by teachers as exercises for their pupils, and congratulated him on the attainment of so enviable an end—*ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias*. The passage we have just quoted might serve a different purpose. It might be stereotyped as a specimen of vicious rhetoric; treated like the 'rap' which is nailed to the coun-

ter by way of warning against base metal and false currency. It would almost justify the rebuke administered by the late Sir William Maule to a very eminent counsel who had ventured on a similar artifice: 'I would have my learned friend know that, if he gains an advantage by this sort of misrepresentation, he gains it, not by his skill in advocacy, but by a mental defect.' We regret to say that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's fine speech was defaced by the same blot, and he consequently came in for a share of the exposure, when Mr. Gladstone knocked away the flimsy fabric so laboriously built up:

'The right hon. member for Calne for half an hour, the right hon. baronet the member for Hertfordshire for half an hour, not having heard me use the expression, founded detailed declamation, argument, denunciation, and I know not what upon the assumption that I had used the fact that the working classes were our own flesh and blood as a reason why the bill should be passed. The right hon. member for Calne, in a part of his speech which I admit was quite unanswerable, showed that that would be the greatest absurdity. Undoubtedly! but I never did say it; and neither here nor elsewhere should I have dreamed of saying any such thing. I used the expression as a reply—I will presume to go one step further and say, if it be not presumptuous to say it—I used it as a reproof to the language of some of the opponents of the bill. So, in my opinion, there are times in debate when extraordinary errors are best met by the declaration of elementary truths. When I heard it stated by a gentleman of ability that to touch the question of enfranchising any portion of the working classes was domestic revolution, I thought it time to remind him that the performance of the duties of citizenship does give some presumption

of the capacity for civil rights, and that the burden of proof lies upon those who exclude. That was magnified into revolutionary doctrine, and great service has it done to-night to the leader of the Tory party.

'In the same way when I heard my right hon. friend describing these working men at from 7*l.* to 10*l.*, not once only it must now be said, as an invading army, and as something more, as an invading ambush, which was to bring ruin and conflagration as the purpose of its mission, into a divided city, and when I heard these opinions and this illustration repeated, I thought it was time to fall back upon elementary truths, and to say that these men whom you are denouncing, not by argument and reason, but beyond the bounds of all argument and reason, are your own flesh and blood.'

We know not whether in consequence of this reproof, or from the popular indignation inconsiderately provoked, but most assuredly the language of those who dread or distrust the working class has undergone a wonderful change since the commencement of the discussion; a change the more remarkable because their feelings and opinions are obviously unchanged. Mr. Lowe might be left to digest his words in peace, if he had not thought fit to bring a charge of wilful misrepresentation against all who understood them in their natural sense; and being unluckily amongst the number, we beg leave to say that, if he has been misrepresented by commentators out of Parliament, it is the reporters who are to blame.

After his famous question, whether you would go to seek for venality, ignorance, drunkenness &c., to the bottom or the top, he is reported in the *Times* as prefacing his equally famous Hyperborean simile with the remark: 'But it is said, only give

the franchise to the artisan, and then see the difference.' The artisans are then made to appear worse than venal, ignorant, and drunken ten-pounders, and he proceeds: 'Well, then, the case resolves itself into something exceedingly simple. We know what sort of people live in these small houses. We have long had experience of them under the name of freemen, and it would be a good thing if they were disfranchised altogether. They were dying out of themselves, but the Government proposes to bring them back under another name. This being so, I ask the House to consider what good they would do by this reduction of the franchise. *The effect will manifestly be to add a large number of persons to every constituency of the class to which, if there be anything wrong going on, we naturally look to find it.*'

Rising to reply to a member who had concluded a stammering explanation by saying he meant nothing, the Great Commoner began: 'I will give the gentleman a bit of advice. In future, when he means nothing, let him say nothing.' If Mr. Lowe did not mean to depreciate the working class, he meant nothing, and had better have said nothing. His speech without the spice of hearty contempt for them which flavoured it, would have been woodcock without the trail. His whole train of reasoning hung on their assumed unworthiness; and if they are confessedly as good as their betters, why are they to be treated like minors, or persons of unsound mind, who cannot be trusted with the administration of their own affairs, and with whom no binding contract can be made?

Sir E. B. Lytton's mode of flattering and repelling them at the same time, recalls the words of the song:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

Or an artisan who found he was to

be paid off with phrases and professions, might have felt justified in exclaiming, with Sir Peter Teazle, 'Oh, d— your sentiments.' Lord Cranborne was the only speaker who contrived to connect a plausible argument for their exclusion with a fair description of their quality. After a misplaced sneer at 'our new sovereigns,' he said: 'My own feeling with respect to the working men is simply this,—we have heard a great deal too much of them, as if they were different from other Englishmen. I do not understand why the nature of the poor or working men in the country should be different from that of any other Englishman. They spring of the same race. They live under the same climate. They are brought up under the same laws. They aspire after the same historical model with ourselves. I cannot see why their nature should be better or worse than our own.'

This is substantially what Mr. Gladstone meant when he spoke of their being of the same flesh and blood. But now comes the limitation:

'I say their nature, but I say nothing about their temptations. If you apply to any class of the community special temptations, you will find that class addicted to special vices. . . . The franchise, those who have sat on election committees will agree, is a convertible commodity. It has a value, indeed, in two ways. The franchise has a direct money value to those who don't care much about public affairs in the way of bribery: It has an indirect value to those who do care about public affairs in the way of encouraging unjust and special legislation. If you give the franchise to those who may

naturally be tempted to misuse it, you must expect that the larger proportion who are not deeply interested in public affairs will be liable to the temptation,—I don't say they will always fall before it,—of treating it as a salable commodity. *The minority, more influential, more deeply interested in public affairs, will be liable to the temptation of treating it as something to get for them laws specially favourable to them as a class, and, therefore, dangerous to all other classes of the community.'*

It has never been denied that the reduction of the franchise might add to corruption, unless this effect were neutralised by enlarging the area of the constituencies; but the money-power is essentially conservative, and it is not by the increase of venality in boroughs that the British constitution is to be upset. How then can Lord Cranborne's view be applied in confirmation of the anti-democratic theory? One would think that his minority, interested in class legislation, are most likely to upset the balance, and most in need of a check or counterpoise. Why should the cattle-owners or barley-growers, for example, enjoy special privileges in this respect? Have the agriculturists shown themselves more enlightened and disinterested, or less impulsive, than the rest of Her Majesty's subjects? Have they ever missed an opportunity of flinging their burthens on the community at large, or of taxing it for their own benefit? Is it possible to imagine a majority of working-class members passing or proposing a law more injurious to the national prosperity than the Corn-law, or fighting more desperately for its continuance after its gross injustice stood confessed?¹

¹ The last Nottingham election strikingly illustrates the mixed tendencies of a working class constituency. They rejected the Chartist, the man of extreme opinions: they elected the young nobleman of intellectual promise, and the parliamentary celebrity,—confessedly the two best candidates; and the influence which had most weight with them was that of a neighbouring family with ancestral claims upon their regard.

Pushed to its legitimate conclusion, Lord Cranborne's exposition of the tendencies of the minority, or upper class, is a strong argument for modifying their influence by an infusion of the working-class element into the representation. Mr. Lowe's exaggerated estimate of the power of the trades unions, also, strikes us as telling against his argument. 'Look,' he exclaims, 'at their tremendous machinery; if you only arm it with the one thing it wants—the parliamentary vote.' The parliamentary vote is precisely the weapon it does not want, and could not use for the purposes he deprecates. Would the stonemasons or tailors, who claimed an immediate increase of wages, resort to the slow and unsatisfactory expedient of uniting to elect a borough member to bring their claims before the House of Commons? We wish we could think so; for then our worst fears of the effects of strikes and combinations would be at an end. What we regard with most alarm is their indifference to the parliamentary vote, and their liability to proceed by less constitutional means. The influence of the working class on the House of Commons has hitherto been imperceptible, and we doubt whether it will be materially increased by the Franchise Bill; but be it what it may, it had better be exercised in this shape than by the coarser methods of agitation and intimidation, through monster meetings or strikes.

One of the numberless advantages of a representative system is, that it forms a safety-valve for discontent, and a fair field for the discussion of popular grievances. 'Is there, I wonder,' asked Mr. Mill, 'a single member of this House who thoroughly knows the working men's views of trades unions, or of strikes, and could bring these subjects before the House in a manner satisfactory to working men? My hon. friend the member for Brighton (Mr.

Fawcett), if any one; perhaps not even he. Are there many of us who so perfectly understand the subject of apprenticeships, let us say, or of the hours of labour, as to have nothing to learn from intelligent operatives? I grant that, along with many just ideas and most valuable knowledge, you would sometimes find pressed upon you erroneous opinions—mistaken views of what is for the interest of labour; and I am not prepared to say that if the labouring classes were predominant in the House, attempts might not be made to carry some of these wrong notions into practice. *But there is no question at present about making the working classes predominant.* What is asked is a sufficient representation to insure that their opinions are fairly placed before the House, and are met by real arguments, addressed to their own reason, by people who can enter into their way of looking at the subjects in which they are concerned. . . . I can hardly conceive a nobler course of national education than the debates of this House would become, if the notions, right and wrong, which are fermenting in the minds of the working classes, many of which go down very deep into the foundations of society and government, were fairly stated and genuinely discussed within these walls.'

It is painful to see a really superior man like Mr. Lowe perverting so plain and fair an argument to provoke a laugh—*risu inepto nihil ineptius*: 'My hon. friend told us of the subjects which the working-classes might wish us to debate here. He referred to the right of labour. That sounds very like the right to labour of which we heard in 1848. Are we to have the doctrines of Fourier and St. Simon discussed here? We are told that in so doing we shall educate the working man. I protest against this. We are here to legislate for this country, and if

we look after the executive Government pretty sharply—(a laugh)—if we take care of our finance—and if we watch the Foreign-office, we shall be doing better than we should do by converting this House into an academy or a gymnasium for the *élite* of the working classes' (general laughter and cheers). And thereupon he proceeded to illustrate the treatment of a practical subject by an exercitation on democracy.

This is not the only occasion during the debate in which Mr. Lowe came into unfavourable contrast with Mr. Mill, who happened to suggest that, 'if the working class had been represented, it might not have been so easy for hon. gentlemen whose cattle were slaughtered by Act of Parliament to get compensated twice over, once by a rate and again by a rise of prices.' Of course he spoke of the agriculturists as a class, but Mr. Lowe answered him by the case of the individual farmer who has lost his cattle and been obliged to renew his stock: 'I cannot persuade my hon. friend, because he is a philosopher (much laughter), but I think I could persuade the working man whom he seeks to bring among us that, so far from being paid twice over, the farmer in that case has never been paid once.'¹

We must do Mr. Lowe the justice to say that he does not shrink from carrying his doctrines to their extreme consequences. He gives his logic its head, whenever it gets the bit between its teeth. His logical faculty, indeed, is quite as much his weakness as his strength. The colonies, he tells

us, which possess democratic assemblies are on the high road to anarchy, and must be retrieved from it. 'They can only be retrieved by depriving them of that boon which in an unfortunate hour they received, that of responsible government coupled with universal suffrage, and by placing that government in some permanent hands.' They must be placed, in short, on the same footing as Jamaica, no matter what increase of army and navy their permanent subjection to authority may entail on the parent country; and he would apply the same regime to England if he could; for the executive government is the main thing to be considered, and 'We all know that, while our legislation has been more vigorous and better since the Reform Bill, the executive Government has shown weakness and languor.'

Again, we have all been labouring under a complete error in supposing that the obstinacy of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot led to the overthrow of political liberty in France: 'Look a little further, and see what happened in France, where there was a limited constituency in the time of Louis Philippe, and parliamentary government until the revolution of 1848. Then came the Assembly, elected by universal suffrage, but with a responsible Government. The Government became weaker every day, until the *coup d'état* came and proved that the whole of the previous system had been a sham.'

The uninitiated might infer from this passage that it was the con-

¹ It appears from a published letter by Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth that, in Lancashire alone, not less than seven millions and a half of non-agricultural property is assessed to the county-rate, being three fourths of the whole so assessed. The ratepayers in respect of this property would be liable to compensate the cattle owners twice over; namely, by direct payment for the slaughtered cattle, and by the increased price of butter, milk, meat, &c. What is this but class legislation? It is a significant fact, reported by the Dining Committee of the House of Commons, that the greatest average number of dinners eaten at Bellamy's, on any days during the session, were eaten whilst the Cattle Plague Bill was in Committee.

cession of universal suffrage, instead of the peremptory refusal of all reform, which led to the overthrow of the limited constituency, and that the *coup d'état* was a genuine emanation from the Legislative Assembly instead of a conspiracy for its overthrow by military force. There was a rumour shortly after the delivery of Mr. Lowe's first speech, that he had been invited to Paris to confer with the Emperor on the best mode of dealing with democracy, and it derived plausibility from the remarkable agreement in their views. Instead of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the smallest happiness of the smallest number is their creed; i.e. if national happiness consists in anything beyond material well-being, if it at all depends on self-government and self-respect.

The leader of the Tories, as Mr. Disraeli thought fit to dub himself for this performance, was determined not to be outdone by the new rival for Tory applause, whose argument he ingeniously reversed. According to him, the extension of the franchise will end by rendering the House of Commons powerless and contemptible, 'because the moment you have universal suffrage, it *always* happens that the man who elects despises the elected.' There's an original truth for you, worthy of Vivian Grey in his prime! When Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Tocqueville, the Duc de Broglie, Count Molé, Montalembert, Louis Blanc, Arago, Berryer, Charles de Remusat, Victor Hugo, Lacordaire, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Odillon Barrot, Louis Napoleon himself, &c. &c., were elected by universal suffrage, they were collectively, individually, and respectively despised by every man who voted for them. It is a law of human nature that it should be so, and the same fate is impending over English statesmen: 'Then,

when the House of Commons is entirely without command over the executive, *it will be in the position of those Continental popular assemblies which we have seen rise up in our own days.* There will be no spell of tradition; no claims of prescription; no evidence of aristocratic lineage; you will not have any of those great families round which men rally when liberty is assailed; no statesmanship, no eloquence, no learning, no genius. Then, what will you have? You will have a herd of selfish and obscure mediocrities, incapable of anything but mischief, and that mischief devised and regulated by the wretched demagogue of the hour.'

The Continental assemblies which we have seen rise up in our day in France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, &c. &c., will be found to comprise the leading men in all walks of their respective countries. This is pre-eminently true of the only two assemblies ever fairly elected by universal suffrage in France; namely, the National Assembly and the Legislative Assembly of 1848-1851.

The wretched demagogue of the hour was of course Mr. Bright, and here we come again upon one of those fallacies which we once fondly thought had been fairly laughed out of all shape and colour of plausibility by Bentham and Sydney Smith. Have then the *Book of Fallacies* and the *Noodle's Oration* been both written in vain? 'The author of the measure entertains a bad design: therefore the measure is bad. He is on a footing of intimacy with this or that dangerous man, or has been in his company, or is suspected of entertaining some of his opinions; therefore, the measure is bad.' This is Sydney Smith's mode of putting the fallacy of danger. Bentham goes more formally to work: 'Allow this argument the effect

of a conclusive one, you put it into the power of any man to draw you at pleasure from the support of every measure which in your eyes is good, to force you to give your support to any and every measure which in your own eyes is bad. Is it good? The bad man embraces it, and by the supposition, you reject it. Is it bad? He vituperates it, and that suffices for driving you into its embrace. You split upon the rocks, because he has avoided them; you miss the harbour, because he has steered into it.'

In the words of Bacon, you place your own wisdom at the mercy of another man's foolishness. Or to adopt a more familiar illustration, you play Irish pig to Mr. Bright's pigdriver, who has only to indicate the right way to make you bolt into the wrong. In point of fact, Lord Russell acted in accordance with a solitary suggestion of Mr. Bright's, thrown out six or seven years ago, and declined to act upon his views as regards either the amount of the franchise or the redistribution of seats. Yet the charge of taking counsel with him has been renewed with a 'damnable iteration,' which made us sympathise with Charles Fox when (during the Catholic Emancipation controversy) he cried out that he was tired to death of hearing of Bloody Queen Mary. Why this wearisome pertinacity? Why does Mr. Bright form the stock topic of the Derbyite and Adulamate orators, young and old? The explanation will be found in Bentham: 'To employ personalities, neither labour nor intellect is required. In this sort of contest the most idle and the most ignorant are quite on a par with, if not superior to, the most highly gifted individuals. Nothing can be more convenient for those who would speak without the trouble of thinking. The same ideas are brought forward over and

over again, and all that is required is to vary the turn of expression.'

This explanation will hardly apply to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lowe, when, with a reliance on the taste and feeling of the Tory benches more just than complimentary, they combined to run down Mr. Mill as a 'philosopher,' a term of contempt which proved almost as telling and appropriate in their mouths, as 'man of letters,' 'newspaper writer,' or, 'gentleman of the press.' Another slang expression worked threadbare, was that of 'Americanising' our institutions; as if the nearest approximation to that result was not effected by the gentlemen who bawled down Lord Hartington and Mr. Layard. There is a familiar story that the Speaker (Abbott, we believe) having threatened to 'name' a disorderly member, and being asked what would happen if he did, made answer—'The Lord in heaven only knows.' It might, notwithstanding, be well for the present Speaker to try the experiment of naming the members who have become conspicuous by the frequency of their interruptions and the peculiar intonation of their cheers. Talk of violence and impulsiveness among the working class, forsooth! Why the meeting of mechanics, which gave Lord Elcho a fair hearing, might give lessons in behaviour to a large section of what calls itself the first assembly in the world.

The most imposing part of Mr. Lowe's speech, and that best adapted for the display of his extraordinary powers and range of knowledge, was his comprehensive view of the alleged influence of democratic principles throughout the world. Its unsoundness might easily be made apparent to any reflecting mind, and it had little or no bearing on the debate. 'If' (as Mr. Mill had already remarked) 'it were necessary to take into consideration even all the reasonable things which can

he said *pro* and *con.* about democracy, the House would have a very different task before it. But this is not a democratic measure. It neither deserves that praise, nor, if honourable members will have it so, that reproach. It is not a corollary from what may be called the numerical theory of representation. It follows from the class theory, which we all know is the Conservative view of the constitution.'

Mr. Lowe might just as well, *apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's Church Rate Bill, have traced the progress of Infidelity, shown us all the churches of Christendom levelled to the dust, and pictured the Goddess of Reason dancing amongst the ruins 'in very thin clothing, and but little of it.' His fine and cultivated intellect was meant for better things than composing perorations about destroying 'the heroic work of centuries,' and 'pulling down the venerable temple of our liberties;' which venerable temple had hardly the foundations laid till 1688, and underwent a process, falling little short of pulling down and rebuilding, in 1832.

If 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' if English statesmen had always acted on this doctrine, how could the heroic work of centuries have been commenced, how could the crowning of the edifice have been attempted: 'Whatever is now *establishment*, was once *innovation*. He who condemns a proposed measure on this ground, condemns in the same breath whatsoever he would be most averse to be thought to disapprove. He condemns the Revolution, the Reformation, the assumption made by the House of Commons of a part in the penning of the laws in the reign of Henry V., the institution of the House of Commons itself in the reign of Henry III.—all these he bids us regard as the

sure forerunners of the monster Anarchy.'

It has been remarked by the *Saturday Review* that whenever an encounter takes place between the Tory and Liberal leaders in the manner of Homer's heroes, whether the gods be favourable or not, Mr. Disraeli generally contrives to have his prostrate body dragged three times round the walls of Troy by his exulting rival. The customary humiliation, provoked by an indiscretion which is absolutely unparalleled and unaccountable, came in this shape:

The right hon. gentleman (said Mr. Gladstone), secure in the recollection of his own consistency, has taunted me with the errors of my boyhood. The right hon. gentleman, when he addressed the hon. member for Westminster, showed his magnanimity by declaring that he would not take the philosopher to task for what he wrote twenty-five years ago; but when he caught one who thirty-six years ago, who, just emerged from boyhood, and still an undergraduate at Oxford, had expressed an opinion adverse to the Reform Bill of 1832, of which he had so long and bitterly repented, then the right hon. gentleman could not resist the temptation. He, a parliamentary leader of twenty years' standing, is so ignorant of the House of Commons that he positively thought that he got a parliamentary advantage in exhibiting me to the public as an opponent of the Reform Bill of 1832. Sir, as the right hon. gentleman has exhibited me, let me exhibit myself. It is true, I deeply regret it, but I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning;* every influence connected with that name governed the politics of my childhood and my youth; with Canning I rejoiced in the removal of religious disabilities, and in the character which he gave to our policy abroad; with Canning I rejoiced in the opening he made towards the establishment of free commercial interchanges between nations; with Canning, and under the shadow of that great name, and under the shadow of the yet more venerable name of Burke, I grant my youthful mind and imagination were impressed just the same as the mature mind of the right hon. gentleman is now im-

* Bentham, *Book of Fallacies*.

* This passage is misreported. What Mr. Gladstone said was: 'It is true, but I deeply regret it. I was bred under the shadow,' &c.

pressed. I had conceived that fear and alarm of the first Reform Bill in the days of my undergraduate career at Oxford which the right hon. gentleman now feels; and the only difference between us is this—I thank him for bringing it out—that, having those views, I moved the Oxford Union Debating Society to express them clearly, plainly, forcibly, in downright English, and that the right hon. gentleman is still obliged to skulk under the cover of the amendment of the noble lord. I envy him not one particle of the polemical advantage which he has gained by his discreet reference to the proceedings of the Oxford Union Debating Society.

Another passage in Mr. Disraeli's speech which, owing perhaps to the late hour and the impatience of the House, escaped exposure, was that in which he claimed for himself and his party the entire credit of the measures passed within the last thirty years to ameliorate the condition of the working class, by reducing their hours of labour, securing them their legal rights of invention, &c. &c. He might as well have laid claim to all the free-trade measures of the late Sir Robert Peel, on the ground of their having emanated from the Conservative benches. All the best measures of which he spoke were owing to the sustained and self-sacrificing exertions of Lord Shaftesbury.

The Redistribution Bill has done much to vindicate the prescience of the Government in proposing to proceed by steps. It has supplied no new argument, none that had not been employed by anticipation, for or against the Franchise Bill; it has involved the general question in a wilderness of embarrassing details; and it has brought a host of personal interests into the field. Taking the Bills together, every member whose seat may be affected or his constituency prejudiced, has now a direct motive for getting rid of the question; and it is vain to appeal to the public good against individual or party feeling in such matters. Now or never we shall see whether a comprehensive mea-

sure be passed without being resolutely demanded by the national voice. To say that it is best to pass one in quiet times, sounds very like saying that it is best for a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic in a calm. Where is the propelling power to come from? How is the worse than *vis inertiae*, the dogged opposition of selfishness and prejudice, to be overcome?

It is hardly denied in any impartial quarter, that the redistribution has been planned in a spirit of perfect fairness and good faith. There has been, perhaps, an over-anxious wish to do justice, or more than justice, to the landed interest, which gains by the grouping of boroughs as well as by the additional seats allotted to counties. It might naturally have been expected, therefore, that the Conservatives would be satisfied, and that the advanced Liberals would cry out. But from one end to the other of this controversy, the advanced Liberals have been moderate and conciliatory, whilst the Conservatives, with their Adullamite allies, have been remarkably and culpably the reverse. Their demeanour recalls that of Jonathan Wild, when he and his accomplices met for the division of the spoil: 'Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice. Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: first secure what share you can, and then wrangle for the rest. And the turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself.'

Thus the Conservatives compla-

cently accept their own share, and then proceed to wrangle for the rest. They contest the equitable award of the seven seats to Scotland; and knowing that the advanced Liberals have agreed reluctantly to rest satisfied with 7*l.* and 14*l.* instead of 6*l.* and 14*l.* respectively, they ask whether the Government can possibly intend to go lower than 8*l.* and 20*l.*

All that could be fairly or unfairly urged against the Redistribution Bill, was pressed into the service by Mr. Disraeli in his elaborate and certainly very able speech on the second reading. But he was so completely answered by Mr. Cardwell that the effect was transient, and the public estimate of the measure has been little, if at all, varied by his commentary. All who had thought on the subject were perfectly aware of the objections which, with his wonted imperturbability, he paraded as new. Indeed many of them were equally applicable to his own Bill of 1859, and the strongest would apply to any conceivable measure which should attempt to conciliate existing interests, instead of proceeding on a broad, philosophical, or uniform basis. If you assume numbers, or property, or both combined, as your starting point, disregard ancient boundaries, and are not alarmed by the apparition of electoral districts, you will have no difficulty in framing a scheme that shall defy criticism. But if you simply aim at getting rid of the most objectionable anomalies with the smallest disturbance of settled notions and prescriptive rights, you must give up all hope of symmetrical arrangement, and submit to be twitted with a good deal of irregularity and inconsistency.

The groups of manufacturing towns suggested by Mr. Disraeli have a decided superiority in population and wealth over the groups of small boroughs proposed by the Government; but is he prepared to

follow out the principle or abide by the test? If so, what becomes of the small boroughs which he pronounces essential to a sound system of representation? Draw the arbitrary population line where you will,—either at eight, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand, and it will be objected that those just within it or without it are saved or sacrificed for some sinister end. His proposal to group unrepresented instead of represented towns, also, takes for granted that it is expedient to eliminate the commercial element from the county constituencies, and draw a sharp line between two classes of electors, which it is better for the common peace and welfare to amalgamate or shade into one another.

How the House of Commons is to be converted into a Polish Diet by what Mr. Disraeli affectingly terms 'plurality,' without adding to its numbers, fairly passes our comprehension; nor has he demonstrated the mighty evil of giving three or four members each to a few large constituencies; thereby neutralising local influences and favouring the occasional representation of minorities. We are not alone in our incredulous surprise at his announcement that 'the working men of England have a larger share of the county constituencies than they have even of the borough constituencies, and by which the Government were so startled,' i.e. more than 26 per cent. The odds are that this pretended discovery will turn out a mere verbal quibble, some puerile attempt to set up a new definition of a working man; for the proposition that a fourth of the county constituencies are living on the wages of labour, or that a fourth of the working class in rural districts are freeholders, or fifty-pound occupiers, is preposterous on the face of it. After this display of superior knowledge by his assailant, Lord Russell can afford to smile

at the charge levelled at him and his Cabinet of utter hopeless ignorance of the entire subject of Reform.

The brevity and sudden termination of the debate were a surprise, and have been taken to indicate unsettled councils or a division in the Opposition camp. It contains many restless, unsettled spirits, however, whose voice is still for war, and there is necessarily a body of dissentients, recruited from both parties, who may be excused for protesting like the fowls in the French squib:—

Avec quelle sauce voulez-vous être mangés?—Nous ne voulons pas être mangés du tout.—Vous vous écarterez de la question.

The Opposition will leave no stone unturned to delay or fling out the Bill, if only to gain a short respite; and the Fabian tactics can only be met by the fixed determination of the Government to stand or fall by the result; implying, of course, an autumn session if required.

As an adverse vote on an essential feature (like the 7^l. qualification) of the conjoint measure would entail the resignation of the ministry, members who are not committed beyond recall will be influenced by the present condition of affairs at home and abroad, and by the proved weakness of the Tory party, as we must henceforth designate it. A party that could only bring 283 into the field would simply prolong a mischievous crisis by taking office, and would speedily have to make way for Mr. Gladstone, shouldering his banner at the head of those great social forces which, as he truly told them, they would find it impossible to resist.

As for the Adullamites, they are an accidental and temporary combination, in which no reliance can be placed. They have been compared, in turns, to the Whig seceders, who (headed by the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam) abandoned the main body under Fox in 1792; to the Tories who turned

against the Duke of Wellington in 1830; and to the Derby Dilly of 1834. But each of these bands of separatists acted on clearly defined principles; and, so far as we can learn, the Adullamites have none; i.e. none in common, none that they can plainly and creditably avow. They will hardly venture to announce that their professed readiness to consider a complete measure with a view to a satisfactory settlement was a sham, and that they agree with Mr. Lowe in deeming the smallest extension of the franchise tantamount to universal suffrage and democracy. Neither will they say that vague fear or dislike of Mr. Bright has led them to make common cause with Mr. Disraeli, who has repeatedly displayed a marked inclination for a compact or understanding with the object of their distrust.

Perhaps the best notion of the inhabitants of the Cave may be collected from a squib headed 'Vestiges of Party Creation,' in the *Owl*:

'Examination into the remains found proves incontestably that they were below the average stature, and with a smaller development of larynx than most other contemporaneous bodies; so much so that many of them must have been quite speechless, and mere silent members of the cave. Some strong skulls prove, however, that several were hard-headed, and, to judge by appearances, hard hitters. . . . The skeletons were of all ages, but the majority of them very young. These were probably captures made by the original denizens, and it is a melancholy consideration to think how these poor young things must have been suddenly cut off from their legitimate belongings and enveloped in the dark solitudes of Adullam. They bear no marks of violence; so the conjecture is that they were enticed in by specious representations, and, of course, when once entrapped, detained.'

All things considered, we doubt whether more than a third, at the utmost, of the Adullamites will persevere in avowed hostility to the Liberal party; and (Reform apart) there is no crisis at hand in which they or their leaders can do harm. It would be difficult to hit a blot in the administration of Ireland, as conducted by Lord Wodehouse and Mr. Chichester Fortescue; or to show that Lord Clarendon has departed from the firm, sagacious, and conciliatory line of policy which has distinguished the Foreign Office since his last acceptance of the Seals. The Budget has hardly provoked an invidious comment; and the most remarkable feature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's financial projects for the year, was the importance he attached to the rapid exhaustion of coal, with his consequent proposal to lighten the burthens of posterity. His zeal on this subject had been stimulated by a very remarkable speech of Mr. Mill's in the debate on the Malt Duty, in which we cannot help thinking that the member for Westminster was carried a little beyond the mark by the fervour of his own eloquence. With a flow and redundancy of rhetoric which ought to mitigate Mr. Lowe's and Mr. Disraeli's objections to him as a philosopher, he endeavoured to show that we were actually indebted to posterity for all that we and our ancestors had done for it.

'Whatever had been done for mankind by the idea of posterity, by philanthropic concern for posterity, by a conscientious sense of duty to posterity, by the less pure but still noble ambition of being remembered by posterity;—all this they owed to posterity, and all this it was their duty, to the best of their limited ability, to repay. All the great deeds of the founders of nations, and of those second fathers of nations, their great reformers; all that had been done for them by the authors

of those laws and institutions to which free countries were indebted for their freedom and well-governed countries for their good government; all those heroic lives led and deaths endured; all those great battles which have been waged and won, from Marathon and Salamis down to Leipzig and Waterloo; all those lessons of wisdom and virtue of which the history and literature of nations were full; all that schools and universities had handed down—the culture of past times; all they owed to the great masters of human thought;—all, all this had been done for them because those who had gone before had regarded and taken thought for posterity. Owe nothing to posterity! We owe to it Newton, Locke, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.'

We quite agree that we ought not to waste or unduly burthen the inheritance; that we ought to hand it down unimpaired by profuseness or improvidence; and it will be readily granted that the love of glory, although productive of evil as well as of good, is an elevating principle of human action on the whole. 'Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominant over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' But surely many of the great things which Mr. Mill attributes to the longing for posthumous fame, have been accomplished or produced from other and mixed motives—from patriotism or philanthropy, from religious enthusiasm or faith, from the impulse of genius or the stern promptings of want, from the desire of present fame or reward in some shape, or with a view to immediate results, to be felt, appreciated and recognised by contemporaries.

Dr. Johnson never could understand any one taking to authorship except for money, and says in the preface to his dictionary: 'I have

protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds.' Shakespeare's loftiest aspirations are breathed forth in his sonnets, but his 'wood-notes wild' came from him because he could not help it, and the state in which he left his master-pieces indicates slight regard for posterity. Bacon's appeal to future ages was evidently wrung from him by the sense of wrong; and Wordsworth's querulous reliance on immortality was at the strongest when his works did not sell. We doubt whether Luther or Loyola, Cortez or Pizarro, Clarkson or Howard, Watt or Stephenson, thought much about posterity; and with regard to the great battles, from Marathon and Salamis to Leipzig and Waterloo, this is the first time we ever heard the love of military glory, the lust of conquest, or the grasping ambition, which led to them, described as beneficial to mankind; except, indeed, by the imperial apologist for Cæsar and Napoleon. We should be disposed to regard the exploits of what are commonly called heroes, as a set off, instead of an addition to the debt. But there is no debt; and even the metaphorical use of the term is calculated to mislead.

If, out of affection for my son, I amass a large fortune for him, do I thereby become his debtor to that extent? If immortal works are composed for posterity, does not posterity get the full benefit of them? This being so, to which side of the account, the debtor or creditor, should they be set down? The ensuing generation will stand towards us in the same relation in which we stand towards the generations which produced Bacon, Newton, Locke, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. They can have no claim on us but what we, by a parity of reasoning, might set

up against our predecessors. In short, Mr. Mill reverses the argument, puts the cart before the horse, and turns the whole train of reasoning and reflection topsy-turvy. It is gratitude to those who have gone before us that should make us considerate of those who may come after us. Do as you have been done by; and if a stimulant be wanting to the performance of a conscientious obligation, bear in mind the wise words of Burke: 'They seldom look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.'

It is worthy of remark that Lord Camden, whose theory of motives agrees with Mr. Mill's, makes posterity the debtor: 'Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world: . . . When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, he did not reject it and commit his poem to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labours. No. He knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it.'

Mr. Mill has seldom, if ever, taken a premeditated part in a debate without giving it an entirely new aspect. His speech on the Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill is the most recent instance; and as he has now for the fourth or fifth time measured weapons with Mr. Lowe, the materials for a parliamentary parallel are complete; if, indeed, any parallel can be drawn between such curiously contrasted minds. Mr. Lowe takes by preference the keen, practical common-sense view of his subject; Mr. Mill the philosophical, speculative, and original view. Mr. Lowe's strength lies in his acquired knowledge, memory, and dialectic skill; Mr. Mill's in his intellectual re-

sources and accumulated stores of thought. Their reading has been in different lines, and employed in a different manner; Mr. Lowe being much the superior classic, and Mr. Mill (we suspect) more at home in legislation, morals, metaphysics and philosophy. Books, ancient and modern, are more familiar to Mr. Lowe, and have been better digested by Mr. Mill. The one has most imagination; the other, most wit. The one rises to genius, whilst the palm of the highest order of talent must be awarded to the other. The one fights for truth, the other for victory. In conflict, it is the trained logician against the matured thinker; not that the logician wants thought, or the thinker logic. A set combat between them would resemble one between the *retiararius* or netman of the Roman arena and a swordsman; and the issue would depend on whether Mr. Lowe could entangle his adversary in the close meshes of his reasoning by an adroit throw; or whether Mr. Mill could evade the cast by an intellectual bound, close, and decide the contest by a home-thrust.

Mr. Lowe appeared to have it all his own way on the Irish question, till Mr. Mill rose and demonstrated the unsoundness or insufficiency of the premises from which a train of telling inferences had been cleverly deduced. There was, he contended, no fair analogy between England and Ireland in this matter, no more than between England and India; and if we extend our view beyond our own narrow island, we shall find that we form the exception, not the rule.

We have no peasant occupiers like the Irish; and the country blessed or cursed with them must legislate, or be legislated for, with reference to their special wants and requirements.

Lord Derby stated in the House of Lords that it was a common occurrence to find Irish tenants-at-will whose estate or interest, such as it was, descended from generation to generation, by devise or inheritance, as regularly as a fee simple. Lord Clanricarde, in his able exposition of the law or custom, showed that it had something like a legal origin and dated 250 years back. How can such a holding be treated like a strict tenancy at will, or tenancy from year to year, in England? The landlord, under the proposed measure, would retain ample means of taking care of himself. He might call at any time for a written contract, and provide expressly that no claim for future improvements shall be made upon him. The injustice or hardship to be guarded against is, that, if nothing is done by either party to define their respective rights and liabilities beforehand and these are left to be settled by the strict law of the land, the tenant is invariably the sole sufferer, although the neglect is common to both and less excusable in the landlord. But we cannot afford space to carry on the argument, on which we suspend our judgment. Our only object in mentioning it now is for the sake of the treatment it received at the hands of the two very remarkable speakers whose relative merits and quality we have ventured to discuss.

SUPERSTITION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, APRIL 24, 1866.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

HAVING accepted the very great honour of being allowed to deliver here two lectures, I have chosen as my subject Superstition and Science. It is with Superstition that this first lecture will deal.

The subject seems to me especially fit for a clergyman; for he should, more than other men, be able to avoid teaching on two subjects rightly excluded from this Institution, namely, Theology—that is, the knowledge of God; and Religion—that is, the knowledge of Duty. If he knows, as he should, what is Theology, and what is Religion, he should best know what is not Theology, and what is not Religion.

For my own part: I entreat you at the outset to keep in mind that these lectures treat of matters entirely physical, which have in reality, and ought to have on our minds, no more to do with Theology and Religion than the proposition that theft is wrong, has to do with that that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

It is necessary to premise this, because many are of opinion that superstition is a corruption of religion; and though they would agree that as such, *corruptio optimi pessima*, and that it is pernicious, yet they would look on religion as the state of spiritual health, and superstition as one of spiritual disease.

Others, again, holding the same notion, but not considering that *corruptio optimi pessima*, have been in all ages somewhat inclined to be merciful to superstition, as a child of reverence; as a mere accidental misdirection of one of the noblest and most wholesome faculties of man.

This is not the place wherein to argue with either of these parties; and I shall simply say that superstition seems to me altogether a physical affection, as thoroughly material and corporeal as those of eating or sleeping, remembering or dreaming.

After this, it will necessary to define superstition, in order to have some tolerably clear understanding of what we are talking about. I beg leave to define it as—Fear of the unknown.

Johnson, who was no dialectician, and, moreover, superstitious enough himself, gives eight different definitions of the word; which is equivalent to confessing his inability to define it at all:—

‘1. Unnecessary fear or scruples in religion; observance of unnecessary and uncommanded rites or practices; religion without morality.

‘2. False religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; false worship.

‘3. Over-nicety; exactness too scrupulous.’

Eight meanings, which, on the principle that eight eighths, or indeed 800, do not make one whole, may be considered as no definition. His first thought, as often happens, is the best—‘Unnecessary fear.’ But after that he wanders. The root-meaning of the word is still to seek. But, indeed, the popular meaning, thanks to popular common sense, will generally be found to contain in itself the root-meaning.

Let us go back to the Latin word *Superstitio*. Cicero says that the superstitious element consists in ‘a certain empty dread of the gods’—a purely physical affection, if you will remember three things:—

1. That dread is in itself a physical affection.

2. That the gods who were dreaded were merely (with the vulgar, who alone dreaded them) impersonations of the powers of nature.

3. That it was physical injury which these gods were expected to inflict.

But he himself agrees with this theory of mine; for he says shortly after, that not only philosophers, but even the ancient Romans, had separated superstition from religion, and that the word was first applied to those who prayed all day *ut liberi sui sibi superstites essent*—might survive them. On the etymology no one will depend who knows the remarkable absence of any etymological instinct in the ancients, in consequence of their weak grasp of that sound inductive method which has created modern criticism. But if it be correct, it is a natural and pathetic form for superstition to take in the minds of men who saw their children fade and die—probably the greater number of them—beneath diseases which they could neither comprehend nor cure.

The best exemplification of what the ancients meant by superstition is to be found in the lively and dramatic words of Aristotle's great pupil, Theophrastus.

The superstitious man, according to him, after having washed his hands with lustral water—that is, water in which a torch from the altar had been quenched, goes about with a laurel leaf in his mouth, to keep off evil influences, as the pigs in Devonshire used, in my youth, to go about with a withe of mountain ash round their necks to keep off the evil eye. If a weasel crosses his path, he stops, and either throws three pebbles into the road, or (with the innate selfishness of fear) lets some one else go before him, and attract to himself the harm which may

ensue. He has a similar dread of a screech-owl; whom he compliments in the name of its mistress, Pallas Athene. If he finds a serpent in his house, he sets up an altar to it. If he pass at a four-cross-way an anointed stone, he pours oil on it, kneels down, and adores it. If a rat has nibbled one of his sacks he takes it for a fearful portent—a superstition which Cicero also mentions. He dare not sit on a tomb, because it would be assisting at his own funeral. He purifies endlessly his house, saying that Hecate (that is, the moon) has exercised some malign influence on it; and many other purifications he observes, of which I shall only say that they are by their nature plainly (like the last) meant as preservatives against unseen malarias or contagions, possible or impossible. He assists every month with his children at the mysteries of the Orphic priests; and finally, whenever he sees an epileptic patient he spits in his own bosom to avert the evil omen.

I have quoted, I believe, every fact given by Theophrastus; and you will agree, I am sure, that the moving and inspiring element of such a character is mere bodily fear of unknown evil. The only superstition attributed to him which does not at first sight seem to have its root in dread is that of the Orphic mysteries. But of them Müller says that the Dionusos whom they worshipped 'was an infernal deity, connected with Hades, and was the personification, not merely of rapturous pleasure, but of a deep sorrow for the miseries of human life.' The Orphic societies of Greece seem to have been peculiarly ascetic, taking no animal food save raw flesh from the sacrificed ox of Dionysos. And Plato speaks of a lower grade of Orphic priests, Orpheotelestai, 'who used to come before the doors of the rich, and promise, by sacrifices and expiatory songs, to release them from their

own sins, and those of their forefathers'—and such would be but too likely to get a hearing from the man who was afraid of a weasel or an owl.

Now this same bodily fear, I verily believe, will be found at the root of all superstition whatsoever.

But be it so. Fear is a natural passion, and a wholesome one. Without the instinct of self-preservation which causes the sea-anemone to contract its tentacles, or the fish to dash into its hover, species would be exterminated wholesale by involuntary suicide.

Yes; fear is wholesome enough, like all other faculties, as long as it is controlled by reason. But what if the fear be not rational, but irrational? What if it be, in plain homely English, blind fear,—fear of the unknown, simply because it is unknown? Is it not likely then to be afraid of the wrong object, to be hurtful, ruinous to animals as well as to man? Any one will confess that, who has ever seen a horse inflict on himself mortal injuries, in his frantic attempts to escape from a quite imaginary danger. I have good reasons for believing that not only animals here and there, but whole flocks and swarms of them, are often destroyed, even in the wild state, by mistaken fear; by such panics, for instance, as cause a whole herd of buffaloes to rush over a bluff, and be dashed to pieces. And remark that this capacity of panic, fear—of superstition, as I should call it—is greatest in those animals, the dog and the horse for instance, which have the most rapid and vivid fancy. Does not the unlettered Highlander say all that I want to say, when he attributes to his dog and his horse, on the strength of these very manifestations of fear, the capacity of seeing ghosts and fairies, before he can see them himself?

But blind fear not only causes evil to the coward himself, it makes

him a source of evil to others; for it is the cruellest of all human states. It transforms the man into the likeness of the cat, who, when she is caught in a trap, or shut up in a room, has too low an intellect to understand that you wish to release her; and in the madness of terror, bites and tears at the hand which tries to do her good. Yes; very cruel is blind fear. When a man dreads he knows not what, he will do he cares not what. When he dreads desperately, he will act desperately. When he dreads beyond all reason, he will behave beyond all reason. He has no law of guidance left, save the lowest selfishness. No law of guidance: and yet his intellect, left unguided, may be rapid and acute enough to lead him into terrible follies. Infinitely more imaginative than the lowest animals, he is for that very reason capable of being infinitely more foolish, more cowardly, more superstitious. He can, what the lower animals (happily for them) cannot—organise his folly; erect his superstitions into a science; and create a whole mythology out of his blind fear of the unknown. And when he has done that—Woe to the weak! For when he has reduced his superstition to a science, then he will reduce his cruelty to a science likewise; and write books like the *Malleus Maleficarum*, and the rest of the witch-literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; of which Mr. Lecky has of late told the world so much, and told it most faithfully and most fairly.

But fear of the unknown? Is not that fear of the unseen world? and is not that fear of the spiritual world? Pardon me: a great deal of that fear, all of it indeed which is superstition, is simply not fear of the spiritual, but of the material; and of nothing else.

The spiritual world—I beg you to fix this in your minds—is not merely an invisible world which

may become visible ; but an invisible world which is by its essence invisible—a moral world, a world of right and wrong. And spiritual fear—which is one of the noblest of all affections, as bodily fear is one of the basest—is, if properly defined, nothing less or more than the fear of doing wrong ; of becoming a worse man.

But what has that to do with mere fear of the unseen? The fancy which conceives the fear is physical, not spiritual. Think for yourselves. What difference is there between a savage's fear of a demon, and a hunter's fear of a fall? The hunter sees a fence. He does not know what is on the other side : but he has seen fences like it with a great ditch the other side, and suspects one here likewise ; he has seen horses fall at them ; and men hurt thereby. He pictures to himself his horse falling at that fence, himself rolling in the ditch, with possibly a broken limb ; and he recoils from the picture he himself has made ; and perhaps with very good reason. His picture may have its counterpart in fact, and he may break his leg. But his picture, like the previous pictures from which it was compounded, is simply a physical impression on the brain, just as much as those in dreams.

Now, does the fact of the ditch, the fall, and the broken leg, being unseen and unknown, make them a spiritual ditch, a spiritual fall, a spiritual broken leg? And does the fact of the demon and his doings being as yet unseen and unknown, make them spiritual ; or the harm that he may do, a spiritual harm? What does the savage fear? Lest the demon should appear ; that is, become obvious to his physical senses, and produce an unpleasant physical effect on them. He fears lest the fiend should entice him into the bog, break the hand-bridge over the brook, turn into a horse and ride away with him, or jump

out from behind a tree and wring his neck—tolerably hard physical facts, all of them ; the children of physical fancy, regarded with physical dread. Even if the superstition proved true ; even if the demon did appear ; even if he wrung the traveller's neck in sound earnest, there would be no more spiritual agency or phenomenon in the whole tragedy than there is in the parlour table, where spiritual somethings made spiritual raps upon spiritual wood, and human beings, who are really spirits—and would to heaven they would remember that fact and what it means—believe that anything has happened beyond a clumsy juggler's trick.

It may seem to some that I have founded my theory on a very narrow basis ; that I am building up an inverted pyramid ; or that, considering the numberless, complex, fantastic shapes which superstition has assumed, bodily fear is too simple a cause to explain them all.

But if those persons will think a second time, they must agree that my base is as broad as the phenomena which it explains, for every man is capable of fear. And they will see, too, that the cause of superstition must be something like fear, which is common to all men ; for all, at least as children, are capable of superstition : and that it must be something which, like fear, is of a most simple, rudimentary, barbaric kind ; for the lowest savage, of whatever he is not capable, is still superstitious, often to a very ugly degree. Superstition seems, indeed, to be, next to the making of stone-weapons, the earliest method of asserting his superiority to the brutes which has occurred to that utterly abnormal and fantastic *lusus nature* called man.

Now let us put ourselves awhile, as far as we can, in the place of that same savage, and try whether my theory will not justify itself ;

whether or not superstition, with all its vagaries, may have been, indeed must have been, the result of that ignorance and fear which he carried about with him, every time he prowled for food through the primeval forest.

A savage's first division of nature would be, I should say, into things which he can eat, and things which can eat him; including, of course, his most formidable enemy, and most savoury food—his fellow man. In finding out what he can eat, we must remember, he will have gone through much experience which will have inspired him with a serious respect for the hidden wrath of nature; like those Himalayan folk, of whom Hooker says, that as they know every poisonous plant, they must have tried them all—not always with impunity.

So he gets at a third class of objects—things which he cannot eat, and which will not eat him; but only do him harm, as it seems to him, out of pure malice, like poisonous plants and serpents. There are natural accidents, too, which fall into the same category, stones, floods, fires, avalanches. They hurt him or kill him, surely for ends of their own. If a rock falls from the cliff above him, what more natural than to suppose that there is some giant up there who threw it at him? If he had been up there, and strong enough, and had seen a man walking underneath, he would certainly have thrown the stone at him and killed him. For first, he might have eaten the man after; and even if he were not hungry, the man might have done him a mischief; and it was prudent to prevent that, by doing him a mischief first. Besides, the man might have a wife; and if he killed the man, then the wife would, by a very ancient law common to man and animals, become the prize of the victor. Such is the natural man, the carnal man, the soulish man, the

ἄνθρωπος ψυχικός of St. Paul, with five tolerably acute senses, which are ruled by five very acute animal passions—hunger, sex, rage, vanity, fear. It is with the working of the last passion, fear, that this lecture has to do.

So the savage concludes that there must be a giant living in the cliff, who threw stones at him, with evil intent; and he concludes in like wise concerning most other natural phenomena. There is something in them which will hurt him, and therefore likes to hurt him; and if he cannot destroy them, and so deliver himself, his fear of them grows quite boundless. There are hundreds of natural objects on which he learns to look with the same eyes as the little boys of Teneriffe look on the useless and poisonous *Euphorbia canariensis*. It is to them (according to Mr. Piazzzi Smyth) a demon who would kill them, if it could only run after them; but as it cannot, they shout Spanish curses at it, and pelt it with volleys of stones, 'screeching with elfin joy, and using worse names than ever, when the poisonous milk spurts out from its bruised stalks.'

And if such be the attitude of the uneducated man towards the permanent terrors of nature, what will it be towards those which are sudden and seemingly capricious?—towards storms, earthquakes, floods, blights, pestilences? We know too well what it has been—one of blind, and therefore often cruel fear. How could it be otherwise? Was Theophrastus's superstitious man so very foolish for pouring oil on every round stone? I think there was a great deal to be said for him. This worship of Bætyli was rational enough. They were aerolites, fallen from heaven. Was it not as well to be civil to such messengers from above?—to testify by homage to them due awe of the being who had thrown them at men, and who though he had missed his shot that

time, might not miss it the next? I think if we, knowing nothing of either gunpowder, astronomy, or Christianity, saw an Armstrong bolt fall within five miles of London, we should be inclined to be very respectful to it indeed. So the aerolites (or glacial boulders, which looked like aerolites) were the children of Ouranos the heaven, and had souls in them. One of them became, by one of those strange transformations in which the logic of unreason indulges, the image of Diana of the Ephesians, which fell down from Jupiter; another was the Ancile, the holy shield which fell from the same place in the days of Numa Pompilius, and was the guardian genius of Rome; and several more became notable for ages.

Why not? The uneducated man, unacquainted alike with metaphysics and with biology, sees, like a child, a personality in every strange and sharply-defined object. A cloud like an angel may be an angel; a bit of crooked root like a man may be a man turned into wood—perhaps to be turned back again at its own will. An erratic block has arrived where it is by strange unknown means. Is not that an evidence of its personality? Either it has flown hither itself, or some one has thrown it. In the former case, it has life, and is proportionally formidable; in the latter, he who had thrown it is formidable.

I know two erratic blocks—I believe there are three—in Cornwall, porphyry, lying one on serpentine, one, I think, on slate, which (so I was always informed as a boy) were the stones which St. Kelvern threw after St. Just when the latter stole his host's chalice and paten, and ran away with them to the Land's End. Why not? Before we knew anything about the action of icebergs and glaciers—until the last eighty years—that was as good a story as any other;

while how lifelike these boulders are, let a great poet testify; for the fact has not escaped the delicate eye of Wordsworth:—

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence,

So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself.

To the civilised poet, the fancy becomes a beautiful simile; to a savage poet, it would have become a material and a very formidable fact. He stands in the valley, and looks up at the boulder on the far-off fells. He is puzzled by it; he fears it. At last he makes up his mind. It is alive. As the shadows move over it, he sees it move. May it not sleep there all day, and prowl for prey all night? He had been always afraid of going up those fells; now he will never go. There is a monster there.

Childish enough, no doubt. But remember that the savage is always a child. So, indeed, are millions, as well clothed, housed, and policed as ourselves—children from the cradle to the grave. But of them I do not talk; because, happily for the world, their childishness is so overlaid by the result of other men's manhood, by an atmosphere of civilisation and Christianity which they have accepted at second-hand as the conclusions of minds wiser than their own, that they do all manner of reasonable things for bad reasons, or for no reason at all, save the passion of imitation. Not in them, but in the savage, can we see man as he is by nature, the puppet of his senses and his passions, the natural slave of his own fears.

But has the savage no other faculties, save his five senses and five passions? I do not say that. I should be most unphilosophical if I said it; for the history of mankind proves that he has infinitely more in

him than that. Yes; but in him that infinite more, which is not only the noblest part of humanity, but, it may be, humanity itself, is not to be counted as one of the roots of superstition. For in the savage man, in whom superstition certainly originates, that infinite more is still merely in him; inside him; a faculty: but not yet a fact. It has not come out of him into consciousness, purpose, and act, and is to be treated as non-existent: while what has come out, his passions and senses, is enough to explain all the vagaries of superstition; a *vera causa* for all its phenomena. And if we seem to have found a sufficient explanation already, it is unphilosophical to look further, at least till we have tried whether our explanation fits the facts.

Nevertheless, there is another faculty in the savage, to which I have already alluded, common to him and to at least the higher vertebrates—fancy: the power of reproducing internal images of external objects, whether in its waking form of physical memory (if indeed all memory be not physical) or in its sleeping form of dreaming. Upon this last, which has played so very important a part in superstition in all ages, I beg you to think a moment. Recollect your own dreams during childhood; and recollect again that the savage is always a child. Recollect how difficult it was for you in childhood, how difficult it must be always for the savage, to decide whether dreams are phantasms or realities. To the savage, I doubt not, the food he eats, the foes he grapples with, in dreams, are as real as any waking impressions. But, moreover, these dreams will be very often, as children's dreams are wont to be, of a painful and terrible kind. Perhaps they will be always painful; perhaps his dull brain will never dream, save under the influence of indigestion, or hunger, or an uncomfortable atti-

tude. And so, in addition to his waking experience of the terrors of nature, he will have a whole dream-experience beside, of a still more terrific kind. He walks by day past a black cavern mouth, and thinks, with a shudder—Something ugly may live in that ugly hole: what if it jumped out upon me? He broods over the thought with the stupid intensity of a narrow and unoccupied mind; and a few nights after, he has eaten—but let us draw a veil before the larder of a savage—his chin is pinned down on his chest, a slight congestion of the brain comes on; and behold, he finds himself again at that cavern's mouth, and something ugly does jump out upon him: and the cavern is a haunted spot henceforth, to him and to all his tribe. It is in vain that his family tell him that he has been lying asleep at home all the while. He has the evidence of his senses to prove the contrary. He must have got out of himself, and gone into the woods. When we remember that certain wise Greek philosophers could find no better explanation of dreaming than that the soul left the body, and wandered free, we cannot condemn the savage for his theory.

Now, I submit that in these simple facts we have a group of 'true causes' which are the roots of all the superstitions of the world.

And if any one shall complain that I am talking materialism: I shall answer, that I am doing exactly the opposite. I am trying to eliminate and get rid of that which is material, animal, and base; in order that that which is truly spiritual may stand out, distinct and clear, in its divine and eternal beauty.

To explain, and at the same time, as I think, to verify my hypothesis, let me give you an example—fictitious, it is true, but probable fact nevertheless; because it is patched up of many fragments of actual fact: and let us see how,

time, mi
I think
either
Christi
bolt fa
we s'
resp
aer
loc
dr
b
†

712

Superstition.
in following it out, we shall pass through almost every possible form of superstition.

Suppose a great hollow tree, in which the formidable wasps of the tropics have built for ages. The average savage hurries past the spot in mere bodily fear; for if they come out against him, they will sting him to death; till at last there comes by a savage wiser than the rest, with more observation, reflection, imagination, independence of will—the genius of his tribe.

The awful shade of the great tree, added to his terror of the wasps, weighs on him, excites his dull brain. Perhaps, too, he has had a wife or a child stung to death by these same wasps. These wasps, so small, yet so wise, far wiser than he: they fly, and they sting. Ah, if he could fly and sting; how he would kill and eat, and live right merrily! They build great towns; they rob far and wide; they never quarrel with each other: they must have some one to teach them, to lead them—they must have a king. And so he gets the fancy of a Wasp-King—as the western Irish still believe in the Master Otter; as the Red men believe in the King of the Buffaloes, and find the bones of his ancestors in the mammoth remains of Big-bone Lick; as the Philistines of Ekron—to quote a notorious instance—actually worshipped Baal-zebub, lord of the flies.

If they have a king, he must be inside that tree, of course. If he (the savage) were a king, he would not work for his bread, but sit at home and make others feed him; and so, no doubt, does the wasp-king.

And when he goes home, he will brood over this wonderful discovery of the wasp-king; till, like a child, he can think of nothing else. He will go to the tree, and watch for him to come out. The wasps will get accustomed to his motionless

figure, and leave him unhurt; at the new fancy will rise in his mind, that he is a favourite of this wasp-king: and at last he will find himself grovelling before the tree, saying, 'Oh! great wasp-king, pity me, and tell your children not to sting me, and I will bring you honey, and fruit, and flowers to eat, and I will flatter you, and worship you, and you shall be my king.'

And then he would gradually boast of his discovery—of the new mysterious bond between him and the wasp-king; and his tribe would believe him, and fear him; and fear him still more, when he began to say, as he surely would, not merely, 'I can ask the wasp-king, and he will tell his children not to sting you,' but, 'I can ask the wasp-king, and he will send his children, and sting you all to death.' Vanity and ambition will have prompted the threat: but it will not be altogether a lie. The man will more than half believe his own words; he will quite believe them when he has repeated them a dozen times.

And so he will become a great man, and a king, under the protection of the king of the wasps; and he will become, and it may be his children after him, priest of the wasp-king, who will be their fetish, and the fetish of their tribe.

And they will prosper, under the protection of the wasp-king. The wasp will become their moral ideal, whose virtues they must copy. The new chief will preach to them wild eloquent words. They must sting like wasps, revenge like wasps, hold all together like wasps, build like wasps, work hard like wasps, rob like wasps; then, like the wasps, they will be the terror of all around, and kill and eat all their enemies. Soon they will call themselves The Wasps. They will boast that their king's father or grandfather, and soon that the ancestor of the whole tribe, was an actual wasp; and the wasp will

become at once their eponym hero, their deity, their ideal, their civiliser; who has taught them to build a kraal of huts, as he taught his children to build a hive.

Now, if there should come to any thinking man of this tribe, at this epoch, the new thought, Who made the world? he will be sorely puzzled. The conception of a world has never crossed his mind before. He never pictured to himself anything beyond the nearest ridge of mountains; and as for a Maker, that will be a greater puzzle still. What makers or builders more cunning than those wasps of whom his foolish head is full? Of course: he sees it now. A Wasp made the world; which to him entirely new guess might become an integral part of his tribe's creed. That would be their cosmogony. And if, a generation or two after, another savage genius should guess that the world was a globe hanging in the heavens, he would, if he had imagination enough to take the thought in at all, put it to himself in a form suited to his previous knowledge and conceptions. It would seem to him that The Wasp flew about the skies with the world in his mouth, as he carries a bluebottle fly; and that would be the astronomy of his tribe henceforth. Absurd enough; but (as every man who is acquainted with old mythical cosmogonies must know) no more absurd than twenty similar guesses on record. Try to imagine the gradual genesis of such myths as the Egyptian scarabæus and egg, or the Hindoo theory that the world stood on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on that infinite note of interrogation which, as some one expresses it, underlies all physical speculations; and judge:—must they not have arisen in some such fashion as that which I have pointed out?

This, I say, would be the culminating point of the wasp-worship,

which had sprung up out of bodily fear of being stung.

But times might come for it in which it would go through various changes, through which every superstition in the world, I suppose, has passed or is doomed to pass.

The wasp-men might be conquered, and possibly eaten, by a stronger tribe than themselves. What would be the result? They would fight valiantly at first, like wasps. But what if they began to fail? Was not the wasp-king angry with them? Had not he deserted them? He must be appeased; he must have his revenge. They would take a captive, and offer him to the wasps. So did a North American tribe, in their need, some forty years ago; when, because their maize crops failed, they roasted alive a captive girl, cut her to pieces, and sowed her with their corn. I would not tell the story (for the horror of it) did it not bear with such fearful force on my argument. What were those Red Men thinking of? What chain of misreasoning had they in their heads when they hit on that as a device for making the crops grow? Who can tell? Who can make the crooked straight, or number that which is wanting? As said Solomon of old, so must we—'The foolishness of fools is folly.' One thing only we can say of them: that they were horribly afraid of famine, and took that means of ridding themselves of their fear.

But what if the wasp-tribe had no captives? They would offer slaves. What if the agony and death of slaves did not appease the wasps? They would offer their fairest, their dearest, their sons and their daughters, to the wasps; as the Carthaginians, in like strait, offered in one day 200 noble boys to Moloch, the volcano-god whose worship they had brought out of Syria; whose original meaning they had probably forgotten; of whom

they only knew that he was a dark and devouring being, who must be appeased with the burning bodies of their sons and daughters. And so the veil of fancy would be lifted again, and the whole superstition stand forth revealed as the mere offspring of bodily fear.

But more; the survivors of the conquest might, perhaps, escape, and carry their wasp-fetish into a new land. But if they became poor and weakly, their brains and imagination, degenerating with their bodies, would degrade their wasp-worship till they knew not what it meant. Away from the sacred tree, in a country the wasps of which were not so large or formidable, they would require a remembrancer of the wasp-king; and they would make one—a wasp of wood, or what not. After a while, according to that strange law of fancy, the root of all idolatry, which you may see at work in every child who plays with a doll, the symbol would become identified with the thing symbolised; they would invest the wooden wasp with all the terrible attributes which had belonged to the live wasps of the tree; and after a few centuries, when all remembrance of the tree, the wasp-prophet and chieftain, and his descent from the divine wasp—aye, even of their defeat and flight—had vanished from their songs and legends, they would be found bowing down in fear and trembling to a little ancient wooden wasp, which came from they knew not whence, and meant they knew not what, save that it was a very ‘old fetish,’ a ‘great medicine,’ or some such other formula for expressing their own ignorance and dread. Just so do the half-savage natives of Thibet, and the Irishwomen of Kerry, by a strange coincidence—unless the ancient Irish were Buddhists like the Himalayans—tie just the same scraps of rag on the bushes round

just the same holy wells, as do the Negros of Central Africa upon their ‘Devil’s Trees;’ they know not why, save that their ancestors did it, and it is a charm against ill-luck and danger.

And the sacred tree? That, too, might undergo a metamorphosis in the minds of men. The conquerors would see their aboriginal slaves of the old race still haunting the tree, making stealthy offerings to it by night; and they would ask the reason. But they would not be told. The secret would be guarded—such secrets were guarded, in Greece, in Italy, in mediæval France, by the superstitious awe, the cunning, even the hidden self-conceit, of the conquered race. Then the conquerors would wish to imitate their own slaves. They might be in the right. There might be something magical, uncanny, in the hollow tree, which might hurt them; might be jealous of them as intruders. They, too, would invest the place with sacred awe. If they were gloomy, like the Teutonic conquerors of Europe and the Arabian conquerors of the East, they would invest it with unseen terrors. They would say, like them, a devil lives in the tree. If they were of a sunny temper, like the Hellenes, they would invest it with unseen graces. What a noble tree! what a fair fountain hard by its roots! Surely some fair and graceful being must dwell therein, and come out to bathe by night in that clear wave. What meant the fruit, the flowers, the honey, which the slaves left there by night? Pure food for some pure nymph. The wasp-gods would be forgotten—probably smoked out as sacrilegious intruders. The lucky seer or poet who struck out the fancy would soon find imitators; and it would become, after a while, a common and popular superstition that Hamadryads haunted the hollow forest trees, Naiads the wells, and Oreads the lawns. Somewhat thus, I presume,

did the more cheerful Hellenic myths displace the darker superstitions of the Pelasgi, and those rude Arcadian tribes who offered, even as late as the Roman Empire, human sacrifices to gods whose original names were forgotten.

But even the cultus of nymphs would be defiled after a while by a darker element. However fair, they might be capricious and revengeful, like other women. Why not? And soon, men going out into the forest would be missed for a while; they had eaten narcotic berries, got sun-strokes, wandered till they lost their wits. At all events, their wits were gone. Who had done it? Who but the nymphs? The men had seen something they should not have seen, done something they would not have done; and the nymphs had punished the unconscious rudeness by that frenzy. Fear, everywhere fear, of Nature—the spotted panther, as some one calls her, as fair as cruel, as playful as treacherous. Always fear of Nature, till a Divine light arise; and show men that they are not the puppets of Nature, but her lords; and that they are to fear God, and fear naught else.

And so ends my true myth of the wasp-tree. No, it need not end there; it may develop into a yet darker and more hideous form of superstition, which Europe has often seen, which is common now among the Negros,¹ which, we may hope, will be soon exterminated.

This might happen. For it, or something like it, has happened too many times already.

That to the ancient women who still kept up the irrational remnant of the wasp-worship, beneath the sacred tree, other women might resort; not merely from curiosity, or an excited imagination, but from jealousy and revenge. Oppressed, as woman has always been under the

reign of brute force; beaten, outraged, deserted, at best married against her will, she has too often gone for comfort and help—and those of the very darkest kind—to the works of darkness; and there never were wanting—there are not wanting, even now, in remote parts of these isles—wicked old women who would, by help of the old superstitions, do for her what she wished. Soon would follow mysterious deaths of rivals, of husbands, of babes; then rumours of dark rites connected with the sacred tree, with poison, with the wasp and his sting, with human sacrifices; lies mingled with truth, more and more confused and frantic, the more they were misinvestigated by men mad with fear: till there would arise one of those witch-maniacs, which are too common still among the African Negros, which were too common of old among the men of our race.

I say, among the men. To comprehend a witch-mania, you must look at it as (what the witch literature confesses it unblushingly to be) man's dread of Nature excited to its highest form, as dread of woman.

She is to the barbarous man—she should be more and more to the civilised man—not only the most beautiful and precious, but the most wonderful and mysterious of all natural objects, if it be only as the author of his physical being. She is to the savage a miracle to be alternately adored and dreaded. He dreads her more delicate nervous organisation, which often takes shapes to him demoniacal and miraculous; her quicker instincts, her readier wit, which seem to him to have in them somewhat prophetic and superhuman; which entangle him as in an invisible net, and rule him against his will. He dreads her very tongue, more

¹ For an account of Sorcery and Fetichism among the African Negros, see Burton's *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol ii. pp. 341-360.

crushing than his heaviest club, more keen than his poisoned arrows. He dreads those habits of secrecy and falsehood, the weapons of the weak, to which savage and degraded woman always has recourse. He dreads the very medicinal skill which she has learnt to exercise, as nurse, comforter and slave. He dreads those secret ceremonies, those mysterious initiations which no man may witness, which he has permitted to her in all ages, in so many—if not all—barbarous and semi-barbarous races, whether Negro, American, Syrian, Greek, or Roman, as a homage to the mysterious importance of her who brings him into the world. If she turn against him—she, with all her unknown powers, she who is the sharer

of his deepest secrets, who prepares his very food day by day—what harm can she not, may she not do? And that she has good reason to turn against him, he knows too well. What deliverance is there from this mysterious house-fiend, save brute force? Terror, torture, murder, must be the order of the day. Woman must be crushed, at all price, by the blind fear of the man.

I shall say no more. I shall draw a veil, for very pity and shame, over the most important and most significant facts of this—the most hideous of all human follies. I have, I think, given you hints enough to show that it, like all other superstitions, is the child—the last born and the ugliest child—of blind dread of the unknown.



ANOMALIES OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.¹

BY AN AMERICAN.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, in one of his *Imaginary Conversations*, represents George Washington as speaking thus:—‘Our Constitution is flexible and yielding by reason of its homogeneity and its purity. Like the surface of our country, it may in some measure be changed by improvement and still preserve its characteristic features. The better part of what we have imported from England is retained, for the present, because it is difficult to introduce new regulations in times of trouble, and the mischievous should not burst in between the old paling and the new. Several of these must be repealed, but gradually and occasionally.’ From what we can gather of the opinions of those who framed the American Constitution, the words just quoted represent very well the view they took of their work; especially, and perhaps unintentionally, they represent the confusion of thought by which ‘homogeneity’ and ‘purity’ were ascribed to an instrument of which much was imported and traditionary, and the superficial satisfaction of the time with its undertone of misgiving. However, as the States began to realise the material advantages secured by this Constitution, in such admirable contrast with the troubles that had become chronic under the Articles of Confederation superseded by it, the doubts and apprehensions amid which it was launched died away. The men who had won

the independence of the States and organised their Union ascended at death to be constellations on the flag, and whilst they were thus canonised, the written Constitution bequeathed by them to the country became a Holy Scripture. A man was permitted to think as he pleased about the Bible; but it was accounted blasphemy to whisper a suspicion that any clause in the American Constitution was not written by Divine inspiration. Our fathers had devoured Metis herself, and lo! panoplied Wisdom sprang from their brain. This Constitutionolatry was real in the first generation after the formation of the Federal Union. But as, in an old legend, Magog, refused admission into Noah’s ark, got astride the top of it and caused much discomfort for those inside, Slavery, though not exactly admitted into the Constitution, had managed to get a strong position on it, and brought the Union into fearful seas on the first attempt to organise its north-western territories. The giant was quieted for a time by having a virgin territory cast to him; but thereafter the voyagers floated through an atmosphere of doubt and fear. The blind reverence of the first generation—beyond whose interests those inspired fathers had scarcely looked—was with the second replaced by the suspiciously vehement *glorias* of politicians who had other than sentimental reasons for dreading the revelations that might come of any jet of free thought

¹ The writer of this article takes this occasion of acknowledging the generosity of this Magazine in permitting now, as heretofore, the unrestricted expression of his views in its pages; and, at the same time, deems it nothing more than justice to admonish his readers that the article should not be regarded as committing the Magazine to any particular sympathy with the views advocated, but only as another evidence of its willingness to further free and honest discussion in the interest of truth.

suddenly turned upon the private rooms and blind ways of the Constitution. Then arose those remorseless detectives—the Reformers—proclaiming on house-tops what had been whispered in closets. They fled the Constitution as a City of Destruction, and prophesied the woes to come upon the Union. In those days, I saw Garrison rise before a large crowd of his followers, and, applying a match to the Constitution, burn it to ashes, exclaiming—in such tones as an old Hebrew prophet might have used when breaking some potter's vessel before a wicked king—'Thus shall the agreement with hell and covenant with death, thus shall the Union, be destroyed!' But those who remained within the Union and the Constitution went about the magnificent halls of the Capitol as it were in the halls of Eblis, each trying to hide as well as he could the incurable disease, all knowing that they could but postpone the inevitable catastrophe. Even here, there began to be ominous echoes of what the 'fanatics' were saying outside. 'The law of nations,' said Mr. Seward, when the last compromise, which included the fugitive-hunting law, was made (1850), 'disavows such compacts; the law of nature, written on the hearts and consciences of freemen, repudiates them. I know that there are laws, of various sorts, which regulate the conduct of men. There are constitutions and statutes, codes mercantile and codes civil; but when we are legislating for States, especially when we are founding States, all these laws must be brought to the standard of the law of God, must be tried by that standard, and must stand or fall by it.' Some years later, Senator Sumner is asked by Senator Mason, afterwards Confederate Envoy to England, whether he would assist in the rendition of a fugitive slave who might escape to the North.

'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' replies Sumner, indignantly. 'He calls it a dog's duty to obey the Constitution!' cries Mason. The bludgeon that fell upon Sumner's head soon after did not mend matters: it could not reach the Sumner in every Northman's breast.

Every thoughtful American must respect war hereafter. Though the walls of our house are scarred and blackened, the conflagration has revealed what of it was weak, perishable material, and what solid, fire-proof work. The hard earth on which we stand is better than the shoddy carpet we once trod on, and the open sky above us is at least not shut out by a roof of terra cotta. We need no more train every American child in the belief that George Washington's umbrella is the dome of heaven. In our desolation we are confessing that our constitutional idol is, after all, in good part brass and clay. The American people are now addressing themselves seriously to the task of amending their organic law, and some of the amendments proposed are such as affect its most fundamental principles and methods. Of the twenty or thirty propositions for alterations of, and additions to, the Constitution, one has been adopted; one or two others will probably be adopted soon; whilst others may have to wait many years. But surely it is hopeful when a nation faces its weaknesses, and refuses the fatal economy of reconstructing its abode with the materials that have just crumbled about it. If these amendments should prevail, it will show that the sword may precede a finer harvest than any ploughshare, when it is drawn in what may be called a defensive revolution. Readers of De Tocqueville will remember the almost pathetic terms with which he indicates the vast disparity between the effort of France in 1789, and its

results;¹ and where similar forces are at work, as they are in the United States, it is not improbable that some of the debris of the old may be preserved in the new Union; but allowing for both possible and probable reactions, it seems almost certain that the American war has fixed a gulf that cannot be filled or bridged between the past and the future of that nation. It is obvious, however, that in any case, and especially where a people has the habit of loyalty to a written Constitution, this security must depend upon the ability of the advanced ideas to intrench themselves in the formulæ of organic law. The readiness and calmness with which propositions for radical changes in the once immaculate Constitution are entertained and discussed in the United States at present are sufficient, were there no other reasons, to lead the statesmen of America to very different conclusions, as to the time when new regulations may be safely introduced, from those attributed, justly, no doubt, to Washington by Landor. 'Times of trouble' are, of all others, opportunities for changes; and indeed they are, in States, generally the lashes to drive a timid or selfish conservatism into consenting to them. To permit the fused and fluid interests and feelings of an agitated period to subside again into the old moulds and harden about that of whose error the agitation was a proof, is to throw away experience, to deprive trouble of its only compensation, and to invest in further violence. Fortunately for America, at this time, the prolonged contumacy of the South, and the struggle of parties

in the Government, preserve the mobile condition of affairs and prevent their hastily cooling down into the crude transitional forms from which, however evil, they could be moved only by another general convulsion. It is probable, therefore, that for some length of time the United States will be occupied with the discussion and adoption of fundamental changes, and it is the object of this article to indicate the directions and causes of these. Each proposed amendment points to a congenital defect, and the historic *raison d'être* of each defect in a Constitution so closely related to that of England will, I think, be of particular interest to my English reader at a period when important reforms are here also proposed and anxiously discussed.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis's dictum that 'man is an historical animal,' is confirmed by the remarkable definiteness with which new nations repeat in embryonic development the stages through which their ancestral nations have passed. The wars of the feudal barons which founded the English monarchy recur in the league of American colonies against a common foreign enemy; and the first Confederation was the symbol of that union of military forces which alone secured, or could have secured, the success of the colonies in that revolution. That Confederation was based on the distinct recognition that it was necessary to protect by alliance what had been won by alliance. It was, therefore, almost purely military: 'the said States,' so runs the third article of it, 'hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their

¹ 'Les Français ont fait en 1789 le plus grand effort auquel se soit jamais livré aucun peuple, afin de couper pour ainsi dire en deux leur destinée, et de séparer par un abîme ce qu'ils avaient été jusque-là de ce qu'ils voulaient être désormais. . . . J'étais convaincu qu'à leur insu ils avaient retenu de l'ancien régime la plupart des sentiments, des habitudes, des idées même à l'aide desquelles ils avaient conduit la Révolution qui le détruisit, et que, sans le vouloir, ils s'étaient servi de ses débris pour construire l'édifice de la société nouvelle.'—*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*.

common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare; binding themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or attacks made upon them, or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade, or any other pretence whatever.' Though in the title they are styled 'Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union,' by the second of them 'each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.' The General Government created by this league naturally broke down, as the danger of an attempt at re-subjugation by England passed away, and the normal necessities of government and trade became paramount. The Congress was without power to enforce its enactments, and they were freely set aside by the several States when they clashed with local interests. Whilst there was a large debt, the public credit sank under the deliberate refusal of some States to pay their quotas of expenditure. Treaties with foreign nations were disregarded to such an extent that profitable commerce became impossible. And at length the wretched history of the ten years of the Confederation is consummated by open and armed insurrections in several States, under which—to recall the analogy just instituted—the sovereignty of States crumbled as that of baronial estates did under the Wars of the Roses. The military tent must be folded up, and the mansion and the warehouse be built. As the first Union was preponderantly military, the second was commercial. These separate and independent nations had shown that they were prepared to struggle bitterly with each other about harbours, rivers, tariffs, and numberless other things, and it became evident to every patriot that a supreme and impartial arbiter between them was essential. Two States—Virginia and Maryland—appointed Commissioners (1785) to form a

compact between them concerning the navigation of one or two water-lanes lying within their jurisdiction. These Commissioners on meeting found their powers inadequate, and were led to consider the sad condition of trade in the country generally. From this resulted a proposition from Virginia for a Convention of Commissioners from all the States, to consider the trade of the United States, and to inquire if a greater harmony of their commercial interests might not be secured. Five States consented to this—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia; and their Commissioners met at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1786. The water-line was gradually discovered to be connected with the whole sea of troubles, and the Commissioners of the five States recommended a general Convention to consider the situation of the entire country. In accordance with this, twelve States united in the Convention of 1787, which framed and proposed to the country that document which is now the Constitution of the United States.

It will be seen, therefore, that the main object for which the Constitutional Convention assembled was to abolish the sovereignty of the several States which had rendered settled government and permanent trade impossible. General Washington, the president of the Convention, in transmitting the new Constitution to Congress, accompanied it with the following expression of the general sense of the body he represented:—

It is obviously impracticable in the Federal Government of *these States to secure all rights of independent sovereignty to each*, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest. The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstance as on the object to be obtained. It is at all times difficult to draw with precision the line between those rights which must be surrendered and those which may be reserved; and on the pre-

sent occasion this difficulty will be increased by a difference among the several States as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests. In all our deliberations, we kept steadily in view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American,—THE CONSOLIDATION OF OUR UNION,—in which is involved our prosperity, safety, perhaps our national existence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It may be wondered how, in the face of all this, the politicians and legislatures of eleven States could have imagined that their States had the power to resume that sovereignty which had been so elaborately delegated to the Federal Government, and to resolve the country into that original chaos of conflicting interests from which the Constitution had been a refuge. It will be found, upon close examination, that the large States'-rights school of politics in the South had a reason for existence. It is undeniable that whilst the framers of the Constitution did abolish State-sovereignty, and that they admitted no means by which it could be regained, they refused to recognise the logical results of their action in a manly way, and thereby bequeathed a civil war to their posterity. In the Convention there were two powerful parties opposed to each other: the State-sovereignty party, led by Luther Martin, of Maryland; and the consolidationists, led by Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Between these radical leaders there were various shades of opinion, and, as is usual in such cases, the Compromisers—representing the immediate and commercial demands of the country—prevailed. The General Government was made supreme; but it was arranged that its powers should be defined, and that all powers not delegated to it should be reserved to the States. But suppose a State should wish to secede from the Union? True, there were various clauses to show that it had no legal right to do so; but, sup-

posing a State disregarded these clauses, where was the power to coerce it into submission? There was no such direct power delegated to the General Government. The Convention distinctly negatived the proposition of Governor Randolph, of Virginia, that Congress should have power 'to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfil its duty under the articles thereof.' The Convention also negatived a proviso offered by Luther Martin, as amendatory of the clause defining treason, in these terms: 'That no act or acts done by one or more of the States against the United States, or by any citizen of any one of the United States, under the authority of one or more of the said States, shall be deemed *treason*, or *punished as such*; but in case of war being levied by one or more of the States against the United States, the conduct of each party toward the other, and their adherents respectively, shall be regulated by the laws of war and of nations.' By this evasion of the call to declare either that the United States had, or that it had not, the authority to coerce a State, the Convention laid out that battle-field upon which the North and the South have been struggling for four years. What they might have written with ink had to be written with blood. Inferentially the right to coerce a State was in the Constitution, in its supremacy, in the right to suppress insurrections, and in other distinctly defined powers; but the absence of a direct delegation of that power to the General Government led to the formation of the States' Rights party of the South. The precedents of the Government had also been sufficiently against the exercise of this inferential authority to foster the belief in the South that it would never be exercised. At the breaking out of the war, the forts of the United States were

found to be without guns or holes for them on the land side. Aaron Burr had not been dealt with as a traitor for his offence against the United States; and when South Carolina, in 1832, declared an Act of the United States' Congress 'null, void, and no law, nor binding on this State, its officers, or citizens,' President Jackson talked largely of hanging somebody 'high as Haman,' but the State brought the General Government to terms. It was recognised at the time of the latter occurrence that South Carolina meant her action to be a trial of conclusions with the National Government upon the question of her right to regain her sovereignty by a peaceful revolution. 'The tariff,' wrote President Jackson (1834), 'was but a pretext. The next will be the slavery or negro question.' The prophecy has been fulfilled. The clause which the framers of the Constitution declined to add to that instrument has been written and signed by the sword; but it must now be added to the letter of the Constitution, or the next democratic or reactionary Government will witness an effort to reverse the arbitrament of the war.

In America the word *democracy* has from the beginning been made to mean precisely the reverse of what it has always meant in other parts of the world. It was applied to those who advocated the independence of the several States, and the equality in power and influence of the smallest State with the largest, which, of course, had nothing to do with individual liberty or equality in those States. It came, indeed, to signify the liberty to bind others. Hence the verbal paradox involved in the fact that the so-called democratic party in the United States has always been the guardian of slavery, and it is at this moment engaged in the particularly democratic employment of fighting against the enfranchise-

ment of the black demos. It is somewhat amusing that the great anti-democratic philosopher of England should be on an important point the oracle of the democratic party in America. This party, which is more logical than etymological, was the State-sovereignty party in the Convention of 1789, and it was soon discovered that no union could be formed without important concessions to it. The opposing party—the Federalists of that date, the Republicans of this—aimed at securing the liberty of the *individual*, and saw that this liberty was in more danger from the unchecked action of local interests than from an impartial and elective Central Government. The statesmen and politicians of the Convention saw endless dangers in each others' plans; but they were making, as has been said, a commercial union, and in the name of suffering trade they descended to meet. The Federal Government, in order to secure power over the States, gave up some of the most important characteristics of a Republic. One of these concessions was the mode in which the House of Representatives was authorised to elect a president in case of the failure of the electors of the States to do so. In the Confederacy the States, being equal sovereigns, had voted each as one in the Congress, so that the great State of New York had no more weight than Rhode Island, which was not so large or populous as some of its counties. Nevertheless, amid the pressing necessities which led to the formation of the Confederation this method had been conceded, and now, in forming the new Constitution, the big States could adopt provisions only by the aid of the little ones. The most important of the compromises resulting from this state of things, was in the formation of the Senate, which I shall speak of presently.

The adoption of the rule that if the electors failed to elect a President the three candidates standing highest on the list should be placed before the House of Representatives and voted for by States, each State casting one vote, was not considered of much importance at the time. The most far-sighted men of the country have seen, however, since the intrigues by which Jefferson was elected by the House in 1801, that there would be ultimately danger to the Republic from this source. For example, if the leading Southerners had not been madly desirous of bringing on the secession-issue in 1861,¹ no one doubts that they might have succeeded in throwing the election into the House, which, with a large majority for Mr. Lincoln, would probably, sooner than risk disruption, have returned Mr. (afterward Confederate Major-General) Breckenridge. With the growth of the country and its extension westward, interests, and consequently parties, become more various and candidates increase in number; and there is a proportional increase of the chances of throwing the election into the House, where a minority might elect a President who, in times like these, might adopt a policy incompatible with the liberties of the country. However, with the Anglo-Saxon in America, as elsewhere, lightning-strokes, politically speaking, so generally precede lightning-rods, that an abolition of this anomaly can only be hoped for because of its relation in principle to another which has been one of the many causes that rendered the late war unavoidable. I refer to the constitution of the Senate, in which each State has two members. The

distribution of seats in the English House of Commons, by which a village is often as powerful as a large manufacturing city, is explicable by the fact that it once represented a more equitable arrangement; but in America the fact that New York, with a popular representation of 33, has only the same force in the Senate with Delaware, which has a popular representation of 1, dates from a time when the disparity was as startling as it is now. It was a reluctant concession to the principle of State-aristocracy, and how great a concession is obvious when it is considered that the Senate alone blends legislative with executive powers: that is, it, besides originating bills, revises those of the House on the one hand, and on the other revises the official appointments of the President. De Tocqueville saw that this was the weakest point of the United States' Government, and that it was utterly opposed to the spirit of constitutional government that a majority of the nation expressed in one House might be paralysed by the preponderance of a minority of it in the other, and he attributed the fact that no serious evils had arisen to circumstances. 'All the States are young and contiguous; their customs, their ideas, and their exigencies are not dissimilar; and the differences which result from their size or inferiority do not suffice to set their interests at variance.' But, alas! since these words were written years in America have been generations, and young States have grown old; contiguous States have become far apart as New England from Russia, and States once contemporaneous have been dealing with each other from

¹ 'If Lincoln triumphs, the result cannot fail to be a South united in her own defence—the only key to a full and, we sincerely believe, a peaceful and happy solution of the political problem of the slavery question.'—*The Washington Star* (Sept. 1860). Many pages might be filled with quotations in the same sense from Southern organs of the same date.

the seventeenth or from the nineteenth centuries to which they have receded or advanced. It is wonderful, however, that the repeated instances in which the Senate had already defied the reiterated voice of the nation did not call forth from De Tocqueville even stronger expressions on the subject.

In the great two-years' struggle, 1818-20, on the question of admitting Missouri into the Union, with a restriction against slavery, the Senate thrice encountered the House, the former against, the latter for, the restriction; a majority of four in the one, at one time, resisting a majority of one hundred and forty-one in the other; and at last the House had to admit Missouri as a slave State, though with a barren concession that slavery should not, in the territory from which Missouri was carved, go north of a certain line—a region into which slavery had no desire to go, for plain geographical and climatic reasons. Twice did the Senate defeat the efforts of the House, after the Mexican war, to rescue the territory of which Mexico had been robbed, from the re-establishment therein of the evil institution of which Mexico had purged it. In 1849 the Senate coerced the House into organising further territories on its terms, by threatening to defeat the Civil Appropriation Bill, on which the vital machinery of the Government depended. In 1858 a majority of five in the Senate (32 to 27), prevailed against a majority of sixty-one in the House (134 to 73), to keep Kansas out of the Union for two years, because she would not allow Mr. Buchanan to impose a pro-slavery constitution upon her; and it was only on the day that the Southern Senators left the Senate to take part in the Southern rebellion, that Kansas was admitted under the free constitution which her people had adopted. It will be observed that in none of these

battles were the rights, laws, limits, or interests of States involved; in none of them was the liberty or bondage of a single slave involved. It was a minority of one-fourth of the American people, by a conspiracy of States, empowered by the constitution of the Senate to drag the three-fourths upon a grand filibustering crusade in the West; first to rob Mexico of free territory, and then out of that and all other territory to make slave States. Met at last by the rifles of free immigrants in the far West, and by a free-State man in the chair of the Executive, they abandoned and tried to destroy a Union which they could no longer hope to govern, by even a majority, in the Senate.

As Nature gives more permanence to the trunk of a tree than to its fruit or foliage, or even its branches, so it is well that there should be portions of a government wherein growth shall be slower than in others; but where the trunk of a sapling is bound with iron bands which know no growth, the tree must perish or the bands be broken. Conservatism in America has ample defence against hasty changes in the large majority (three-fourths of the States) required to change the organic law, in the permanence of the judiciary, in the four years' continuance of the president in office, and in the longer duration of the senatorial than the representational office, as well as its election by State legislatures. An entirely incongruous power, which raised local interest or pride over public weal, was preserved in the immense weight in the Senate of that which represented neither superiorities of intelligence or of wealth. The slave States spent their sixty years of supremacy in one prolonged effort to retain and petrify the infancy of the country, with all its crudities and weaknesses, and helped more than anything else to render violence essential to the growth and the conservation of

national life. And at this moment, in the great emergency of reconstruction, the ability of the Senate to conform to the most obvious demands of the country, is notoriously dependent on the fact that the twenty-two Senators of the eleven States recently in rebellion are kept out of the body, which is thus strong only by its mutilation. Unless the opportunity thus afforded by the Southern revolution is improved, to the end of making the Senate represent the actual condition of the country, it must in the future be what it has formerly been—a dead lock upon the progress of the nation.

I come now to consider the compromises with slavery which were adopted into the Constitution. These were three in number:—1. The agreement that the importation of slaves should not be prohibited prior to the year 1808. 2. That slaves escaping into States other than those in which they were held should not thereby become free. 3. That in the appointment of representatives to Congress five slaves should be counted as three persons. South Carolina and Georgia refused to enter the Union unless they were allowed the unrestricted importation of slaves for twenty years.¹ The clause declaring that fugitive slaves should be delivered up to their owners was passed with very little consideration at the close of the Convention, as a kind of bait for the Southern States, in which an opposition to the Constitution was already being

organised. The struggle upon the question of slave representation was severe. In the course of the debate it was shown that the glowing sentiments concerning human rights and equality had not yet cooled down under the breath of pressing interests,—at least not outside of a few Southern States. The proposition to allow representation for negroes held in slavery was received with outbursts of indignation. 'Upon what principle is it,' said Mr. Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, 'that the slaves shall be computed in the representation? Are they men? Then make them citizens and let them vote. Are they property? Why then is no other property included? The houses in this city are worth more than all the wretched slaves that cover the rice swamps of South Carolina. The admission of slaves into the representation, when fairly explained, comes to this: that the inhabitant of Georgia or South Carolina, who goes to the coast of Africa, and, in defiance of the most sacred laws of humanity, tears away his fellow-creatures from their dearest connections, and dooms them to the most cruel bondage, shall have more votes in a government instituted for the protection of the rights of mankind than the citizen of Pennsylvania or New Jersey, who views with a laudable horror so nefarious a practice. Domestic slavery is the most prominent feature in the aristocratic countenance of the proposed Con-

¹ The chief opposition which the demand of these two states met with at that time was from Virginia. George Mason, grandfather of the late Confederate emissary in England, in a memorable speech in the Convention, said: 'The Western people are already calling for slaves for their new lands; and will fill that country with slaves if they can be got through South Carolina and Georgia. Slavery discourages the arts and manufactures. The poor despise labour when performed by slaves. They prevent the emigration of whites, who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of heaven on a country. As nations cannot be punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an invincible chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities.' 'Religion and humanity,' replied Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, 'have nothing to do with this question. Interest alone is the governing principle with nations.'

stitution.' There is no record of any attempt being made to answer these positions, which were urged by the most eminent men of the Convention: in that embryo of the Senate, where each State had an equal vote, the simplest answer was always, 'We will not confederate unless you give what we demand;' and so what Luther Martin of Maryland called 'the absurdity of increasing the power of a State in making laws for *free men*, in proportion as that State violated the rights of freedom,' had to be incorporated into the Constitution. However, the opponents of this plan managed to subtract two-fifths of the slaves from the original plan. Had those men foreseen what was to be the outcome of their action in that question, it is probable that nearly all of them would have taken their stand by the side of Gouverneur Morris when he declared that he would never 'saddle posterity with such a Constitution.' Nevertheless, posterity was saddled by it, and how it has been ridden by the dark form that at once leapt into the saddle may be estimated when it is considered that in the last Congress in which all the former States were represented fifteen slave States with a voting power of 1,276,799 had 90 members in the House of Representatives, whilst the eighteen free States, whose voting power was 3,368,591 had only 147 members. This disproportion of power is equally glaring when it is seen in the electoral strength of the two sections, where the same apportionment prevails. By having always a single great interest before which everything else was made to bend the South preserved an organisation and a unity almost military, whilst the variety of the trades and of society in New England and the Middle and North-western States, rendered a similar unanimity out of the question. The South, with the advantage of deriving from the

negro's *humanity* the right to so represent him as to prolong his character as *property*, applied to the North the method *Divide et impera*; and by that method it could have prevailed in America until this day, had it not dropped the substance for the shadow of empire.

It is but just to the memory of the framers of the American Constitution, to remind the reader here that these concessions to the aristocracy of States and to Slavery, were not without some compensatory returns for equality and freedom. I am dwelling upon the weaknesses and not the advantages of the Constitution; but the history will not be complete unless the circumstances under which the weaknesses were permitted and the powers which they purchased are duly considered. Never would those men fresh from a revolution for liberty have stooped to that narrow gate and straitened way had they not seen, or thought they saw, the spacious halls of freedom in the distance. It has often been remarked that they refused to admit the words 'slave' or 'slavery' into the Constitution. 'They anxiously sought,' said Luther Martin, 'to avoid the admission of expressions which might be odious in the ears of Americans, although they were willing to admit into their system those things which the expressions signified.' Slaves were designated as 'persons held to service or labour,' because (says Madison) 'they did not choose to admit the right of property in man,' by using the words 'slave' or 'slavery.' The evasion is worthy of remark, not as creditable, but as significant of the general feeling of the time, of which there is ample proof from a variety of sources. It is certain that they regarded themselves, in making these clauses, as humouring a dying institution, which might injure their work seriously before it died, but would soon be unable to avail itself of any of the concessions

so made to it. At that time, it was universally supposed that the African trade was the one fountain that fed slavery, and the violence as well as the character of the discussion in the Convention relative to the slave-traffic, shows plainly that the slave States regarded their peculiar institution as destined to terminate with it. Having, by the abolition of that trade, written and signed, as they supposed, the death-warrant of slavery, and appointed 1808 as the year of its execution, the incidental advantages allowed it in the rendition of fugitives and the three-fifths representation seemed of little more import than the benefit of clergy. And they so arranged the wording of the Constitution, that when the institution should be dead there would not remain a dead letter in any clause as a memento of its existence. They saw not Eli Whitney, within the shadow, with his cotton-gin quadrupling the value of every slave, making slavery the greatest tributary of national wealth, nor Napoleon I. casting to that institution the great Mississippi Valley for a fresh market. Yet, so it turned out, that the compromises least thought of were, by the new and unsuspected lease of life obtained by slavery, sufficient to make the Constitution for more than a generation the mere sceptre of the joint empire of slavery and cotton. Nevertheless, little as they had anticipated this resuscitation of what all supposed to be appointed to die speedily, the Constitution with all its faults had been so arranged that at best it could only obtain a reprieve. In agreeing to the Constitution the slave States had for an immediate advantage committed themselves to a power which could abolish slavery. It was a slow power; it must conquer the public opinion of three-fourths of the States; but, in the ability by a certain majority to alter its own provisions the doom of slavery was contained. Slavery

clutched at the strength of the hour; Freedom relied on the inviolable justice of the ages. The North accepted the grub actual with the golden wings implied. And throughout the long years in which slavery has ruled the land, the Northern people have, amid the pain and shame of fulfilling the contract which required them to return fugitives to bondage, and to bow to those whom slavery crowned, solaced their own hearts and apologised to humanity with the thought—'The worm with which we crawl is no common worm. For the day of its soaring and freedom we endure its present meanness and devastation.' It is not to be wondered that when, though long postponed by unanticipated forces, that day of transformation drew near, and Slavery having gained all it could from the Constitution wished to crush it, unless it would consent to creep for ever, Freedom refused to consent to such a violation of the contract.

The extent to which slavery, in signing the Constitution with its formulas for amendment, had contracted for its own ultimate destruction, and the care with which, slavery being dead, the other definite guarantees of the Constitution had been arranged for the security of liberty and equality, have only fully appeared since the shadow which so long rested upon and darkened the counsel of America has lifted. In respect, for example, to negro citizenship, it seems that the only need of an amendment to the Constitution is that of placing beyond the possibility of argument a doctrine concerning which there has been such a long perversion. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, free negroes were regarded as citizens, and allowed to vote in nearly all of the States. In the Convention of 1778, which adopted the Articles of Confederation, an effort was made to deprive negroes of citizenship; it having

been moved to insert the word 'white' into a clause which, so amended, would have run thus:— 'All white freemen of every State, excluding paupers, vagabonds, &c., shall be citizens of the United States.' The proposition was indignantly rejected. No effort was made to insert in the present Constitution any distinction of colour, and there is no doubt that all free persons are citizens of the United States. Congress has indeed power to interfere for the citizenship and security of the negroes, derived from the clause (Art. iv. § 4) which says:— 'The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government.' But with reference to the elections in the States themselves, so far as the national Government is concerned, there is an express provision for the interference of Congress in Art. I of the Constitution, which reads thus:— 'The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators.' With reference to this clause, Madison, replying to a question of Monroe, said:—

Should the people of any State, by any means, be deprived of the right of suffrage, it was judged proper that it should be remedied by the General Government. It was found impossible to fix the time, place and manner of the election of representatives in the Constitution. It was found necessary to leave the regulation of these, in the first place, to the State Government, as being best acquainted with the situation of the people, subject to the control of the General Government, in order to enable it to produce uniformity and prevent its own dissolution, and considering the State Governments and General Government as distinct bodies, acting in different and independent capacities for the people. It was thought the particular regulations should

be submitted to the former, and the general regulations to the latter. Were they exclusively under the control of the State Government, the General Government might easily be dissolved; but if they be regulated properly by the State Legislatures, the Congressional control will very probably never be exercised. The power appears to me satisfactory, and as unlikely to be abused as any part of the Constitution.

The case of Dred Scott was a fictitious suit, in the United States Supreme Court, of a negro for his freedom under an ordinance which prohibited slavery in a certain territory of the United States into which the negro had been taken by his master. It was brought before the court—a majority of which were slaveholders and ardent partisans of the South—in order that a decision might be reached from the highest tribunal in the land declaring that the Constitution did not regard negroes as citizens of the United States, and that, consequently, all laws prohibiting their enslavement in any of its territories were unconstitutional. The Chief Justice declared, in rendering the decision of the court, that negroes were not citizens of the United States, and that at the time of the adoption of the Constitution they were 'considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them.' The decision was so plainly made for party purposes that the Chief Justice, by a most flagrant irregularity, communicated its purport to the incoming President, Mr. Buchanan, before it was pronounced and before the President was inaugurated; so that Mr. Buchanan, in his inaugural address, alluded

to the speedy and final settlement of the question by the Supreme Court. In his late work, *The Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion*, Mr. Buchanan bitterly complains that the North would not accept as final the falsehood solemnly decreed by Chief Justice Taney. The *Saturday Review* (Jan. 13, 1866), mistaking the sense in which the Supreme Court is the constitutional authority in the interpretation of the Constitution, supposes that the Dred Scott decision was really a formal and final decision on the principle involved, and says, with an amusing confidence, 'Mr. Lincoln pledged himself, by his acceptance of the Chicago platform, to violate the Constitution as it was thus interpreted. It is due to the Southern leaders to remember that they had a formal, and, to some extent, a real grievance.' The writer of this sentiment is in error in supposing that the decree of any American court is final and irreversible, so far as the principle involved is concerned. The Supreme Court is, as much as any other court, restricted to dealing with definite cases; and it would have been a violation of the Constitution for any one to have set aside the decision in question, so far as it related to Dred Scott; but the extra-judicial opinions with which the decision was attended were of no weight beyond the arguments with which they were supported. Decisions of earlier date have at various times been reversed by later Supreme Courts; Chief Justice Chase would to-day decide that Dred Scott No. 2, were there one, is free; and at the same time the supreme authority of the Court in each case brought before it remains unimpaired. With reference to the particular case in which the monstrous decision of Justice Taney was rendered, my readers will find

enough in the few citations which I have made from speeches in the Convention of 1789—and there are enough of the like character to fill a volume—that slavery was regarded with abhorrence by the framers of the Constitution; that no apology, much less a defence, was offered for it by any of their number; that the advantages secured to it were meant to be the temporary and protecting sheath of the principle of universal liberty, which has been proved, as by fire, to be the deepest and strongest in the American Constitution.

Among the compromises with slavery which I have enumerated, that with regard to the importation of slaves perished in 1808, when the Congress passed an Act prohibiting the slave-trade. The fugitive slave clause perished in a similar way in the late war; and it only remains that the proposed amendment changing the basis of representation to the enfranchised class shall be adopted to do away with the third. Nevertheless so long have the authorities of the country been in the habit of interpreting the Constitution in the interests of slavery that it is probable that an amendment will have to be adopted restraining any State from making any distinction in its laws on account of colour. It would, indeed, be an unaccountable folly if the people of the United States should let the opportunity, which the madness of slavery has afforded them, slip by failing to exorcise utterly the demon that has so long harried them. Lord Bacon has admired the wit of Bresquet, jester to Francis I., who having put the name of Charles V. into his *Calendar of Fools*, when the latter, trusting to the generosity of Francis, passed through France to appease the rebellion of Ghent, was asked by the king why he did so, Bresquet replied, 'Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the

greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another; nevertheless he would trust his person into your hands.' 'Why, Bresquet,' said the king; 'what wilt thou say if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain?' Said Bresquet, 'Why then I will put him out of the *Calendar of Fools* and put you in.' History also keeps its calendar of fools; and if it has already recorded the insanity of slavery in putting itself in the power of those it had so long injured by trampling on the compromises of the Constitution which alone protected it, will surely assign a greater folly to the nation if, after its sad experience, it shall permit its enemy to regain his kingdom with safety.

Amongst the anomalies which the slavery agitation and the civil war have illustrated are those relating to the office of the President. It must be remembered that, when the war against George III. was undertaken, the leaders of it had no thought of a complete separation from England. Thomas Paine was, probably, the first to raise the aim of entire independence before those who were merely resisting oppressive taxation, and it is certain that his ideas were entertained at first with great reluctance. George Washington could scarcely have been induced to assume the command of the army under any such theory, and he has left many expressions of his reluctance to embrace it even after it had become the general purpose. Washington was by temperament a conservative, and how little he sympathised with the radical school led by Paine and Jefferson may be judged by his refusal to permit the American Minister at Paris, during his presidency, to plead for the life of Paine when his death-warrant was signed by Robespierre, although the Congress and the State Legislatures had recognised the pen of Paine as hardly second to the sword of

Washington in achieving American independence. Washington was President of the Convention of 1789, and there were in it others equally conservative who were anxious to preserve in the new Constitution as much of the old monarchical forms as they could. Alexander Hamilton tried hard to have the President eligible for life. His term of office was reduced at length to seven years; and only at the last moment was it further reduced to four years with the privilege of re-eligibility. Nothing could have been more short-sighted. It was trusting too much to official nature to suppose that the President would not use the advantages of his position to secure a re-election. The result has been very bad. Every president has come to regard the second election as simply a verdict upon his administration, and generally it is deemed a much surer way of obtaining the verdict of the people to use patronage cleverly in securing the friendship of leading politicians throughout the States, than to merit the confidence of the people. The President during a first term is always a candidate for renomination by his party; and it is obviously wrong that an officer with 30,000 offices to dispense should be under that temptation, especially as it is *infra dignitatem* for an ex-President to stand for any inferior office. Whilst preventing the President from receiving the smallest present, the Constitution exposes him directly to this fearful bribe, and, as a result, servility in that office to the strongest party in the country has become the rule, honesty and independence the exception.

The tide of opinion now sets towards a return to the original plan of the Constitution, which was set aside in an unwatchful moment, by which it was, as we have seen, contemplated that the President should hold his office for seven years, and be ineligible thereafter. The Presi-

dent would then be animated by the single ambition of making his administration renowned for its purity, its wisdom, and the diffusion of happiness and the blessings of peace under it. Experience has also shown that the suspensive veto of the President has been abused. It is certainly an almost absolute prerogative that the President should have the power to negative any bill passed by Congress, and that his negative cannot be escaped except by a majority of two thirds of both branches of the legislature. Whether the reconstitution of the Senate as indicated above, or the removal of the temptation to play into the hands of any party which would follow the restriction of the presidency to a single term, would render a modification of the veto-power unnecessary, it is certain that in the Senate, as now constituted, a majority of two thirds can, in high party times, almost never be obtained for any measure. And under these circumstances, the legislature has been compelled to try and coerce the executive by refusing to confirm his appointments or to accede to measures which he is anxious to have passed; sometimes, indeed, it has almost blocked the whole of government as a means of compulsion. It is needful in a popular government that the 'one-man-power,' as it is termed, should be more restricted in peaceful times. Those who obtained the insertion of this monarchical element in the Constitution meant well. They meant to preserve a strong central government; and, had that element been mingled with others harmonious with it, the result would possibly have been greater strength. But it is an axiom of philosophy that things move quietly in their

places—violently out of them. In a popular government this prerogative of the President—equivalent as it is to the power of entirely setting aside a decree of the Congress—is out of its place; and the result has been that jealousy between the legislative and the executive branches has become chronic. Another thing, equally or even more discordant with the spirit of representative government, is the mode of the election of the chief magistrate. This is done by means of electoral colleges. Some months before the day of a presidential election, the caucuses¹ of the parties which mean to bring forward candidates meet and nominate persons for President and Vice-President. Party caucuses are then held in each State, which nominate a list of electors equal in number to the representatives and senators sent by the State in which a caucus is held. Thus New York, having thirty-three representatives and two senators, each party nominates thirty-five electors, whose names are on the same ticket with the candidates for President and Vice-President proposed by the general national caucus of the party. These electors are voted for at the presidential election, and the list that receives a plurality of votes carries the entire electoral power of the State, and all the votes cast for other candidates pass for nothing. The possibilities involved in this are very startling, as the following figures will show. The votes polled at the presidential election of 1860 were in number 4,680,193, representing an electoral vote of 303. Taking this as the voting strength of the country, and supposing the votes to be divided between two candidates, each of whom gets a bare majority of each State he

¹ This term is applied to all party meetings in America. Dr. Trench, in his little book on Words, calls upon the Americans to give an account of the word *caucus*. It is a corruption of the word *caulkers*, the disguised revolutionists of Massachusetts in 1776 having been so called because they met in the ship-yards.

carries, it will be seen by the following table how small a proportion of the people may, under the electoral system, elect the President.

State.	Popular majority of r.	Electoral vote.
Ohio :	221,222	23
Indiana	136,022	13
Virginia	83,612	15
Kentucky	73,259	12
Massachusetts	84,598	13
Illinois	169,847	11
Florida	7,179	3
North Carolina	48,116	10
Georgia	53,183	10
Alabama	45,174	9
Tennessee	72,667	12
Mississippi	34,561	7
Louisiana	25,256	6
Maryland	46,252	8
	1,100,948	152

One hundred and fifty-two being a majority of the electors, it thus appears that any candidate receiving a bare majority of the popular vote of the fourteen States named, will be chosen, though he will represent only 1,100,948 votes against the 3,580,145 cast in all the States for his opponent. This is a result surprising enough in a country which is generally supposed to be ruled by majorities; but it must be remembered that where several candidates are running, a candidate may carry a State by a bare plurality. Thus, in 1860, when there were four candidates in the field, the State of Missouri distributed its popular vote as follows:—Douglas, 58,801; Bell, 58,372; Breckenridge, 31,317; Lincoln, 17,028. Mr. Douglas carried the entire nine electoral votes of the State, though he received only a little over a third of the suffrages of the State. It will thus be seen that if the 2,201,380 votes which were cast in the fourteen States of the table had been divided among three candidates, so as to give two of them 725,000 votes a-piece, the other candidate would still have carried their 152 electors by his plurality of 751,880; which minority would in such case have elected the President amongst a voting population of 4,680,193! Of

course the electoral system has not yet in any case reached such a *reductio ad absurdum* as this; but the tendency to make the presidency less and less representative of the voice and choice of the people has been so manifest as to attract much attention to the subject. Of the modern Presidents, Taylor, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln (except in his second election), each has represented a mere plurality of votes, and each a smaller one than his predecessor. This tendency will of course increase as opinions and interests become more various and independent; party lines will be less hard, and candidates more numerous. The simple remedy is to make the President elective directly by the people.

There have appeared in the progress of the United States, and in the late war, several singular constitutional defects, referable rather to negligence than to the adoption of any erroneous principle. The most notable of these is the absence of any prevention of the habit into which Presidents have fallen of removing the officers who were in the employ of their predecessors. The framers of the Constitution did not think of this, or they would certainly have inserted a provision such as is now

generally called for, making it necessary for a cause to be shown for every removal. Ever since the administration of Mr. J. Q. Adams, this bad system has prevailed, and the offices within the appointment of the President have come to be regarded as the spoils of the victors, awarded too generally, it is to be feared, as payments for electioneering services. The effect upon the public business is disastrous. Men do not care to perfect themselves in the work of offices from which they are soon to be removed, but only to make as much as possible out of them whilst they are in; and thus the old and regular adepts who give so much dignity and system to governmental departments, are rarely found in America.

Another of these minor defects appeared in a very formidable way at the opening of the present Congress. When the eleven States which had been in rebellion came to Washington by their representatives, before the organisation of the present House, and applied for admission, it was found that their admission—and consequently, to a great extent, the destiny of the United States—depended upon a certain Mr. McPherson, who was the mere clerk of the House! If this officer had assumed that the credentials of the Southern representatives were *prima facie* valid, he would have put their names on the roll of members; once admitted thus to seats in the House, they could scarcely have been expelled. The claims of the representatives of each of the eleven States would have to be considered separately; and each of these ten States would have been able to vote against the expulsion of the one on trial. Thus it depended upon the knowledge or firmness of the clerk whether the Southern States should be readmitted; and this officer—an entirely obscure man, chosen with little thought by the House, of

whose opinions none knew anything—was, in the greatest emergency which the nation ever encountered, of far more importance than the President or the Chief Justice! Mr. McPherson, though under a very strong contrary pressure from high sources, refused the credentials of the Southern representatives; but it is not likely that the country will run a similar risk in future.

A third and most serious blunder was that which thoughtlessly provided that the representative should always be a citizen of the State he represented, which has been carried out into what is known as the single district system, whereby each must also belong to the Congressional district which he represents. It is impossible at the close of an article to recite even a small part of the evils which have arisen from a system to which the greater number of the scenes in Congress, that an American would fain hide, are attributable. By it men of statesmanlike abilities about the centres of cultivation in the Eastern States are rendered inactive, and rough pioneers and adventurers from the far West are heaped into Congress. It has not only been thus rendered impossible for the best political material of the country to be employed in the Legislature, local selfishness and individual self-interest have been frequently paramount in the conduct of national affairs. There are certainly enough men of capacity and learning in the United States to make a Congress, which would compare favourably with similar bodies throughout the world; but the most thoughtful Americans despair of seeing such a Congress, so long as the system in question prevails. Until then there will be little room for that public-mindedness which alone can build a great nation. It is gratifying to observe that there is no difference of opinion among the leading thinkers of

America on this point, and that the Constitutional Convention, to which it is now probable that the entire remodelling of the organic law will be remitted, will almost certainly find no important opposition to a change in this particular.

It will be seen by the foregoing review that the working of the American Constitution hitherto cannot be regarded as a fair experiment in republican government. The United States has by no means had a government by the people in any strict sense, and although it has been practically more popular than its forms, its political history has been a perpetual effort to adjust various State governments and to harmonise conflicting sectional interests. In the late civil war the country was saved by a recurrence to the abnormal and martial powers which republics and monarchies must alike employ in emergencies; but it is only just to say that in the seventy-two years preceding the war, it has been menaced and impeded by the oligarchical rather than the popular elements retained in it,—that is to say, by the inequality of senatorial representation, by State feudalism, and by slavery. Many exceptional influences, which cannot be discussed here, must also be taken into consideration,—chiefly the influx of an unnaturalised mob, gathered into the great cities from all parts of Europe, whose filtration and assimilation require far more time

than America has yet had. The Fenian movement shows how great a source of danger this is: the Fenians have been fooled to the top of their bent, not because they had the sympathy of the people or the authorities of America, but because no leading party or politician was willing to incur the hostility of thousands of immigrants, who in a few years would become voters. Whether even the extension of the period of naturalisation, now anxiously considered by genuine republicans, will check the servility of parties to this mob is doubtful. It seems, at present, to be the inevitable weakness of a new country. But so long as there remains a negro agitation in the country—and such will remain as long as there is any race deprived of equal rights and immunities—there will be this and many another rank unweeded field in American polity. The fires of war have, however, as I have intimated, poured a flood of light upon the manifold practical and constitutional weaknesses of the country, and if America is thereby led to purge herself of their causes the civil war will have completed the analogy already suggested between the development of Anglo-Saxon liberty on both sides of the Atlantic, and England's grand stride of 1688 will reappear beyond the ocean in the formation of a strong nationality upon what was before a crude transitional federation of States.



LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER.¹

IN the production of prose fiction, if we include both quantity and quality in our estimate, France surpasses all other nations. Prolific in invention, ingenious in the contrivance of plot and situation, the power of the French novelists in shaping new stories out of old elements seems inexhaustible, and they add to this a profound study of the moving passions and masked thoughts of the human mind and heart. Out of their overflowings, the novelists and dramatists of other nations prepare fresh banquets; our original plays and new stories are moulded afresh, or sometimes merely re-warmed, from the fragments of the French purveyors; and some of our most distinguished writers of fiction, such as are incapable of stealing from the letter, are so imbued with the spirit of the French authors that their works, if not copies from them and reproductions, are at least their lineal descendants. The features of Balzac and George Sand are as continually to be recognised among our novelists as it is said King Charles the Second's were among his subjects. It may be safely asserted that all the meditative and metaphysical passages of every ordinary English story published in the present day (those passages technically known as padding) are adapted from the French; and hence an apparent inconsistency in many flat and flimsy narratives, where thoughts occasionally occur of remarkable sharpness and brilliancy. The sense of unfitness and discrepancy produced in this way throughout the work is more irritating to the reader than if it were all rapid; and, on the whole, the influence of the French writers

upon ours is to be lamented, not only because, as Victor Hugo observes, 'toute imitation est stérile,' but because of the facility with which this patchwork is constructed, and of the quantity of bad modelling thus introduced into English art. The impress of Balzac is perhaps the most strongly stamped upon his students, and some of them are distinguished by considerable ability. But his influence has not been for good; neither beauty that charms nor thought that elevates can be found in his pages, or those of his disciples. He is the apostle of baseness and corruption; he is the anatomiser of iniquity, he is the searcher-out and exhibitor, but not the healer of all the sores of humanity. The whole of life in his pages looks like that miserable lodging-house which he describes in one of his greatest works, *Le Père Goriot*, where he tells how the furniture is 'creaking, unsightly, worm-eaten, faded, sickly, battered, rickety and offensive; in the last stage of decay.' To enter into the full detail of the hideousness of the place would, he says, take too long; 'but let it be understood that misery reigned there, without poetry; a sordid, rasping, concentrated misery; stains everywhere, if not positive filth: it was a mass of crumbling rottenness.' Such is Balzac's world, vile and corrupt, without the relief of poetry, beauty, or grandeur. His power consists in his complete truth within the sphere which he chooses for his labour, in the admirable skill with which he conducts his narrative, in the vigour of his language, the accuracy of his detail, and the intensity of his passion; and

¹ *Les Travailleurs de la Mer.* Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Librairie Internationale; Lacroix, Verboeckoven & Cie. 1866.

because of his completeness and consistent strength, his productions will survive the day in which they were written, will surmount the whims of fashion, will engage the attention of all students of literature in all times and in all countries, will find many imitators, but in their own line no equals, and their author will take the lead as the master of the painful and terrible in prose fiction. Out of his own immediate province of the disagreeable he is not successful; any reader who has been patient enough to read through his *Lys de la Vallée*, will have had a lamentable proof of his inability to conceive the existence of virtue, and to represent a woman of real purity of mind. The coquettish sentimentality of his Lily in the first pages of the volume is only surpassed by her regrets at the close, when, dying of a tedious struggle between passion and virtue, she finally repents of having chosen to be virtuous, 'for,' she observes, 'this early death is the result, while I see an abandoned woman enjoying the possession of the man I love.'

While the original power of Balzac and of George Sand marked them out for founders of distinct schools of writing—the one in the narrow range we have indicated, the other in the wide sphere of a glowing imagination, warm, instinct with life in all its phases, abundantly creative, appreciating all the beauty of God's works, only indifferent to morality and modesty, yet living happily to correct that fault—they had many contemporaries following quite different ways, with a movement of their own, claiming and winning also the prizes of acknowledged genius. Amongst these, Alfred de Vigny, lately the subject of an eloquent oration at the French Academy of Letters, by Jules Sandeau, was the most remarkable for perfection of style, for refinement,

pathetic grace, and metaphysical subtlety; Dumas for fertility, ingenuity and adventure; and Eugène Sue for cleverness of construction and well-devised situations; and greater than any and all of these stood Victor Hugo—greater by the fervour of his genius and its comprehensiveness, by his creative power, by his wealth of imagery, by his abundance of thought, by the magnitude of his conceptions, by his sense of beauty, by his immense passion; before his athletic strength even Balzac's egotism and self-esteem dwindled, and he both admired and feared this rival. For some years, circumstances, and perhaps an unacknowledged jealous perturbation, kept Balzac out of his path; and when at last the two authors did meet by appointment at Balzac's own house at breakfast, the host was full of trepidation for two hours before the coming of his guest, and strode up and down in his garden hot and cold with agitation, and could hardly contain his emotion upon the sight of his figure at the garden gate. In their subsequent interview, Balzac, habitually a monopoliser of conversation, subsided into silent attention, absorbed by the presence of the poet. Yet at this period Hugo had not written his greatest work; *Les Misérables* was to be the crown of his age and the glory of his exile, when Balzac was no longer living to wonder or to be afraid. But when a man has won such a crown, and reached such an eminence, it is his part to be afraid of himself, for he is his own most formidable rival; he holds a perilous position, and either he must strain every sinew in order to reach further heights, or, if his wisdom tell him that he has done his utmost, he must be content to stand still, satisfied with his achievement; for if he will move, and cannot rise, he must proceed downwards with the progress which becomes easier

at every step, till he tumbles at last in miserable flats, breathing thick air, a welcome spectacle to the vulgar, who love to see changing events and the fall of greatness. But we who claim a rank among the loyal subjects of excellence, watch such a descent with pain, and address a grave warning to the poet. We appeal to M. Victor Hugo's own discerning powers while we undertake the criticism of his last work, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. It may be well to begin with a sketch of his plot. The scene is laid in Guernsey, all the details of which M. Hugo knows only too well; and the heroine is the niece and adopted daughter of one Lethierry, the inventor of the first steamboat, which is the wonder of the Channel Islands. His thoughts are concentrated on these two objects, his niece Déruchette and his steamer *La Durande*. His partner in business, Rantaine, disappears one day, carrying with him a large sum of money. This proceeding is detected by a certain Clubin, who becomes his successor and captain of the *Durande*. Clubin passes for a model of probity, but under the mask of superior virtue conceals a deep iniquity. He has friends among the smugglers, and through their assistance he traces the ways and projects of Rantaine, and confronts him after he has safely landed at Guernsey, in the disguise of an American Quaker, at the very moment when he is contemplating the dead body of a coastguard whom he has just hurled from the top to the bottom of the cliff, and while he is waiting for an approaching vessel which is to convey him secretly away. Clubin lets this gentleman know that he recognises him, and that he has witnessed the little job he has executed, and takes the opportunity of demanding the restitution of the money stolen from Lethierry. The gentleman objects, upon which Clubin shows him a

loaded revolver, and finally forces him to deliver up three notes of a thousand pounds each, contained in a small iron box, which is concealed within a leathern belt. The belt, box and notes are handed over intact to Clubin, and then Rantaine is permitted to sail away in his friendly ship; but as he goes off he shouts out from mid-deck to his enemy, that he will not fail to let Lethierry know, by the first opportunity, that he has restored his money to Clubin. This intimation is not agreeable, for Clubin intends the money for his own private use; and he can think of only one way out of his dilemma: he determines to wreck the *Durande* on the rocks called Les Hanois—to send off the other passengers in the long boat, to remain like a brave captain by the sinking vessel, to swim to shore, and then to take ship and emerge in some new country as a rich man of pleasure. He effects his purpose by intoxicating his pilot, and steering the vessel himself; but in a thick sea fog he mistakes the rocks, and founders upon those known as the Douvres, too far from shore for the most accomplished swimmer; barren rocks in the midst of a hideous and dangerous sea, the centre of storm and horror. There he remains, and there, finally, he is devoured by crabs.

The wreck of the *Durande* is despair for Lethierry. His neighbours come to wonder and condole; Déruchette weeps; the possibility of extricating the machinery of the vessel from the Douvres is discussed. 'If a man could be found capable of such a feat,' says one of the seamen—'He—he,' interrupts Déruchette, 'should be my husband.' Upon this, one Gilliatt, a strong man who has learned many things in solitude, who has sounded the depths of the sea in silent thought, who knows something of engineering and of navigating, and who has harboured

in his heart a secret passion for Déruchette, advances. 'Would you really marry that man?' he asks. 'Yes, I would.' 'Yes, she would,' says Lethierry; 'I swear to God she would.'

Gilliatt the next day goes to the terrible and almost impossible task, alone, because he dreads a rival. Contending with storm, solitude, and starvation, fighting against the ocean and the monsters that inhabit it, he does finally extricate the machinery, and the tall chimney of the *Durande* appears one night under Lethierry's window, after all thought of its rescue had been given up; and when Gilliatt was altogether forgotten, for he was a man who had always led a lonely life. But meanwhile, Déruchette's heart had been engaged by the interesting young rector, Joey Ebenezer Caudray, and when Gilliatt presents himself hideous with toil and suffering, as the husband of her own will and promise, she faints away. Gilliatt, who in a moonlight vigil had seen her shadow on the garden walk interlaced with another shadow, and had heard manly and tender tones addressing her, guesses his fate. The next morning he repairs again to the garden walk, and there finds them again. The young rector is speaking parting words full of anguish. He is going off in the vessel called the *Cashmere* which is to sail that day for London. Gilliatt comes between them commanding them not to part. He persuades them to an immediate marriage, himself giving away the bride, and the young couple depart in the *Cashmere*, trusting to win Lethierry's forgiveness after the event. Gilliatt smiles upon their departure, but when he turns from them it is to seek the rock known as the chair rock (on account of its peculiar shape), which is uncovered at low tide, but over which the flowing waves sweep as they rise,

and which is completely engulfed at their highest. Here, he seats himself in sight of the *Cashmere* as she sails away, seeking the peril from which he had once by chance delivered that same young rector; he is determined on his own death. While the *Cashmere* fades in the distance, the great sea covers him and his misery, and he dies in the embrace of the ocean which he had loved exclusively till he knew Déruchette.

This story, in spite of some improbabilities, may be pronounced a good foundation for a romance. It gives scope for character, scenery, and for the development of passion. If M. Hugo had dealt with it as he should, we might have possessed another work worthy of the author of *Notre Dame*, of *Les Pauvres Gens*, of *Éviradnus*, and of *Les Misérables*. But he has not dealt fairly with his subject; he has thrown away his materials; he is like the rich merchant who squanders his ventures: in his arrogance of wealth he 'scatters his spices on the stream, and robes the waters with his silks;' he uses no care to hoard and garner up.

He should remember that in disregarding order, and relinquishing the trouble of elimination, he is abandoning the most imperative duty of an artist, and imposing much trouble on his readers; it is not mere bulk and strength that constitute art; it is the skill which reduces the matter into form, and the elements of strength into a fine proportion of action; but it seems to be M. Hugo's present aim to overwhelm his readers by quantity. He talks a great deal about everything, sometimes well, sometimes ill, and always with too little regard to the progress of his narrative, which every chapter may be said to be ingeniously devised to interrupt. We have, in the first instance, a tedious disquisition upon

demonology and witchcraft, in some passages gross and offensive. The reader goes sedulously through this episode, because he trusts his author; he concludes that its duty must be to establish the proper relations between him and the personage whose history he is to follow, and that the interest of this history is to depend upon the passions which bigotry calls forth. But it is not so. This lengthy discourse is only to let us know that some persons in Guernsey believed Gilliatt to be the descendant of a witch; he is not subjected to any persecution—if he had been we might have been bound to share it—but as nothing comes of it, a glance in passing at the superstitions of Guernsey forty years ago would have been enough. There is indeed a house supposed to be haunted, which does some business in the narrative, being used by smugglers for their private transactions, but this can hardly be urged in excuse for so long a dissertation; a haunted house thus frequented is one of those familiar properties which no romance on the seashore is supposed to be without, and which most readers know exactly when and where to expect. But in *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer* every circumstance is introduced with pomp and weighted with big words. We have three or four pages imposed upon us before we are supposed to be duly informed that Gilliatt is a meditative man. We are taught the nature of dreams by day and dreams by night. We are presented with a list of dreamers and visionaries known to history, and we are told of all the things that Gilliatt saw, or thought he saw, when he looked into the sea.

There was in Gilliatt, M. Hugo tells us—

something of hallucination and something of inspiration. Hallucination may haunt a peasant like Martin no less than a king

like Henry IV. The Unknown sometimes prepares surprises for mankind. A sudden rent in the darkness lets us for a moment discern the invisible, and then quickly closes again. These visions are occasionally transfigurators. They transform a camel-driver into Mahomet, a goat-herd into Jeanne d'Arc. Solitude sets free a certain portion of sublime delirium. It is the smoke of the burning bush. There results from it a mysterious quivering of thought which magnifies the doctor into a seer and the poet into a prophet. . . . Often the visionary condition overwhelms man and stupefies him. *L'abrutissement sacré existe* (this phrase is untranslatable). The fakir is burthened with his vision as the *crétin* with his *goître*. Luther discoursing with devils in the attic at Wittenburg, Pascal masking hell with the screen in his cabinet, the obi negro conversing with the white-faced god Bossum, all show us the same phenomenon exhibited diversely by the brains it comes across, according to their strength and dimension. Luther and Pascal were, and always will remain great; the obi is imbecile.

What is M. Hugo when he talks like this? Is this the smoke of the burning bush? Must we have so much smoke for so little fire? We abstain from going on with our translation of these pages, from sheer weariness of the pretension and inflation that characterise them. Our next struggle is with the old dialect of Guernsey, tiresome and useless, and the worst of all is the building of the *Durande*, with all the particulars of its machinery; of the progress of its construction, of its measurement, of its merits and its defects, of its position in the water, and of the exact manner of its action, with deviations (for M. Hugo is true to his system of deviation from his main topic) into other seas and other lands where other steamers were built and other navigators guided them.

The one object which M. Hugo keeps faithfully in view is the suspension of all human interest; when he wrote his life of Shakespeare he prefaced it with the observation that it should rather be called thoughts about Shakespeare, and in

the same way he should have announced to us that his present volumes were thoughts about the sea, in order that we might expect to find a great deal in it about fishes, rocks, and boats, but very little about men and women. As a treatise on the sea, the work would still have been imperfect and incoherent, but it would have caused less disappointment because it would have excited less expectation than in its present form of a romance sent into the world by a great poet. The continual parade of knowledge they exhibit is one of the most disagreeable features of M. Hugo's volumes. It cannot, with such a man, proceed from that poor intention of display which is pedantry; but an enormous load of mental stores ill-distributed is not less tiresome, and the poet's tedium is on as large a scale as his genius. His chapter on 'les collaborations secrètes des éléments' can, in respect of its heaviness, never be surpassed. The reader's attention here is put upon the rack, and swoons repeatedly; waking into short painful paroxysms of consciousness, when another screw is turned on. Under such a pressure we doubt our understanding, and remain lost in the contemplation of the following passage: 'Un coup d'équinoxe vient de démolir sur la frontière d'Angleterre et d'Écosse la falaise première des quatre—First of the fourth.' Is it credible that M. Hugo calls the Firth of Forth the 'first of the fourth,' and translates it into 'la falaise première des quatre,' or is there really some unknown cliff on our frontiers bearing that strange title? We turn for explanation to the authorised English version, *The Toilers of the Sea*, and there we find the doubtful sentence thus rendered: 'An equinoctial gale has just demolished a great portion of the cliff of the Firth of Forth in Scotland.' If this be right, M. Hugo is more

indicously wrong than we are disposed to believe; but however this special case may stand, we have sufficient general grounds for declining to accept him as an accurate instructor and professor of physics, and we do respectfully decline it altogether. All who truly appreciate him as a poet, must lament his appearance in this other character, and must regret also the occasional nonsense of his metaphysical speculations. These, however, though out of place and too long, contain some fruitful suggestions and some vigorous and original expressions of thought. We would refer the reader for a specimen to the account of Lethierry's religious opinions, which are tersely summed up with this sentence:—

Voyez-vous, moi j'ai une drôle d'idée. Je m'imagine que Dieu est bon.

Ce levain d'athéisme lui venait de son séjour en France.

Through the murky atmosphere with which M. Hugo is pleased to surround us, the fire of his vast imagination does sometimes pierce in visible flame. The shipwreck contrived by Clubin is powerfully described: the company on board, their commonplace dialogue changing its tone as the sea mist deepens; the suggestions of their fear; the tremor of the intoxicated pilot; and the assumed anxiety of the one man who knows what he is about,—are brought before us with that truth and vigour of conception which put life into dead letters, and which make a writer a creator. There is a fine irony in Clubin's attitude of self-abnegation and in the extraordinary respect with which it inspires his crew; and the honest tears of the pilot (Clubin's unconscious victim) when he parts from his master, are of that kind which rouse a sympathetic emotion. Clubin's triumphant solitude and grand contempt when he is left on deck with his friend,

and his success and subsequent reflections are brought before the reader with the accumulative force which we have elsewhere described as characteristic of M. Victor Hugo's genius; his thunder sounds first in the slow single roll as distant and threatening, coming up faster and louder, doubling and trebling its rapidity, multiplying its volume, massing itself, till its force is discharged with irresistible meteoric energy, under which you sometimes think you see the heavens opening. But M. Hugo's fire is not always divine; he sometimes rather resembles the volcano under earth which pours out its fury in hot disorder, casting up huge shapeless missiles, with here and there a precious ore mixed, or even a tender uprooted flower borne on the fiery stream, whose great torrent sweeps down with indiscriminate vehemence upon the reader, so that he is either shocked into a stupor or bewildered into a delirium, or his only resource is to escape in flight.

M. Hugo drags us through all the convulsions of the sea till every character of his fiction seems wholly swamped in it; he has apparently stood as a watcher and an exile on the shore, isolated from most of his kind, till that vast power has engrossed his thoughts, and his sympathies have become absorbed in its moods and ways, seeking out curiously its treasures, but more fervently its horrors and its monsters. Gilliatt has an encounter with a sea storm, which is introduced by a swelling description of what wind may be, of which the chapter itself may be accepted as an adequate illustration. It may be worth while to make a few extracts from this, as brief as possible, to show how M. Hugo suffers his ideas to get the better of his judgment, and to outrun his selective faculties.

All that the author has ever

thought about wind is heaped up here to burthen the narrative—troubling us, offending us, buffeting us in the face; we come out of this chapter in a dishevelled unseemly condition. Let us take a few sentences here and there, such as we can just bear to repeat:

Les vents du large. D'où viennent-ils? De l'incommensurable. Il faut à leurs vergures le diamètre du gouffre. Leurs ailes démesurées ont besoin du recul indéfini des solitudes. L'Atlantique, le Pacifique, ces vastes ouvertures bleues, voilà ce qui leur convient. Ils les font sombres. Ils y volent en troupes. Le commandant Page a vu une fois sur la haute mer sept trombes à la fois. Ils sont là, farouches. Ils préméditent les disastres. Ils ont pour labeur l'enflure éphémère et éternelle du flot. Ce qu'ils peuvent est ignoré, ce qu'ils veulent est inconnu. Ils sont les sphinx de l'abîme, et Gama est leur Œdipe. . . . On dirait que l'intelligence humaine les inquiète et ils se hérissent contre elle. L'intelligence est invincible, mais l'élément est imprenable. Que faire contre l'ubiquité insaisissable? Le souffle devient massue, puis redevient soufflé. Les vents combattent par l'écrasement et se défendent par l'évanouissement. Qui les rencontre est aux expédients. . . . Christophe Colomb les voyant venir vers la Pinta, montait sur le pont et leur adressait les premiers versets de l'Évangile selon Saint Jean. Surcouf les insultait. Voici la clique, disait-il. Napier leur tirait des coups de canon. Ils ont la dictature du Chaos. Ils ont le Chaos, qu'en font-ils? On ne sait quoi d'implacable. La fosse aux vents est plus monstrueuse que la fosse aux lions. . . . Ils commettent des choses qui ressemblent à des crimes. On ne sait sur qui ils jettent les arrachements blancs de l'écume. Que de férocité impie dans le naufrage! quel affront à la Providence! *Ils ont l'air par moment de cracher sur Dieu.* Ils sont les tyrans des lieux inconnus. *Luoghi spaventosi*, murmuraient les marins de Venise.

The length to which this exaggeration goes is too much for our patience. Hand and thought grow weary in the endeavour to extract the cream from this curdling composition; we are told—

That shuddering space submits to the assault of these criminal winds;—that what passes in these great desolations is unutter-

able;—that some equestrian figure is hidden in the shadow;—that the air makes a sound like a forest;—that we see nothing, but hear the movement of cavalry;—that it is noon, and then suddenly night, for a tornado is passing; that it is midnight, and suddenly day, for the polar æther is lighted;—that a cloud being too heavy, splits in the middle and falls in pieces upon the sea;—that where it rains we have a furnace; and that from the liquid wave a great blaze rises.

Let so much suffice, though it is trebled in our author's pages; the nature of it is perfectly described by the words which he applies to Gilliatt's state of mind while he is at his great work. 'Son œuvre lui montait à la tête; on peut s'enivrer de son âme; cette ivrognerie-là s'appelle l'héroïsme.' We gladly leave so much sound and fury and forced antithesis, and proceed to the fight with the monster, in which M. Hugo has made better use of his strength. We are told that this monster is called by the French sailors a 'pieuvre,' and by the English a devil-fish or blood-sucker, but its physiology appears to be doubtful. There is a good deal of detail in its description, but the detail does not exactly correspond with anything that we know through the medium of cyclopædias or works on natural history; it appears to combine two species in one, and we suspect that Mr. Owen would find it more difficult to build up a correct structure from M. Hugo's elaborate account of this awful creature supposed to live in our seas, than to reproduce an extinct cephalopod from its fossil remains, according to the necessities implied in the harmony of nature. This 'pieuvre' is not less of 'a strange fish' than the one that Trinculo found in Prospero's island, 'legged like a man, and his fins like arms!' but if M. Hugo has helped the horror of creation with a little extra combination of his own we are not disposed to quarrel with him for that; we are willing

to concede to him the poet's right, and to believe that he has seen something more than has been yet revealed to any physiological investigator, or yet proclaimed in any scientific discourse at the Royal Institution or other assembly of that kind. Indeed, M. Hugo candidly opens his description by telling us that—

Pour croire à la pieuvre, il faut l'avoir vue.

Comparée à la pieuvre, les vieilles hydres font sourire.

L'inconnu dispose du prodige, et il s'en sert pour composer le monstre. Orphée, Homère et Hésiode n'ont pu faire que la chimère: Dieu a fait la pieuvre.

Quand Dieu veut, il excelle dans l'effrayable. Le pourquoi de cette volonté est l'effroi du penseur religieux.

Tous les idéals étant admis, si l'épouvante est un but, la pieuvre est un chef-d'œuvre.

This masterpiece confronts us with all its horrors in the following enumeration of its negative and positive qualities:

La pieuvre n'a pas de masse musculaire, pas de cri menaçant, pas de cuirasse, pas de corne, pas de dard, pas de pince, pas de queue prenante ou contondante, pas d'ailerons branchants, pas d'ailerons onglés, pas d'épines, pas d'épée, pas de décharge électrique, pas de virus, pas de venin, pas de griffes, pas de bec, pas de dents. La pieuvre est de toutes les bêtes la plus formidablement armée. Qu'est-ce donc que la pieuvre? C'est la ventouse.

It is impossible to do justice to this powerful chapter by detached pieces; its force consists as much in its quantity as its quality. We cannot abstract a cell from the battery without diminishing the energy of its shock, and we cannot in this instance reduce the bulk of the poet's inspirations without damaging the impression that is stamped by their aggregation; we can only attempt to convey to our readers a few of M. Hugo's most original suggestions, and these suffer by the loss of the context:

Cette bête s'applique sur sa proie, la recouvre et la noue de ses longues bandes.

. . . . Elle est arachnide par la forme et caméléon par la coloration. Irritée elle devient violette. Chose épouvantable c'est mou.

Elle a un aspect de scorbut et de gangrène. C'est de la maladie arrangée en monstruosité.

The author's vivid imagination conceives in all its fulness the disgust that the ways of this vile creature inspire. He shudders at its apparition; it has no visible progress or approach; you do not see it coming, and this is dreadful; you discover it, and as soon as you find it, you are its victim. It has no bone, no blood, no flesh. It is flaccid; there is nothing within it. It is a skin. You can turn its eight tentacles inside out like the fingers of a glove. It is cold all over:

C'est la machine pneumatique qui vous attaque. Vous avez affaire au vide ayant des pattes. . . . La griffe n'est rien près de la ventouse. La griffe c'est la bête qui entre dans votre chair; la ventouse c'est vous-même qui entrez dans la bête. Vos muscles s'enflent, vos fibres se tordent, votre peau éclate sous une pesée immonde, votre sang jaillit et se mêle affreusement à la lymphé du mollusque. La bête se superpose à vous par mille bouches infâmes; l'hydre s'incorpore à l'homme; l'homme s'amalgame à l'hydre. Vous ne faites qu'un. Ce rêve est sur vous. Le tigre ne peut que vous dévorer; le poulpe, horreur! vous aspire. Il vous tire à lui et en lui, et lié, englué repoussant, vous vous sentez lentement vidé dans cet épouvantable sac, qui est un monstre.

Au-delà du terrible, être mangé vivant, il y a l'inexprimable, être bu vivant.

The horror of this chapter is inspired not by the position of the man fastened on as a prey, but by the nature of the creature which fastens on him; and this is the characteristic as we have before indicated of the whole work: human interest is subordinate to the accessories, technically known in theatrical language as properties. The *properties* throughout, beginning with that vast one of the ocean, occupy too much attention. Clubin's revolver is analysed with as

much care as Clubin's character;—the qualities of each of its barrels, and the time and place of its manufacture, are insisted on with undue prolixity—whether with great accuracy, we may be suffered to doubt, when our poet introduces us at almost equal length to an instrument which his hero buys of a Highlander, and which is called a Bugpipe—Bugpipe—yes, there it is, standing out in clear type, in this fifth edition of the book, and giving its name to a whole chapter. The mistake is so preposterous, the chapter looks so ridiculous, when you read that heading to it of 'Le Bugpipe'—that we feel sure no writer of burlesque would have ventured upon such an absurdity; the fine satirist would certainly refrain from caricaturing M. Hugo so grossly as he has caricatured himself.

Indeed in all his moods, whether they soar beyond the sublime, or fall below the ridiculous, his audacity is unequalled—the part that the 'bugpipe' performs here is very ludicrous. It learns to play a plaintive air, caught from furtive listening to the voice of Déruchette singing; and this plaintive air is 'Bonny Dundee.'

La mélancolique mélodie écossaise, 'Bonny Dundee,' tout le soir est dans cet air, toute l'aurore était dans sa voix. Cela faisait un contraste doucement surprenant. On disait: Miss Déruchette est à son piano; et les passants du bas de la colline s'arrêtaient quelquefois devant le mur du jardin des Bravées pour écouter ce chant si frais et cette chanson si triste.

In the character of Déruchette's other lover, the rival of the man with the 'bugpipe,' and whose instrument the Bible is more efficient, M. Hugo has infused more life and interest; he is sketched with truer lines, and fewer; he is introduced with some of the author's most tender and feeling touches; he is sensitive and refined, his colour comes and goes, you know all the move-

ments of his slight figure; diffident of himself, but proud of his calling, you see in him the charm of ingenuous youth and of passionate affections, mingled with chastening piety. The reality and beauty of this portrait leave us to lament that we are allowed so few glimpses of it, and we would gladly exchange the history of the winds and the anecdotes of demonology, and the building of the *Durande*, and even the details of the purchase of the 'bugpipe'—for a further development of the tender thoughts between Déruchette and her betrothed; and for more of such charming poetry as gleams forth in sweet fellowship, with the moonlight of their evening interview.

But this minister of love and heaven ought to refuse his name. The names Joey Ebenezer Candray have the twang of the conventicle in them, and are not in harmony with the grace of their possessor. The name of the rector to whose office he succeeds, Jaquemin Herode, is unlike anything we know in England, but it may possibly exist in Guernsey, and there is nothing especially unpleasant in its sound. The owner of it is an excellent type of the High Church pastor, penetrated with the dignity of his office, with a tincture of pride militating somewhat against the Christian spirit, yet not without a real Christian sympathy with suffering. He bestows a parting visit of consolation upon Lethierry in his affliction, when he himself is about to remove to a sphere better suited to his ambition than Guernsey; and he is accompanied by his appointed successor, the young Joey Ebenezer. His topics of condolence are touched with delicate irony, and while he is exhorting Lethierry, the younger minister is looking at Déruchette.

This scene is a perfect work of art; the effect of it is only marred by the hurry and bustle and huddling up of the plot which follow.

The termination is clumsy, because the author is fatigued before he reaches it. So are his readers; and the catastrophe comes without effect, because Gilliatt, among huge winds and seas, and great broken machinery, and over-topping scenery, has never called forth our human affections, and we only pardon him his suicide because we have no objection to his death. We might otherwise have suggested that it would have been nobler to live on—to conquer—as we hope to see M. Hugo himself conquer once more. We wish to see his great genius stand firm against the temptation to excess—against the hurly-burly of his thought—against the passion of his imagination—against the arrogance of his self-esteem;—we should like to see him pause to choose the best out of the rush of his fancies; to consider his proportions, and not to rely upon his vastness. The author of *Les Misérables* ought not to have published such ill-digested works as the *Vie de Shakespeare* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*; and though they have gone through many editions, and this may seem to prove their success, it is not a proof of their actual merit. They are borne up by the swell of the wave that follows the track of the greater work; and when that subsides, as it will do in time, they will have no motive power of their own to buoy them up, and will sink down in dead waters.

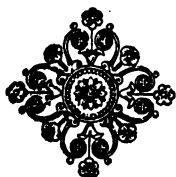
M. Victor Hugo may be deceived for a time by the adulation that waits upon a crowned king; but a few more such works as these would damage his high reputation among thinking readers, and he would be found to have committed a moral suicide equal to his hero's physical one.

It is true of this work, as of its immediate predecessor, the *Life of*

Shakespeare, that no honest reader could go all through it without a conviction that its author was a man of splendid intellectual endowments; but it is also true that many honest and even patient readers may halt in the midst unable to pursue it to the end. It is true that M. Hugo in his very nonsense has a vigour and abundance which amaze, if they do not satisfy, and through them we think we see a fallen divinity.

Still the wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn.

But gods and kings fall by revolt;
let M. Hugo use wholesome restraint
with becoming liberty, before the
impulses, which should be his sub-
jects, break into uncontrollable re-
bellion; let him take wisdom for
his minister, and keep his throne
and sovereignty supreme by a just
and reasonable government.



ECCE HOMO.¹

FIRST NOTICE.

ECCHE HOMO is nearly the first attempt which has been made to write in English a life of Christ like those which have exercised so much influence in France and Germany. Its great popularity shows how deeply the English public are interested in the subject, and with what an intense feeling of expectation they are awaiting the advent of those great questions which have hitherto been discussed in this country, as it were, under the breath and by a minority of writers almost infinitesimally small. It is as strange as it is true that whilst in almost every respect England has always been by far the freest of European countries, and also, notwithstanding some commonplaces to the contrary, the most intellectually active, it has also been in possession of a far larger amount of *bonâ fide* orthodoxy—if by that phrase we understand a genuine national belief in the supernatural order of facts connected with the Christian religion—than any other country whatever in which there has been any free discussion at all.

It is not necessary on the present occasion to make more than a passing allusion to this remarkable fact, but it is a natural introduction to the consideration of the work before us, as it tends to explain its popularity and to some extent to account for its principal defects. The names of Strauss and Renan have been for many years familiar to a considerable section of English people, but neither their works nor the principles upon which they write have made much way amongst us. Plenty of English writers, Mr. F. Newman and Mr. Greg for instance, to say nothing of Theodore Parker

and other Americans, have denied the truth of the gospels, but they have almost always done so in a controversial way, and have never taken them up simply as historical documents to be examined upon the same principles and in the same manner as would be generally considered proper with respect to any other set of incidents. Unorthodox English writers on these subjects have occupied more or less the position of Voltaire. They have set themselves to prove that the Christian miracles, for instance, could not have happened, or in point of fact did not happen; but no Englishman of any considerable eminence, with the exception of Gibbon, who wrote under cover and confined himself to irony and insinuation, has ever set himself to inquire seriously into the problem, what we must suppose to have happened if we assume that the evidence before us is to be dealt with on common historical principles.

It is, however, gradually becoming more and more plain to every understanding, that this is the problem upon which all theology hangs, and which must be solved so far as it can be solved or be given up as insoluble, if the debates which agitate men's minds so deeply are to come to any practical result. The author of *Ecce Homo* would probably describe his book as an attempt to solve this problem. He tells us that feeling dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ, he felt 'obliged to reconsider the whole subject from the beginning, and placing' himself 'in imagination at the time when he whom we call Christ bore no such name, but was simply, as St. Luke describes him, a

¹ *Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

young man of promise, popular with those who knew him and appearing to enjoy the Divine favour, to trace his biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions about him which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant.' The work, he tells us, is a mere fragment meant 'to furnish an answer to the question, What was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?' It is to be followed by an attempt to describe Christ as 'the creator of modern theology and religion.' Such is the object of the book as announced in the preface.

The book itself is divided into two parts. The first describes Christ's baptism and temptation, the character of the society which he founded, the conditions of membership in it, and its general nature and objects. The second part, which is called 'Christ's Legislation,' begins by comparing Christ's society to other societies, and its laws to their laws, and then proceeds to discuss a variety of laws which, as the author believes, Christ gave to his society; viz. the general law of love, which he calls the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' and the specific laws of philanthropy, edification, mercy, resentment, and forgiveness; the whole concludes with a summary from which any one may, in a few minutes, get an idea of the main purpose of the book.

It is not necessary to say much of its literary characteristics. It is obviously the work of a man of taste and cultivation, and it shows acuteness of mind and much power of expression. It does not in our judgment show any considerable range or depth of study, and there is a superfine air about the morality and sentiment in general which often degenerates into sentimentality. For instance, there is a passage (pp. 102-105) about the woman taken in adultery, where the

writer spins out the nine verses in which the story is told into four pages of the style of which the following sentences are a fair sample :

Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem [the scribes and Pharisees, says St. John] had detected a woman in adultery. . . . What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; towards her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, still less pity or sympathetic shame.

Then follows half a page about what they 'might have said,' and 'probably would have argued,' and 'might fluently and plausibly have urged.' Christ on the other hand was utterly shocked :

The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd. . . . In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground, &c. &c.

All this is mere invention which would not be in good taste in a novel, but which, in what claims to be a grave historical criticism on the most solemn of all subjects, is something worse than a fault of taste.

It would not have been worth while to notice at length a defect of style, if it had not afforded at the same time an excellent illustration of the fundamental and incurable defect of the whole book, which in a few words may be stated thus: the book is a novel, and not a good novel, under a critical disguise. It gives the impression of being written by a sheep in wolf's clothing. The skin is the skin of the rationalist wolf, but the voice is the voice of the tamer and more orthodox animal. The author will assume nothing. He will take up the evidence before him. He will study the facts themselves, and accept the conclusions which, when

critically weighed, the facts will warrant. This is all very well, but how does he redeem these pledges? There is not a word, or hardly a word, of criticism in the whole book. He makes no attempt to estimate the value or character of his materials, and he writes throughout under the influence of a delusion which has not been without its effect on much more considerable men—M. Renan for instance. This delusion is neatly expressed in the following passage:

Only a well-trained historical imagination, active and yet calm, is competent so to revive the circumstances of place and time in which the words were delivered as to draw from them, at a distance of 1800 years, a meaning tolerably like that which they conveyed to those who heard them.

Only part of one word of this is true, and that is the word 'only,' in so far as it is negative. Nothing else certainly is competent to perform the task suggested, but neither is the 'historical imagination' competent, however well it may be trained. You cannot make bricks without straw. No human creature knows, or ever can or will know, how men thought and felt in Palestine between A.D. 1 and A.D. 33, and when the 'historical imagination' sets to work on the subject it gives us only at best a nineteenth-century conception of the sort of person who, according to our views, and with our subsequent knowledge, we choose to imagine as the first author of the changes which Christianity has produced in the world. It appears to us that the task undertaken from very different points of view by M. Renan and the author of *Ecce Homo* is simply hopeless upon one suppo-

sition, and presumptuous, as well as hopeless, on another. If Jesus Christ was a mere man, and if the rules of criticism require us to set aside as fabulous or legendary all the miraculous events related in the four gospels, which is M. Renan's view, then the only witnesses from whom we learn anything whatever on the subject are so entirely discredited that we cannot trust anything they say. The Apostles' Creed ought to be reduced to the words: 'I believe that Jesus Christ was crucified under Pontius Pilate,' but the rest of the history would become the domain of the 'historical imagination,' and would be filled with pictures, satisfactory, no doubt, and edifying to the mind which produces them, but probably offensive to every one else.

On the other hand, if Jesus Christ was God Incarnate it is obvious that the 'historical imagination' is utterly out of place, and for this plain reason. The imagination, historical or otherwise, cannot create—it can only reproduce and combine the materials which it already possesses, but such a fact as a divine incarnation lies altogether beyond the sphere of all former or subsequent experience, and the attempt to discover, by the aid of the historical imagination, what kind of being an Incarnate God, of whom we have only imperfect accounts, really was, is like trying to imagine the creation of the world, or any other fact which lies altogether beyond our reach. Whatever view, therefore, is taken, or is ultimately to be taken, of the character and nature of Christ, such an inquiry as that which forms the subject of *Ecce Homo* is equally out of place.

¹ Some years ago the author of the present article asked a Savoyard guide whether he ever read the Bible, and being informed that the priests objected to it, advised him to do so, observing that the Old Testament was the history of the Jews, and that the New Testament the history of Jesus Christ. The guide's face brightened up at once, 'L'histoire de Jésus-Christ—oui, monsieur, je connais bien ça, Isaac Laquedem, roman par Alexandre Dumas.' This suggests the proper title-page for such works as M. Renan's or *Ecce Homo*.

Whoever tries to write a life of Christ must make his choice between attempting the solution of an obviously insoluble problem, and extracting historical truth from documents which he himself convicts of being tissues of delusion and credulity. There is no escape from the horns of this dilemma.

We will proceed to illustrate the impossibility of the undertaking of the author of *Ecce Homo* by an examination of some parts of the book itself. The whole amount of the knowledge now existing in the world in relation to Jesus Christ is contained in the New Testament; and all but a very small amount is contained in the four gospels. The claims set up to traditional knowledge on the subject do not deserve serious discussion. Indeed, these claims are now admitted to be claims to legislative power, under a thin disguise, and not to any special knowledge of matters of fact derived from hearsay, which is the true meaning of the word tradition. Substantially, then, our whole knowledge on the subject is contained in the four gospels; and that knowledge cannot possibly be increased. Whatever in them is incomplete, obscure, or ambiguous, must remain so to the end of time, and can never receive any but a conjectural explanation. This being so, it would be natural to suppose that a person intending to go back to the fountain head, and take 'a survey of the life and work of Jesus Christ,' would begin by inquiring what the four gospels are;—who wrote them?—when were they written?—what means of knowledge had the writers?—how far are they accurate?—is every part of every gospel of equal authority?—do our copies fairly represent the originals? These and other questions of the same sort imperatively require an answer before the work, which the author proposes to himself, can be under-

taken with any sort of prospect of a satisfactory result.

In prosecuting this inquiry there is one question which takes precedence of all the rest. What view, for critical purposes, does the author take of the question of miracles? Will he discard all miraculous stories as fabulous, as he would in dealing with common history, or does he believe miraculous narratives to be credible if asserted on good evidence? If so, what evidence does he consider good enough for the purpose? What are the grounds of his opinion? How does he apply it to the case of the gospels? Both Strauss and Renan deal boldly and clearly with this subject. The author of *Ecce Homo* deals with it in a hesitating and partly fallacious and sophistical manner. His book, in fact, appears to be an attempt to ascertain what account the four gospels give of Christ, whether truly or falsely. This is a perfectly legitimate inquiry, though we do not think it is handled successfully in *Ecce Homo*. However, it is mixed up at least in one leading passage with what appears to us to be sophistry. In a chapter headed 'Christ's Credentials,' the author says:

To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground.

A little further on he says:

The present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character those biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention. . . . Now if the character depicted in the gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and, if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In

this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life.

This appears to us a cumbrous way of saying that the veracity of Christ proves the truth of the gospels, whilst the truth of the gospels proves the veracity of Christ.

Let us draw this argument into form. It will stand thus:

1. All biographies which portray characters strikingly consistent and beyond the reach of invention are generally trustworthy.

But the four gospels do so. Therefore, they are generally trustworthy.

2. All biographies which are generally trustworthy correctly report all important sayings attributed by them to the person to whom they relate.

But the four gospels are generally trustworthy. Therefore, all the important sayings which they ascribe to Christ were really uttered by him.

3. Important sayings of Christ's are related in the gospels which would pledge his veracity, if they really were uttered, to the fact of his performing miracles.

But the gospels being generally trustworthy, report these sayings correctly. Therefore, the veracity of Christ is pledged for the truth of the miracles related in the gospels.

The majors of the two first arguments stated above are obviously false. It frequently happens that fabulous incidents find their way into the lives of real persons, and it is by no means true that the sayings ascribed to such persons are reported with greater fidelity than the acts which they are alleged to have done. Hardly any historical incident has escaped from a certain degree of accretion of a picturesque kind. 'Up guards, and at them,'—'La garde meurt et ne se rend pas,'—

'Messieurs de la garde française, tirez les premiers,'—the scene at the sinking of the *Vengeur*, are incidents related in histories which beyond all doubt describe real events, and are generally trustworthy, yet every one of them is false. There has even been a great controversy whether or not Nelson gave the famous signal at the battle of Trafalgar, yet, beyond all doubt, Southey's *Life of Nelson* is the biography of a real man, is generally trustworthy, and portrays a character strikingly consistent and beyond the reach of invention. It is idle to try to separate the account of Christ's sayings about miracles from the accounts of the miracles themselves, and then to make the one support the other. They stand on precisely the same footing, and the whole question is as to the weight of the evidence by which they are attested. The objection to the miracles goes to the whole credit of those who report them. It affects their credit in the character of reporters of what was heard, at least as much as in the character of reporters of what was seen, and it must be fully dealt with before any use is made of their evidence, either as to facts or sayings. If a man of good character presented for payment at a bank a cheque of which the signature was suspected to be forged, would the banker be at all more willing to pay the money because the person presenting it offered to swear not only that he had seen the cheque signed, but that he had heard the person who signed it say that he had signed it?—and what would be thought of a clerk who justified himself for having paid under such circumstances on the ground that by this statement, the credit of the drawer was pledged for the authenticity of the signature? The attempt to obtain the veracity of Christ as a guarantee for the truth of the miraculous nar-

ratives in the gospels by statements of the making of which the same gospels are the only evidence involves precisely the same absurdity. The whole question is whether or not the evangelists are to be believed when they relate miraculous histories, and our complaint of the author of *Ecce Homo* is, that he neither faces nor declines this question expressly, though he at times approaches it.

It divides itself into two branches, first, the general credibility of miraculous histories, and secondly, the weight of the particular evidence in favour of the miraculous histories contained in the four gospels. As to the first, no doubt any one is perfectly justified in saying that the result of the elaborate controversies which have taken place on the subject has been to satisfy him of the possibility of miracles; and this the author of *Ecce Homo* does say (p. 10):

Miracles are, in themselves, extremely improbable things, and cannot be admitted unless supported by a great concurrence of evidence.

This is a sensible observation, but why not go a little further, and give us a general account of the sort of evidence which is given by the evangelists? In the passage just referred to it is said:

For some of the evangelical miracles there is a concurrence of evidence which, when fairly considered, is very great indeed; for example, for the resurrection, for the appearance of Christ to St. Paul, for the general fact that Christ was a miraculous healer of disease. The evidence by which these facts are supported cannot be tolerably accounted for by any hypothesis except that of their being true.

Why not follow this up and make it out clearly? Why not state who, in the author's opinion, wrote the four gospels? When they were written?—in what language? At what distance of time from the events which they record? Were the writers eyewitnesses or not? and if not through how many hands

had the story passed before they told it, and were their materials written or verbal? If written what has become of the writings? If verbal who were the persons who gave them information, were they eyewitnesses or not, and how was their evidence checked and compared? Again, are the first three gospels independent, or are they only variations upon one common original? If they are independent, how are we to account for the identity of a great part of their language, that language not being the one in which the first Christians talked and thought? If they are not independent, who wrote the original from which they are derived, and what has become of it? Is the fourth gospel authentic as M. Renan thinks, or spurious as Strauss asserts, or is its authenticity doubtful, and if so what degree of doubt does this throw over its statements? These questions may be answered, or may be given up as unanswerable, as some of them obviously are; but a man who does not specifically tell us what his own view of this is, and upon what grounds he rests his opinion, is merely trifling with his readers when he promises them the result of a 'critical weighing of the facts themselves.' You cannot possibly weigh the facts till you have decided what they are, and you cannot decide what they are till you have tested your authorities. What the author of *Ecce Homo* has in fact done, is nothing more than this—he has taken the three first gospels as three independent narratives of the life of Christ, written by eye and ear-witnesses, whose statements especially as to words spoken may be taken in all cases as substantially true; and by combining their words with a great deal of matter which he has got out of his own imagination, he has devised a picture of Jesus Christ, and this he calls 'a survey of his life and work.'

This fault appears to us to destroy altogether the solid value of the book, and to reduce it to the rank of a mere work of imagination, and not, as we should say, very historical imagination either; for though the book shows a considerable amount of that kind of classical knowledge which supplies a man with pointed illustrations, and though it is full of observations on the ancient world, it is not the work of a learned man, nor is it the work of a man who has so studied the state of thought, feeling and opinion which existed in the world, and especially in Palestine, when Christ was born, as to be able to give a satisfactory and well-authenticated account of it. The book is full of remarks about the ancient world, summary statements about its ways of thought and standards of morals, and ingenious quotations from particular authors which more or less support the view which the writer happens for the moment to be advancing, but this is not what was wanted. In order to estimate Christ's work, it is necessary to know the materials on which he worked; and in order to know that, it is necessary to have studied, and to give an account of such materials as are still extant and throw a light on the state of Judæa at the time in question. The first two or three pages of the book give a summary sketch which it required hardly any knowledge or study to write, and which does not mention a single authority upon this subject. Something very different from this is absolutely indispensable to a just appreciation of the degree in which Jesus Christ's teaching altered and introduced new elements into the then existing theology and morality of his country. We ought to have been told one of two things. Either it should have been said—Such and such authorities, in such and such passages, inform us that the moral

code and theological belief of the Jewish people at the time in question was so and so; or it should have been expressly stated that there are no materials from which such an account is to be got. Now, that there are materials is notorious to every one who has even looked into common books on the subject. Any one who pretends to 'weigh critically' the facts relating to Christ, ought to have begun by weighing critically the books from which we may learn something as to the time and people amongst whom he lived and worked.

In the place of what would have been desirable upon this head, we have only summary statements of the most audacious kind, backed up by a certain number of classical quotations. The most important of these is, that the 'precise addition' made by Christ to morality consisted in the replacing of negative by positive morality. He says: 'The Christian moral reformation may indeed be summed up in this—humanity changed from a restraint to a motive.' This is insisted on and illustrated repeatedly, as if Christ had first taught men to love each other and to act upon that feeling. A very few quotations will show how crude and false this is:

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him. Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord. . . . And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God.—*Lev. xix. 17, 18, 33, 34.*

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me:

and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor.—Job xxix. 11-16.

Get thyself the love of the congregation, and bow thy head to a great man. Let it not grieve thee to bow down thine ear to the poor, and give him a friendly answer with meekness. Deliver him that suffereth wrong from the hand of the oppressor; and be not fainthearted when thou sittest in judgment. Be as a father unto the fatherless, and instead of an husband unto their mother: so shalt thou be as the son of the most high, and he shall love thee more than thy mother doth.—Ecclesi. iv. 7-10.

Sed quoniam (ut præclare scriptum est a Platone) non nobis solis nati sumus, ortusque nostri partem patria vindicat partem amici: atque ut placet Stoicis quæ in terris gignantur ad usum hominum omnia creari, homines autem hominum causa esse generatos ut ipsi inter se aliis alii prodessse possent: in hoc naturam debemus ducem sequi, communes utilitates in medium afferre, mutatione officiorum, dando, accipiendo, tum artibus, tum opera, tum facultatibus devincire hominum inter homines societatem.—Cic. *De Off.* i. 7.

Speaking of the virtue of friendship, Aristotle says:—*φύσει τ' ἐνυπάρχειν ἔοικε . . . μάλιστα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, ἔθεν τοὺς φιλανθρώπους ἐπαινοῦμεν. Ἰδοὶ δ' ἐν τις καὶ ἐν ταῖς πλάταις ὡς οἰκεῖον ἅπας ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπῳ καὶ φίλῳ. ἔοικε δὲ καὶ τὰς πόλεις συνέχειν ἡ φιλία, καὶ οἱ νομοθέται μᾶλλον περὶ αὐτῇ σπουδάζειν ἢ τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ.* 'It appears to subsist naturally,' in all animals, 'and especially in men, whence we praise those who love mankind. A man may see in journeys how kind and friendly every man is to every man. And friendship seems to keep states together, and legislators are more anxious about it than about justice.'—*Eth. Nicom.* viii. 1.

It would be both easy and useless to multiply quotations, to show that in all times and places there has been a positive as well as a negative side to morals, and that men have admired mercy and kindness whilst they have hated vindictiveness and cruelty. The burden of a great many of the psalms is, that God is good because he provides for all the wants of men and beasts and cares for the poor and wretched. How came men to view these qualities as

perfections in God, if they did not value them in men? What, again, is to be said of the standard virtue of hospitality which was certainly practised in the days of Abraham; and which is nothing but general philanthropy exhibited on a small scale and under special circumstances? What again is the meaning of the ancient myth of Prometheus, who was punished for his love to man by the jealousy of the gods?—

δρᾶτε δεσμώτην με δύσποτμον θεὸν
διὰ τὴν λίαν φιλόνητα βροτῶν.

So large a subject as the state of ancient morals is not to be summed up in a few phrases, nor is the knowledge necessary for discussing the subject in a competent manner easy to be obtained by any one. The author of *Ecce Homo* has not proved that he has any right to speak upon such a subject at all. He does not even show that he knows that the materials for a full discussion of it exist no longer. The moral tone of any large society at any given time is a complicated thing and cannot be inferred from a few detached books, each of which, after all, represents the peculiar feelings of the author more than anything else. What poor guesswork it would be to attempt to draw any inference as to the moral tone of the last two generations of Englishmen from a study of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, Rogers, and Miss Martineau's *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*. We can see at once what a very little way we could go with such materials. The discovery of the works of Byron or Walter Scott would completely change the whole face of a theory constructed out of them, and a very little acquaintance with specimens of the millions of men and women who never read any one of the works of any one of these authors would show how

utterly inadequate such a foundation is for any such superstructure. Yet the historical imagination is perfectly ready on no better authority to sum up the moral state of a world in a few lines, and to specify in a phrase the precise addition which the founder of a new religion made to it.

To try to infer the moral condition of Palestine in the first century from a few Greek and Latin books, or from the Old Testament, the latest book of which had been written centuries before, is rather more absurd than to try to describe the moral atmosphere of Reading in the nineteenth century on the strength of a study of Victor Hugo, Chaucer, the Venerable Bede, and the statute book of the Plantagenets. At the time of Christ's birth there were in the world hundreds of millions of human beings, each of whom had a separate set of thoughts and feelings in his head, and of the incalculable majority of them we know just as much and just as little as the Dorsetshire labourers know of the tailors in Pekin. For these general reasons we view *Ecce Homo* as a mere work of imagination; but it is easy, and may for various reasons be expedient, to give detailed proof of this.

The first part of the book says that Christ founded a great theocratic society, and gave it a constitution by which its objects were to be attained. It also describes at length the nature of this society. The main outline of this statement is as follows:

The author begins with John the Baptist, about whom he has much private information: as, for example, that he 'was a sagacious and contemporary observer' of Christ, 'that his restlessness had driven him into the desert, where he had contended for years with thoughts he could not master;' that he 'felt his own baptism to have something cold and nega-

tive about it,' and that he was like the Emperor Nerva. This is followed by a romance about the temptation, the story of which we are told rests 'on no very strong external evidence, and there may be exaggeration in the details, but in its substance it can scarcely be other than true, because it is so much stranger than fiction,' and also because it has 'a certain inimitable probability of improbability.' If a man will only get his historical imagination well in hand he may detect the presence of these tests of truth everywhere. He has only to spin a narrative out of a guess, founded upon a hint, and then to assert that the narrative must be true, because it is so beautiful and so 'strikingly consistent' with the rest of his own conception of the hero.

The next chapter is entitled 'The Kingdom of God,' and is meant to show how Christ founded the theocratic society whose constitution is next to be examined. Christ, it is said, carried everywhere John's proclamation, 'The kingdom of God is at hand.' The Jews, we are told, were familiar with this phrase, and understood by it that God was the invisible King of the nation, and that their happiness and greatness depended on acknowledging this. Therefore, when Christ preached the kingdom of God, he proposed to revive the theocracy, and as times were much altered since the days of the old prophets, he must have proposed to revive it on a plan fitted for the altered state of things. The old theocracy began by the absence of any human king, and ended in the establishment of an hereditary kingdom.

These were the two forms which the ancient theocracy had assumed. Now under which form did Christ purpose to revive it? The vision of universal monarchy which he saw in the desert suggests the answer. He conceived the theocracy restored as it had been in the time of David, with a visible monarch at its head, and that monarch himself.

It is somewhat singular, by the way, that a temptation of the devil should supply the key to the work of Christ, and that we should be told that that work consisted in doing, under a different form, the very thing the devil suggested. However, the author continues :

We are concerned at present simply with the fact that Christ laid claim to the royal title. . . . The fact itself cannot be denied without rejecting all the evidence before us.

It is evident, we are further told, that Christ—

clung firmly to the title [of king], and attached great importance to it. . . . This assumption of royalty was the ground of his execution. The inscription which was put upon his cross ran, 'This is Jesus the king of the Jews.'

In the following chapters this view is expanded and insisted on at great length. We are told, with a strange assumption of special knowledge, that Christ 'deliberately proposed to himself to supersede' the Mosaic legislation 'by a new one, promulgated on his own authority.' 'He undertook to be the father of an everlasting state, and the legislator of a world-wide society,' and upon the whole claimed the character—'first of Founder, next of Legislator, thirdly, in a certain high and peculiar sense, of Judge, of a new divine society.'

These are the fundamental propositions of the book, and an examination of them will set its fundamental defect in the clearest light. What is the evidence that Jesus Christ entertained and announced the scheme, and assumed the character here ascribed to him with so much confidence and such elaborate detail? We will waive for the present the preliminary questions which must be answered

before this question can be seriously asked, merely referring to them for the sake of indicating their importance. They are as follows :

Who wrote the gospels? At what distance of time from the events recorded? In what language? How far did that language correspond with the original? Through how many hands had the narrative travelled before it was recorded? How far is it accurate? How far is it complete? How far are the different books independent?

Passing over this, let us look at the books themselves. The first fact which presents itself to the most superficial reader who does not interpret them in the light of subsequent events, is their summary character and their obvious incompleteness. Look, for instance, at the sermon on the mount. Can any one who reads it with the least experience of preaching or speaking suppose that it was spoken at one place and one time in the words in which it now stands? Not to insist on differences of arrangement, expression and circumstance,¹ the report, as we should say, in Luke is far shorter than it is in Matthew; and whichever report we take, it is so full of matter, so weighty, so condensed, as irresistibly to suggest the conclusion that it forms the concentrated essence of many discourses probably delivered at different times and to different audiences, and no doubt enforced with such explanations and illustrations as might be necessary. If it was a single discourse delivered once for all on one specific occasion, and forming a systematic exposition of a universal legislation—if, in a word, it is correct to represent it as the *Magna Charta* or

¹ And seeing the multitudes, he *went up* into a mountain: and when he was *set*, &c.—Matt. v. 1.

He *went into a mountain* to pray, . . . and when it was day, he called unto him his disciples. . . . And he *came down* with them, and *stood* in the plain, . . . and said, &c.—Luke v. 12, 13, 17, 20.

Decalogue of the Christian Church, how came Mark and John to omit all notice of it? The sermon as reported in St. Matthew consists of 110 verses; and, if delivered verbatim, would perhaps have occupied a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; but it is so full of matter, that a person hearing it once for all would hardly remember a word of it. To those who have been familiar with it from childhood it would no doubt be very different; but a mixed multitude, listening for the first time and once for all to just those words and no more, would learn from them nothing at all. It is thus most reasonable to suppose that the sermon itself, as we have it in each of its shapes, is a compilation giving in a short form the substance of its author's preaching in various parts of the country during his ministry.

If this be true then, although it would be most unreasonable to doubt that the discourses in question correctly represent the general effect of Christ's teaching, it is equally unreasonable to lay great stress upon their phraseology, and to draw from it those refined and elaborate conclusions of which *Ecce Homo* is almost entirely made up.

Subject to this observation, let us see what the gospels say as to the claim of Christ to found a universal and everlasting society. The passages most to the purpose are those which speak of the 'kingdom of God,' and 'the kingdom of heaven.' Perhaps as strong a text as any is Mark i. 14: 'Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God.' This is repeated almost verbatim in Matt. iv. 17. Consider for a moment the difference between such a statement as this and an explicit announcement to the following effect: 'I am God Incarnate, and I am come upon earth for the purpose of founding and legislating for a spiritual society which will last as

long as the human race, and will ultimately comprehend the whole of it.' If from other sources we knew that the person using the first phrase had entertained the plan stated in the second, it might be reasonable to connect the plan and the phrase; but it is very different where the use of the phrase is the only evidence for the existence of the plan. Of course, if we are to assume that the expressions attributed to Christ are not only correctly reported, but were prophetic, and must be interpreted by the light of subsequent events, another element is introduced into the question; but to make such an assumption is altogether to surrender the functions of criticism.

This reflection is much strengthened if we compare together the various passages in which the phrases 'kingdom of God,' or 'kingdom of heaven' are to be found. Various observations arise upon their use, of which the following amongst others may be found deserving of notice. In the first place it is obvious, as the author of *Ecce Homo* truly observes, that the phrase was familiar to the Jews independently of Christ. Joseph of Arimathea 'waited for the kingdom of God' (Mark xvi. 43). One of the guests at the entertainment of the Pharisee said, apparently as if quoting a proverb—'Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God' (Luke xiv. 15), and other instances might be mentioned which look as if there was amongst the Jews of that day an anticipation of some approaching golden age, which they described as the kingdom of God. Their past history would naturally suggest such language, though we can see no reason whatever to suppose that it was anything else than a vague account of a vague feeling, or that they had the smallest notion of all the elaborate theories about theocracy and its two forms as illustrated in the Old Testa-

ment which are expounded in *Ecce Homo*.

Few things are more singular than the delusion which our own way of using the Bible is apt to produce in our minds as to the state of the Jews in the time of Christ. We carry on in imagination the state of things described in the Old Testament to the date of Christ's birth, and we quite overlook the fact that the Old Testament history was then a remote antiquity. The Jews then living were as far from Solomon as we are from Alfred, and the return from the captivity was in Christ's time an event as remote as the reign of Edward I. is now. We must remember too, that in the interval changes had taken place as fundamental as, to use a faint comparison, the Reformation and the Revolution. The growth of philosophy, and the belief in a future life were subsequent to the time when the last of the prophets prophesied, and in the political world Alexander first and the Romans afterwards had completely revolutionised all old institutions. To refer to Chaucer to discover what an Englishman of the nineteenth century means by progress is the same sort of mistake as to assume that 'kingdom of God' in A.D. 1, meant something which is to be discovered from reading the historical books of the Old Testament.

It would appear then that, in preaching the kingdom of God Jesus Christ adopted a phrase already in use, and of a signification which is unknown to us. Did he, so far as we learn from the gospels, use it in one sense or in several? Any one who will consult the different passages will find that it is used in many senses. Sometimes it seems to be used to describe a state of mind, 'the kingdom of God is within you.' Sometimes as a future state of existence—'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and

Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.' Sometimes it seems to stand for an approaching dispensation or order of things, as in the proclamation, 'The kingdom of God is at hand;' but in these passages Christ seems to speak rather as a prophet than as a legislator or founder of a new society. Sometimes it is made the subject of parables which those who heard them did not understand, and the explanation of which when given, does not explain this particular point, though the author of *Ecce Homo* happily suggests that they would well describe the working of a new idea introduced into an old society. Sometimes it refers to a day of judgment, a miracle on a stupendous scale in which Christ is to appear in the clouds of heaven and all mankind are to be judged, 'There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.' Lastly, the phrase is often used in reference to the temporal kingdom, which it was expected Christ would restore against the Romans. Upon this last use of these words the author of *Ecce Homo* makes a singular remark. He says:

It is clear that this assumption of royalty was the ground of [Christ's] execution. The inscription which was put upon his cross ran, 'This is Jesus, the king of the Jews.' He had himself provoked this accusation or rebellion against the Roman government; he must have known that the language he used would be interpreted so. Was there then nothing substantial in the royalty he claimed? Did he die for a metaphor?

This is one of several instances which we shall have to notice in which the author of *Ecce Homo* seems to have strangely misunderstood his materials. It is surely obvious from the accounts, both of St. John and St. Luke, that Pilate was satisfied with Christ's account of the sense in which he claimed royalty, for it was after he had made

the claim that Pilate said to the Jews, 'I find no fault in him' (Luke xxiii. 3, 4; John xviii. 35-38), and it was the threat of the Jews, 'If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend,' that induced him to consent to his punishment. The construction which the Jews put upon Christ's claim, and which they might report to Rome, and not the claim itself as explained by Christ to Pilate, was the proximate cause of the crucifixion. It is not therefore true that Christ died for a metaphor. He died, although Pilate himself believed his claim to be metaphorical, because Pilate feared that it might be represented as being substantial.

Passing from this, what are we to infer, as to the point at issue, from the great variety of senses in which the phrases in question are used? Surely the legitimate inference is, that they had no determinate meaning which can now be specified; that they meant many different things, as to which we can now form only a very general conjecture; and that we have not, in the use of these phrases, any clear, unequivocal record of the view which Jesus Christ took of his own work upon earth, or of its results on the subsequent history of mankind. If, however, no such inference is to be drawn from these phrases, can it be drawn from any other source? The author of *Ecce Homo* refers us to none, and, indeed, there is none. There is much in the four gospels which tends to explain how the Christian Church came to be formed after the time of Christ. There is not in any one of them a single explicit, unequivocal declaration attributed to Christ, to the effect that he had come to found a universal church and to give it laws. There is much moral and theological instruction, the theology being conveyed chiefly in an allegorical form. There is in St. John's gospel much matter on a mystical union

between Christ and his disciples, but there are no explicit, positive words founding or legislating for a regular institution with definite objects, constitution and laws; and as we are left entirely in the dark on this subject by the evangelists themselves, such speculations as those of *Ecce Homo* are a mere romance.

It is worth observing, before leaving this subject, that the 'kingdom of God,' the 'kingdom of heaven,' and all other phrases of the same sort abound in Matthew and Mark, are less common in Luke, are almost unknown to John, except in reference to the temporal kingdom, and are not to be found, except in one verse, in the Acts of the Apostles. Christianity throughout the Acts is uniformly treated, not as an organised society with special institutions, but as a creed, the professors of which associated themselves together in bodies, of the constitution, rules, and mutual relations of which we have only incidental glimpses, and which appear to have differed greatly amongst themselves both in their opinions and in their practices. If Christ's great object was to found a society and give it laws, how came his first disciples to say so very little about it?

Having repeatedly and confidently asserted in various forms that the great object of Christ was to found a society for the reception of the whole human race, the author of *Ecce Homo* goes on to describe the constitution of the society and its general objects. Differing from him as to the foundation of his whole scheme, it is not easy, perhaps, to do justice to the superstructure. But we will give a slight sketch of his theory, and make one or two observations upon it. The subject is discussed in five chapters, entitled Christ's Credentials, Christ's Winnowing Fan, Conditions of Membership in Christ's Kingdom, Baptism, and Reflections

on the Nature of Christ's Society. The following are the leading propositions of these chapters, as nearly as possible in the author's own words. Christ's scheme of founding a new theocratic society was prodigious in its originality, in the confidence with which it was carried out, and in its success. The miracles account partially for the success of the scheme, which would not have succeeded without them; but that success was secured by the 'inimitable unity,' which was made up of the existence of miraculous power, temperance in its use, the 'winning personal character' of its possessor, his persecutions, and his martyrdom. All this produced 'an agitation of gratitude, sympathy, and astonishment' in the minds of the first disciples, and disposed them to adopt, by his orders, as the principle which was to guide their lives, 'the self-denial which had guided his own life.'

The chapter fancifully called 'Christ's Winnowing Fan' contains much rash assertion as to matters of fact; as, for instance, that 'almost all the genuine worth and virtue of the nation was gathered into the Christian Church;' that 'to obey John's call was easy—it involved nothing but submission to a ceremony; and when the prophet had acquired a certain amount of credit, no doubt' (these words in *Ecce Homo* mean, it is just possible that) 'it became the fashion to receive baptism from him.' The gist of the chapter is that Christ called on all who heard him to be prepared to change all their prospects and to adopt a new mode of life, which call was obeyed at once by some and neglected by others, whilst 'the greater number were placed by it in a state of painful suspense and hesitation, which lasted a long time—first, to understand distinctly what was proposed to them; next, to make up their minds as to the character of him who made such novel proposals.'

This call distinguished the good from the bad by the effect it produced, and the quality which enabled a man to obey it was faith, which the author describes as the peculiar quality of a man 'who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it. Such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will place him above many that practise virtue.'

The next question is, To what was this call a call? With the first converts we are told it was a call 'to mere fidelity and loyalty to Christ's person;' but 'after the Church had received its Founder's laws' it was a call to 'practical obedience to his rules of life and unquestioned acceptance of his teaching.' This is followed by some excellent remarks on the parallelism between the difficulties of faith and the difficulties of practice, and the importance of being as tolerant in the one case as in the other; but this passage, which is very good, is a digression. The result is that the acceptance of Christ's call involved on the part of those who accepted it—

an obligation of personal loyalty to him. On the ground of this loyalty he proceeded to form them into a society, and to promulgate an elaborate legislation, comprising and intimately connected with certain declarations, authoritatively delivered, concerning the nature of God, the relation of man to him, and the invisible world.

Next follows, perhaps, the most curious chapter in the whole book: it is a chapter on Baptism. Christ, it is said,

did not retain every one who accepted the call about his person; some he dismissed to their homes, laying upon them no burdensome commands. It was necessary, therefore, that some mark should be devised by which the follower of Christ might be distinguished.

Baptism, already known amongst the Jews, was chosen for the purpose. 'This ceremony, then, Christ adopted, and he made it absolutely binding upon all his followers to submit to it.' He afterwards says :

The initiatory rite of baptism, with its publicity and formality, was pronounced as indispensable to membership as that spiritual inspiration which is membership itself.

This is a pretty theory, but even its author feels that there is not a morsel of evidence of its truth. He is accordingly driven to most wonderful shifts to make out a case for it. First, he says that 'Christ regards those who had received John's baptism as being already members of the theocracy,' and that 'we may presume that the bulk of the first Christians received baptism from John.' As we were told by the author a few pages before, on the strength of that private information which he possesses about John, that John felt that his baptism had something cold and negative about it, and that it became the fashion to receive the rite from him, this presumption is surely a very strange one. The object was to distinguish the followers of Christ by a public and formal act. The means was to reckon a 'cold and negative' act, performed by another person for another purpose, to another class of people, as an equivalent. It is also unfortunate for the theory that John was in prison apparently soon after Christ began to teach, and that one of the few references to baptism in the gospels contrasts Christ's baptism with John's baptism: 'When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples),' &c.

Feeling the ground thus taken somewhat insecure, the author relates 'a story which illustrates in the most striking manner the importance which Christ attached to

baptism.' This is the story of Nicodemus, which contrasts in the strangest way with the same history as told by St. John. St. John says: 'There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him.' The author of *Ecce Homo* is far more copious.

A man of advanced years and influential position, named Nicodemus, visited Christ, we are told, in secret, and entered into conversation with him. He began by an explicit avowal of belief in Christ's divine mission. *What he would have gone on to say we may conjecture from these two facts.*

And he accordingly does conjecture that Nicodemus wished to be excused from being publicly baptized, in consideration of the influence which he possessed.

He could push the movement: . . . he could cautiously dispose the Pharisaic sect to a coalition with Christ, &c. When we consider the contempt which Christ constantly expressed for forms, . . . we are prepared to find him readily acceding to the request of Nicodemus. Instead of which he shut the petitioner's mouth by an abrupt declaration that there was no way into the theocracy but through baptism.

All this is built upon the verses quoted above, followed by Christ's answer, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' There is not a word to show that Nicodemus ever said one word about his influence, or about being baptized. It is, indeed, obvious from the rest of the conversation that he did not in the least understand what was said to him; and, if conjecture upon the subject were allowable at all, the most natural conjecture would be that he came privately to Jesus because he believed him to be a prophet, and wished to have a fuller explanation of his mission

than he had seen fit to make in public. A man who can torture this story into a proof of the importance which Christ attached to baptism can get anything out of anything.

The first part of the book concludes with a chapter of reflections on the nature of Christ's society. Its object, he says, was the improvement of morality, and he contrasts the mode in which it aimed at attaining that object with the mode adopted towards the same end by moral philosophy. He says that in philosophical schools the school was subordinate to the doctrine taught in it, the association was an accident and the teaching everything. In Christianity, the reverse was the case.

To organise a society, and to bind the members of it together by the closest ties were the business of Christ's life. . . . What Christ required was a certain personal attachment to himself, a fidelity or loyalty. . . . If we isolate Christ's teaching from his life, we may come to the conclusion that it contains little that could not be found elsewhere, and found accompanied with reasoning and explanation.

Christ's life, and the personal devotion which it claimed, gave the point, as it were, to his teaching. The great result of moral philosophy was a definition of right and wrong. The great result of Christianity was a motive power by which men might be made good, and this motive power was personal affection for a transcendently good person. On the other hand, philosophy 'does something towards paralysing and destroying good impulses.'

These are the principal points in the account given by the author of *Ecce Homo* of the Christian theocracy founded, as he says, by Christ. Perhaps the best way of explaining the reasons why we differ from him will be by saying a few words successively on the different topics which he handles; and first, what was it, according to the gospels as we have

them, that Christ did preach? Can his teaching, as it is preserved to us, be fairly summed up by saying that his great object was to bind together the whole human race in one great society, by the tie of a passionate attachment and loyalty to himself shared by them all? In the first place, the information before us is altogether incomplete, and leaves unsatisfied numerous questions, the answers to which would throw great light on the whole subject, but which must now remain for ever unanswered. Knowing hardly anything of the state of feeling in Judæa at the time, we can only guess at the meaning of such phrases as 'kingdom of heaven,' 'kingdom of God,' 'the gospel,' and the like. Suppose that the whole of the current literature of London had utterly perished, and that a Chinese were to form an estimate of our politics and religion from free French translations of summaries of contemporary speeches. What would he make of such phrases as 'the spirit of progress,' 'Conservative principles,' 'saving faith,' 'experimental religion,' 'latitudinarianism?' The distance between us and many of the phrases in the gospel is quite as great. We have a sort of general notion about the scribes and Pharisees, but how little we really know about them, and how hopeless it is to attempt to appreciate the true meaning and occasion of the terrible reproaches directed against them. The first preliminary to making any observations at all upon the teaching of the gospels is a confession of the scantiness of our information, and of the immense importance of many things wrapped in impenetrable darkness, and of the futility of drawing wide consequences from the use of particular phrases.

Subject to this general remark, the history told in the first three gospels, so far as it bears upon the

point under consideration, is somewhat as follows:—Jesus Christ preached throughout the whole of Judæa to great multitudes of people, and was assisted in so doing by a small number of selected apostles and disciples, who would appear to have followed him from place to place. During the greater part of his ministry he appears to have avoided any direct public claim to the character of the Messiah, and to have confined himself, so far as our information goes, to miracles and exhortations which were addressed, not to the members of a peculiar society, but to the Jews at large. The sermon on the mount does not consist of exhortations to all who heard it to receive the preacher as their king, to love him passionately, to form a vast theocratic society centred upon him individually, and apart from the general order of things. It is composed from first to last of precepts for which the word ‘moral’ is an inadequate description, as they aim at giving the principles upon which morality depends, but which a person might take for the guide of his life without ever having heard the name of Christ. It would appear as if for a considerable time Christ’s teaching had excited no serious opposition either from the Roman or from the Jewish authorities. If his main object had been to found a theocracy, to claim implicit obedience to his commands and passionate loyalty to his person from all mankind, and especially from the Jews, this could hardly have been the case. To judge from the discourses recorded, he never commanded people to love or obey him. To love God and man, and to keep God’s commandments, was his message to men. He never says to any one, ‘Your duty is summed up in love and loyalty to me. I am your king.’ Language specifically claiming obedience is always addressed to his own immediate dis-

ciples, and not to the general body of his hearers. The words of the two disciples on the road to Emmaus exactly convey the idea which, to us at least, the gospel narratives appear to give. ‘Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people.’ With this, no doubt, much else was mixed up. No doubt great part of his hearers, like the disciples at Emmaus, ‘trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.’ No doubt, too, the gospels indicate other claims of a mysterious kind, such as moved the Jews to take up stones to stone him, or led them to regard him as blasphemous for claiming the power of forgiving sins; but important as these claims were, both in themselves and in their consequences, they are not stated in such a full and categorical manner as to enable us to say, from the gospels alone, precisely what they were. The same remark applies, with perhaps greater force, to the prophetic part of Christ’s teaching. It certainly appears—to judge from the mere words of the gospels—as if he had foretold the destruction of the existing world and his own second advent in the clouds of heaven, surrounded by angels, within the lifetime of the generation then living; but misconceptions in reporting prophecies, or what are taken as such, are so easy, men are so much acted on by their imagination, and slight changes of language may make such a material difference, that we cannot be sure that he really did make such predictions. The mistaken report which ‘went abroad amongst the brethren’ as to what was said about John show how easily misunderstandings might arise, and constitute a warning against laying too much stress on particular expressions.

There is one circumstance which makes it next to impossible to believe that the author of *Ecce Homo* is

right in supposing that to form a universal and permanent theocracy was the leading object of Christ's life. It is the unquestionable fact that the apostles had the gravest doubts whether they were justified in preaching to the Gentiles. One great subject of the Acts is the controversy which took place amongst them upon this topic, and upon the cognate question whether or not the ceremonies of the Jewish law were binding on themselves and on the Gentile converts. Now if Christ had really preached what the author of *Ecce Homo* supposes him to have preached—if he had claimed to be the king who was to be universally obeyed, and who was to bind mankind into one vast society by their common devotion to him, how could the doubt whether he was anything more than a divinely appointed reformer of Judaism have ever arisen?

It may, no doubt, be said that the apostles were at first mistaken as to their master's teaching, and that it was only by degrees that they appreciated its full extent and bearing; but as all our knowledge of him comes through them, how can we be sure either that they were mistaken in the first instance or that they afterwards corrected their mistake? Look at the matter how you will, the conclusion always returns that we know far too little about it to warrant the historical or unhistorical imagination in drawing an elaborate picture of Christ and his preaching, and saying this is what really did occur, and this is what Christ proposed to do, translated into the language of the nineteenth century.

It may be said that this is a meagre and cold view of the subject, and that it leaves out entirely its brighter colours. How, it may be said, does such a restricted view account for the passionate enthusiasm which, in point of fact, Christ's preaching did produce—for the intense love and admiration

with which he came to be regarded by his own generation—for the growth of the Christian Church and all that followed upon it? The answer is, that it neither accounts nor claims to account for any one of these things; but it does not, therefore, deny their existence. The gospels and epistles, to say nothing of the Acts, prove conclusively that the personal influence of Christ was something unlike what has ever been exercised by any one else. No one can doubt that he was loved, served, and worshipped in a manner altogether peculiar and marvellous; and it is at least equally certain that this fact was in itself of vital importance to mankind, and was the first link of a chain of effects of greater magnitude and interest than any others in human history. All this, however, does not enable us to say specifically what manner of being Christ was, or what he taught which men did not know before, any more than the greatness and utility of the Nile enabled people to describe its source. You cannot supply the absence, or fill up the deficiencies of positive information by reference to subsequent events. Suppose we had only one biography of Oliver Cromwell, would the subsequent history of England enable us to fill it up? Shakespeare's plays have influenced the English nation deeply, but who would think of trying to infer what he was from the present condition of English literature?

If with this general view of the subject we look back to the different points referred to in the chapters of *Ecce Homo* of which we have indicated the nature, we should say as to Christ's royalty that it appears clear that he exercised in various ways a vast influence over men, and preached to them in an unexampled manner, but that it does not in any degree appear that he founded any definite society, or gave it any special code of laws.

As to what is fancifully described as Christ's winnowing fan, we should say that the sense of the original metaphor used by John the Baptist is now lost, and that it is impossible to say what specific classes of persons did or did not listen to his teaching, or to assert that those who did had faith—an instinctive loyalty to goodness when impressively put before them—and that those who did not had none. Human nature is so complex, and the circumstances in which men are placed so various, that it is highly probable that bad men may have listened to the teaching of Christ and become his disciples by reason of their vice, and that good men may have rejected it by virtue of their goodness. We know that the most virtuous of the Emperors deliberately persecuted Christianity, and that Judas Iscariot was an apostle, though it is not conceivable that he should have had anything to gain by being one. All that is revolutionary and enthusiastic is naturally attracted to a new religion; orthodoxy and sobriety are averse to it, but it does not follow that all that is revolutionary is good, or that all that is orthodox and conservative is bad. Christianity was a good thing, and Christ was one to whom it is a kind of presumption to address words which sound like praise: but it does not follow that all Christ's followers were good and all his enemies bad.

As to the question—'What was involved in obeying Christ's call?' the answer, as far as we can give it, appears to be that to the world at large Christ enjoined nothing else than the love of God, and the love of man, which he illustrated and explained in various ways without demanding of them any general submission to himself, or any theological belief whatever. Of particular individuals, he asked more—'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.' 'If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast,

and give it to the poor, and come and follow me;' but this was not demanded of all, nor even in these special cases does he appear to have given more than an invitation. He does not demand obedience on pain of damnation, but asks for help, which might be given or refused, but which would be accepted only where given zealously. To his disciples he gave a commission to preach; but if asked what specific doctrines they were to preach, we can only answer that we do not know. There are a few scattered passages (the power to bind and to loose, 'Thou art Peter,' 'Go and teach all nations,' &c.) which hint vaguely at some sort of hierarchical or priestly power; but they are so slight and vague that it is impossible to form out of them any general system at all.

As to baptism or any other external form by which people were to be initiated into the supposed kingdom, we can only say that the gospels appear to us to be profoundly silent on the whole subject, with exceptions which are altogether insignificant.

Lastly, as to the general reflections which the nature of Christ's society suggests to our author, we think that he is right in saying that the preaching of Christ is rather an exhortation to be good than a philosophical exposition of the difference between good and evil; and that he is also right in laying great stress (though he does it in rather a luscious way), on the great effect which personal sympathy with a transcendently holy person has in producing goodness; nor do we quarrel with his account of the character of Christ's influence, but we think that in this chapter he displays more clearly than elsewhere the fallacy which runs through every line of his book. This fallacy lies in attributing to a positive definite institution consciously adapted beforehand by

Christ for that purpose, all the effects which in the course of centuries did as a fact result from the movement which he began. No doubt it is as a society governed by laws that the Christian Church has influenced mankind, and personal feelings of various kinds, analogous partly to affection and partly to patriotism, have been the great levers by which it has worked on the world and by which it has been distinguished from schools of philosophy. It is also true, that the life,

character, and death of Christ were main causes of these results, but to go further, and say that Christ expressly organised a society upon principles adapted to produce them, and gave it the necessary laws for that purpose, is to give us guesses instead of facts, and to substitute false and artificial light for an honest confession of ignorance.

On a future occasion we hope to examine the second part of *Ecce Homo*.



A MOTHER.

I FEEL within myself a life
 That holds 'gainst Death a feeble strife ;
 They say 'tis destined that my womb
 Shall be its birthplace, and its tomb.
 O child ! if it be so, and thou
 Thy native world must never know,
 Thy mother verily must weep
 That she may never kiss thy face ;
 But oh ! how lightly thou wilt keep
 The forfeit due from Adam's race.
 Thou wilt have lived, but not have wept ;
 Have died, and yet have known no pain ;
 And Sin's dark presence will have swept
 Across thy soul, yet left no stain.
Mine is thy life, *my* breath, thy breath ;
 I, only, feel the dread, the woe ;
 And in thy sickness or thy death,
 Thy mother bears the pain, not thou.

Life nothing means for thee, but still
 It is a living thing I feel,
 A sex, a shape, a growth are thine,
 A form, and human face divine ;
 A heart with passions wrapped therein ;
 A nature doomed perforce to sin ;
 A mind endowed with latent fire
 To glow, unfold, expand, aspire ;
 Some likeness from thy father caught,
 Or by remoter kindred taught ;
 Some faultiness of mind or frame,
 To wake the bitter sense of shame ;
 Some noble passions to unroll
 The generous deed, the human tear ;
 Some feelings which thy mother's soul
 Has poured on thine while dwelling near.
 All this must pass unbloomed away
 To worlds remote from earthly day ;
 Worlds whither we, by paths less brief
 Are journeying through joy and grief,
 And where thy mother, now forlorn,
 May learn to know her child unborn.

V.



CHURCH POLITICS IN SCOTLAND.

THE Churches of Scotland are at this moment profoundly agitated. So far as the conflict relates to purely spiritual questions, we are willing to leave the combatants to finish each other after their own fashion; but in certain aspects it cannot fail to attract the interest and reward the attention even of the lay student of ecclesiastical manners and politics.

There are three great branches of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland—the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian. The ranks of each are recruited from different classes, and each consequently has its distinctive peculiarities of opinion, doctrine, and temper. A Free Churchman differs from an Established Churchman, and a 'U. P.' from both.

The United Presbyterian is the church of the ten-pounders—the lower section of the middle classes. They are voluntaries; their distinctive principle being that the Church is entirely independent of the State, and that the magistrate's jurisdiction extends to police matters alone—that he has, at least, no jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. They thus represent the extreme radical element in church politics. They consist, for the most part, of small shopkeepers and traders, with a sprinkling of artisans. They are nominally 'liberals;' but they are too frequently illiterate and narrow-minded, rigid in doctrine, despotic in practice. Their clergy spring from their own ranks, and among them, as might be expected, there are comparatively few men of ripe culture and generous intelligence.

From the class to which the majority of United Presbyterians belong our borough electors are taken, and thus it happens that Scotland enjoys the reputation of being at once the most liberal

and the most illiberal corner of the empire. All the worst forms of social and religious intolerance may be found in the Scotch borough which returns a red-hot radical. The ten-pounder, it must be owned, does not possess many attractive features; yet the policy which would transfer political power from this order to the working order may, after all, not be a wise policy. Not because the working classes are inferior; far from it; in many of the best and most generous qualities of men they are decidedly superior; but simply because they are passionate, earnest, and, as the slaves of ideas, politically impracticable. The middle classes, even their lowest sections, have complex relations with those above them, and reflect, more or less directly, the sentiments of men who have studied or practised the arts of government. We shall seldom find theorists in the middle class who will try to realise Plato's *Republic*, or Harrison's *Oceana*; but political theories founded on abstract dogmas have a magnetic attraction for minds at once intense, enthusiastic, and unversed in practical politics. The ten-pounder, the shrewd, cautious, selfish, unimagi-native trader, is the safest guardian of our political liberties; but we confess that we cannot conceive any slavery more intolerable than that of the men who minister to them in spiritual things, who are dependent on illiterate caprice, and the subjects of a vulgar despotism.

The members of the Free Church are drawn very much from the same classes as are the members of the Established Church. They quarrelled with the Establishment on the subject of patronage; but, in so doing, they did not become voluntaries. On the contrary, the voluntary principle was denounced by

them for many years after 1843 in the strongest language—as might, indeed, have been expected from a body of which Dr. Chalmers was the nominal, if not the virtual, leader. What the Free Church really represented was that element which is found, more or less, in every church—the romantic, ideal, and transcendental side of religious sentiment. The Free Churchman of Scotland, in as much as relates to church government, is the ‘High Churchman of England.’ While favourable to union with the State, he is jealous of State control. The State should defend the Church, and support her ministers; but the Church owes no allegiance to, and is altogether independent of, the State. This is the church to which visionaries and ascetics have in all ages belonged, and which has sometimes proselytised and sometimes persecuted. The enthusiastic temperament is addicted to excess; but, on the other hand, without the fire of zeal, it is hard to rouse the conscience or to melt the heart of nations.

Those who, at the disruption, remained in the Church represented a party not less permanent in human affairs—the party which prefers order and the reign of law to the turbulence of passion and the anarchy of the imagination. They adopted that theory of church government which is most agreeable to the understanding of laymen, and while preserving substantial independence, did not seek for theoretical supremacy. *Moderation* was the motto of the Church’s earlier leaders—*Comprehensiveness* is that of those who now guide her debates and direct her counsels. It cannot be doubted that this is the only defensible position which a national religious institution can occupy at the present day; and on the part of the Church of Scotland ‘comprehensiveness’ had become a measure not merely of prudence but of necessity. On the one hand was a

church which enlisted the religious democracy; on the other, the church of the martyr and the missionary; unless she placed herself on the ground of catholic principle (which the despotic exclusiveness of sects prevents them from cultivating) there seemed, in truth, to be no function which she could serve. Upon this ‘Broad Church party’ (as they are nicknamed), who are struggling for a freer life and a happier piety, the hopes of those who wish well to the national communion are fixed. It daily gains strength; and to it belongs whatever of genius, liberal sentiment, and intellectual elevation the Church retains. Of its position and prospects, we shall speak more at length immediately.

The Free Churchman, as we have seen, was not a voluntary when he quitted the Establishment. But ‘misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows,’ and there is no school like experience. In point of fact, if not in point of theory, the Free Church has been for the past twenty years a voluntary church, and her position has begun to react on her opinions. The immediate consequence of the change is that the Free and United Presbyterian Churches propose to unite. At this very moment the union is being pushed on with somewhat indecent haste. The rank and file manifest no very extraordinary anxiety to be brought together; but the leaders hope to carry the Union of 1866, as they carried the secession of 1843—by a *coup d’état*.

Laymen have seldom been able to comprehend the grounds on which churches quarrel; but it cannot be said that they are ever particularly eager to see them reconciled. ‘When rogues fall out,’ according to the old adage, ‘honest men come by their own;’ and the disunion of the clergy is undoubtedly favourable to freedom. There are too many of the evils

incidental to clerical rule, little enough of spiritual liberty, in Scotland at the present moment; but that little might be materially abridged by the creation of a powerful priesthood. The clergy (in so far as any despotic interference with civil life is involved) are comparatively powerless while they remain divided; united, they might undertake a crusade. In the churches, as elsewhere, moreover, a layman is inclined to believe that a moderate amount of competition is good for trade.

Such is the lay view: but many Free Churchmen dislike the proposal for other and perhaps better reasons. The learned and accomplished Free Churchman is not anxious to identify his own with a demagogic and comparatively illiterate church. Moderate Free Churchmen, moreover, do not regard the quarrel with the Establishment as one that is incapable of settlement. They think it possible that such modifications of the law of patronage may be agreed to as might enable them to return; but they are well aware that union with a voluntary church must make the breach final. So they pause upon the brink—shivering, in the meanwhile, rather uncomfortably, as it seems.

It is quite possible—legislative consent being obtained—that the Church may agree to modify, if not to abolish, the law of patronage. But we confess that we are not anxious to see such a change effected as might enable any considerable number of Free Churchmen to re-enter her communion, for their return would undoubtedly strengthen the hands of the enemies of progress. To a man—with the admirable exception of Dr. Hanna—the Free Church is pledged to resist ‘innovation,’ and to punish ‘innovators.’

And the Broad Church party in

the Establishment have already enemies enough of their own household to encounter. For in Scotland ‘innovation’ has to contend with quite peculiar difficulties. Scotchmen have always had a remarkable ‘nose’ for heresy; and they seldom lose the scent till the victim is run down. The Church, as everybody knows, is democratic in its constitution; and the highest judicial functions are exercised by a popular assembly. Moreover, the law by which a clergyman may be indicted for heresy is perfectly distinct, and can be easily enforced. Putting these two facts together, it may be conceived that the ‘innovator’ north of the Tweed does not occupy an enviable position. A democracy requires all sorts of checks to make it safe; but in the General Assembly there are no checks. It can legislate, and has often legislated, while under the influence of passion. Its judgments are final—there is no appeal to the calm intelligence of a lay tribunal. Three hundred excited country ministers and burgh councillors can try their most learned doctor for heresy in the morning and execute him at night.

So that an innovator in Scotland must needs walk warily. He must pick his steps among the ecclesiastical pit-falls and man-traps,—else he will come to grief. It is his *duty* to be discreet as well as firm.

The innovations which the Broad Church party are striving, or are said to be striving, to introduce are of two sorts—the one affecting the forms of public worship, the other involving inquiry into the doctrines of the standards of the Church.

With the former of these—reform of the forms of worship—the name of Dr. Lee is associated, and of them and of him we have already spoken in this Magazine.¹ He maintains that we should kneel when we pray, stand when we sing, and that

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*, August 1864.

a book of prayer is an aid to devotion. He maintains, moreover, that these 'indifferent' matters—matters, that is to say, which do not involve doctrine, but only the decent celebration of worship—are matters which may be properly regulated by the taste and sense of each congregation. This side of the movement is to our minds chiefly interesting and valuable inasmuch as it asserts the principle of fair and rational congregational liberty.

Those who fancy that there is any sympathy with 'Prelacy' in the movement which Dr. Lee has done so much to forward, mistake it much. It is simply an effort to make public worship more comely and decent. The mistake, however, has been committed in more than one quarter, notably by Dr. Wordsworth, the titular Bishop of St. Andrews. He sees what is doing, and he fancies that the people of Scotland are yearning to return to the episcopal sheep-fold. So he issues pastorals, and multiplies letters in the daily newspapers (surely a sad descent for a successor of the Apostles), to induce them to come in. 'Let us unite,' he says; 'at present you are not a church,—you have no ritual and no bishops,—you are cut off from Christendom. Take our ritual and our bishops,—there will be no sacrifice of principle on your part, for no principle is involved in your isolation,—and we will take your endowments.' Were this said in irony, we could understand the appeal; but the Bishop of St. Andrews is speaking in perfect good faith—not unkindly nor unwisely, as he fancies. A profound misconception! The people of Scotland love their Church as well for her own sake as for her history. They see in her the assertion of a great principle, the assertion of the freedom and responsibility of the individual conscience. They have snapt the chain which bound them

to ancient Christendom, advisedly and deliberately. They need no slippery roll of anointed bishops to lead them back to the Apostles and to their Lord. They believe that wherever two or three Christian men are gathered together, Christ is in the midst of them. They fancy that this belief of theirs lies at the root of all true spiritual freedom; and they are proud of the clear insight which enabled their ancestors to grasp, and of the stern tenacity with which they clung to, this rich and fruitful principle of religious life.

But a graver question lies behind. A change in the forms of worship may be deemed a light matter; a reformation of doctrine involves larger and more difficult issues.

It is at any time dangerous to meddle with the dogmas of a church. The rash man who breathes a whisper against the most microscopical article of creed or confession is borne off upon a torrent of invective—is borne off, or retains his footing only after an expenditure of strength which, otherwise directed, might have secured something solidly worth fighting for. Thus, while it is possible to reform a state, it is necessary to revolutionise a church. In other words, a politician may essay to improve the laws of a state, and yet retain his loyalty; but in church matters every reformer is a rebel,—a rebel, that is a heretic. Profane hands must not be laid upon the ark. The men who founded the Church were mortal like ourselves; it is fair to suppose that they associated no supreme sanctity with the structure which they reared, that they claimed no absolute authority for the doctrine which they taught; but to their posterity these bare walls are venerable with age, these moth-eaten pages are awful as Holy Writ.

It is quite natural that the

doctors of a church should try on occasion to crystallise, as it were, their theological conclusions into a creed or a confession. To the student of religious opinion these monuments of its progress must always retain a peculiar interest. If, like an old battle-flag, a creed could be hung away on the wall when it had become too tattered for further use, no one would have much reason to object; but unfortunately this cannot be done. Many tears must be shed, many hearts vexed,—nay, even sometimes much blood must be spilt,—before a creed which has grown obsolete can be laid aside.

For, by inveterate usage, almost all the churches have not merely employed their spare time in framing confessions of their faith, but they have fortified them by subscription and enforced them by penalties. Their office-bearers are required solemnly to declare that theological propositions framed two centuries, or four centuries, or a dozen centuries ago, are propositions in which they entirely believe. A virulent vitality is thus given to the opinions of certain ages and schools. The Westminster Confession, the Athanasian Creed, and similar expressions of Catholic or Puritanic dogma would by this time (had they been left to sink or swim unaided) have been found in the library of the curious scholar only; but subscription keeps them *alive*. It gives them a fictitious longevity.

Subscription, it is evident, belongs to the age which sought to protect the truth by defences external to itself. It belongs to the age when Christianity, as a part of civil life, was in reality a system of penalties and disabilities. These penalties and disabilities have for the most part been removed, and it is not difficult to predict that before many years have passed any that yet remain will share a like fate. The sooner that subscription, at least, is

abolished the better; for no thoughtful man who has considered the effect of this clerical oath will be disposed to deny that it is alike worthless and mischievous.

Worthless—for the same reason that all oaths, as Bentham has conclusively demonstrated, are more or less worthless. The oath does not touch the dishonest. A dishonest unbeliever will affirm without a blush that he believes implicitly in the Confession of Faith. Such a man passes unharmed through the meshes of the ecclesiastical net. But the oath alarms the timid, the sensitive, and the over-scrupulous conscience. The moment that a clergyman so constituted feels the faintest sensation of doubt, he quits the Church. Why? Because of subscription. Were it not for the *oath*, which gives a destructive energy to every line of confession or creed, many earnest Christians and pious thinkers, who have been driven from her fellowship, might now be ministering at her altars.

But subscription is mischievous as well as worthless. It is, in the first place, a practice inconsistent with the principle of Protestantism. It is an implicit denial of the right of private judgment. The Englishman who subscribes the Articles substitutes Edward VI. or Queen Elizabeth for the Pope; the Scotchman who subscribes the Confession substitutes for the *jus divinum* of the Bishop of Rome the *jus divinum* of Henderson, Rutherford, and Gillespie. This was what William the Silent predicted when he uttered the memorable speech, which Sainte Aldegonde has reported. 'The affair of the Anabaptists,' the latter writes, 'has been renewed. The Prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply that their "yea" was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter unless we were willing to confess that it was just for the Papists to compel us to a divine

service which was against our conscience. In short, I do not see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. *The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing.*

Nor is this merely a theoretical difficulty,—it involves large practical consequences. Its direct tendency is to make a dishonest clergy; or, at least (which comes very much to the same thing), it forces the laity to suspect their honesty. How could it be otherwise? Just consider what subscription means. A young man signs the Westminster Confession; by so doing, he binds himself, under penalties, to remain of the same way of thinking till the day of his death. Subscription prohibits inquiry, research, revision. How can a man, with a sword hanging over his head, afford to undertake an honest investigation? But even admitting their honesty, subscription necessarily deprives the judgment of the clergy of any weight in the estimation of the laity. Taken and bound under penalties to maintain a particular proposition—can they come, as you or I can come, without bias, without prejudice, without partisan feeling, to examine both sides of the proposition? A premium is given to induce them to shut their eyes, to close their ears, to drug and stupefy their reason. What value can we attach to the *honest conclusions* of a man so injuriously and unequally weighted? He cannot see truly if he would; the mist of self-interest rises between him and the truth: a great and resolute effort is needed before such an one can rise

to the platform on which the lay inquirer, who has not sacrificed his right to reason and to judge, stands without any effort at all.

These difficulties exist wherever subscription is required, but nowhere is the burden so hard to bear as in Scotland.

The official confession of a national church ought to be, upon the whole, a colourless document. It should reflect the ripe and sober Christian intelligence of the nation—not the theories of casuists, nor the fanaticism of partisans. In its statement of dogma it should be confined to the indisputable truths of Christianity—the broad, general doctrines which are universally applicable to mankind. The compilers of the Confession complied with none of these conditions; nor, in many respects, was it possible that they could. The Westminster formularies were not put together during a period of peace; they were put together when the nation was in the throes of a great religious conflict. The confession was penned upon the battle-field. It is the heated and excited manifesto of a victorious faction. It develops a particular theory of Christianity with unmerciful and intolerant logic. Its framers did not ask the question, ‘What forms of speech shall we select which will enlist the assent of all our countrymen who acknowledge the essential truths of Christianity?’ They did not ask this question—it was impossible that they could have asked it. They had shed their blood for subtleties of theological dogma, for niceties of ecclesiastical etiquette (bound up in some occult way, as we can see now, with the great cause of freedom), and they would have been more than mortal if, after winning the victory, they had failed to give a prominent place in their system to the party watchwords for which they had done and suffered so much.

It was framed, moreover, at a time when there was a passion for system. A symmetrical explanation of the relation of the Creator to His universe was what men desired to attain. They would not believe that there were any divine riddles in the world which it was impossible to solve, and therefore needless to contemplate. Thus the Confession contains a sort of history of the Almighty, and an analysis of the motives which have governed the Divine mind from the furthest eternity. They had themselves been parties to a solemn league and covenant; and they fancied that from a remote antiquity their Maker had been similarly engaged. Thus we have in the Confession, not alone the central truths of Christianity, but all manner of logical and metaphysical applications. Nor is this all. It was framed at a time when the saints were the rulers of the earth, when the magistrate was looked upon as the servant of the Church, when a secular monarchy was being abolished, and the *Civitas Dei* was being established.¹ So it undertakes to rule the secular as well as the religious life, the State no less than the Church, the king no less than the priest. When it is recollected that these secular rules and precepts were laid down at an abnormal period of our history, during a period of passion, while a civil war was raging about the application of the rules and precepts in question, it is easy to see how inapplicable many of them must be to modern life, and how foreign to modern thought. Nor yet are the difficulties exhausted. A creed which was compiled two centuries ago, grows obsolete, even in its language. To read it is to read an old author, or an author with whose tongue we are imperfectly acquainted. We

cannot enter into the subtleties of his speech; nor can we follow the train of his thought. Our means of communicating with him are imperfect, not merely from the change of language, but from the progress of opinion. We stand on a different platform. His philosophy is not our philosophy; his science has been undermined by the science of a more advanced age; his theories of government, if now reduced to practice, would be the heralds of revolution.

Such is the Confession of Faith. It would be wearisome to analyse it in detail; a few illustrations of what we have now said will suffice.

Every minister entering the Church of Scotland is required solemnly to declare, *inter alia*, that:—

1. 'It pleased God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the manifestation of the glory of His eternal power, wisdom, and goodness, in the beginning, to create, or make of nothing, the world and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days, and all very good.'

2. 'Works done by unregenerate man, although, for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others; yet, because they proceed not from an heart purified by faith; nor are done in a right manner according to the Word; nor to a right end, the glory of God: they are therefore sinful and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God. And yet their neglect of them is more sinful, and displeasing unto God.'

3. 'For the publishing of such opinions, or maintaining of such practices, as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity, whether concerning faith, worship, or conversation . . . they may lawfully be

¹ The Confession of Faith was approved by the Assembly which sat at Edinburgh in 1647, and ratified by the Parliament in 1649.

called to account, and proceeded against by the censures of the Church, and by the power of the civil magistrate. . . . The civil magistrate may not assume to himself the administration of the word and sacraments, or the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven; yet he hath authority, and it is his duty to take order, that unity and peace be preserved in the Church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruption and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed.'

4. 'There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ; nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be head thereof; but is that antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ, and all that is called God.'

These propositions will sufficiently illustrate what has now been said.

The Confession declares that the world was made out of nothing in the space of six days; whereas the fact is that not a clergyman in the Scottish Church now believes that this is true.

The civil magistrate hath authority and it is his duty to suppress heresy; whereas everybody now owns that the civil magistrate has no authority to do anything of the kind. We have—wisely or unwisely—ceased to employ the thumbscrew and the stake.

Good works done by unregenerate men are sinful; and yet the neglect of them is more sinful. A comfortable dilemma in which the reprobate are fixed—their Maker having made it their duty, apparently, in one way or other, to commit sin, and to earn damna-

tion! They are 'punished by most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell-fire for ever'¹ because they are sinful; if they do the things which God commands they commit sin, if they fail to do these things they are yet greater sinners! This travestie of Scripture is an excellent specimen of the practical absurdities into which the suicidal logic of the Calvinistic compilers drove them.

Once only do they seem to relent. 'Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit.' And reprobate infants? There they stopped short—their courage failed them. Even those intolerant logicians could not put the inevitable conclusion into articulate words. This, we say, is a specimen of the Confession in its mildest mood; but the contrast between the tardy theological concession, 'Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated,' and 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' forcibly illustrates the saying that Christianity, as a working system, is a very different thing from the theological expression of it, and would remain a living power in the world without any dogma whatsoever.

It cannot be denied that such a state of matters, when the formularies of the Church have ceased to represent the convictions of its members, is calculated to excite anxiety, if not alarm. The substantial insincerity of an institution, especially of a religious institution, is dangerous to society. If the teachers of the truth are false, to whom can we turn? *Solem quis dicere falem audeat?*

Two courses are open to church reformers: a revision of the standards, or a relaxation of the terms of subscription.

It need occasion no surprise if even the most intrepid shrink from

¹ *The Larger Catechism*, Q. 29. Ratified by the Parliament of 1649.

the former of these alternatives. Principal Tulloch truly observes: 'That which has been once done cannot be undone; and there is no man with a large intelligence of Christian history, or of the difficulties affecting the effective working of all ecclesiastical organisations, who would propose simply to abandon the Confession of Faith, as some of the clergy of last century did. No church can ever rid itself of its dogmatic substructures without peril of dissolution. This I profoundly believe.'¹ We do not think that this reasoning admits of reply, except in one view. If the leading propositions of the Westminster Confession have ceased to secure the assent of the nation, then unquestionably, whatever the peril, the time for reconstruction has arrived. But we are disposed to believe that this is not so, and that to the minds of liberal Scottish Churchmen, its central positions still remain unshaken. The outworks, it may be, have fallen, but these are not essential to the radical system of defence.

Consequently, one course alone remains: to abolish, or at least to relax the stringency of, subscription.

It may be asked, indeed—what, without subscription, is the value of a creed? Is not subscription the logical complement to a confession of faith? We are not among those who believe that a Christian church cannot exist without a dogmatic creed; but we think it is quite possible to hold that a church which does not require subscription may yet consistently retain a public

and official definition of its theological position.

We are not however at present pleading for total abolition; we believe that a *slackening of the bonds* would meet the necessities of the case. Let the terms of subscription be modified, as they have been modified recently in a sister Church.² Let subscription be taken to mean—'The Confession of Faith represented the sense of the Church at the time when it was framed. It is a great historical monument, which marks the position of our Church in the seventeenth century; and of which, as such, we are proud. It still remains the standard of our Church; and we are willing that it should be preserved; for, though many of its views are of local and temporary application only, and though much of its language is obsolete, we believe that it contains the articles of faith on which a nation of Christians may combine. In so far as agreeable to reason and revelation, we acknowledge that it sets forth the doctrines of the Christian Church.'

Such a change as this would be that of which we have heard so much lately—an eminently conservative reform. To such terms of subscription, even its framers could not have consistently objected. For what say they? The liberty of the conscience has never been vindicated in more noble words, and we can afford to admire them, though we may suspect, from the context, that it was the conscience of the Presbyterian and not of Papist or prelatist which they desired to protect. 'God alone is lord of the

¹ *Theological Controversy; or, the Function of Debate in Theology.* By John Tulloch, D.D. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

² The Clerical Subscription Act (1865), 28 & 29 Vict., cap. 122, substitutes for the oaths previously in use, the following:—

'I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and of the ordering of bishops, priests, and deacons. I believe the doctrine' (doctrines, as more specific, was advisedly omitted) 'of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the word of God; and, in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, I will use the form in the said book prescribed and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.'

conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to his word, or beside it, in matters of faith or worship. *So that to believe such doctrines, and to obey such commandments out of conscience, is to betray true liberty of conscience; and the requiring of an implicit faith, and an absolute and blind obedience, is to destroy liberty of conscience and reason also.*' The declaration we have sketched would consequently be entirely in harmony with the *spirit* of the passage we have quoted. It admits of argument, moreover, whether the terms in which subscription is at present made—'the requiring of an implicit faith, and an absolute and blind obedience,'—do not violate the very letter of the law. 'It is known,' Principal Tulloch remarks, 'that with that strange zeal for binding men's consciences which has always

been characteristic of Puritanism, and which survived though weakened in the Church of the revolution, the existing relation required of ministers exceeds in stringency the requirements of the law, and that serious complications may at any time arise out of such a condition of things.'¹

The great interest excited in Scotland last winter, by Dr. Norman McLeod's assault on the Sabbatarians, is due more or less to the fact that it implicitly raises the issue we have been discussing. It is hardly to be denied that, in maintaining that the Decalogue had been abrogated, and that the Christian Sunday was entirely independent of the injunction in the Fourth Commandment to observe the seventh day of the week, he was directly impugning the doctrines of the Confession.² All fair and reasonable inquirers believe that in the main

¹ The following are some of the 'questions appointed to be put to ministers at their ordination, in the face of the congregation':—

'1. Do you *sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine* contained in the Confession of Faith, approved by the General Assemblies of this Church, and ratified by law in the year 1690, to be founded upon the Word of God, and do you acknowledge the same as the *confession of your faith*; and will you firmly and constantly adhere thereto, and to the utmost of your power assert, maintain and defend the same, and the purity of worship as presently practised in this National Church, and asserted in Act 15, Assembly 1707, entitled "Act against Innovations in the Worship of God?"

'2. Do you disown all . . . other doctrines, tenets, and opinions whatsoever, *contrary to or inconsistent with the aforesaid Confession of Faith*?

'3. Do you promise . . . that, according to your power, you shall maintain the unity and peace of this Church against error and schism, notwithstanding of whatever trouble or persecution may arise, and that you shall follow no divisive courses *from the present established doctrine*, worship, discipline, and government of this Church?'

² On the first of these points, however, the Confession is rather obscure. After stating that the moral law doth for ever bind all to the obedience thereof—'neither doth Christ in the Gospel any way dissolve, but much strengthen their obligation'—it proceeds: 'Although true believers be not under the law as a covenant of works . . . yet it is of great use to them . . . as a rule of life informing them of the will of God and their duty.' The meaning of these rather inconsistent statements (for, if the believer be not under the law as a covenant of works, Christ must have in some way dissolved the obligation) appears to be that the Decalogue is still useful as a sort of compendium of moral duty, though the judicial sanction has been withdrawn, in the same way that the study of the Code Napoléon may be useful to an English lawyer, though it has no place in English law. Dr. McLeod may probably contend that if he, as a 'believer,' is not 'under the law,' as the Jew was, then, *in some sense or other*, it must be held that the Confession agrees with him when he declares that the Decalogue has been abrogated. What the Confession says about Sunday is as follows:—

'As it is of the law of nature, that in general a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God; so in his word by a positive, moral, and perpetual commandment binding all men in all ages, he hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath to be kept holy unto him; which from the beginning of the world to the

Dr. McLeod is right,—still the Confession is, or appears to be, of a different mind. The controversy thus originated has brought into prominence the difficulty which has for long stared the higher class of Scottish Churchmen in the face; and already the combatants are mustering for the conflict that is obviously not far ahead.

We cannot say that we entertain any doubt of what the ultimate result will be. 'Time is with us.' The real leaders of the Church are, without exception, ranged upon the side of toleration. The trenchant and brilliant intellect of Lee; the Catholic zeal and eloquence of McLeod; the fine intelligence of Caird; the elegant learning of Bisset; the transparent and fearless candour, the spiritual fervour and spiritual insight of Tulloch; and the firmness and moderation of younger men (as McQuisten, of Glasgow; Story, of Roseneath; Milligen, of Aberdeen), may well inspire the friends of a wise and orderly freedom with hope and confidence. Nor is this confidence diminished (but rather increased), when we look at their opponents in the Church—men like Dr. Muir, of St. Stephen's; Mr. Macpherson, of St. Luke's; Dr. Pirie, of Aberdeen; and Mr. Phin, of Galashiels.

Dr. Pirie has a good deal of that tough and somewhat coarse intellectual fibre which they spin at Aberdeen; but otherwise he is not distinguishable from the rank and file of his followers. Except that they are unreportably tedious, neither Mr. Phin—a sturdy Church-jester—nor Mr. Macpherson—a mountaineer, who, just emerged from his native mists, has not yet been able to accept with a good

grace the artificial restraints and decent trammels of civilised life (for the kilt is a convenience in its way),—are by any means heavy metal. Dr. Muir, thinly acrid, yet refined and thorough-bred, is a man whom all men admire. They admire him as they admire a fine and well-preserved fossil. It belongs to a different world, we know; but then, what a capital specimen it is! That Dr. Muir was born in the age of reform bills, and bills for emancipating Catholics and Jews (instead of for pulling their teeth), is not his fault; and we have the advantage of seeing in the flesh one of those good old Churchmen who, in the conversion of unbelievers, wisely preferred physical to moral force. He is a dignified and majestic anachronism. There is something grand in the manner in which this mediæval prelate, stranded on the shore of the easy-going nineteenth century, shuts his eyes upon the facts of the universe. He does not attempt to comprehend them. He simply hands them over to Satan. The Confession of Faith is silent on the employment of the organ, and therefore those who employ the organ must be under Satanic influence—an influence which, had he (and they) only lived a couple of centuries earlier, he could have most effectually exorcised.

It cannot be expected that men like these will wield Mrs. Partington's broom with any noticeable result. The obstructive party in the Church, however, is aided by recruits from the dissenting bodies. The Free Church leaders regard with instinctive animosity the communion from which, twenty years ago, they seceded—that 'moral

resurrection of Christ, was the last day of the week; and from the resurrection of Christ, was changed into the first day of the week, which in Scripture is called the Lord's-day, and is to be continued to the end of the world as the Christian Sabbath.'

The reader will notice the ingenious way in which 'one day in seven' is substituted for the Seventh day, on which God rested, and which he hallowed.

nuisance,' as they were in use to call her,¹—and it is natural that any movement which is calculated to increase her usefulness and her authority should be viewed by them with profound disrelish. Their obvious policy at present is to urge the Muirs, the Piries, the Phins and the Macphersons to push matters to extremity. If her intellect and genius and piety were forced to quit the national Church, *theirs* would be the gain. They see this very clearly, and they are not ashamed to stoop to conquer. It might be supposed that Churchmen would regard disinterested advice coming from such a quarter with natural suspicion. The Free Church has affirmed, over and over again, that the Establishment has denied her Lord; it might reasonably be assumed that an organ more or less, a revision of the standards, written prayers, could not add sensibly to the guilt of her apostacy. At present, however, they show the utmost zeal for her welfare, and are as eager to protect her purity as if her fair fame had never been sullied. The 'social evil' has become a chaste virgin; the 'moral nuisance' has grown suddenly fragrant. The day will come when the obstructive party will bitterly regret that they have played, innocently and ignorantly, it may be, into the hands of those who are pledged to destroy the Church.

It is a wise proverb, that 'those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones.' The Dissenters have undertaken to rebuke the Church for her latitudinarian sympathies, and some very curious and instructive scenes have been the result. The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh, for instance, 'overtured' its Synod the other day to draw the serious atten-

tion of its people to the fact that certain members of the Establishment were wickedly assailing the Confession. The discussion unfortunately revealed that even the representatives of the Cameronians had partaken of the accursed thing. Speaker after speaker rose to declare that there were propositions in the Confession with which they could not agree, and that the necessity for revision grew every day more pressing.

Among the adversaries of reform, ability has been conspicuous by its 'absence.' With the exception of Dr. Candlish (who himself has indiscreetly and rather wantonly assailed the Confession), and Dr. Cairns, of Berwick (a ponderous, obscure, and immensely over-rated divine, through whom the late Professor Ferrier once drove his keen and shining blade), they have not produced a single considerable controversialist. Dr. Begg is their biggest man, and he is the type of a very low class indeed. The scriptural expressions, 'a tinkling cymbal—a sounding *brass*,'—especially the latter, seem to have been expressly designed for him. A miraculously inflated 'windbag' is in our estimation, as in Mr. Carlyle's, one of the most piteous sights in the universe; and Dr. Begg, in spite of much sound and fury, is as light as froth, and as empty as the wind. When he is on the floor of a Church court, it is impossible to help thinking of 'the ring.' This theological 'bruiser' shows little science indeed, and hits wildly; but he always rises amid a flourish of trumpets (his own included), and gives an uninitiated spectator the impression that he means mischief. A truculent demagogue is rather out of his element, of course, in a Scotch Assembly and among grave and learned divines. An American

¹ The words, one is sorry to remember, are Dr. Chalmers's, used by him before a Committee of the House of Commons.

orator 'on the stump,' or a Fenian patriot in the Irish Parliament on the other side of the water, are characters in which he would revel.

Nor is this poverty of argument on the side of the obstructives noticeable in their speeches only; their literary contributions to the controversy have been slovenly, violent, and unscholarlike. Here is a sample of the kind of goods in which they deal:—'The Lord's Day and Law,' by the Rev. George Macanlay, with a recommendation notice, by W. Kidston, J.P.,—'J.P., we presume, standing for Justice of the Peace. The qualities of 'justices' law' are very well known; and in his 'recommendation' of Moses and Macanlay, Mr. Kidston reproduces certain of its more noticeable peculiarities. This sapient dispenser of public justice is of opinion that Dr. McLeod, in his recent speech, 'betrayed the Son of man with a kiss.' Mr. Macaulay's language has been modelled upon that of his patron,—the violence of his invective being barely on a level with the feebleness of his other gifts. An able and temperate discourse by Mr. Burns, of the Cathedral of Glasgow, is thus characterised:—

Then follows a contrast or comparison between Judaism and Christianity. This is worthy of attention, both from the inherent interest of the subject, and from the amazing ignorance and recklessness displayed by the words of the preacher. Mr. Burns, in uttering the following extraordinary sentences, must have largely presumed on the ignorance or credulity of the audience. For it would be difficult, in the whole cyclopædia of ancient and modern literature, to find so many erroneous statements compressed within the same number of consecutive sentences. The contrast proceeds on an entire misconception of the nature, on the one hand, of the Mosaic dispensation, and, on the other hand, of the economy of the gospel. Could any man, except in mistake through ignorance, make such statements as these?—'Judaism deals with the outward—Christianity with the inward; Judaism rejoices in law—Christianity in liberty; Judaism looks to the act—Christianity to the motive which prompted it; Judaism exists to separate—

Christianity to unite; Judaism is a system of prohibition—Christianity of direct injunction.' Every one of these statements is either false, or is so exaggerated as to be equivalent to a false statement.

This needs only to be stated in order to be its own evidence; and I am amazed at the ignorance that could express itself from the pulpit of a Glasgow church—of the Glasgow cathedral, in the terms just quoted and referred to. And if the hearers were not similarly impressed, I must say, 'Like priest, like people.' The same deplorable ignorance shows itself in what follows.

And so on through a dismal swamp of windy rhetoric. Our readers will not thank us for further selections,—we wish only to show them in passing what kind of weapons are still in use among Scottish theologians. Those of them, however, who would like to look a little more closely at the eloquence of the Rev. George Macanlay may get one hundred and twenty mortal pages of it for sixpence. We trust that they will not consider it dear at the money.

Here we must close. We do not disguise from ourselves that, to those who desire to broaden the foundations of their church, the coming struggle will be a bitter and an arduous one. Let them not, however, lose heart. Let not the taunts of the self-appointed defenders of the faith silence them, or drive them from the Church. The Church was made for the nation,—not for bigots or fanatics, or partisans. If through morbid delicacy, or over-scrupulous sensitiveness, they should be induced to quit the Establishment, they may be sure that they will have sacrificed their usefulness. A safe reform of the Church in these days must come from within,—when her corruptions of worship and doctrine are assailed from the outside, her very existence will be put in peril. They will be exposed of course to continual misconstruction, and they will be often tempted to relinquish the stormy sea of ecclesiastical politics for the tranquil havens of practical

Christian beneficence in which their hearts are anchored. To those thus tempted we would commend the noble words of one who has 'kept the faith' for which they contend:—

'But there is also a deeper work which is not dependent on the opinions of men, in which many elements combine, some alien to religion, or accidentally at variance with it. That work can hardly expect to win much popular favour, so far as it runs counter to the feelings of religious parties. But he who bears a part in it may feel

a confidence which no popular caresses or religious sympathy could inspire, that he has, by a Divine help, been enabled to place his foot somewhere beyond the waves of time. He may depart hence before the natural term, worn out with intellectual toil: regarded with suspicion by many of his contemporaries; yet not without a sure hope that *the love of truth* which men of saintly lives often seem to slight is, nevertheless, accepted before God.'

SHIRLEY.



THE BEAUCLERCS, FATHER AND SON.

A Novel.

BY CHARLES CLARKE, AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'WHICH IS THE WINNER?' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLEASURE AND BUSINESS COMBINED.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.—HOR.

THE Lion at Grammerton is a great house. We say this just as we should say that Tom Thumb was a great man, or Martin Tupper a great poet. It was remarkable for nothing but conservatism in high prices and bad dinners, and everybody had heard of it. It was great in reputation. The yeomanry always messed there. All county meetings were held there: hunt-balls, and charitable bazaars, Christian men's associations, and the dinner for the promotion of the British turf. It was treason to speak against old Waddilove the landlord, who was the president of the Society for the Resuscitation of Defunct Stage Coachmen, or Mrs. Waddilove, who did the whole of the business of the house, and made the very best whisky punch that was ever drunk by commercial bagmen.

It had been a great house in the days when one hundred and fifty coaches passed through Grammerton, one hundred and twenty of which changed horses at the Lion. There is little glory in supplying hot water to a steam-engine, but great was the *κῦδος* of horsing the mail, and of driving it.

At the present moment in which we are writing, the huge sign is swinging over its archway, and the landlady, Mrs. Waddilove, is standing underneath the *porte-cochère* to receive her expected guests, the gentlemen of the hunt, who were arriving in divers conveyances from different directions. They could not all come by the rail, for the

shire was not yet that network of tramroads, which it was destined hereafter to become. So there came first the sporting doctor of that neighbourhood, Dr. Cartilage, in a light dogcart. Stockfield of Drayton End rode a useful four-year old, a weight-carrier, with all the symptoms of being bred in the country; and he had as many buckles on his bridle as would have served the Lord Mayor's coach on the 9th of November, for he was going to meet the new squire.

'Well, doctor, how goes times with you?'

'Much as usual, farmer: When it's bad for you it's good for us.'

'Plenty to do?' said the old fellow, looking as if he never took a dose of physic in his life.

'Why! who's this?' At this moment a carriage with a pair of posters drove into the yard and pulled up at the door of the inn. Mrs. Waddilove was profuse of her courtesy, and invited the new arrivals to alight, whilst a ringing of bells, and a calling of waiters, announced the privilege of carriage company.

'Coming, ma'am,' shouted a waiter.

'Then be quick about it; and show Colonel Beauclerc to the long room,' said Mrs. Waddilove in reply.

'Oh! I know who it is. It's the new squire of Beauvale, and that's his son. Capital man to hounds. They say he's very likely to take them, if they're offered to him.'

Then followed Lord Ashdale in a

phaeton, driven by the Captain, to whom equal honours were due, and in another five minutes, Sir Kenelm Closely, a thin sporting-looking man, on a cantering hack, which he handed over to the ostler. 'Don't put a cloth on her till she's cool, and mind she doesn't kick you.'

Lawyer Hooper, the attorney to the hunt, walked in with his friend Jacob Handiman, who looked even more ecclesiastical about the hat and neckcloth, than when I mentioned him some time ago, as one of the great institutions of Grammertown. Colonel Baldhead Lethbridge came next. Sir Rumford Bowyer followed; and Lord Snaresborough was last, having just settled a turnpike trust of a very complicated nature. I forgot to mention Mr. Ellyard the chief linen-draper of the town, who was the great representative of the sporting trade of Grammertown. He went by the name of Lord Lanesborough from his partiality to the roads, and his aristocratic pretensions. He was a man of substance, and Miss Ellyard having married a beneficed clergyman, considered himself as belonging to the upper crust of society. He lived in a villa, and was a greater man out of Grammertown, if possible, than in it.

The long room at the Lion was very much like most long public rooms. Over the now empty desolate looking fire-place was a fine old print of John Warde, Esq., on his favourite hunter, with three couple of favourite hounds. At the other end a portrait of Dr. Armstrong, archdeacon of Grammertown, and head-master of the Grammertown school, in the full panoply of academics, with his favourite edition of *Æschylus* before him. It was from an early picture by Daughber, whose reputation began and ended with its production. The original was supposed to be in the doctor's study (it was really in Mr. Armstrong's lumber room), who would prefer to acknowledge native talent

in his purse rather than his person. There was a long table in the long room, on which were some foolscap sheets of paper, allegorical of the purpose of the meeting; and some goose-quills, once the property of a bird to which the literary world is much indebted for more things than its pens. The chairs stood round the room with a mahogany forbidding aspect, having seats of horsehair as symbolical of the business in hand; with the exception of one fine red-covered fellow at the top of the table, which looked like Alderman Wood in his mayoralty. Nobody seemed anxious to take it on this occasion, until it was offered to Lord Snaresborough. He declined however, as being less conversant with hunting, and it was eventually taken by Captain Ashdale, who having broken a leg, an arm, and two collar-bones, had a claim, independent of his rank, as the son of the only other peer present.

Business began by a neat speech from the Captain, who concluded by thanking Sir Kenelm Closely for his long and successful mastership, and his regret that they should no longer be favoured by his countenance out of the field or his courtesies in it. The Captain knew more of these than most people, and spoke therefore *ex cathedra*.

Sir Kenelm paid some compliments to the hounds, which belonged to the county, and which they well deserved, and to the horses, belonging to himself, which they did not. To say truth, he mounted his men execrably. After a longish recapitulation of his services, and the mention of extraordinary runs from Buttermilk Gorse and Dodger's Holt, and one or two other places of note, he wound up by a mild attack upon the wants of the county, viz. foxes and funds.

Lord Snaresborough was heavy and slow of speech, hated riding to hounds, and only occasionally showed himself in the saddle; but

he was a true British nobleman, and a strict preserver of foxes. He told the meeting, with a grave, gentlemanly tone of voice, that he always had foxes, and he always had pheasants too; and he intended always to have both.

They then got to business; and upon a reference to Lawyer Hooper and his book, it was ascertained that about two thousand a-year could be calculated upon, with a popular master (they did not say this); and that the expenses would be about a thousand more, to hunt the county in such a manner as they thought it ought to be hunted; that is, without stint in servants' horses, in fees and poultry bills, in the rental or repairs of covers, and in the numbers and efficiency of the kennel establishment.

The Chairman, after stroking his moustaches, proceeded to state that it was known to several gentlemen present that a high compliment had been paid to Lord Ashdale. (No, no.) 'Yes, a very high compliment. It was a proposal to accept of the hounds with an adequate subscription; in fact, a subscription so handsome that it seemed almost impossible to refuse.'

But Lord Ashdale acknowledged the honour that had been done him, and shifted the burden on to the shoulders of Colonel Beauclerc. Now, there is no position in the world so flattering to a man of Colonel Beauclerc's tastes as the offer of the county hounds. As a stranger, or partly so, it placed him at once on a footing of intimacy with, and in some respects of superiority to, all the best people of his neighbourhood. It was a sort of confidence in his purse, his position, and his sportsmanship which delighted him. It had dwelt in his mind long before he left India, and ever since he had returned to England; and we do him no more than justice in saying that he was as anxious for the honour for Frank's

sake at least as for his own. He had visions of a county membership, and vast popularity, and a nearer connection with the highest families, if his son should happen to grow cooler about Violet, which (if the truth must be told) did not appear unlikely to a man of the Colonel's own fickle temperament. The fact is, he did not know Frank, and he regarded himself as the ordinary type of his fellow-mortals. He would have found less difficulty in forgetting other people than himself. Be that as it may, one thing was certain, whatever our analysis of the motives: the Gordian knot was cut. The county was to be hunted, and the pockets of the subscribers and non-subscribers might be buttoned with impunity.

Colonel Beauclerc drove into the Lion yard almost unknown, and came out again a master of one of the best packs of foxhounds in England. There's a reality about the position, when you once get into its details, which is quite undeniable—especially the payments. The Colonel had lit on his legs, as usual, and was nearly becoming once more the most popular man in England.

Then it was that Frank Beauclerc joined his old schoolfellow at Scarborough; and looked forward to the usual amount of happiness to be expected from matrimony, without the usual probation of a long engagement.

From that visit to Scarborough must be dated the results which we have now to detail. Daily Frank's love for Violet increased, till it became an absorbing passion: and, as is invariably the case with men slow of purpose but vigorous of determination, the opposition with which the lovers were met by Madame Rosenfels added fuel to the flame. The good feeling and mutual admiration, which existed between himself and Violet's brother, was another strong feature in the encouragement of his affection: and

before he left Scarborough he had vowed that no power on earth should stand between him and the object of his love. He was a man to keep his word; and it required but little persuasion to teach Violet that her maidenly reserve might be thrown off before so unreasonable an opposition as that of Madame. One of her characteristics was a blind and implicit confidence in those she loved.

CHAPTER XIX.

NORTH AND EAST OF OXFORD STREET.

We cannot all be masters; nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

SHAKESPEARE.

While Frank Beauclerc is enjoying himself in Scotland, and his father is getting ready for the coming campaign, the season had progressed as usual. London had emptied itself into the moors, the stubbles, the bathing-machines, into the continental *salons*, rivers, lakes and mountains. Already the heat of the summer was over. Patient officials once more threaded the streets with light paletots and umbrellas. A few carriages began to roll along Bond Street, with the children and the governess, at all events; and though the butcher's boy and the lucifer-match vendor still occupied the centre of the *trottoir*; at four o'clock p.m., and the scaffolding and ladders were not all gone from the front of the shop windows, it was manifest to the most observant that the winter was beginning to set in. It was mild, rainy, and greasy to the pedestrian; and the crossing-sweepers and blacking-boys were in very decent employment.

Among the former of these two useful members of the inferior classes, might be seen, at the end of October, a rather superior person for the occupation which he had chosen. Indeed, it looked like no

choice, but rather as though the honour had been thrust upon him unawares. He shouldered his broom now and then in a soldier-like manner, and seemed almost inclined to salute with it, whenever a tightly buttoned frock-coat, or more military swagger than common, arrested his attention for a moment. There was a respectability about his hat, which, though old, was not broken; and was scrupulously brushed. He wore a moustache, too, an appendage then belonging to a more distinguished class of society than at present, though he was in other respects cleanly shorn. His stable jacket and overalls, buttoned up the sides, were tidily patched in places; and his shoes had evidently that day been submitted to the operation of his young friend at the corner. I am only thus particular, that the reader may acknowledge the existence of an aristocracy among the crossing-sweepers. He disdained to ask for money, though his appearance had attracted many a stray copper from closed pockets. Jonas Parker began to be known to the frequenters of his crossing, which was as scrupulously kept as himself. But the crossing was not a fashionable one. It would have excited no vehement competition in the present day. It was neither as Limmer's nor as Long's; it yielded readily the palm to Piccadilly and St. James's Street, which were invariably given by the favour of political partisanship to the unacknowledged pledges of a valet's or butler's love. They are now the reward of extraordinary merit in the clerical profession, in which few other prizes remain to be contended for. It was even second to Charing Cross and Parliament Street, and the purification of that between Apsley House and what was Tattersall's, than which no service of danger can be greater or more inadequately recompensed. No; Jonas Parker was not ambitious,

and the members of the Mendicity Society had awarded to the old soldier the dignified retirement of Baker Street, Portman Square. His manners and appearance would have fitted him for the highest position, but he preferred a moderate competence to greater wealth and increased danger.

In the discharge of his functions there happened to him two visions which troubled Jonas Parker in one day. The first of these was of two women, Madame Rosenfels and Violet Carless, who crossed from Portman Square towards Manchester Square from west to east. Jonas rubbed his eyes, and almost forgot to hold out his hat, until the good-humoured face of the latter assured him of assistance,—he felt so certain and yet so uncertain of having seen one face, at least, before. The two were connected in his mind with one another, and yet appeared to have no common relationship. He took the coppers, which fell, paper and all, from the fingers of the younger and more beautiful of the two; and they continued their walk without looking: indeed, much as if Jonas Parker were Jonas, and nobody else. The other happened later in the day; in fact, just as Jonas was about to lay down his broom and his calling, and go home to Mrs. Jonas, who lived in the back room of a cellar in Carnaby Market. It was near to the fashionable quarter, as she observed, though a little far for him to walk in the morning to his beat.

Just as halfpence were becoming scarce, and a modest rain was beginning to fall, which took considerably from the romance and comfort of street-sweeping, there came by a woman of colour. There was something remarkable in this. Ladies of colour, even in Baker Street, were not so common as might be imagined from the proximity of the retired East Indian captains and maiden ladies, who affect that quar-

ter. So Jonas Parker scrutinised the lady closely.

Jonas was a married man, with two children and a reputation to maintain. Had Mrs. Parker been present, we hardly think he would have been allowed to proceed in the way which, as a faithful historian, I am bound to state that he did. He beckoned the small shoeblack, with whom he had been in conversation the last half-hour, excepting when a possible victim presented itself to cross the street, and handed over to him his broom. The small boy set to work with a will, either as enjoying the change from passive to active life, or as speculating upon a more lucrative finish to his day's work. Jonas Parker pulled down his coat to get rid of the wrinkles, a melancholy sign of age in all things, and having given his hat one turn, he set off to follow the footsteps of the dark lady, whom we have known under the name of Baba.

Jonas had some reason for this. He recognised in her an old acquaintance of some fifteen or sixteen years' standing; and he connected her in a misty way with Madame Rosenfels and Violet; he did not quite know how; and he had determined to see how far he was right or wrong. With this purpose he walked quietly along the opposite side of the street, keeping an eye upon the dingy bonnet with tawdry ribbons, and a black gown, with a smart-coloured petticoat. Occasionally he was exceedingly busy with his hands in his pockets, while she admired a shop window, apparently hopeless of becoming a purchaser. At other times, the little old woman by dodging among the carriages almost defeated the pursuit. As she turned, however, out of one street into another, and crossing the New Road disappeared up an alley rather than a street, Jonas was with her.

Baba stood by the doorstep of a small milkman, preparatory to

turning the lock of the area, and Jonas Parker stood by her side.

'It's the woman,' thought Jonas almost aloud, 'though I've not seen her these sixteen years.'

'That's Jonas Parker, the soldier of the twenty-first that came home with us seventeen years ago. Jonas Parker, how do you do?'

He returned her greeting, and followed her down the area steps to a very comfortable parlour rather than kitchen, where manifest preparations were making for a substantial tea. Jonas expressed his surprise at the meeting in the same breath that Baba complimented him upon his looks. 'Hard times, too, Baba; I done no good since I left India. Ah! that's the country for a man to live in;' and Mr. Parker exulted at the reminiscence.

'For you, Mr. Parker, but not for us.'

'Yet you seem to ha' lit on your legs, Baba. You're pretty comfortable here, I suppose. Now, how many years might it be since we met?'

'Since we came home together? well, near on eighteen. Why, the young lady that came with us is twenty or more. Don't you remember Madame?'

'Madame, Madame?—to be sure I do. What was her name?—and those children. Why, Baba, and the colour came and went in Jonas's cheeks with the excitement, 'I saw her to-day.'

'Which of 'em?' and the dark lady seemed anxious on the subject.

'Two of 'em. Madame and one of the young ladies. I thought I knew the face,' and Jonas Parker looked as innocent as if he had told a falsehood.

'Yes, yes; possible, possible, Mr. Parker. She lives at Lymmersfield: but one o' the piccaninnies is gone; dead, Mr. Jonas, dead, you know.'

'To be sure; I remember. Little Miss Violet. Poor little thing! but

Miss Margaret was the beauty, with her great big eyes and curly hair. Miss Violet was tender and delicate, nurse: excuse me, Mrs. Baba, but it comes so natural.'

'But you forget, Mr. Jonas, it's poor little Margaret that died.'

'What, the one as was the great heiress, they said?'

'No, no, not the heiress; she's alive.'

'Who'd ha' thought it? She was the tenderer one of the two. Do you recollect when I let poor Miss Margaret fall, and broke her collar-bone, and the doctor never knew it, nor Madame, nor any one but you found it out? And you wouldn't have known it, only it wasn't set, so the bones crossed one another, and left a little bump. Bless her heart, she never cried, she was as brave as a lion: and so she's dead and gone! Dear me! one never knows.'

'She's gone. And the other's growed up beautiful.' Here the kettle boiled, and Baba proceeded to make tea; Jonas Parker not going through the ceremony of a pretended move.

'And now, tell me, what are you doing?'

Jonas Parker was doing nothing, and admitted it: as being more respectable than sweeping a crossing. Baba sipped her tea a while in silence, revolving many things. Jonas Parker only wondered whence Baba derived her resources for such creature comforts as she had around her.

The old ayah liked her tea, and she liked it well laced. Perhaps the uninitiated do not understand this; I mean laced with a mere *soupeon* of brandy. This evil habit, which we can only forgive as medicinally, always does mischief to somebody; generally to the recipient. She possessed, too, the national characteristic of cunning—cunning almost for the sake of itself. In a country where lying is univer-

sal, a quality as indigenous to the children of the soil as to the Cretans themselves, and where perjury is regarded as an expedient pastime, this is not to be wondered at. Baba loved to work out a mystery, after making one; and it is but fair to say that she would have accomplished her object without malice or ill-feeling towards any one. Rather, in truth, with some regard for the person who had unwittingly afforded her so congenial an occupation. But Baba had educated herself to regard money, even for its own sake, as the summum bonum of life, and to be attained at all hazards. Indeed, with the examples she had before her of European self-indulgence and rapacity, under such masters her education could not have been difficult.

'And so you saw the ladies to-day, and one of them was very beautiful?' And Baba, having finished a third cup of what she euphemistically called 'tea,' became communicative; her bright eyes sparkled: 'Now you won't tell?'

'Not I,' said the old soldier, looking at the brandy bottle, and referring to that mystery; 'not I; I does it myself sometimes, but it cost me my pension.'

As Baba did not understand this, she wisely let it pass; and bending down towards him, she whispered, somewhat loudly, 'She wants to be married.'

'Quite right too, to my thinking; pretty young lasses like them is meant to be married.'

'I never was married,' threw in Baba, forgetful of the claims of Mrs. Jonas Parker, whom she did not know.

'I daresay not, ma'am. It don't fall to the lot on us all,' replied he, looking at her thick features, and forgetting that very warm blood and a current of stormy affections flowed in the veins of the Indian woman. 'And who does she want

to marry? I only wish it was me.' And then Jonas himself remembered the little obstacle in Carnaby Market, even though all other things were made straight.

'Ah! Mr. Parker, that's the thing;' now he began to see what it was that was not to be told—at least he thought so: 'but it don't signify, for Madame Rosenfels won't let her.' The fourth cup had taken strong hold of her imagination; she saw things with less cunning and more geniality of disposition.

'What's that for? Young man noways conformable, I suppose.'

Baba made a shrewd guess at what her guest meant, but only answered by a cheerful nod and a wink, which might have stood for anything. It represented her own sagacity, and Jonas Parker's possible participation in its discoveries.

'Comfortable enough,' said the old lady, in a happy frame of mind, in which a letter or two is seldom of any consequence; 'but where's the money to go to?' Here she winked again, and if Mr. Parker was not to disclose more than he knew yet, he was pretty safe to do neither good nor evil with it.

'What money? hers or hisn?'

'Hers, to be sure. Don't you know, if she was to marry, she'd take it all with her; and we're not going to stan' that, Mr. Parker.'

'But I haven't anything to do with it, Baba.'

'No, you haven't. But Madame Rosenfels has,' and here she looked mysteriously tipsy, 'and so have I.' Here she took a little neat out of the bottle.

'And who's the gentleman? Any one I know, Baba?'

'No, not you, or the likes of you,' said she, laughing good-humouredly. 'It's a captain.'

'Oh! a captain; and that's all, is it? Well, if that's all, it ain't easy to find out. But I don't see what you got to do with it, Baba.'

Baba laughed more heartily, put her finger alongside of her nose, and proceeded to put the tea-things by. She produced a tumbler first, and then began to brew for Mr. Jonas Parker.

'Did you ever hear tell of the great Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Jonas?'

Jonas knew nothing of the party in question: but he knew it was a very common name in India; as well known as any family there.

'And I think that's the man.'

'Wonderful fine man, I have heard. Been in India a long time,' said the old soldier.

'I mean his son,' replied Baba, who was an admirer of youth.

'Perhaps he's better than his father; leastways he's younger.' And then he rose from his chair. 'Beauclerc,' thought he; 'why that was the name of the very man he helped to bring in the drowning lady at St. Hilda, so it was; and her name was Violet.' As he had not indulged in laced tea, he kept the fact to himself, and only poured one glass on the top of the discovery to keep it tighter. Jonas Parker was prudent; Baba only cunning.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the coloured lady, as she returned from the cupboard in which she had deposited her tea-things. 'Come here; I'll tell you something. Plenty of money, plenty of tea—ha! ha! Now you go.'

'Tell me, if you can, where that Mr. Beauclerc lives now, and I'll be obliged to you, Baba.'

'I don't know: the son's a soldier. He's often at Lymmersfield. You go there: go down and see; they'll tell you all about him.'

Then Jonas walked up the area steps again, and let himself out. He took Baba's advice one fine morning, and walked down to Lymmersfield. He easily found out that the Beauclercs lived at Beauvale, near Grammerton. At present it was all he wanted to know.

The next morning Mr. Shearham sat in his office in St. Swifth's Lane; that is, the inner or private office, separated by an anteroom from a long, low room which served for his clerks. His partner, Pleecehall, had a room on the opposite side of the stairs, where he transacted the heavy business of the firm. Shearham was a tall, thin, sharp-featured man; still a *beau garçon* of fifty-five, looking ten years younger; scrupulously brushed about the whiskers and side-locks, which were straight and hard, like his features. In colour he was iron-grey, all over.

At the corner of the Mansion House stopped a brougham, quiet, but admirably appointed, with one horse. A handsome woman of middle age got out of it, and a beautiful girl remained behind, with a book which she did not read. The former was Madame Rosenfels, the latter was Violet Carlross. Madame took her way down St. Swifth's Lane, looked at a number, passed through an open door up some stairs, handsome and decorated with flowers, fruit and cherubim in composition, and found herself shortly in the presence of Mr. Shearham.

'We got rid of the property according to your wish, my dear Madame Rosenfels; it was the best thing that you could do.' This followed the usual topics of health and weather. 'It was an unlucky investment as it turned out. Nobody could foresee it, and you acted in concert with Mr. Colville, as I understood. I am glad you are out of it with no great loss. The fact is they have built too much at present; they will begin again in a year or two.'

'You think so?' Madame had her own ideas on the subject, but did not disclose them.

'I do; the surplus population of London must go somewhere. Why not to Lymmersfield?—and then it

might be more valuable. However, the money, minus the expenses, is paid into your banker's.'

'In my name?'

'In yours, of course. We recognise no one else. Mr. Colville is not a trustee. No one has been appointed since General Fletcher's resignation. If you will favour me with your instructions, I have an investment or two now which might suit you for Miss Carlöss.'

'In my name, in Lothbury's bank. Thank you, Mr. Shearham. I'll think of it. The girl has set her heart on her head on this match, and I can hardly say that at her age I approve of such a step.' Mr. Shearman drew his chair nearer.

'Adelaide,' said the iron-grey gentleman tenderly, more tenderly indeed than one generally announces a truth, and looking as if 'Adelaide' had slipped out in an unwitting moment, 'your ward must not marry. Excuse my earnestness, but I have your interests at heart alone.'

'Adelaide' looked mollified: 'Thank you; I believe it.'

'If she marries, or whenever she marries, arrangements must be made for handing over the trust property intact. The sum should be 32,960*l*. You would be prepared with the deficit, eight thousand seven hundred and odd, which has been changed from its original investment into other channels, and now lies partly in your own name at Messrs. Lothbury's, and, partly, I presume, in tangible securities elsewhere. You would be prepared for that of course.' The rascal knew she would not be prepared for it, and that if she could have been so, it would have entailed utter ruin upon her. But Mr. Shearham was in love, and a lawyer in love is a wolf only in disguise, so he spoke kindly and gently without waiting for an answer. 'I can relieve your anxieties on that score.' He took her hand, which was still handsome, but impassive; he looked in her face, which

was pale, and imperceptibly agitated. She did much to control her upper lip, which would shake at the alternatives presented to her. 'Yes, Adelaide, I repeat the proposal I made you some time back. I love you, and will take you for my wife. We'll pay this money between us, if it must be paid, but we can keep the girl and the fortune for a few years longer. I see that we may enjoy wealth and a position which will leave far behind it these pettifogging calculations.'

Madame Rosenfels saw her way clearly enough, and found her purpose to be best served in temporising. She would prefer to keep the fortune without the lawyer as long as she could, but she thought him no bad resource to fall back upon when the fortune was gone; so she answered simply, returning the pressure of the lawyer's hand so gently, and looking down at his bright boots so modestly, 'You are generous, Mr. Shearman, to propose to share my poverty. I cannot allow this sacrifice. It would be unjust. No; let me think over your generosity, and when a brighter prospect opens before us, then, indeed,'—the lady hesitated, rose, and blushed, as far as she was capable of doing so, and the lawyer pressed her handsome fingers to his lips with considerable fervour. He looked at her face (he was but mortal), but she drew down her short black veil, and turned upon her heel. He led her through his anteroom, protected her from the inquisitive glances of his clerks, and with one more propitiatory pressure of the hand, opened the door and saw her descend the stairs.

When she reached the brougham, she found standing at the window a very handsome man, with an air of great fashion about him, talking to Violet. As she stopped, he turned, and presented to her the face she had not seen for many years. It was Colonel Beauclerc.

He greeted her with a manner unequalled for ease, and with a tone of chivalrous gallantry not affected by young England. He reminded her of their former acquaintance, and complimented her on the little change that time had wrought in her. All this the Colonel was capable of doing remarkably well.

'I saw your *protégée*, and could not resist the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance: hitherto I have been unfortunate. You return to Lymmersfield soon?'

'To-morrow;' then Madame felt it quite impossible to resist, and gave herself up to the pleasure of an unrestrained conversation with an old friend. I cannot say that any weakness of determination however replaced her necessities by friendship.

An hour later there came another knock at the clerks' office; and a black face with a bonnet and ribbons of bright colours, which appeared to have neither beginning nor end, put itself into the door.

'Mr. Shearham at home, gentlemen?' said the thick lips belonging to the ribbons.

'I'll see; Jones, just see if Mr. Shearham can see the lady.' A slight titter went round the room, while Baba examined the almanack over the fireplace; but Jones returned with a desire that Baba should walk in, which she did.

'You've come for your money, I presume? In a minute.' The lawyer rang his bell. 'Mr. Jones, be good enough to bring me the box with Madame Rosenfels' account. Ten pounds, I think. There, madame;' and he handed to her a clean crisp Bank of England note; 'be good enough to sign that receipt.' Baba committed to paper some hieroglyphics, which stood for her name. Shearham locked it up with other papers. 'A most amiable lady, Madame Rosenfels; I think you were a nurse in her family.' Shearham rubbed his hands, as if

the woman had already enjoyed the very quintessence of happiness.

'Very good woman indeed, sare. I helped her to nurse her little girls.'

'Not her own. I think she never had any family?' inquisitively asked the lawyer.

'No, no, little piccaninnies, all the way from Madras.'

'A generous kind-hearted lady; and doesn't forget your services.'

'I don't forget. No, I never shall.' I think Baba's mistake was intentional.

'Forty pounds a year; very handsome, very handsome indeed.'

'Oh yes; but I shall want a little more. Poor old father out in India. Madame and I settle all that.' Here she closed her eyes and rocked herself.

'I hardly think Madame Rosenfels would be justified in advancing much more, for services so long passed.' That's a feeler, thought Shearham.

'Oh! she don't forget, no more do I. I think Madame will do what I want.'

'Well, of course, we shall be happy to arrange according to her instructions. Nice day for the time of year; good morning. Mr. Jones,' and the lawyer rang the bell again, 'show the lady out.' As the door closed he resumed his occupation with the parchment. 'That's a finisher for her.'

In a minute or two he started up, and soliloquised: 'I don't quite understand this; how much does this woman know? She may have an idea of Madame's defalcations. No one gets forty pounds a year for nothing. I almost wish I had waited a little. Too precipitate—too precipitate. Always was when women are concerned. There may be something behind which I know nothing about. There's no doubt she's been using some of this trust money. As to old Fletcher, he never looked after it; and Colville is worse than he. Parsons are the stupidest

fellows alive in such matters. The worst of it is, there's no getting over them. Mr. Jones, what's that black woman's address? Not know it! then you ought to know it. Pray ascertain for me, directly.' Mr. Jones shortly returned. 'Thank you, that will do. What should she know about trust money! India's a curious place. What has Madame been about? One never knows what's been going on there. Charming woman though! Nonsense, can't be. Carries her pitcher pretty straight to the well and back again, I'll be bound.' She's a nest-egg somewhere; but what she gives a black old devil like that forty pounds a year for, I can't tell. We must keep an eye on her at all events. I could make use of a few thousand pounds just now; and I think Adelaide Rosenfels and I might manage it together pretty well.' With such considerations, choked off for the time, Mr. Shearham set to work at his will case again.

One word of explanation here may serve to render this part of Madame Rosenfels' conduct clear. When Major Carlross died he left his daughter to the care of Madame, in whom he had every confidence; desiring, by his last testament, that the income derivable from 32,960*l.* in the funds should be enjoyed by his daughter, under the sole guardianship of Madame Rosenfels, until her twenty-fifth year; but that in the event of her marriage before that period the whole should be handed over to her husband, and the income settled upon herself. She was to have no power over the capital, which was to be divided at the survivor's death between her children, or, there being no issue, to revert to her brother. A private note had requested Colville to interest himself in seeing these instructions carried out. Of absolute authority it gave him none. When Major Carlross died he had formed no high ideas of woman's indepen-

dent enjoyment of property, and with this money Madame Rosenfels had been tampering.

Her knowledge of Colonel Beauclerc recalled painful recollections. She had been the depository on the death-bed of her friend, Mrs. Carlross, of a secret which affected the character of that lady. The daughter, whom Major Carlross had sent to England, and never seen more, he possibly suspected not to be his own. Madame Rosenfels knew her not to be so. She had however one virtue, fidelity; she had never hinted her knowledge for the best of reasons. Her own interest never required that she should do so. She brought the secret with her to England, where she cherished it until it should become profitable to reveal it; there might be a necessity for that course, and it was a principle of Madame never to sacrifice herself. She had never seen Colonel Beauclerc since his unfortunate visit at the Major's bungalow; but she began to think that it might be time to make known to him his participation in the interests of the case. We need not recapitulate the terms in which she did so.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESULTS OF DETERMINED OPPOSITION.

Love is not to be reasoned down, nor lost
In high ambition. CONGREVE.

The Colonel had had a good day's sport, and rode home in excellent spirits. They were easing their horses, as they pulled up on the hard road, after an accommodating piece of turf, when Frank broke silence by a sudden exclamation, 'By Jove! I know him now.'

'Then I hope the acquaintance is worth making,' said Charlie Ryder, who was one of the company.

'He's the fellow that fished us

both out of the lake at St. Hilda, sir.'

'You don't say so,' replied the Colonel. 'Where is he?' looking round as if he expected to see him up a tree.

'Why, in your stable, sir, I hope. I left him there this morning. He brought my hack to the door. Johnson says he's come to us as a helper. He's an old soldier; been in India.'

'There are a good many old soldiers about, my boy; but if he pulled you out of the water he shall be welcome.'

So that was the way that Jonas Parker passed into the Beauclercs' service.

Most people understand the miseries of an ill-assorted dinner. Mrs. Colville knew her elements and her cook; and yet she insisted upon the necessity of such an entertainment, because Frank Beauclerc was coming for a week. So Colville gave way, only upon one condition—that there was to be no singing, a mark of forethought as praiseworthy as it was uncommon.

But the best designs are thwarted by accidents of the most trivial nature; and he for whom a household was to be put to extreme inconvenience, for whom good stock was to be turned into bad soup, oysters of great rarity to be disguised in provincial paste, and lobsters at seven and sixpence each to be converted into curious compounds by the aid of oil, vinegar, eggs, cayenne pepper, lettuces and dirt, could not make his appearance. The following gives some insight into the reasons why:—

'Beauvale, April 18.

'My dear Mrs. Colville,—I am sorry to say that I cannot spend next week with you as I proposed. I may come for a day or two, but you must not count upon me. My father looks unwell. His spirits are low, so different from him gene-

rally; and altogether he seems put out about something. It cannot be the hunting, for much as he likes it, he has plenty of other resources. Cartilage, who seems to be a very clever fellow, says it's liver. Very likely, but he never had any liver, that I can make out, before. Altogether I'm puzzled about it. At any rate I should not like to leave him, for he's kinder than ever. Besides all this, he likes society, and we must have somebody here.

'We had a visit from Madame Rosenfels a fortnight ago. Strange to say, since then he has said nothing about the wedding; but I fear he is disappointed about Violet, and thinks I ought to have married a woman of fashion. He has asked Lady Evelyn here for next week, with old Lady Ashdale and Lord Snarborough, and he would be disappointed if I were away. I believe if I was to marry at once, he'd forget all about Lady Evelyn. As to Madame, it's too bad. She has done nothing but throw obstacles in the way. This cannot last long. I shall run up and see Violet on Thursday; but I shall return on Saturday, if you can give me a bed for two nights.—Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

'FRANK BEAUCLERC.'

This letter implied to Mrs. Colville's mind more than it said; and so she told her husband. There was something wrong.

'What did Madame Rosenfels want down at Beauvale?'

'That's just what Frank wants to know, my dear.'

At Beauvale the change was startling enough.

'Frank,' said the Colonel, after Lady Evelyn's famous visit, 'have you well considered matters about your engagement? Don't let it take place at present; after all, you are but young to begin the responsibilities of life.'

'Older than you were, my dear

father,' said Frank, without hesitation.

'You may not be so fortunate as I, Frank.' The Colonel was too much of a gentleman to have said anything else, whatever he might have felt. 'The Ashdales have been most kind to us, and his interest in the county—'

'My dear father, I am just as capable of the responsibility of managing one wife as another. I'm sure you would not have me barter my truth and my happiness for such a mess of pottage as the county.'

'There, there, my boy; not a word more.'

Frank had a firm conviction that Madame Rosenfels was playing him false for some purpose of her own. He had no idea for what; but there might be half a dozen reasons. To marry Violet to some one of her own friends or acquaintances, and who would prove a more pliant tool than himself. To keep her income for herself until she married again; more unlikely things had happened than that. Or that jealousy by which women of small minds are sometimes governed in thwarting others. He was quite sure of his father's affection for him; though he believed he was desirous of showing it in a different way from that which seemed good to himself. This fact rather urged him to give the Colonel no time for remonstrance, but to do what he certainly knew to be right by Violet, and thought to be expedient. He could not understand his father's temper, so good, so generous, so affectionate; and now so despondent, so gloomy, and all at the loss of a little county position—nothing more. He could not understand it.

When Frank came to Lymmersfield, he saw Violet Carlross; but Madame Rosenfels managed to be out of the way. He did not care particularly about that. When Violet came over afterwards to see

her friend, she threw herself into the arms of Alice and began to cry. Things were evidently coming to a crisis. They always are when the floods rise. The conversation with Frank had been a trying one, and was not without its results.

'Alice, darling, I cannot bear it; I thought we were to be happy, and now—'

'And what does the Colonel say to it all?'

'Nothing at all. Frank says that it is all right: that his father has been only tormented by aunt, and that he will take me straight to Beauvale, and all will be well.' And then she sobbed again in her friend's arms.

'And you mean to trust him?'

'Griffin, you've never loved anybody;' the Griffin shut her lips closely, and her eyes moistened; 'at least not Frank. I'd trust him if he hadn't a friend in the world or a coat to his back. I'd lay down my life for him to-day if it would serve him; and some day or other I'll have you at Beauvale, to show you how well he deserved it.'

Alice Colville put her arm round her friend's neck, and kissed her, dropping a tear or two (Heaven knows why—for she never told any one), and walked her off to the solitude of the other end of the garden. They were far from everybody, and enjoyed their low spirits amazingly.

And then the dinner-party, so long threatened, took place. The results were as usual. A lukewarm dinner, a room like the black hole in Calcutta, sixteen people of all sorts without two ideas in common in a room not much larger than the ideas themselves—which is not saying much for its size—and an exceedingly hearty welcome. Barington would talk about Newmarket, Philbert about his new breech-loader, Manning about turnpike trusts, and young Pastor about parish schools. Dufferling was

great on the bank discount, and the volunteer movement, of which he had just become a colonel; but his wife did not sing, which was some consolation to Colville, and, let us hope, to the rest of the company. Everything had gone off well excepting the guests themselves, when an incident simple enough in itself occurred, which was the precursor of a catastrophe for which the reader can scarcely be prepared.

'Please, ma'am, you're wanted,' said the butler, mysteriously; and Mrs. Colville slipped out of the room. She was met by the young ladies' maid.

'Where's Miss Colville?' The girl began to cry.

'Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.'

'Don't know? Nonsense: she's gone over to Miss Carlross, most likely.' And Mrs. Colville, in her goodness of heart, began to think that Violet had sent for her, being worse. 'Send over the boy directly.'

'Please, ma'am,' said the girl—

who, between an innate sense of danger, and fear of her mistress, kept a corner of her apron in her eye—'I found this note on her dressing-table. I think it's directed to you.'

Mrs. Colville took the note from the girl's hand, and by the light of the hall lamp she read it. 'That will do, Anne; it's all right, you need not send the boy.' She waited a moment to recover herself, and returned to her guests. And shortly after her guests took their departure. They all agreed that it was a charming dinner; and Philbert has since changed his opinion of Barrington, and speaks of him as an intimate friend.

As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Colville showed the note to her husband. He went at once to Madame Rosenfels, whom he found deploring the flight of Violet. The two were gone together. We shall see for what purpose, and how they fared.



BELGIUM.¹

EVENTS, in these our times, crowd so rapidly upon each other, that we are already far away from that week of the early winter, when nearly all the newspapers in England were discussing, with many prophecies of coming ill, the life and character of the aged monarch who had just breathed his last at Laeken. We trust, however, that it is not even yet too late to ask some few readers to accompany us, while we retrace the events of his reign, inquire in what state he left his adopted country, and estimate the chances of that country in the immediate future.

The diplomatists of Vienna showed in the arrangements which they made for the advantage of Holland, the same want of foresight for which they have been justly reproached in so many other instances. That they should have failed to appreciate the importance of the desire for national life which was beginning to be felt in so many small European communities, was not, perhaps, extraordinary; but it was extraordinary that in dealing with a country which had, like the Netherlands, been the scene of such fierce religious struggles, they should have overlooked the strength of the religious antipathy of Catholic and Protestant. Overlook it, however, they did, and thinking only of the importance of erecting a barrier against French ambition, they gave the provinces, which we now know as Belgium, 'comme un accroisse-

ment de territoire' to that very Holland which had but a few years before been annexed to France, on the plea that it had been formed by the 'alluvium of French rivers. This ill-assorted marriage lasted little more than fifteen years. Great benefits were, during its continuance, conferred upon the lower classes in Belgium; for the wide colonial possessions of Holland offered to them a noble market for their industry. This was the reason why the lower classes were the last to join in the revolt; and if they had not been so much under aristocratical and priestly influence, it may well be doubted whether they would have joined in it at all. While, however, the Dutch merchants felt towards the Belgians who had been admitted to share the advantages of their long-established commercial prosperity, pretty much as the English felt towards the Scotch in the days of Darien, the middle and higher ranks in Belgium were thoroughly hostile to Dutch ascendancy. First, there was a religious grievance; for the clergy distrusted a Protestant king, and abhorred a constitution which treated all religions alike. Then Belgium returned only one member to the States-General for every 61,000 of its inhabitants; while Holland returned one member for every 37,000. Not less irritating was the preponderance which was given to the Dutch language in the transaction of business, and the

¹ *Histoire Populaire du Règne de Léopold Ier.* Par L. HYMANS. Brussels, 1864.

Annuaire des deux Mondes. 1850—1865.

Unsere Zeit. Leipsic, 1857—1866.

Annuaire Statistique et Historique Belge. Par AUG. SCHIELE. Brussels, 1865.

Des Partis et de leur Situation actuelle en Belgique. Par G. R. J. Brussels.

De la Réforme Électorale. Par C. ROLIN-JACQUEMENS. Brussels, 1865.

Les Dangers du Présent et les Incertitudes de l'Avenir: Lettre Politique à M. A. Dechamps. Par un UNIONISTE CATHOLIQUE. Brussels, 1865.

La France et l'Allemagne: Situation de la Belgique. Par M. AD. DECHAMPS. Brussels, 1865.

unlucky arrangements which had been adopted for raising and distributing the taxes. To these great causes were added many smaller ones; such as, annoyance at the abolition of the jury, political prosecutions, the greater favour accorded in the army to Dutch officers, the transference of the Supreme Court to the Hague, and the suspicions which the king brought upon himself by his habit of stock-jobbing.

These and other grievances, which had been long fermenting in the public mind, led in 1828 to the formation of a party which took the name of 'The Union,' the character of which was at first rather reforming than revolutionary, but which paved the way for the overthrow of the Dutch Government.

Reform would, perhaps, have been longer in passing into revolution if it had not been for the three days in Paris, and the fall of the elder Bourbons. These events excited the passions of the people of Brussels. In August 1830, disturbances began; and in September they had their 'four glorious days.' The Dutch troops retreated after some hard fighting, and an extempore Provisional Government had to decide on the future of the land.

Then ensued a period of anxious negotiation, of intrigues and counter-intrigues; but the upshot of all was that, on the 7th of February 1831, the Provisional Government retired from office, and M. Surlet de Chokier—a man of advanced years and high personal character, assumed the conduct of affairs as regent. M. Hymans truly says, speaking of the Provisional Government:—

Lorsque, le 26 septembre, ils ouvrirent leur première séance à l'hôtel de ville, au bruit de tocsin et de la fusillade, ils avaient pour tout mobilier une table de bois blanc, prise dans un corps de garde, et deux bouteilles vides, surmontées chacune d'une chandelle. Leurs seules ressources consistaient dans la somme de fr. 2196, que ren-

fermait la caisse communale. Lorsqu'ils se retirèrent, le 25 février, la dissolution du royaume des Pays-Bas était proclamée par la Conférence de Londres, et la Belgique, à la veille d'être reconnue par les monarques de la sainte-alliance, avait une armée, une administration, un trésor, un pouvoir régulier, une assemblée constituante, et la charte la plus libérale de l'Europe.

In doing this great work they were assisted by a Congress consisting of 200 members, which in little more than two months elaborated a constitution containing amongst other well-known and excellent provisions one which had not hitherto made its way into legislation—the complete separation of the Church and State. A hundred and eleven members, as against fifty-nine, voted for this—a fact which shows, if we remember the intolerant spirit which was manifested in the appeal of the Belgian bishops to the Congress of Vienna against a Protestant King, that the principles of Lamennais had made no inconsiderable progress among the Belgian Catholics.

To detail the events of the next few months would be unnecessarily to inflict upon our readers the history of one of the most complicated negotiations and one of the least interesting wars which have taken place in modern times. They shall hear nothing of the London Conference and its many protocols. Suffice it to say that on the 21st of July, 1831, Leopold, sixth son of Francis of Saxe-Coburg, became first King of the Belgians, that the King of Holland showed alike in diplomacy and in war all the characteristic obstinacy of his race, even threatening at one time to follow the example of Van Speyk, the young officer who blew up his gunboat rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy,—that the arms of Leopold, at first unsuccessful, were strengthened by French to say nothing of English aid, and that the French evacuated the soil of Belgium in the month of January 1833, after

having crushed Chassé at Antwerp, just before the end of 1832.

Of all the changes and chances of the time none was more auspicious for Belgium than that which transferred the Seals of the Foreign Office from Lord Aberdeen to Lord Palmerston.

Qu'il me soit permis (says General Goblet, an active negotiator in those days, in his *Memoirs*, quoted by M. Hymans) de rendre hommage à ce ministre illustre. La Belgique a toujours trouvé en lui le défenseur le plus dévoué; et si la reconnaissance doit égarer les services rendus, la nôtre doit être sans bornes envers l'homme qui, à juste titre, regarde le nouveau royaume comme l'une de ses créations.

Testimonies of this kind to the real worth of Lord Palmerston may be consolatory to some of those who followed him through the last two Parliaments and had often to ask themselves whether one known personally to younger politicians chiefly as a dexterous manager of the House of Commons, was indeed the great man they would fain have believed him to be.

Long before the conclusion of the war with Holland the political life of the new nation was developing itself in a steady and regular manner. The Congress was dissolved in July 1831, immediately after the inauguration of the King, and in September a House of Representatives, consisting of 102, and a Senate, consisting of 51 members were already assembled.

Questions relating to the army and to foreign affairs were those which excited most attention in the first two sessions, but as early as 1831 the adverse parties of Liberals and Clericals were in presence of each other, and the breach between them was widened by the Encyclical letter of Gregory XVI. in August 1832, which was directed against the constitutional liberties of Belgium.

Useful measures were not, however, neglected amidst the strife of

parties, and before the settlement with Holland in 1839 had definitively fixed the boundaries of the new kingdom, the army had been remodelled, the tribunals had been regulated, the great railway from Antwerp to the Prussian frontier had been decreed and partially completed, the Provincial and communal institutions of the country had been settled. A Catholic University had been founded at Malines and transferred to Louvain. A Liberal University had been founded at Brussels, while the two State Universities of Liége and Ghent, together with the system of examination for degrees, had been reorganised. Most of these matters gave occasion to sharp debates, more especially the law of the *communes*, which occupied more than 100 sittings of the Senate and House of Representatives.

The final arrangements with Holland, which put an end to all danger from without, at the expense of the sacrifice of a population of 380,000 in Luxemburg and Limburg, who passed once more under Dutch rule, had naturally the effect of turning the attention of Belgian politicians to those internal questions upon which they were divided in opinion. The society called the 'Union,' which paved, as we have seen, the way for the revolution, was composed indifferently of Catholics and Liberals, who were welded as closely together by hatred of the House of Nassau, as our churchmen and dissenters were in 1688. The elections to the Congress were likewise made without any reference to the religious opinions of the deputies. The same may be said of the first cabinets of the King, but the cabinet of 1834, at the head of which was M. de Theux, was distinctly intended to be a mixed cabinet, representing, as equally as might be, both the parties which divided the state. When, however, all fear of aggression from abroad was for the time at an end, a very general impression grew

up that it was time to allow free play to party views; and that Belgium would, like other constitutional states, find it most to her advantage to be ruled by each of her parties in turn, as each from time to time secured a majority in the electoral body. Effective expression was given to these views in an article by M. Devaux, which appeared about this time in the *Revue Nationale*, and is generally spoken of as marking a turning-point in Belgian politics. Strangely enough, it was this same M. Devaux who first submitted the name of Leopold to the Congress. The Liberals made the first move, and overthrew the Government of M. de Theux in 1840, substituting for it a cabinet whose leader was M. Rogier. Their adversaries soon returned the blow by prevailing upon the Senate to adopt, in 1841, an address to the Crown of more than doubtful legality, deprecating the system of government by party, and asking for a mixed cabinet. The King hesitated for three weeks, then yielded, and dismissed M. Rogier and his colleagues.

The head of the new Government was M. Nothomb, a man of Liberal inclinations, but so much afraid of being considered to lean too much to either side as to be quite unable to give to his policy any decided character. The one important measure which marked his four years' tenure of power was the law regulating primary education—a subject upon which compromise was natural. Few ministers have been more fiercely attacked from both sides of a legislative assembly, and on one occasion he was supported by no follower out of his own cabinet. His Government, which had been completely remodelled since it came into power in 1841, fell immediately after the general elections of 1845 had shown that, if the Liberals were not in a majority amongst the electors, they at least

had on their side the vast preponderance of ability and energy and a powerful following amongst the masses of the towns. Two acts which passed under the *régime* of M. Nothomb were much criticised at the time, and being nicknamed the 'reactionary laws,' attached to it disagreeable recollections in the minds of the people. The one limited to some extent the rights of the *commune*, to the advantage of the central authority, the other broke up the larger *communes* into electoral sections, with a view—which turned out to be anything but prophetic—of causing the elections to turn, not upon great party questions, but upon trifling local ones.

The resignation of the Nothomb ministry in 1845 put the King in a difficult position. He sent for M. Rogier, but M. Rogier could not undertake the Government without having the right of dissolving, because his cabinet would otherwise have merely existed on sufferance. The King, always inclined to moderate counsels, shrank from dissolving the Chamber which had only just been called into life, and summoned to his aid M. Van de Weyer, whose long absence from Belgium as minister in England had given to him a position outside and above her parties. Of the Liberalism of a man so wise and so cultivated as M. Van de Weyer there could, of course, be not a shadow of doubt, but it was not precisely of a colour to suit that of his co-religionists at home. Their Liberalism was militant and aggressive, his philosophical and conciliatory.

The ministry of M. Van de Weyer lasted only eight months, and the King once more appealed to M. Rogier, who explained in a long letter the conditions upon which he was willing to take the helm of affairs. Two of these conditions, that, viz. M. Rogier should be at liberty to dismiss public function-

aries who embarrassed his Government, and should have the power of dissolving the Chambers if he could not govern with them, were objected to by the King, and M. de Theux was again sent for. He came in with a purely Clerical cabinet, and maintained himself in place for sixteen months, passing in the meantime some useful measures. The Liberal minority in the Chambers was, however, enthusiastically supported out of doors, and the country grew ever more and more indisposed to the rule of the Clericals. At last, the partial elections of 1847 having turned out decidedly unfavourable, the ministry resigned, and power passed into the hands of their opponents.

In waging war against the ministry of M. de Theux, the Liberals had availed themselves of their undoubted constitutional rights, to hold a great political gathering in the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels. After the fall of the July monarchy, a letter from Louis Philippe was found and published in the *Revue Retrospective*, in which he expatiated to his son-in-law on the danger of permitting so revolutionary a proceeding, and assured him that France would be ready to support him against popular agitation.

*Invidia fatorum series, summisque negatum
Stare diu!*

M. Rogier came into power on the 12th of August 1847, and amongst his colleagues was a '*novus homo*.' M. Frère-Orban, the new Minister of Public Works, then five-and-thirty, had only just been elected for the first time a representative of the people, but he had been known as a distinguished advocate in his native town of Liège and as a member of the *Association Libérale*. Born in very humble circumstances, he had married the daughter of a rich man, M. Orban, and had taken her name, which he has now made distinguished. Since

1847 he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in Belgian politics. He is the ablest of her financiers, and the soul of the present cabinet. Clear, ardent, and incisive, his speaking is of a very high order, and the Clerical party fears no one so much, although some of the best of the younger Liberals find fault with him for not moving fast enough. The publication of his principal work, '*La Main-morte*,' formed an important episode in the struggle which culminated in the year 1857, and of which we shall hereafter have to speak.

The new ministers immediately put forth a programme of policy. Their whole system rested upon two principles:—

1. The State is a lay institution, absolutely independent of clerical influence.

2. All religions should be respected, and their ministers protected as long as they keep within the circle of their duties.

They announced, further, that they were all agreed on the expediency of—

1. Reforming the body by which University degrees were conferred.

2. Abolishing the law by which the *communes* were broken up for electoral purposes.

3. Restricting the appointment of burgomasters by the central authority to those cases in which such a method of appointment was recommended by the permanent committee of the provincial councils.

4. Adding '*capacités*' to the electoral lists (a sort of fancy franchise).

The session was in full course. The new cabinet was busily engaged in working out its programme, when suddenly, while all the society of Brussels was gathered, as thirty-three years before, at a ball, news arrived of the outbreak of the February Revolution in Paris.

The first emotion was one of fear, but it was a wise and salutary fear which M. Rogier and his colleagues translated in a few weeks into a number of wise and popular measures, some of which they had not ventured to put into their programme, and some of which they had not even wished to put into it. In the first days of March, the two 'reactionary laws' of 1843 were swept away. On the 12th the franchise was lowered as far as the constitution permitted, and much further than the Liberal gathering in Brussels, which so much alarmed Louis Philippe, had proposed. On the 8th of May a national guard was created; on the 25th the newspaper stamp was abolished, and on the 26th officials, with the exception of ministers, were forbidden to sit in the Chambers.

On the 27th of May Parliament was dissolved, and the Liberals had in the elections for the House of Representatives a majority of 62, the numbers being 85 to 23. The new Parliament met on the 26th of June, the very day on which the Archbishop of Paris was killed. The good sense of the King, the wise foresight of the Liberal ministers, and the prudent reserve of the Clerical party, had enabled Belgium to pass unscathed through a most dangerous crisis.

One deputy alone had raised his voice in favour of a Republic:— 'The principles of the French Revolution,' said M. Castiau, 'are destined to make the tour of the world.'

M. Delfosse spoke the sentiments of the immense majority of his countrymen when he said in reply:— 'In order to make the tour of the world, the ideas of the French Revolution need not take us on their way. We have already in Belgium the great principles of liberty and equality. They are inscribed in our constitution as they are engraved upon our hearts.'

This was in the spring, but the festival of September, on occasion of the 18th anniversary of the Four Days of 1830, with its shouts of '*Vive le Roi*,' showed that after all that anxious summer, the masses were still monarchical, as indeed they had good reason to be; King and people had shown themselves worthy of each other, and we recommend the study of these six months of Belgian history to those journalists who are so very much afraid that Belgian parties will fight with such Corcyrean animosity as to require the intervention of France.

All through the session of 1848-49, the Liberal reforms went on. The duty on foreign corn was reduced; the Government was empowered to allow cattle to be introduced without any duty; postage was diminished, and other measures taken in the interest of the poorer classes. But the truce which the alarms of 1848 had established between the two great parties was, as might have been expected, not of long duration. Their dissensions broke out again during the consideration of the bill which modified the regulations which had existed since 1835, with regard to the bodies to which were entrusted the examinations for degrees, '*les jurys universitaires*,' in the composition of which there was always great difficulty in adjusting the rival claims of the State and of the clergy—substantially, we may observe in passing, the question which is giving so much trouble to our Government with regard to the Queen's University in Ireland. It was, however, upon the long-vexed subject of secondary education that the old passions were fully revived. The bishops protested against the ministerial measure, and the Pope pronounced an allocution against it. Yet the proposals of the cabinet were perfectly moderate. Ministers only

asked the right to establish ten Royal Athenæums, certain '*écoles moyennes*' (institutions like the German 'Real Schulen'), the right of refusing subsidies to the communal schools unless they would accept their programme of studies, and the right of forbidding the *communes* to support adventure-schools unless they permitted the visits of the Government inspector. What more especially offended the Clericals was that the Government only *invited* the clergy to give or superintend the religious instruction without making its assistance absolutely necessary. In spite, however, of all opposition, the bill became law.

In the partial elections of 1850, the Clericals had some successes, and the Liberals were further weakened by dissensions amongst themselves, chiefly about financial questions. Defeated upon one of these, the ministry resigned, but as none of the persons to whom the King applied would undertake to make a Government, they presently resumed their portfolios. M. Frère-Orban, the Finance Minister, then slightly modified his propositions, succeeded in the House of Representatives, but had the mortification of seeing his proposal for a new form of succession-duty rejected by the large proprietors of the Senate, led by the Prince de Ligne and other members of the Liberal party. The Senate was immediately dissolved, and a modified form of succession-duty was agreed to by the new House. This episode, however, sadly disorganised the Liberal party, and the spirits of their opponents were further raised by the *coup d'état* in Paris, and by the tone of the French press, which seemed to make the safety of Belgium depend upon the overthrow of the Rogier ministry. Weakened in the election of June 1852, and further weakened by the retirement of M. Frère-Orban, the Cabinet received a severe

check on the question of the election of the President of the House of Representatives, and on the 31st of October 1852, M. Henri de Brouckere took the reins of power.

This was just the moment for a ministry of conciliation, and he was just the man to be at the head of one. The period of his power may be considered as a sort of armistice, although his own opinions were distinctly Liberal. Before he retired, he had succeeded in settling the long controversy with France about the piratical reprinting of French books in Brussels; in passing an act, more expedient than altogether defensible, against attacks by Belgian subjects upon foreign sovereigns, which is known by the name of his colleague, M. Faider; in getting Belgium officially recognised by Russia, and in making a sort of treaty with the Archbishop of Malines with regard to the interference of the clergy in secondary education, which is called by Belgian writers the 'Convention of Antwerp.'

Nevertheless, things did not go altogether well with him. Slight checks in the Chamber were frequent, the expulsion of Colonel Charras was unpopular—the Russian war then raging made many fear, without perhaps much reason, that Belgium would be obliged to renounce the neutrality which is the foundation of her political existence. Above all, the great question of benevolent foundations, which in 1857 almost overturned public order, began to excite the minds of men. Harassed by many difficulties, and not least by those we have mentioned, M. de Brouckere and his moderate Liberals surrendered the Government in 1855 into the hands of a moderate Clerical Government presided over by M. Vilain xiii. and M. de Decker. As the names of those politicians, eminent in their own country, are but little

known in England, we may say a word or two about them.

Charles Vicomte Vilain xiii., by no means xiv. as it is often written, is descended from a family of substantial burghers, one of whom was ennobled in 1758 by Maria Theresa. The xiii., which so much puzzles people, is a mediæval rebus which expresses the family motto 'veertien in hop'—'earn in hope,' expressed by the device of xiii. surrounded by a wreath of the hop-plant. He was born in 1803, and was brought up by the Jesuits, who, however, although they did not succeed, as they have so often done, in making their pupil the bitter enemy of Catholicism, failed also to injure his noble and generous nature. He studied at the University of Liège, married a woman of large property, took some part as a journalist in preparing the way for the revolution, and became an active and distinguished member of the Congress. A decided, but by no means bigoted Catholic, he has always been the foe of centralisation and the friend of an almost boundless liberty for his opponents as well as for his friends, nor would it be difficult to gather from his speeches many passages which are worthy to stand by the side of the noblest sentiments which were expressed by M. de Montalembert at the Congress of Malines in the autumn of 1863.

His colleague, M. Pierre de Decker, was born in East Flanders in 1812, and was, before he entered into political life, a well-known journalist and man of letters. His shade of political opinion is much the same as that of Vilain xiii., whom he resembles in high honour and unblemished integrity. He, however, arrived at his political opinions by a different road. Vilain xiii. was a conciliatory minister because he recognised the right of his opponents to absolute freedom, believing, as he did fully, that what

he conceived to be truth must conquer in the end. M. de Decker was, if we understand him right, a conciliatory minister, partly because his temper was conciliatory, and partly because he was profoundly impressed with the idea that behind and beneath the parties which divide Belgium, there was another party which was likely to be dangerous to both,—the party which was crushed for a time at Paris in the days of June 1848. It was this last prepossession that made him so ardent an advocate of the law of charity by which his government was wrecked in 1857, and it was his conciliatory, or, as it has been called, synthetic turn of mind, which won for him the bitter hatred of the real leaders of the Clerical party, who stood in somewhat the same relation to him as Dr. Cullen and his immediate allies do to such politicians as Mr. Monsell. We need not then be surprised to learn that in a country where the lines of political demarcation are drawn so distinctly as in Belgium, his high personal character has not succeeded in securing him any great amount of public confidence. He is, it has been said, a gun with two barrels which goes off of itself; the contents of the one barrel strike down his friends, and those of the other his enemies. It was during this administration that Count Walewski brought the transgressions of the Belgian press before the Congress of Paris, on which occasion the Plenipotentiaries, those of them even who reserved the principle of the liberty of the press, passed a severe censure upon some newspapers which appeared in Belgium. The censure was by no means undeserved, but the incident was calculated to offend national susceptibilities, and M. Orts put a question about it in the Chamber. We give the account of what followed in the words of M. Hymans:—

L'honorable M. Orts (répondit M. Vilain xiii.) désire savoir si l'un des gouvernement

représentés au Congrès a demandé au gouvernement belge quelque modification à la constitution. — *Auonne!* — L'honorable M. Orsme demande si le cabinet, dans le cas où une pareille demande lui serait faite, serait disposé à proposer à la chambre quelque changement à la constitution. — *Jamais!*

The spirited reply of the Foreign Minister gained for the Government no little credit, although it was afterwards explained by the official journal that ministers by no means pledged themselves, while upholding the *constitution*, not to introduce some changes in the *laws* relating to the press. A series of unfortunate incidents soon, however, destroyed this popularity. One of these was the bringing in of a sort of conspiracy bill, to take away all political character from projects of assassinating a foreign sovereign, thereby reducing them to the level of ordinary crime, for which the constitution permitted extradition. The session of 1856 was not an eventful one, and the same might perhaps have been the case with its successor, if the ultramontane press and the Belgian episcopate had not been foolish enough to think that the time had arrived for beginning a new campaign against free inquiry.

The Bishop of Ghent began the fray by publishing a violent invective against State education. His lead was followed, presently by the Bishop of Bruges, and the deliverances of those ecclesiastics gave the tone to the language of the whole of their party. The free University of Brussels and the State University of Ghent were the chief objects of attack, and the name which drew upon itself most abuse was that of Professor Laurent, the author of *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, and numerous other works. M. de Decker bore himself in the *mêlée* with great dignity. He altogether disavowed the violent teachings of his party, spoke with contempt of the *Index*, declared with regard to

a publication in the nature of the *Index* which had appeared at Brussels that those who followed such guidance would prepare for Belgium a generation of *crétins*, and lamented in striking words the gust of intolerance which was passing over the land. When the Chambers met in the autumn there was a serious discussion with regard to the liberty to be allowed to professors in explaining their opinions upon questions which might affect religion. The amendment of the Liberals upon the clause of the address which related to this matter was defeated, and when men's minds were in the irritable state which such discussions tend to produce, the Minister of Justice, M. A. Nothomb, had the unfortunate idea of introducing a bill with regard to charitable foundations, which was highly favourable to clerical pretensions. If this bill had passed into law, a royal ordinance would have been enough to authorise the establishment of private foundations exempt from the control of the State, its inspectors and superintendents. Founders would have been able to reserve for themselves and for third persons the administration of their foundations, and they might even have created family trustees, or have attached the control of their foundations to the successive occupants of civil or ecclesiastical offices. This would have been to restore mortmain in a form suitable to modern exigencies, and would enormously have increased the power of the eight hundred religious associations which exist in Belgium, and which count already about 12,000 members. Hence the bill got the name of the '*Loi des Couvents*,' and very soon the cry was raised for the '*abolition des couvents*.' The Liberal party asked for an inquiry into pauperism, which was refused, and the debates went on getting fiercer and fiercer for twenty-seven days. As the

spring advanced, the whole country became extremely agitated, and on the 27th of May 1857, the multitude assembled in front of the House of Representatives, applauded the Liberals and hissed the Clericals as they came out, proceeding the next day to break windows, and to commit other insubordinate acts. Similar scenes were enacted in most of the large towns, but the only really dangerous outbreak took place in the *commune* of Jemappes, where an establishment, belonging to the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne, was sacked by the mob. It had now, however, become quite clear that it would be madness to go on, and the bill was withdrawn. The Chambers were then adjourned, and on the 14th of June the official journal published a decree closing the session, a letter from the ministers to the King, and the answer addressed by him to M. de Decker.

A portion of the letter may be cited as illustrative of the moderating influence which the King exercised over Belgian party contentions :—

Vous avez agi avec la plus grande loyauté et la plus entière bonne foi. Vous êtes fermement persuadé que le projet de loi, mis à exécution, ne produirait pas les conséquences fâcheuses que l'on y a attribuées. Je ne porterai point de jugement sur le projet; je n'aurais jamais consenti à donner place dans notre législation à une loi qui aurait pu avoir les funestes effets qu'on redoute, mais, sans me livrer à l'examen de la loi en elle-même, je tiens compte, comme vous, d'une impression qui s'est produite, à cette occasion, chez une partie considérable de la population. Il y a, dans les pays qui s'occupent eux-mêmes de leurs affaires, de ces émotions rapides, contagieuses, se propageant avec une intensité qui se constate plus facilement qu'elle ne s'explique et avec lesquelles il est plus sage de transiger que de raisonner.

Les libres institutions de la Belgique ont été pratiquées, pendant vingt-six ans, avec une admirable régularité. Que faut-il pour qu'elles continuent à fonctionner dans l'avenir avec le même ordre, le même succès? Je n'hésite pas à le dire, il faut chez les partis de la modération et de la réserve; je crois que nous devons nous

abstenir d'agiter toute question qui peut allumer la guerre dans les esprits. Je suis convaincu que la Belgique peut vivre heureuse et respectée, en suivant les voies de la modération; mais je suis également convaincu, et je le dis à tout le monde, que toute mesure qui peut être interprétée comme tendant à fixer la suprématie d'une opinion sur l'autre, qu'une telle mesure est un danger. La liberté ne nous manque pas, et notre constitution, sagement et modérément pratiquée, présente un heureux équilibre.

Thus ended a crisis which might have been a very serious one in a country less influenced by the maxims of common sense. In the whole transaction the persons most to blame were the Belgian bishops, who, without rest, though not without haste, have ever since 1830 used their liberty as an instrument to obtain power. We fully acquit M. de Decker of any desire to play into their hands, but the measure introduced by his colleague would undoubtedly have been turned to evil uses; and although we cannot approve of the violence which was exhibited by some of the Liberal party, tinged as it was by much of that narrowness and intolerance which they reproached in their adversaries, they were in the main right.

The agitations were followed by loud demands for the resignation of ministers, and a serious difference of opinion arose in the cabinet as to whether or not these demands should be complied with. M. de Decker and M. Vilain xiii., who represented, as we have seen, the moderate section of Catholic opinion, were in favour of retiring, but M. A. Nothomb and others were opposed to it. The views of the violent section at first triumphed, but ere long the pressure from without became too strong; the ministry resigned, and the King sent once more for M. Henri de Brouckere. A Brouckere cabinet, however, was no longer possible. The period of coalitions was, at least for a time, over, and the Belgian Liberals in-

sisted upon having a Government which should be distinctly of their own colour, whereas M. de Brouckere stood in the same relations to them as M. de Decker did to the Clerical party. M. C. Rogier accordingly took the reins of power, and the ministry which then (9th October 1857) came in is substantially the same as that which governs Belgium at the present hour. The new Government dissolved the House of Representatives, and both parties exerted themselves to the utmost at the elections, which took place early in December. The result was a complete triumph for the Liberals, the numbers being 70 to 38. The ministers, however, did not, in the session of 1858, give as much satisfaction to their more zealous supporters as might have been expected. They were, perhaps wisely, extremely cautious, and thought more of securing the victory which they had gained than of pushing it further. There is a strong resemblance between Lord Palmerston's last Government and that of M. Rogier. Perhaps the only just reproach that can be addressed to either is that they were both led by chiefs who had done so much public service, that it was not in the nature of things that they could retain the force and *verve* which would be expected in men who were not worn out. In Belgium, accordingly, just as in England, a party of 'Young Liberals' has grown up which will no doubt, when it in its turn attains to power, attempt to realise in practice, somewhat more quickly than its predecessors, the conclusions of our best theoretical guides.

The Clerical party, during the session of 1858, being well aware of the tendency to disunion amongst their opponents, tried to aggravate it by a systematic silence during the debates. Their tactics were well defined by one of their number, who said, '*Nous leur donnerons si peu de clérical à manger qu'ils finiront par*

s'entre-dévorant.' They did not, however, obtain by this any real party advantage, and the Liberals held their own at the end as at the beginning of the session. Its two principal events were, first, an alteration in the law of 1852 with respect to attacks made by the Belgian press upon foreign sovereigns, which grew out of the same circumstances that led to our 'Conspiracy Bill,' and was opposed for similar reasons by a small number of deputies; and secondly, the failure of the ministerial proposal with respect to the fortification of Antwerp.

In the session of 1858 and 1859, the Clerical party refused to take part in the discussion of the address, in consequence of some words which the majority had inserted in it, and throughout its course they adhered for the most part to their policy of silence. They opposed, however, as might have been expected, the somewhat severe provisions which the Liberals, in revising the criminal code, wished to re-enact, or, rather to maintain in a modified form for the purpose of restraining those priests who turned their pulpits into tribunes from which to fulminate against the Government.

The *Journal des Débats* did at this time good service to the Belgian Liberals, by calling their attention to a proposal which the Government, acting doubtless under Imperialist influence, had made for increasing its control over the press. Thanks to a vigorous resistance, the attempt altogether failed.

New questions began now to be agitated by the 'Young Liberals;' amongst them compulsory education, the rights of the Flemish population to more consideration for their language and the liberty of combination amongst workmen.

A proposal for altering the method in which the votes were taken at elections, which would have had the effect of mixing the voters from town and country together, and so

withdrawing the latter at the decisive moment from the influence of the *caré*, was fiercely opposed by the Clericals, but accepted in principle by the majority of the House of Representatives; while an enactment further restraining the rights of private foundations became the law of the land.

The partial elections of June 1859 were favourable to the Government. In 1860 it was able to commence a series of financial reforms by abolishing the *Octroi* and substituting for it taxes less oppressive to industry. The removal of the hateful *barrières*, which all travellers remember but too well, took place on the 21st of July, on the 29th anniversary of the King's accession.

The affair of Savoy and Nice naturally revived amongst large classes of Frenchmen a desire to annex Belgium, and that desire was more emphatically than cautiously expressed in many French newspapers. The result was a great outburst of anti-Gallican feeling and a reaction in favour of the Dutch, which after increasing for many months culminated on the occasion of the visit of the King of the Netherlands to Liège. In the great hall of the noble and ancient pile which once was the episcopal palace, William III. and Leopold showed themselves at the window to the assembled multitudes who, politically disjoined from Holland, have now no feelings of animosity to that country, which regards them with equal good will.

The chief events of the year 1861 were the conclusion of a commercial treaty with France, the natural result of our treaty of the previous year with that country, and the recognition of Italy. By the latter measure, tone, so to speak, was restored to the Liberal party, in the ranks of which dissatisfaction had been steadily increasing. During a portion of the summer and autumn, the ministry lacked the

powerful aid of M. Frère, who retired as soon as the commercial treaty with France was concluded early in the month of June, in consequence of a motion adverse to his financial policy, which had been carried against him in April by M. Dumortier, a member of the Clerical opposition, and a consistent advocate of traditional errors, political, economical, and religious. Before the autumn was over, however, he returned to power.

The debate on the recognition of Italy was a very lively one, and the views of the majority were well summed up in the remark of M. Orts:—'Belgium, which only exists by the will of the nation, should respect national will wherever it is displayed.'

The union which was to some extent re-established in the Liberal party by this wise step was soon rudely broken by the question of the fortifications of Antwerp, which came to a head in 1862. For many years it had been evident that this great fortress required to be very much altered and improved, if it was to serve as the last refuge of Belgian independence in case of a French invasion. After long consideration a plan was elaborated, of which the inhabitants of Antwerp cordially approved. The area included in the fortifications was to be enlarged about sixfold; the wharf and dock accommodation was to be greatly increased and better protected, while every effort was to be made to conciliate, as far as was possible, the interests of commerce and defence. The Antwerpians had looked at first only on the bright side of the picture; but by degrees the notion of being bombarded at all, even at the most respectful distance, grew extremely horrible to them, and they began to object to every detail of the Government plan, as well as to make demands for compensation which could not be listened to. A

deputation which they sent to the King was very coldly received; and His Majesty read a paper which set forth extremely clearly the grounds upon which the Government proceeded. Antwerp soon avenged itself by sending to the House of Representatives the bitterest possible opponents of the Ministry. One of these was M. Hayez, who had had a personal quarrel with the Minister of War; and another was M. Delaet, whose duel with that functionary was the *tragi-comedy* of the session of 1865. Any one who happened to be at Antwerp towards the end of 1862, will remember how much of the conversation in public places was engrossed by the *servitudes militaires* and other features of the great fortification question. We need hardly say that the Clerical party used the Antwerp agitation as a weapon, because in Belgium, as elsewhere, it neglects no weapon which can in any way injure its opponents.

A commercial treaty with England was concluded in 1862, not, however, without some murmurs on the part of our Government, at what Lord Russell considered, perhaps without sufficient reason, to be an unnecessary and unfriendly delay. Some concessions were made in the treaty to the earnest representations of Ghent, the last citadel of Belgian protectionism. 1863 saw the abolition of the Scheldt dues, a great benefit to Belgian commerce and an advantage to that of the whole world.

The partial elections of June 1863, which soon followed, and some by-elections which took place later, were not favourable to the Liberals; and in the beginning of 1864 the ministers found their majority so reduced as to make it seem desirable to resign. This they did, but their Clerical adversaries wholly failed in making a Government, and after one of the longest

cabinet crises upon record, during which every imaginable combination had been essayed by the King, a Brouckere cabinet, a Dechamps and De Theux cabinet, a Faider cabinet, a Nothomb cabinet, a cabinet with the Prince de Ligne for its head—every combination was found impossible, and the old ministers once more accepted the power and the responsibilities which circumstances had absolutely forced upon them. On the 31st of May, M. Rogier explained the circumstances of the ministerial interregnum, and the policy which he meant to pursue. Much of the discussion which followed, and was continued for fifteen days, turned upon the merits of a programme which had been laid before the King by M. Dechamps.

M. Dechamps, who is the recognised leader of that section of Belgian Catholics which adopts the views of M. de Montalembert—a party which, be it remembered, is only strong enough to exist by the sufferance of the more violent Clericals—was born in 1807, studied at Brussels, and adopted, like so many of his contemporaries, the views of Lamennais. When, however, it came to a parting between that remarkable man and his friends, his Belgian disciple followed Lacordaire and submitted to Rome. A distinguished journalist, M. Dechamps, was elected in 1834, and made himself conspicuous as well by his speeches upon education and communal organisation, as by taking an active part in promoting railways and other material improvements. He had a seat in the De Theux, Van de Weyer, and Nothomb cabinets, of which last he was an unruly member. After 1847 he naturally fell somewhat into the background, but rose again into great importance in the period preceding the ministerial crisis of 1864, during the course of which he submitted to the King the programme

of policy to which we have alluded. It is too long to quote, and would require a commentary, but the ideas which presided over its composition were :—

1. To turn away the attention of the people from the distinction between Liberals and Clericals.

2. To lower the provincial and communal franchise, *with a view to increase the power of the clergy and the aristocracy.*

3. To decentralise, *partly, we presume, with the same view, but chiefly because the country wishes it.*

4. To propose some minor changes which might either conciliate particular interests, or give popularity to the party.

M. Nothomb, the last Clerical orator who spoke, proposed a vote of want of confidence. A division was taken, and the numbers were, for the Government, 57, against it, 56. Three members—two Liberals and one Clerical—were absent. On the 30th of the same month, M. Orts, one of the representatives of Brussels, proposed, with a view to strengthen his party, that in consequence of the increase of population since 1859, when the number of representatives had been last increased, the numbers of the Lower House should be raised from 116 to 122, and those of the Upper from 58 to 61. Hereupon the Clerical party declared that if the Government supported this proposition, they would retire from the Chamber, and thus make it impossible to vote the estimates for public works, which were then being discussed. In this unconstitutional proceeding they persisted until the King, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, dissolved the House of Representatives on the 16th of July. The elections returned, as might have been expected, a Liberal majority, and M. Dechamps, the head of the party which had disgraced itself by a manœuvre so damaging to Liberal institutions, was himself

defeated for Charleroi, and obliged to employ his mischievous activity in the production of a long article and a long pamphlet, the latter of which has seriously injured his country by misleading the English press as to its real position and tendencies. In the autumn session of 1864, the dangers which Belgium might possibly incur from her connection with Mexico were discussed in an unnecessarily alarmist tone, but no very important event occurred before the end of the year. The Pope's Encyclical of the 8th December, with its exaggerated pretensions and old-world dreams, was a sad blow to the moderate Catholics, and the controversies which it raised were an important element in the political activity of 1865.

These discussions were more interesting and more important than the encounters of parties on corrupt practices or ministerial responsibility during a somewhat sterile session, but all other events of the year 1865 in Belgium were cast into the shade by the death of the good and wise King who had for so many years presided over her councils.

The secret of Leopold's success was, that he had early the sagacity to perceive that the age of kings in the old sense of the term was passing away for ever, and that such a country as Belgium could only be happy if it were treated as a republic under monarchical forms. When the secret history of the last generation is written, we shall know how much the King of the Belgians, not less than our own Queen, owed to one whose name when he passed away from the scene was hardly mentioned by a single English paper. We mean the late Baron Stockmar, of whom Lord Palmerston said to the late Baron Bunsen :— 'He is simply the greatest statesman I have ever known.'

That Leopold I. was an intelligent man and a sensible man there can

be no doubt, and he was both before and after his marriage with the heiress of England, put in a position which in the mind of any one who had no illusions as to the direction in which the world was slowly moving, could not fail to develope good sense and intelligence into the highest of all political qualities—wisdom. That he was gifted with any brilliant or remarkable abilities we do not in the least believe, and in spite of the shrieks of alarm which we heard from all sides when it was clear that the sceptre was passing from his hands, we have never met with the slightest evidence that the present King is at all less likely than his father to play well the part which destiny has assigned to him. It has been constantly repeated in the English papers that he is in the hands of the ultramontane party. That notion is founded on the simple fact that he was brought up as a Roman Catholic, which of course it was inevitable that he should be. If the first ideas of his youth were not coloured to some extent by the religious views of his instructors, they must have been preternaturally inefficient, or he must have been singularly wanting in some of those qualities out of which grows the sort of character which is least susceptible of ultramontane influences. Since his early youth he has travelled very widely, and unless we are much misinformed, has travelled with an open mind. Nor in his alliance with an Austrian Archduchess do we see anything to fear. Whatever may have been the case while the Archduchess Sophia was still a person of primary importance, it does not appear that the Austrian Imperial family of to-day carries its private religious opinions into politics, and on the only occasion on which the present Queen of the Belgians has played any conspicuous part, namely, at the death-bed of her father-in-law, while we thoroughly appreciate

the dignified and stoical behaviour of the old King, we think that her conduct, as related by those who had the best means of knowing exactly what passed, was as worthy of her position as Leopold's was of his. Founded it was, no doubt, upon a different theory of life; but one which is held by millions whom it would be absurd to accuse of being under priestly influence, and who have not even the faintest sympathy with that form of Christianity which is generally professed in Belgium.

We have traced in rapid outline the leading events of the reign of Leopold I. We have now to ask in what condition did he leave his adopted country? On the whole, we answer, in a very satisfactory one. True it is that her parties are closely balanced, and that the Liberals only hold their own by a moderate majority. But before he began to reign, it was quite doubtful whether the Liberals would be able to make head at all against their opponents. There were, we have seen, many causes at work in producing the breach with Holland, yet of all these causes the most potent was the hatred of the priests against the free-thinking Protestant house of Nassau. For some years after Belgium became independent, the Liberals, as we have seen, were satisfied to maintain the *status quo*, and made no important attempt to improve the institutions of the country. Since 1847 they have generally been in power, and their tone with each successive year becomes more confident.

If we turn from the moral to the material condition of the country, as it was when the old King died, and as it still continues, we see agriculture flourishing, manufactures recovering from the depression of the American war, education in an improved if not yet quite satisfactory state, the tariff which was

till recently extremely illiberal, now one of the best in Europe; large foreign transactions, carried on indeed almost without a national marine; Antwerp becoming a second Gibraltar; an army burdensome, no doubt, to the resources of the land, and likely, we hope, to be one day somewhat reduced, but maintained more inexpensively than almost any other; cheap and easy communication everywhere established by rail and telegraph; deep peace with Holland, undisturbed relations with France, diminished jealousy of England, and general, if languid, goodwill from all the world.

We must supplement these general observations by a few particulars before we say a little about the last point on which we proposed to touch—the near future of Belgium. Not that we need go into any details as to the Belgian constitution, or the general statistics of the country. They may be found in well-known works of reference. The article on Belgium in Block's *Dictionnaire Général de Politique*, which ought to be oftener found than it is in English libraries, is by M. Heuschling, an eminent statistical authority at Brussels, where statistics are attended to more carefully than in any other capital. Much information about the country is also agreeably summarised in a paper which appeared in the *Quarterly* in 1862.¹ To these authorities we refer our readers, adding only a few facts taken from sources less easily accessible. The writer in the *Quarterly*, who devotes much space to agriculture, does not seem to have had under his eye the *Essai sur l'Économie Rurale*, by M. Émile de Laveleye, which was perhaps not then published, but which is written with all the clearness and vivacity for which the readers of the *Revue des deux Mondes* so often

feel obliged to that clear and well-informed writer, who at present occupies the position of a professor in the University of Liège.

In a linguistic point of view, Belgium consists of two populations, one speaking French or Walloon, and the other speaking Flemish. French is, of course, understood and habitually used by all educated persons in the country, but of late years there has been a very serious Flemish literary revival, an interesting account of which will be found in the *Annuaire des deux Mondes* for 1851–52. Quite recently attempts have been made to give to this movement a political character, in the interest sometimes of Germany and sometimes of Holland. The impulse in the former direction is purely artificial and without any real importance, but the impulse in the latter direction comes from within, and is the natural reaction against the essentially Walloon Revolution of 1830. No political importance could attach to it unless French schemes of annexation were revived, and Holland would receive most unwillingly any accession to the already troublesome masses of her Catholic subjects. The only Flemish *littérateur* whose name has become known to Europe is the novelist Henri Conscience, but their number would appear to be considerable. The resuscitation of the Walloon, as a literary language, is due to a society whose head-quarters are at Liège, and some poems of considerable merit have recently been published in it; but, overshadowed by its stronger sister, the 'French of Paris,' it has no chance of rising out of a subordinate position. So far as French literature is concerned, it cannot be denied that Belgian literary efforts have never shaken off a certain provincial character, and they are most successful

¹ On the general statistics of Belgium consult Mr. Barron's clear and admirable Report for 1864.

in local and provincial history—the very department in which alone there is some literary activity in French provincial towns. In this department the names of J. B. Nothomb, the first of the two ministers of that name whom we have mentioned, occupies a distinguished place as the author of a valuable essay on the Belgian Revolution; M. Kervyn de Lettenhove, a respected member of the Clerical party in the House of Representatives, has written an elaborate history of Flanders; and M. Juste has laboured upon kindred subjects. M. Gachard, whose name stands so high for his original researches in the history of the sixteenth century, was born in France, but has become a naturalised Belgian, and is archivist of the realm. A writer of a very different stamp and of a quite opposite order of merit is M. Laurent, the professor at Ghent, to whom we have already alluded, and who is so cordially detested by the clergy; a detestation which it must be admitted he cordially reciprocates. His *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité* have been compared to the work of Mr. Buckle, but the Belgian far exceeds in learning his English rival, although he is perhaps inferior to him in affluence of ideas. The life by M. Brialmont of the Duke of Wellington has made his name better known in England than those of M. Thonissen and Van den Peereboom, who have written important works on the parliamentary history of their country from a Clerical and Liberal point of view respectively; but the charming *Opuscles* of M. Van de Weyer, and the useful *Literary History* of M. Delepierre have had many readers in this country.

Amongst Belgian economists, the name of M. de Molinari deserves mention, as well for his importance in his own country as for his connection with Mr. Cobden, and for his attempts to extend a knowledge

of Free-trade principles in Russia. M. Quetelet, who was at one time the instructor of the late Prince Consort, and has long been at the head of the Observatory in Brussels, holds a distinguished place, alike as an astronomer and a statistician. Amongst painters the names of Leys, Gallait, and Verboeckhoven are known to all; and amongst musicians, De Bériot and Vieuxtemps have also a respectable place.

These names, which we might supplement by those of geologists; botanists, and persons fairly distinguished in many other departments of intellectual labour, will show that the kingdom of 1830 has not been idle. Thirty-five years are a very short space in the history of a nation, and we have no doubt that the Belgians will yet do far more than they have done. The generation which made the revolution is only just passing away, and that which first inherited the full benefit of its labours is only coming upon the scene. Political life and the good ordering of social arrangements have occupied hitherto the chief energies of the people. Intelligence and information rather than genius or learning have hitherto been characteristic of Belgium. It is the chosen land of lectures and scientific congresses—of associations for the furtherance of all good things.

The paper of the extreme right is the *Bien Public* of Ghent, which upholds the views of the *Monde* and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and is written with considerable vigour and ability. The less *acharné* section of the party is represented by the *Journal de Bruxelles* and its satellite the *Emancipation*; to some extent also by *La Paix*, which is, however, the organ of M. Coomans, who is apt to fight for his own hand, and is more especially devoted to the interest of the Peace party. The governmental section of the Liberal party has for its principal exponent in the

press the *Écho du Parlement*, which is understood to be inspired by M. Frère-Orban himself, and the *Journal de Liège*, one of the oldest papers in Belgium, which has been ever since its foundation a hundred and one years ago in the family of its present proprietor, M. Desoer. The influence of M. Frère-Orban, who is connected with Liège and with the Desoer family, is very perceptible in its pages also. Further to the left is the *Indépendance*, with which every one is familiar, and which is at present edited by a man of remarkable intelligence, M. Bérardi. The *Indépendance* is, however, more European than strictly Belgian. The most consequent section of the Liberals have an able organ in the *Revue Trimestrielle*; the Clericals a respectable one in the *Revue Générale*, to which Ducpétiaux and other well-known names contribute.

The name of that great statistician reminds us that we have omitted one subject on which a few words may be expected. We shall not be very far wrong in stating the present population, in round numbers, at about 5,000,000.

This is a very dense population for an area which is only equal in size to about one-third of Ireland. From 1840 to 1850 the alarm caused by the amount of pauperism was very great, and during the last three years of that period two out of five amongst the operative classes are said to have received relief, while the whole number of assisted paupers rose during the ten years from 401,000 to 901,000. It is not, then, to be wondered at that in 1848 the Government voted a sum of about 20,000*l.* for transporting a body of emigrants to the United States. In 1856, 13,861 emigrated, but in 1860—thanks, we may hope, to the improvement of the times—the number had fallen to 9,339. It should not be forgotten that the years from 1847 to 1857 saw the death-struggles of agricultural pro-

tection, and that in Belgium, as amongst ourselves, the failure of the potato caused at first an extraordinary amount of distress. More recently, the American war inflicted much misery upon the working class in Ghent and other manufacturing towns; but some of the accounts which then reached England were greatly exaggerated. Pauperism, however, continues, and is likely, we fear, long to continue, a subject of serious anxiety as well to the Belgian as to the Dutch and the English legislature. Unlike this country and Holland, Belgium is, however, very lightly taxed; the average amount payable by the Belgian citizen to the State being only twenty-six francs, to which three may be added for provincial and communal assessments. The corresponding amount payable by the English citizen is said to be about seventy francs, and that of the French citizen over sixty francs. In Belgium there is no floating debt at all, and the whole of the funded debt might be easily wiped off by the sale of the State railways and canals. These are facts upon which M. Frère-Orban has good reason to congratulate himself, and they are facts which ought not to be lightly disregarded by those who speculate upon Belgium being merged with her own good will in the French Empire.

We have, it will be observed, spoken throughout of the parties which divide Belgium as Clericals and Liberals. This is the true distinction, and it is one which extends far back into history, and which made itself manifest to all Europe when, during the 'Brabantian Revolution' against Joseph II., the Clerical revolutionists under Van der Noot, and the Liberal revolutionists, or Vonckists, began to fight to the death long before they had secured their victory over Austria. M. Dechamps, in his careful and very interesting article which ap-

peared in January 1865 in the *Revue Générale*, expresses the utmost horror at the increasing tendency of Belgian politicians to divide themselves into two camps, according to their religious or philosophical opinions; but M. Dechamps shows in this, as indeed he does in all his political conduct, that he does not comprehend the world in which he is living. In grouping themselves ever more and more into two great parties, according to their views as to the highest questions which can occupy mankind, Belgian politicians are only yielding to the resistless stream of tendency. M. Dechamps points to England and Holland, but in both these countries, if he will only look closely at them, he would see the current flowing in the same direction. We should like to take the distinguished Belgian politician under the gallery of the House of Commons on a 'Church Wednesday,' and as for Holland, we think that M. Groen van Prinsterer would enlighten, not to say alarm, him a good deal if he were to ask that stout defender of the faith, how far Holland is free from symptoms like those which he deplures in Belgium.

Those who read M. Dechamps' article—and every one who wants to understand Belgium ought to make a point of reading it—should study as a corrective the admirable paper on the same subject by M. Émile de Laveleye, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for 1864. In it we see the hand of a man who does know the world in which he is living, and who, without making to himself any illusions as to the formidable character of Belgian party-strife, has faith in liberty, and believes that the wisdom of the Congress will be justified of her children. Many of our readers will remember the four emblematical figures around the column which commemorates the Congress at Brussels, representing respectively:

Liberty of Worship,
Liberty of the Press,
Liberty of Instruction,
Liberty of Association.

Belgium enjoys these liberties in more unstinted measure than any European country, our own not excepted, and that she should succeed is of the utmost possible importance to mankind, and above all to that portion of it which does not speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Si vous réussissez (cried the Prince de Broglie to the Belgians), l'épreuve est faite, et tout le monde peut réussir après vous, et la société moderne est sauvée. Mais si vous ne réussissez pas? Ah! je ne veux pas prévoir cette hypothèse! Quand on marche et quand on lutte, il ne faut pas regarder du côté de l'abîme, pour n'être pas pris par le vertige. Tout ce que je sais, c'est que si vous ne réussissez pas par le noble moyen que vous employez, personne ne réussira par aucun autre.

We have no difficulty in admitting that M. Dechamps is in the main correct, and that the active principle so to speak in Belgian Liberalism is the same which caused the great revolt of the human mind against the Latin Church, and which brought about the revolution of 1789. Call it the right of private judgment, the *libre-pensée*, or what you will, we will not quarrel about words. M. Dechamps is, however, very unfair in attributing to the present Liberal politicians of Belgium, as represented in actual affairs, the exaggerations or errors of M. Laurent and others whom he names. It would be just as unfair to attribute to M. Dechamps himself the worst superstitions and the most dishonest aims of those who pull the strings of the Clerical party. We give M. Dechamps the fullest credit for sincerity when he tells us that, in his capacity of Belgian citizen, he accepts the constitution with the same submission with which, in his capacity of Catholic, he accepts the Encyclical of December 1864. It is an astounding feat of intellectual legerdemain. We cannot even

conceive how it is done, but that it is done in perfect good faith we have not the smallest doubt. Nevertheless, we think that the ideas of M. Dechamps, and of the better class of Belgian Clerical politicians, are no more the active principle of Belgian Clericalism, than are those of M. de Montalembert the active principle of French Clericalism. The active principle is to be found in the ideas of the Encyclical, in the ideas of the *Monde*. The Clerical party of Belgium is really not a Conservative but a reactionary party, and only one of two things is possible, either that it should fairly succumb to the opposite opinion, and become a permanent minority, or that it should be strong enough fairly to put down its opponents, and once more to reintroduce the *régime* of the dark ages. M. Dechamps contemplates a third possibility. He points out to the ministry that it is only in the Walloon districts that they are becoming stronger, and that they cannot hope to overpower the Catholics in the Flemish districts. Such a division of parties points directly towards a division of the country, with, say, the Scheldt for a boundary. Cut off between Protestant Holland and an anti-Catholic Walloon country, one would think the faithful would have a bad time of it, and for other reasons which we shall adduce in the sequel, we have no faith in this solution of the difficulty.

No, the two old enemies, priestcraft and free-thought, must remain in the 'Cock-pit of Europe,' and fight it fairly out. We trust that we may by this article call the attention of some who have hitherto only thought of Belgium as an uninteresting little secondary State, to the fact that this great battle is being there fought out with ever-deepening earnestness.

Any one who has followed our résumé of the reign of Leopold will have perceived that the Liberals

have, since 1830, not only held their own, but considerably improved their position. If this were not so, M. Dechamps would not shriek and protest so loudly. He feels in his heart of hearts that the sceptre is passing away from the power which he reveres, and that his friends in spite of all declamations will become a permanent minority. The hour, however, of final triumph for the Liberals will not strike for some time yet; the adversary is still very strong, or M. Laurent, in his turn, would not call for its destruction *per fas et nefas*. The adversary is strong from the ignorance of the masses in the country districts, from the hold which the priests still have over the women in all ranks, from the prejudice which connects in the minds of large classes of the population the old usages of Catholicism with the first principles of morality. He is supported by a large and powerful section of the aristocracy, by great wealth, by the ever-increasing religious associations, by the family diplomacy in arranging marriages and the like, which has been reduced to a science by the Romish clergy in all lands, by an unrivalled organisation, and last not least, by the many virtues which are bound up with the farrago of superstitions which forms the stock-in-trade of the party. The Liberals, inferior in many points to their opponents, have on their side that one great force which is stronger than all the others put together, the modern spirit, the example of all progressive countries, the nature of things. One weapon which the Clericals are largely using will have to be wrested from them by the strong hand of a Parliamentary majority, that is, the power of creating by evasions of the law religious institutions which become possessed of vast amounts of property, and are corporations in all but name. At the foundation of such institutions

a strong State may wink, but they are altogether contrary to public policy, and sooner or later, as they become troublesome, experience has shown us that even in the most Catholic countries the rough hand of power falls upon them and proclaims that when religion, stepping out of its own sphere, becomes a rival of the powers of the earth, she must expect to meet from them the same treatment which they give to each other. The pamphlet published by M. Dechamps, entitled *La France et l'Allemagne*, which appeared some months after the article to which we have called attention, is a production of very inferior merit, although it excited much more attention beyond the limits of Belgium. The leading idea is the same, that, namely, the dissensions of Belgian parties are dangerous to the independence of the State; but the sketch of the general politics of Europe, upon which it is founded, betrays a very imperfect knowledge and radically false ideas upon many important points.

A very different and infinitely more valuable *brochure* is that which was published by M. Van de Weyer, under the title of '*Richard Cobden, Roi des Belges*.' We may regret the altogether too depreciatory tone in which the eminent diplomatist speaks of a man who, if he held, as we think he did, erroneous views not only with regard to Belgium, but with regard to several other matters of foreign politics, was very far indeed from being an authority *merely* upon free trade. When Mr. Cobden's writings are collected, as we trust they may ere very long be by some competent hand, his general political reputation will, we suspect, rise considerably, and his body, so to speak, of doctrine, if not exempt from heresy, will be found far more wide-reaching and complete than it is usually thought to

be. Putting aside, however, all his reflections upon Mr. Cobden, and making some allowance for the irritated national feeling of one who saw what was to some extent his own work threatened, we think that M. Van de Weyer's answer is complete. The neutrality of Belgium, to be good for anything, must be an armed and powerful neutrality, sufficient to prevent the guaranteeing powers being tempted to accept the subjugation of Belgium as an accomplished fact. The personal individual interest of England in the independence of Belgium may easily be overrated. We doubt whether the interest of whatever is good in France in the independence of Belgium can possibly be overrated. Of course, a time may come when France is perfectly different from what it is now; when Chauvinism is as dead as Druidism; when the revolutionary period has fairly come to an end, and Belgium and France are separated not by a huge political chasm, but by a mere imaginary line. The politician has, however, little to do with such far-off speculations. For the present, and for any time to which we can look forward, it is of essential importance to the weal of France herself, that Belgium should go on working out her own problem in her own way.

M. Dechamps' pamphlet and the newspaper discussions to which it gave rise did no good. They roused the slumbering spirit of the annexationist party in France, they excited uneasiness in the minds of many Belgians who, only desiring to be let alone, would have nevertheless, if they saw annexation coming, desired to set their house in order and make the best of it, and they gave occasion to persons on both sides of the Channel to misrepresent the policy of England by declaring that we should 'abandon' Belgium as we 'abandoned' Denmark. Let our English critics and foreign

detractors take comfort. The very men in the House of Commons who would have strained every nerve to throw out the Government which they had supported for years if it had dared to take one more step in favour of Denmark, and whose intended defection, intimated to Lord Palmerston at a critical moment, did much to prevent that crowning folly, would be the first to urge armed intervention in favour of Belgium, if she were at present threatened.

Conscious of no jealousy towards France, but desirous on the other hand of seeing her increasingly prosperous, free and powerful, nay even content to see her, if she once more returns to a parliamentary system of Government, taking the *pas* of us in Europe, while we fall back upon our unquestioned cosmopolitan hegemony, we should, nevertheless, rather incur the great calamity of a war with her than allow her to annex Belgium by force or fraud. If, on the other hand, it could be proved that Belgium ardently desired to be united to France, we should not think ourselves justified in attempting to forbid the banns. As we have already hinted, we think it not the least improbable that our children's children may live to see that day arrive.

It is true, no doubt, that as long as France is under an absolute Government, not Belgium only, but every State in this part of Europe is continually in danger, for a fit of ill-temper on the part of the occupant of the Tuileries may at any moment put an end to the general peace. This state of things is, however, we all trust and believe, only temporary, and it is only simple justice to the Emperor of the French to say that we do not believe that he has the remotest intention or desire to interfere with his northern

neighbour. He might be driven to attempt to annex Belgium, as he might be driven to attack England or Germany, but it would only be, as long as he continued in his sane mind, if he saw that the popular desire in France for such an enterprise was so great as to make him tremble for his own position if he did not yield to it. Every year that has passed over us since 1858 has made his personal position stronger and has diminished the influence of the 'old parties,' although it has fortunately not diminished the desire on the part of the best minds in the nation for free institutions. That there is a large class in France which would hail with delight an attack upon Belgium we do not doubt. We know but too well by how many the most hazardous and unprovoked attack upon England would be hailed with satisfaction; but for the opinions of the most intelligent French politicians on the subject we would refer the reader to the admirable remarks of M. Forcade, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of the 15th of December 1865. If a free Government is once more re-established in France, these are the views which we should expect to prevail in a majority of the legislative body, and as long as the existing system lasts, we trust to the good sense of the Emperor, to his wide knowledge of European politics, as well as to his love of ease and his desire to keep his dynasty on the throne of France. If the malignant mischief-making of Count Bismark, the unwisdom of the Austrian Government, or the madness of the Italian people should plunge Europe into war, it is far from improbable that his 'complete liberty of action' will be used ere that war ends for the aggrandisement of France; but nothing seems less probable than that he should meddle with Belgium.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME LXXIII.

- Admiral Smyth, 392
 Alpine Storm, an, 257
 Ancient and Modern Sundays, 264
 Anomalies of the American Constitution, by an American, 717
 Archbishopal Churches, Presbyterian Sermons from, by A. K. H. B., 180
 Armies, European, How are they officered? 592
 Army in India, the Native, 466
 Balance of Power in Europe, Elements of the Military, 192
 Ballads from the Spanish, by Sir Edmund Head, 399
 Beauchercs, the, Father and Son.—A Novel, by Charles Clarke:—
 Chap. vii. A Real Woman, 104
 viii. A New Acquaintance, 110
 ix. A Pic-Nic, 115
 x. The Boat, 511
 xi. Just Joined, 515
 xii. A Transplantation, 519
 xiii. The Return of the Prodigal, 524
 xiv. A Little Society at Brighton, 527
 xv. The Steeplechase, 667
 xvi. Negotiations, 673
 xvii. A Breeze by the Seaside, 677
 xviii. Pleasure and Business combined, 781
 xix. North and East of Oxford Street, 784
 xx. The Results of determined Opposition, 791
 Belgium, 795
 British Conchology, 403
 Bungalow, the Dawk; or, 'Is his Appointment pukka?' by G. O. Trevelyan, 215, 382
 Calamities, certain Public, on Prayer in connection with, 549
 Capital Punishment Commission, Report of the, by J. Fitzjames Stephen, 232
 Chapter, a, on Clerical Song-Writers in the North, 569
 Cholera in Malta, the, 93
 Church Politics in Scotland, 767
 Church Temporalities in Ireland, 16
 Clubs, 342
 Commons, our, and Open Spaces, 652
 Concerning Beards, being Thoughts on Progress, specially in Scotland, by A. K. H. B., 306
 Conchology, British, 403
 Constitution, the, American, Anomalies of, by an American, 717
 Dawk Bungalow, the; or, 'Is his appointment pukka?' by G. O. Trevelyan. Act I., 215; Act II., 382
 Death of Old King Gorm, the, a ballad, by Sir Edmund Head, 630
 Dewangiri, How we retook, 120
 Domesday of Hampshire, the, 368
 Dwellings and Schools of the Indigent Class, by Frances Power Cobbe, 143
 East African Sketch, an, 531
 Ecce Homo, First Notice, 746
 Eifel, the Sketcher in the, 129
 Elements of the Military Balance of Power in Europe, 192
 English Troops in the East, the, 558

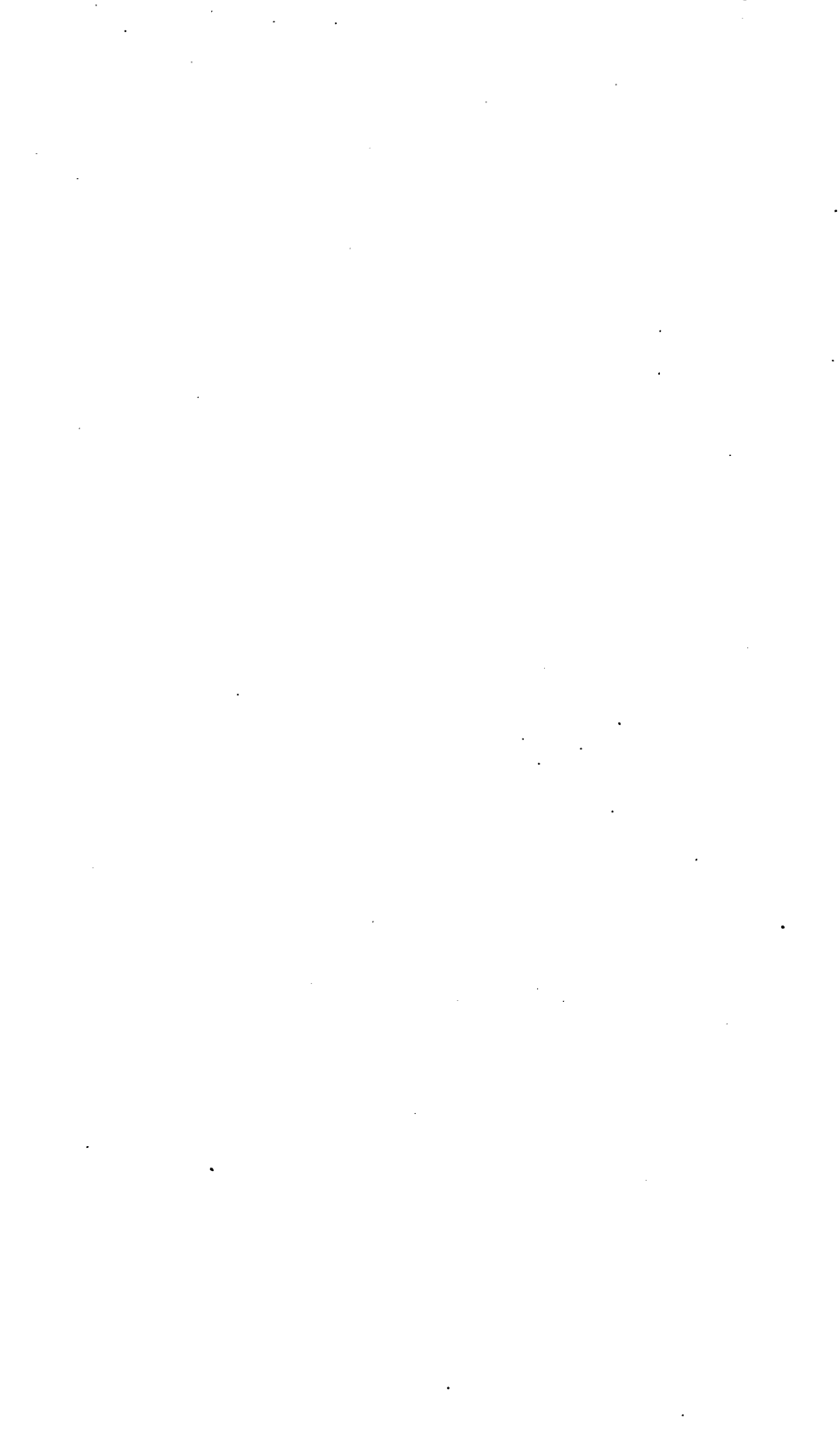
- European Armies, How are they officered? 592
- Forest Life, Chap. i. 632; Chap. ii. 639; Chap. iii. 643
- From London to Rio Janiero.—Letters to a Friend, by Captain Burton:—
 Letter iii. Lisbon, p.m., 78
 iv. Cape Verde Islands, 85
 v. Cape Verde Islands, 496
 vi. 'The Reef' (Arrival at), 502
- Gilbert Rugge.—A Tale, by the Author of 'A First Friendship':—
 Chap. LXV. A Mediator, 27
 LXVI. Hymeneal, 32
 LXVII. Self-knowledge, 34
 LXVIII. Last Changes, 37
- Government, the, and Parliamentary Reform, 683
- Government, the, and the Reform Bill, 477
- Government, the, Policy and Prospects of, 1
 Grote's *Plato*, by the late Dr. Whewell, 411
- Hampshire, the Domesday of, 368
- How are European Armies officered? 592
- How we retook Dewangiri, 120
- Indigent Class, the—their Schools and Dwellings, by Frances Power Cobbe, 143
- Insurrection in Jamaica, the recent, by a late Resident in the Island, 161
- Ireland, Church Temporalities in, 16
- Jamaica, and the recent Insurrection there, by a late Resident in the Island, 161
- Jamaica Problem, the, 277
- Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, 735
- London, From, to Rio Janeiro, by Captain Burton, 78, 496
- Malta, the Cholera in, 93
- Martin Holdfast, the Passion of, 424
- Mer, Les Travailleurs de la*, 735
- Military Balance of Power in Europe, Elements of the, 192
- Minister's Sandy and Jess, the, Chap. i. 322; Chap. ii. 328; Chap. iii. 335
- Modern and Ancient Sundays, 264
- Mother, a, 766
- Native Army in India, the, 466
- Native Tribes on the Zambesi River, an East African Sketch, 531
- North, Clerical Song-writers in the, 569
- Old King Gorm, the Death of, a ballad, by Sir Edmund Head, 630
- On Prayer in connection with certain Public Calamities, 549
- Our Commons and Open Spaces, 652
- Parliamentary Reform and the Government, 683
- Passion, the, of Martin Holdfast, 424
- Plato*, Grote's, by the late Dr. Whewell, 411
- Poetry:—A Mother, 766. Ballads from the Spanish, 399. The Death of Old King Gorm, 630
- Policy and Prospects of the Government, 1
- Politics, Church, in Scotland, 767
- Prayer, on, in connection with certain Public Calamities, 549
- Presbyterian Sermons from Archiepiscopal Churches, by A. K. H. B., 180
- Priest, the, as a Professional man, 588
- Priest, the, in the School, 584
- Priest, the, in the World, 69
- Problem, the, Jamaica, 277
- Progress, Thoughts on, specially in Scotland, by A. K. H. B., 306
- Punishment Commission, the Capital, Report of, by J. Fitzjames Stephen, 232
- Queen of the West, the, 42
- Reform Bill, the, and the Government, 477
- Reform, Parliamentary, and the Government, 683
- Report of the Capital Punishment Commission, by J. Fitzjames Stephen, 232
- Reviews:—*Ecce Homo*, First Notice, 746. Grote's *Plato*, 411. *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, 735
- Rio Janeiro, From London to, by Captain Burton, 78, 496
- Salons, 610
- Sandy and Jess, the Minister's, 322
- School, the Priest in the, 584
- Schools and Dwellings of the Indigent Class, by Frances Power Cobbe, 143
- Scotland, Church Politics in, 767
- Sermons, Presbyterian, from Archiepiscopal Churches, by A. K. H. B., 180
- Sketch, an East African, 531
- Sketcher, the, in the Eifel, 129
- Smyth, Admiral, 392
- Song-writers, Clerical, in the North, 569
- Spanish, Ballads from the, by Sir Edmund Head, 399
- Storm, an Alpine, 257
- Sundays, Ancient and Modern, 264

- Superstition, A Lecture, by the Rev. C. Kingsley, 705
- Tales and Narratives:—Gilbert Rugge, 27.
 The Beaclercs, Father and Son, 104, 511, 667, 781. The Dawk Bungalow, 215, 382. The Minister's Sandy and Jess, 322. The Passion of Martin Holdfast, 424. Forest Life, 632
- Temporalities, Church, in Ireland, 16
- Thoreau, 447
- Thoughts on Progress, specially in Scotland, by A. K. H. B., 306
Travailleurs, les, de la Mer, 735
 Tribes, Native, on the Zambési River, 531
 Troops, the English, in the East, 558
- West, the Queen of the, 42
 World, the Priest in the, 69
- Zambési River, Native Tribes on the, 531

END OF VOL. LXXIII.

+

2



MAY 8 1902

MAY 13 1902

DEC 12 1902

3 2044 092 641 497

